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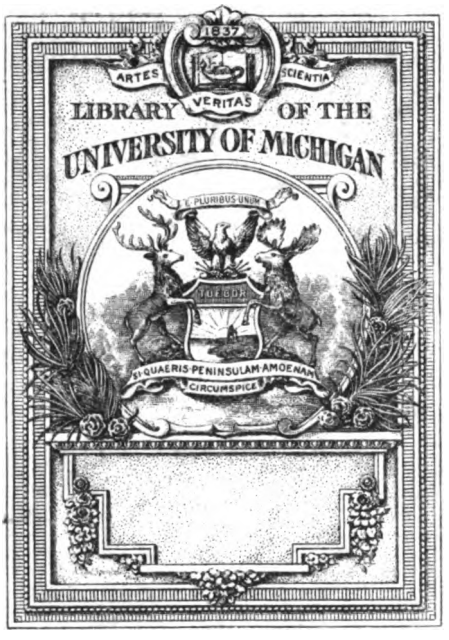
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House beautiful

Making of American Project

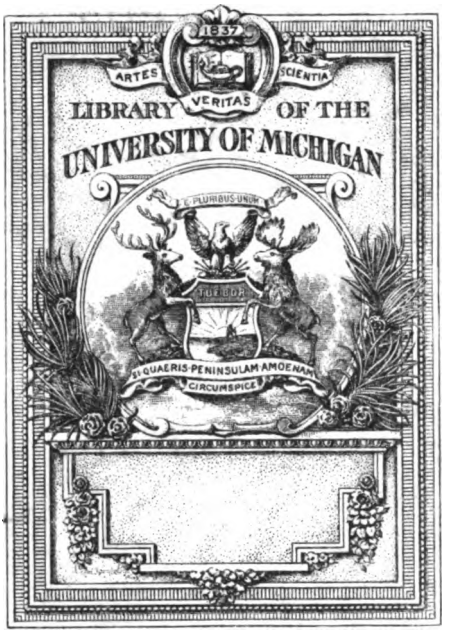
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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

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VOLUME IX

December — May

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HERBERT S STONE & COMPANY CHICAGO

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"The Antique Shop"

OUR HOLIDAY STOCK is now at its best. The assortment includes novelties in Tobin Bronze, Kaiserzinn, Bavarian Pewter, Swedish Block Tin, Etc.

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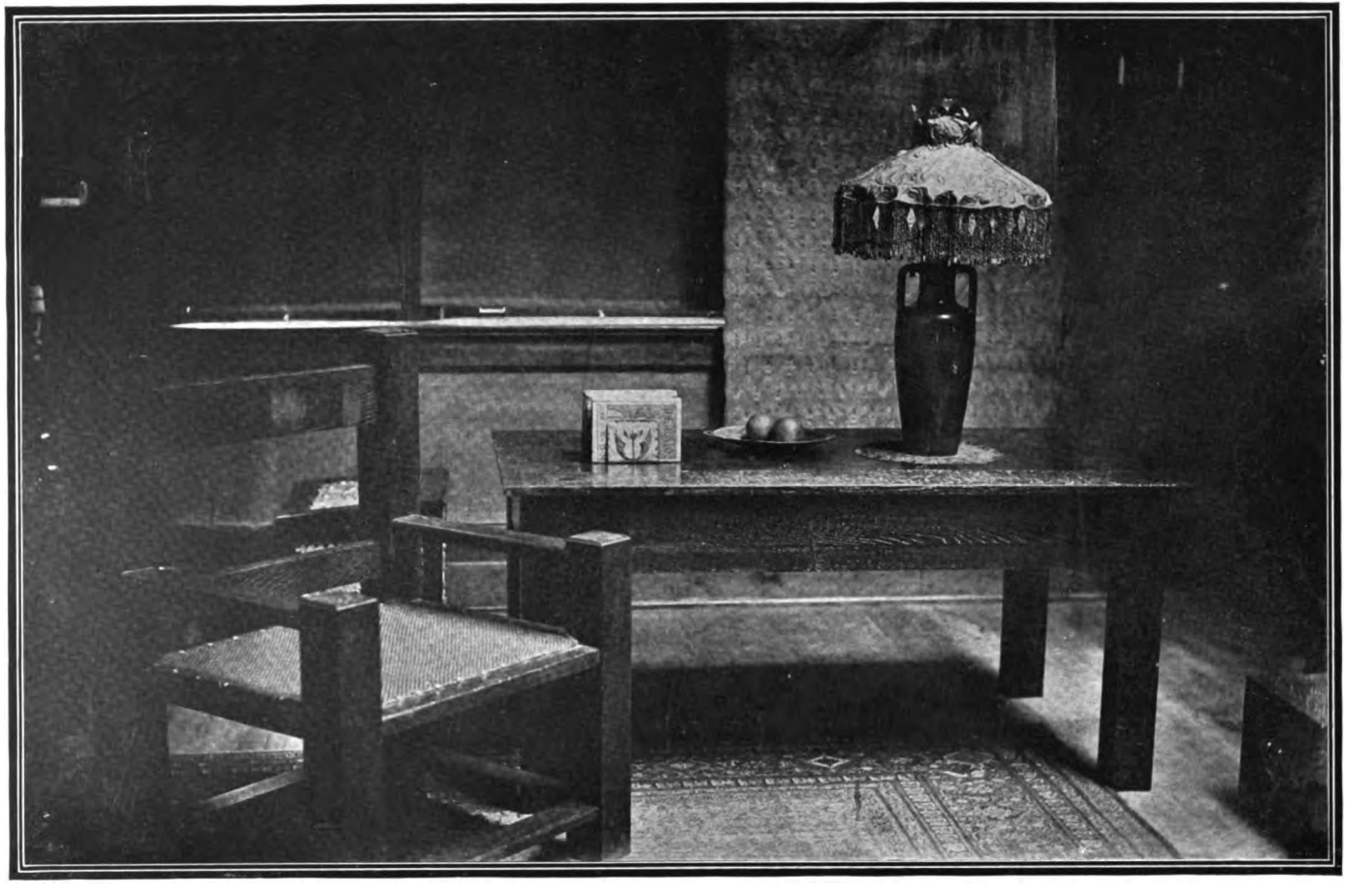
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Furniture and Lamp
Designed by Miss Louise C. Anderson

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The House Beautiful

THE AMERICAN AUTHORITY ON HOUSEHOLD ART

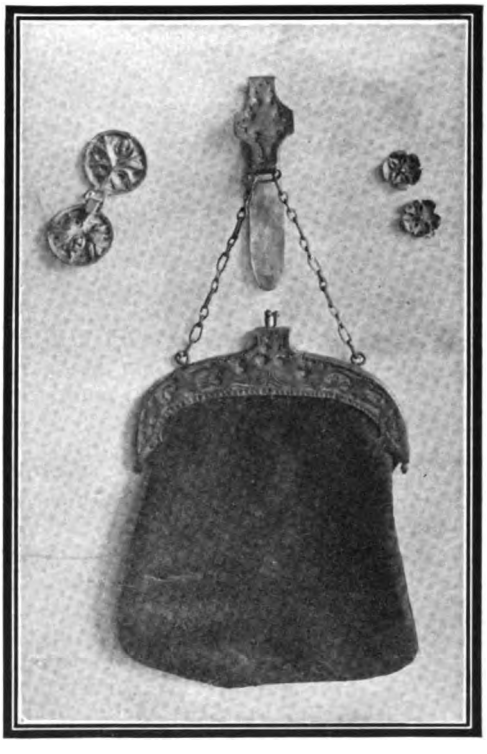
VOL. IX. NO. 1. DECEMBER, 1900

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HOLIDAY GIFTS

AS Christmas comes round the old question of "what to give" again faces us. This might be answered with another query, "What's the use?" Alas, in much holiday-giving there is little reason, less logic, and no use. But this is not a Christmas preachment.

To the Yuletide gift-maker many interesting exhibitions and sales are now open. In the Field building the Krayle company is showing some very ingenious articles. In hand-wrought and applied leather Mrs. Amelia Hyde Center contributes several exceedingly good things. Leather-work has made great strides in the past year, and in the hands of an artist-craftsman the field is a wide one. The trouble with much of the work in this medium is that people with little knowledge of drawing and no conception of design undertake it. The result is that most of the leather articles in the shops, like most of the burnt woodwork, is hopelessly bad. These crude attempts are a twofold evil—they discourage the buyer and nearly exterminate the art. Such efforts as Mrs. Center's and Miss Anderson's show the possibilities of leather, and it is this leaven that in time will leaven the whole lump. Mrs. Center's work is mainly conventionalized, and her magazine covers are effective Christmas gifts. Mrs. Jacques has a jolly thing in leather for children. It is a big book bound in brown, with a brown bear on the cover and brown lettering. Inside is the Lincoln Park alphabet that appeared during the summer in the Chicago *Tribune*. Each page has a woodcut and the initial is cleverly illuminated in red and gold. Mrs. Jacques works in many lines. On the walls of the Krayle room, above a fine settle designed by Miss Burgess, and beneath Miss Reade's plate-rack, are several of her etchings. One depicts a gnarled Japa-

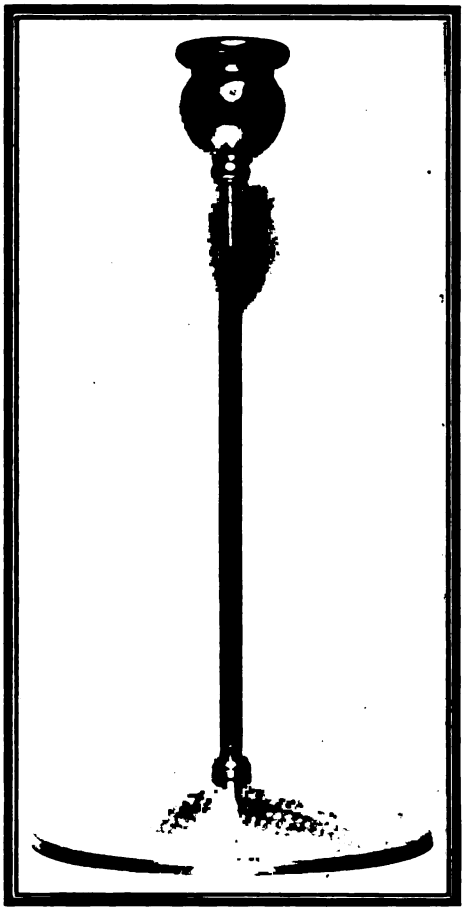


LEATHER BAG, MOUNTED IN COPPER
Designed by Miss Reade

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nese plant in a quaint jar, and is a decorative bit. Mrs. Krycher is represented by some effective monotypes and Miss Bracken by several beautiful bas-reliefs —among them studies of Tolstoi and of Paderewski. Her charming "Japanese Mother" is displayed here — both in plaster and in bronze. Here also may be found the graceful water-nymph modeled by the late Emil Wuertz. In view of the manner of his death a sad significance clings to this little laughing sprite which was his last work.

Mr. Henning Ryden exhibits bas-reliefs, crests, and monograms. The crests are drawn with great spirit, yet with a careful regard to the rigid rules of heraldry.



A BRASS CANDLESTICK
Designed by Mr. Jarvie

Miss Burgess has recently designed some beautiful redwood chairs, simple in line and with a slight decoration in fire-etching in subdued colors. A desk designed by this versatile woman has carvings by Miss Bracken and copper handles by Miss Reade.

Turning from big things to smaller ones, Miss Reade has lately executed many attractive articles with Kris Kringle distinctly in mind—belt-clasps in copper, mountings for bags in that metal, pins of silver set with uncut turquoises, and a most interesting brooch with an unpolished Mexican opal. Miss Reade's work shows the designer's touch, and the smallest object of her handicraft is strong in line and execution. She has chosen a passage from Thomas à Kempis, less known than Channing's "Symphony," and consequently less hackneyed, lettered it by hand on Japan vellum, illuminated it with a conventionalized border in yellows, greens, and golden browns, and framed it with a narrow band of brown passe-partout. She has bound the "Hollow Land," by William Morris, lately published by Mosher, in covers of brown ooze, and made for it a marker of leather and copper. Books, after all, are the gifts of gifts. Mr. Ralph Fletcher Seymour's carefully designed and hand-lettered volumes make approprite gifts, and "The Eve of St. Agnes," which appears this year, has both beauty and distinction. Lettered by hand and printed on hand-made paper, these volumes have caught a bit of the charm that belongs to an earlier age, when men worked for the joy of doing.

In early December, the Arts and Crafts Society holds its annual exhibition in Miss Waite's studio in the Woman's Temple. From the host of good things seen in the studios of the members, the showing promises to be an unusually strong one. Miss Louise Anderson has fashioned a corner desk that is almost as fascinating as a corner

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A KRAYLE CORNER. HALL-SEAT BY MISS BRACKEN, CUPBOARD BY MRS. KRYCHER, CHAIR BY MISS BURGESS

cupboard. It is of weathered oak, extremely simple in construction, and consists of a triangular shelf, a triangular seat, and several small shelves, behind quaint little doors. She attributes her inspiration to the furniture of the old Spanish missions, but it is nevertheless a very original piece of work. In her artistic house in Rush Street it stands firmly in the corner, temporarily holding some of her copper bowls. Near it is a big oak table, frank in every line, and by its side is a sturdy broad-backed oak chair. There is a fine lamp on the table, tall and graceful in shape, with a unique shade in copper. Another lamp has a samovar for a base, a very good one be it said, and a shade of brass-wire cloth. A fruit-dish of carved black walnut, low in design, with a border of leaves and great copper handles, is among her new ventures. Narrow shelves or racks of wood for photographs are clever devices, "picture-ledges," Miss Anderson calls them. She has a nursery cupboard with low shelves for toys, with gay Walter Crane pictures fastened back of the small glass doors, and a rabbit screen for small people that is a positive delight. It is a low three-leaved affair, with a frieze of the jolliest rabbits, and below are spaces for nursery artists to draw or paste pictures. St. Nicholas in making notes of the Cranford doll-houses should add this screen, and if possible the cupboard. The corner desk and the carved fruit-dish will be on exhibition in Miss Waite's room, but many of the other articles must be sought in Miss Anderson's home.

Mrs. Wynne has been doing wonderful things in leather this winter. Her belts with buckles of copper or enamel are revelations in color. There is a touch of genius about everything Mrs. Wynne does—whether she writes of old china and corner cupboards, or forges a silver porringer, or transfers the colors of a butterfly's wing to a bit of enamel. Her work is individual, and is a reflection of her personality. It is

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to be regretted that her "happy thoughts" in leather and copper have been promised to a Buffalo exhibit, and consequently will not be seen here at present.

Of the many contributions to the Arts and Crafts it is only possible to speak briefly. Mrs. Taylor sends a beautiful chest with a strong simple design in Indian-pipes, and Mrs. Klapp some of her lovely and inimitable jewels. Mr. Bulger is represented by several delightful bits of pottery, and Mr. Jarvie by two admirable lanterns.

Some of Mr. Jarvie's candlesticks, recently seen in his workshop, are extremely interesting. There are several in brass, tall and slender in design, that have the iridescent qualities of Tiffany glass. Another is in plain brass, and still another is a successful experiment in pewter.

In decorated china the exhibition has a number of well-executed pieces. This branch of ceramic art has made great progress in the past half-dozen years. Designs are more conventionalized and color schemes more judiciously handled than of yore. Chinese influence is noted in much of the work, but Chinese motives have not been slavishly followed.



SILVER BELT, SET WITH AMETHYSTS
Designed by Miss Reade

Miss Helen Halsey is working busily in pyrogravure, making boxes and picture-frames and all sorts of Christmasy things. Mrs. R. M. McCreery, Miss Jeanne Stewart, and Miss Leonide C. Laveron are now showing many dainty pieces of china in their studios.

In Mrs. Sheridan's rooms are fine bits of brass and copper, pieces of Chinese pottery and rare embroideries. In the Venetian building, Miss Neale has some old French candlesticks and a number of alluring objects from the Exposition. Little figures in green bronze, full of grace and spirit, seem at first glance only for ornament, albeit fascinating at that. They are in reality seals for a writing-desk, and are particularly recommended to the Christmas gift-maker who is searching for something new. Miss Neale has a shelf of Mexican pottery and a dozen or more gayly decorated Brittany plates.

To many people a piece of old china appeals as no modern plate or pitcher can, no matter how rich the color or elaborate the design. To these, Chicago never had so much to offer as this winter—never such attractive old china, such fine pewter, such glittering copper and brass. In the shop of the Virginia Antique Furniture Company is a set



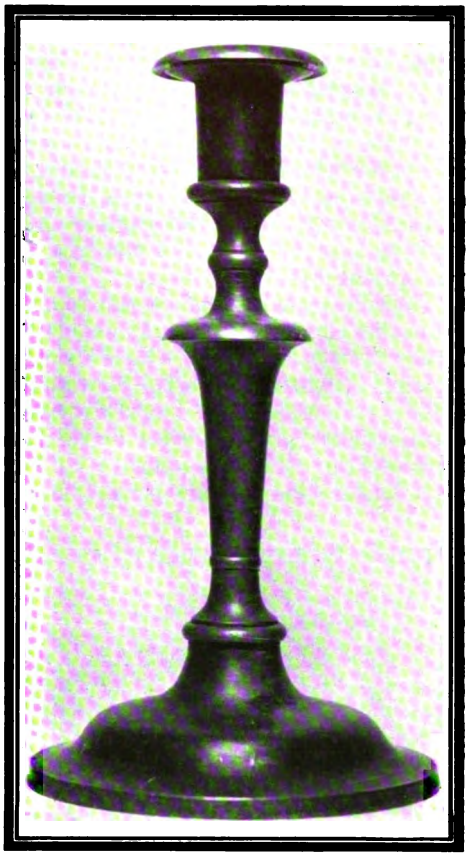
DESK DESIGNED BY MISS BURGESS, WITH COPPER MOUNTINGS BY MISS READE

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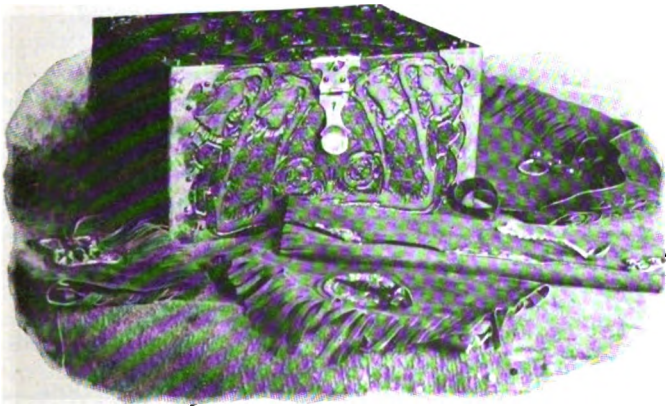
of copper luster that is calculated to haunt the dreams of a lover of old china. There are four pieces, teapot, hot-water pot, sugar-bowl, and creamer. The luster is very dark and has a quaint decoration in green and dull pink. Copper luster pitchers are often unearthed, but teapots of luster, even in the old days, were uncommon, and this charming little set is most unusual. Among the host of attractions in this shop are several pieces of black Wedgwood, Delft bowls in rare design, a set of old Berlin, and a quantity of beautiful plates and platters.

In Cowan's big showrooms many preparations for the holidays have been made. In addition to the antiques, there are a number of interesting lamps, the shades chosen with a careful consideration of the color and motive of the base. The green Sedji pottery may be found here in a variety of shapes, and also a few pieces of that older Japanese ware—Kutani, brilliant in decoration and fine in design.

Across State Street bridge, in the midst of a whirl of traffic, is a veritable curiosity-shop, full of old-time things that seem very remote from the roar and din outside. On tables and shelves and hidden away in drawers are more old curios than could be recorded in a day. Mr. Burghoeffer is a kindly soul, with the true collector's instincts, and will show you all his treasures, without a thought of parting with one. It is a good place to loiter in during the holidays, for one never knows what the old cabinets and portfolios may disclose, and thus a touch of mystery is added to the pursuit.



A JARVIE CANDLESTICK IN PEWTER



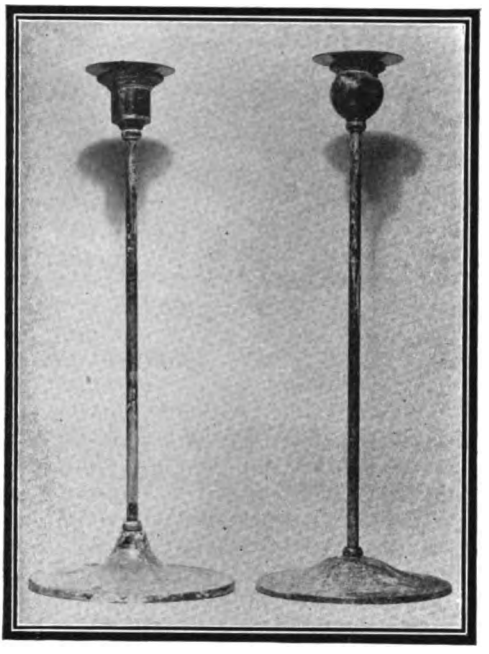
A CHEST, BY MRS. TAYLOR

Coming to the more conventional, many of the big shops now have "antique departments"—alas, that anything so adorable as antiques should be relegated to a department. Marshall Field & Co. make a particularly strong show-

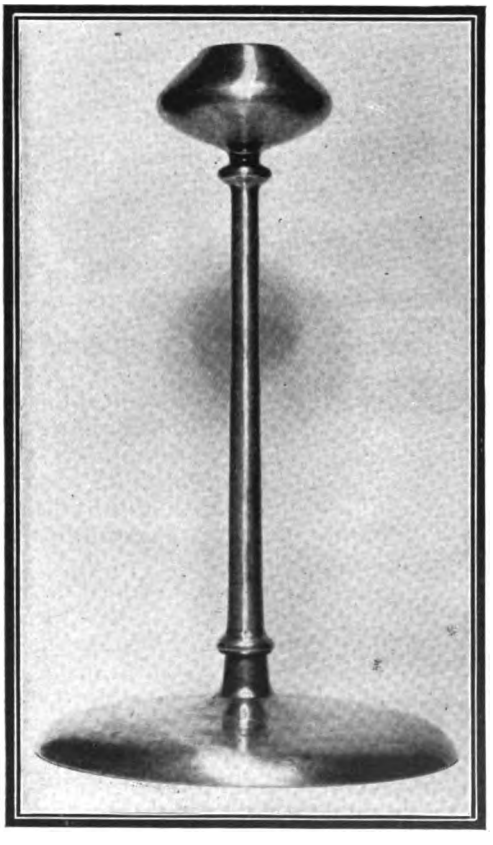
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ing in old blue Delft and historical Staffordshire, and have besides quantities of pewter and copper. Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. have many reproductions of old brass, and much that is good in Benares and other eastern metals. For those who like the individuality that accompanies small enterprises, there are those quaint shops, the Copper Kettle on Michigan Avenue, and the Iron Lantern in the Field building.

There is a wealth of material to choose from this Christmas, and if one's friends have well-established hobbies gift-making becomes delightfully simple. The collector who has thirty-seven candlesticks is made even more happy by receiving the thirty-eighth, and one who has developed the basket fad can never have too many baskets. The woman who frankly confesses that she adores snuff-boxes and dotes on teapots need cause her acquaintances no perplexity when the holidays come. No piece of silver from Tiffany will please the autograph hunter half so much as a signature he does not possess, and no jewel will arouse the enthusiasm of a lover of old books as will some musty volume that has long been coveted.



BRASS CANDLESTICKS, BY MR. JARVIE



ONE OF MR. JARVIE'S IDEAS IN BRASS

The difficulty lies in finding the "right thing" for the people who have no gentle manias, no fads, no hobbies. Alas, there are many such—well-ordered minds, with no special madness. To these we must make conventional presents and spend much thought in the purchase thereof. But whether the gift be great or small, old or new, the bestowing must be a joy, not a burden, otherwise the Christmas spirit is absent and both the giving and the receiving are meaningless.

MARGARET EDGEWOOD.

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WINDOWS OF COLORED GLASS

IT is a fact as remarkable as true, that at the present day the making of colored-glass windows which are worthy of being compared with those of the best period of the art is confined almost entirely to the Anglo-Saxon race. One fancies that the continental nations, with their great wealth of traditions and the work of old masters for constant guidance and inspiration, must lead the world in all matters of æsthetics, but this is in no wise the case, for all over Europe one is struck by the amazing contrast between the windows of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, or even of much later dates, and the modern creations, which are of the same stupid and conventional type as those which our second and third class decorating firms put up here.

This unfortunate condition is fully realized and acknowledged in France, and with the generosity and broad judgment that has made Paris the world's art center, the French artists have shown the most flattering appreciation of the work being done in England and the United States. For though these two schools of glass-workers are working on distinctly individual and quite different lines, an impartial mind must consider the achievements of both as being of a very high order. To Mr. John La Farge and Sir Edwin Burne-Jones, each pre-eminent in his own country, the nineteenth century owes the proof that colored glass did not die out as a fine art with the inspiration of Gothic architecture.

It must be clearly understood that glass is a peculiar medium, to be used for certain ends; it was never intended to imitate oil-painting or any kind of painting; the artist uses a palette of colors in glass instead of pigments, and if he understands his craft, will appreciate its limitations, possibilities, and beauties, and confine himself to its legitimate boundaries. The origin of such windows arose from the enormous open spaces in the cathedrals, which led to the common definition of a Gothic building as a stone roof supported by walls of glass; the glare from large white transparencies would have been intolerable, even had it been possible to make larger panes for the purpose; but at that time the knowledge of chemistry and mechanics was so limited that only small pieces could be manu-



LIBRARY WINDOW MADE BY THE TIFFANY COMPANY
Designed by F. S. Church

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Designed by the Tiffany Company

factured. Since there was then no division between the arts and crafts, and the person who drew a design had also to make the materials for carrying it out, the artists reveled in the beautiful colors that rewarded their simple experiments. In France and Italy, where there is so much sunlight, rich, dark hues were placed side by side, with only here and there a streak of light, while in England, where the atmosphere is much grayer, a large proportion of white and silver was mingled with the color.

One of the rules of good architecture is, that if a building purports to be made of marble or stone it shall really be of that substance, and not of stucco, plaster, and other cheap things that will soon crumble and fall to pieces, a proven sham and fraud instead of the enduring material which it resembled. And this rule applies quite as rigorously to our subject.

There is no art which has been more degraded, where every cheap device to save expense and procure meretricious effects has been resorted to, and all kinds of technical trickery discovered to cover bad drawing and poor color, with the result that in a few years the stains and painting applied so ignorantly have peeled from the surfaces that they were intended to cover, while tones have vanished, or crude colors gradually



Designed by the Tiffany Company

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WINDOW IN CHI PSI FRATERNITY HALL, AMHERST COLLEGE
Designed by Maitland Armstrong

eaten through the thin glaze that made them passably agreeable.

Any number of windows made on such lines have not been able to weather fifty years, while the lights that William of Arezzo set in the church of Santa Croce at Florence have been for five centuries a glorious ornament which time has only rendered more beautiful, and the cathedral at Chartres still glows with the rich colors streaming through the clearstory windows which were put in place in the twelfth century. This brings us to a careful definition of the way in which this old glass was made, and to the disentangling of the terms of the art, which, owing to the common use of stained glass, to designate all colored windows, have fallen into the utmost confusion.

Even people who pride themselves upon some knowledge of æsthetics, speak of stained, painted, and colored glass as being the same thing, whereas

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Designed by John La Farge

the words define three separate technical processes. The foundation of all is the colored glass.

In this the coloring matter is mixed with the other necessary substances in the melting-pot, and is incorporate in the very body of the sheet when it is rolled out to cool. This is technically called pot metal, and will be so designated during the remainder of this paper.

When enamels are fused to the surface of this pot metal, it is painted glass. The heads and hands in a window are usually painted and fired several times before a finished result is obtained.

When a stain is applied, and by a great degree of heat penetrates the pot metal, changing its color or tone, it is stained glass.

Pot metal was the only material which the original window-makers knew anything about; their chemicals were few, and their drawing feeble and archaic, but they worked with the fervor of purely artistic souls, bent on the highest expression in their power, for the love of art and the glory of God.

When, during the Renaissance, the painters devoted themselves entirely to working in oil and fresco, glass-making fell to inferiors; and it is sad to trace the degeneration that



Designed by John La Farge

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PANEL IN PHILADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL
Designed by the Tiffany Company

followed, until the power of drawing a fine design or making proper glass was quite extinct.

The Oxford movement in the early part of the century brought about a greater interest in church-decorating in England, undoubtedly preserving much that was old, but scarcely making any improvements in the new; moreover, the misdirected revivals of glassmaking made in Germany at the time ushered in a period of the worst taste that has ever prevailed. This German influence was, most unfortunately, a popular one, and the civilized world was burdened with its manufactured memorial windows, costly examples of which are plentiful even in this country.

But better things were in store in England. Burne-Jones and other distinguished artists turned public attention to the art, with the desire of exalting it

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WINDOW IN CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION
NEW YORK
Designed by Frederic Crowninshield

to its former position. In the revival that followed there was nothing revolutionary, but the most charming qualities traditional in English glass were retained. As had always been the custom, a great deal of painted and stained glass was used, and attention was given to delicacy of detail, to the careful patterning of rich garments, to the liberal use of silver and white panes, and to a tasteful but by no means a grand system of color. A most subtle, exquisite charm is breathed from the sweet-faced, graceful figures in many of these new windows; the lights at Christ Church, Oxford, by Burne-Jones, for instance, are worthy of ranking with the best achievements of any period. English glass is somewhat too pallid in color to be entirely successful in our brilliant atmosphere, but there is a fine example of Burne-Jones's style in the "Building of the Temple" at Trinity Church, Boston, and of Henry Holiday's in the churches of the Incarnation, New York City, Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, and the Epiphany, Washington, D. C. One of the latter's most important compositions is in Grace Church, Utica, New York.

With us glassmaking is not yet a generation old. About thirty years ago Mr. John La Farge and Mr. Louis Tiffany, after studying both new and old windows abroad, returned home to experiment on their own account. It was their ambition to reproduce the gem-like colors of the old masters' pot metal, and to their success in this they added the discovery of a formula for making opalescent glass, which has opened a vast field of beauty to our decorators.

The famous windows in Cambridge and Boston, Massachusetts, which were Mr. La Farge's first completed work, still stand, in our judgment, as achievements of the highest order, which sprang suddenly into existence through the power of the artist's genius, and made the school of glassmaking in this country full-grown at its birth.

Any American with the right feeling of

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patriotism must be proud of the honor in which Mr. La Farge is held abroad as well as at home. I know of no reputation so high, unless it is that of Mr. Augustus Saint Gaudens, by whom, of course, it is as justly merited.

Mr. Louis C. Tiffany has not only designed many windows of distinction, but by the establishment of a great decorating firm has done the greatest service toward educating popular taste and upholding truly artistic standards. His continual experiments have added all kinds of rich colors and textures to the glass palette now in use. Of the splendid pieces of decoration which have grown under his direction, the Tiffany Chapel is perhaps the most famous. This superb interior is quite worthy to rank with many a medieval monument. Mr. Maitland Armstrong and Mr. Frederic Crowninshield are two of our most distinguished artists in stained glass, devoting their talents entirely to the work, while many of our figure painters, Mr. Will H. Low, Mr. Elihu Vedder, Mr. Edward Simmons, etc., have occasionally furnished designs which have added to the richness of the art.

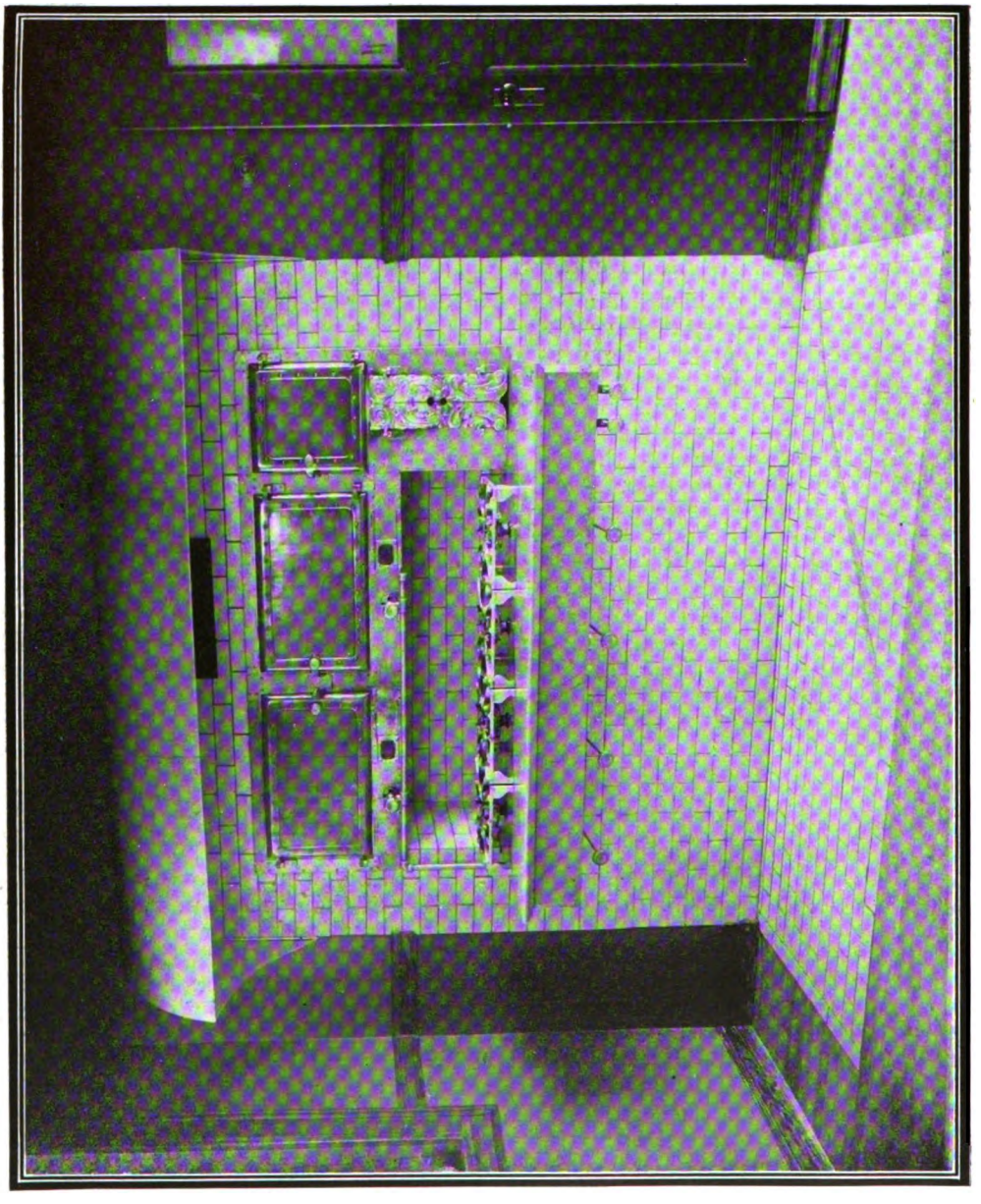
The American school of glassmaking, then, must be judged as a return to the original methods of those who first created the subject, enriching the "pot metal" of the ancients by the experiments of modern chemistry. It uses leading to follow the drawing and natural lines—never in an arbitrary manner — and considers painting and staining as resources to be used as sparingly as possible, and in a legitimate way that will make them of enduring value. Moreover, it will not counsel the division of artist and artisan, but insists that the glass for a design shall be selected either by the designer himself, or some one trained in the matter, and never left to workmen. As by such simple, natural rules the best work of the world has ever been done, it is not too much to claim for our glass a future as progressive as the past thirty years have been fruitful.

PAULINE KING.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY KITCHEN

OUR attention is so constantly called at present to the colonial period in literature, art, and home decoration, that there is no doubt but we are prepared to appreciate the true worth of the most salient points of excellence of that period. But with the twentieth century comes another period, and the importance of its innovations is not easily measured. We have not come to the end of inventive ingenuity, and there are certain practical demands which should be answered. America is eminently a country of homes, beautiful in exterior architectural design, rich in varied woods and artistic finish, or plain and cozy, as the dweller therein determines. But even the best of these houses rarely contains one essential of comfort—a model kitchen. More often in this portion of the house than in any other, tidiness and misery are synonymous terms. Yet there is no need of this; and recently a practical housewife has demonstrated the feasibility of a stoveless kitchen. A cooking apparatus affording conveniences for every kind of cooking is recessed into the side-wall of the kitchen, and the arrangements are made more convenient and complete than those usually presented by a range. The chimney is left open for about six feet above the floor, and covered with white enamel brick, the floor being also laid with it for a space about two and a half feet in front of the chimney. At just a little more than the height of an ordinary stove is a marble slab, about five feet long and a yard wide. This

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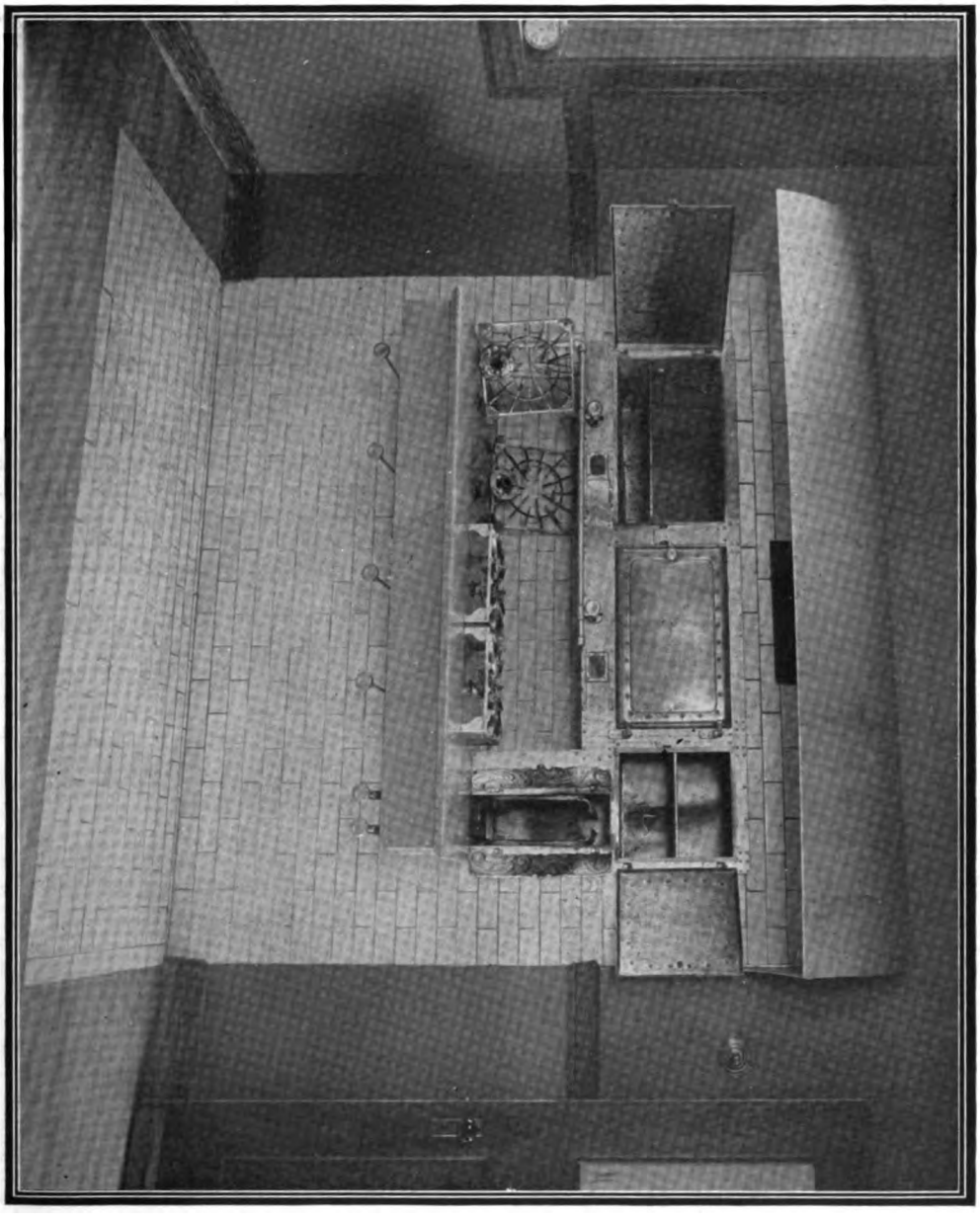


A COOKING-STOVE IN ENAMELED BRICK AND WHITE MARBLE

slab is sunk into the chimney, extending into the room about sixteen inches. On the slab are four gas burners which may be unscrewed, and each one of which is covered with a movable metal rack.

In the chimney, at a height to which dishes used in cooking could be easily lifted, are three brass doors. These open and show two ovens of the ordinary size, 16 by 22 inches, and a warming-oven a little more than half the size. The burners for these are a little below

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Range, Showing Ovens and Broiler

them, hidden from sight except just where a little mica slide opens so that they may be lighted. The heat for the warming-oven comes from a vertical broiler which is built in just below it.

Quite a distance higher there is an opening in the chimney covered by a grating, through which all the fumes of the cooking are drawn off. All the metal work about this apparatus, with the exception of the doors, which are of

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brass, is iron finished with aluminum paint, which is appropriate with the white brick and marble, and is kept clean just as easily.

It can readily be imagined that this arrangement for cooking is much more sightly than even the neatest of gas-ranges, while its conveniences and the greater ease in working it affords need scarcely be described. The amount of backache that is saved the cook by having the ovens placed so that no stooping is necessary is almost incalculable. Being bricked in as they are, it takes just about half the time to heat these ovens that is required for an ordinary stove; and the two ovens make it possible to do just twice as much cooking at the same time, while the work necessary for cleanliness is just about none at all, compared with polishing a range.

By means of very complete and convenient pantries, in which all of the most disagreeable part of the kitchen work is done, things are arranged so that the kitchen is left comparatively free as a servant's dining-room and sitting-room. With no stove to disfigure it, and all need for having it littered with dishes and pots and pans removed, the room becomes a very attractive one, especially with the simple but comfortable furnishings provided.

The accompanying illustrations show the model closed when not in use, and the interior of one of the baking-ovens, the warming, or smaller, oven, and the vertical broiler, with two of the burners removed for cleaning purposes. Illuminating gas is the fuel employed in this instance. The cost of such a cooking apparatus is not so great as might be imagined, and it can be constructed in such a way that it would not cost more than an ordinary range. No patents will be taken out, and the housewives of the future should apply these principles to their homes. This stove has been in use for some time, tested fully in baking, roasting, stewing, and broiling, and found perfect.

JOSEPHINE M. McLAUGHLIN.

RARE BLACK BASALTES

TO the collector who is looking about for something odd, very difficult to obtain, but always beautiful, we would recommend the acquisition of a few choice specimens of black basaltes.

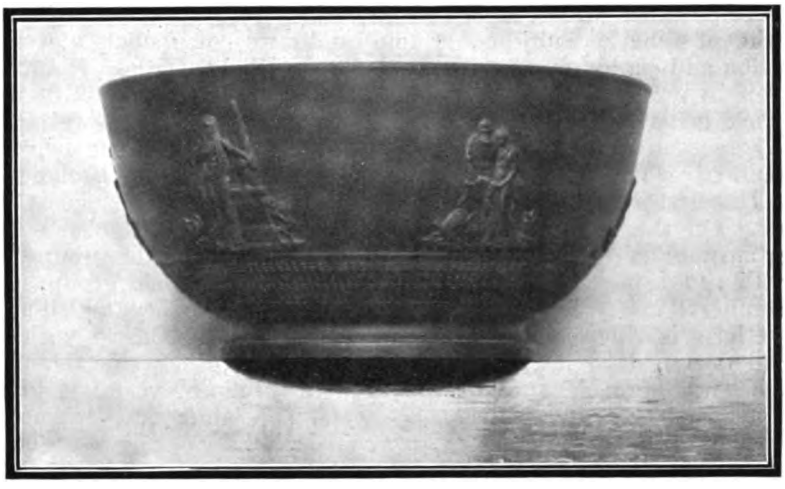
There is one point about this ware which makes it valuable for the novice, it has never been copied or reproduced; so when you find a piece you may be quite sure it is genuine, and manufactured about 1770. For some years prior to that date, and for some years later, when that most interesting and enterprising man, Josiah Wedgwood, wished to take out patents in 1769 for several processes which he had invented, he could not include black basaltes. The process of making "black ware" had been known to potters for some years, but it was Wedgwood and some of his contemporaries who brought the manufacture to its superlative point, Wedgwood who named it and crated these objects of use and beauty which we have before us.

There was a great "rage" for these ornamental goods. The demand from Holland was surprisingly large, and curiously enough, two of the pieces shown were found only a few years since in different cities of that interesting country.

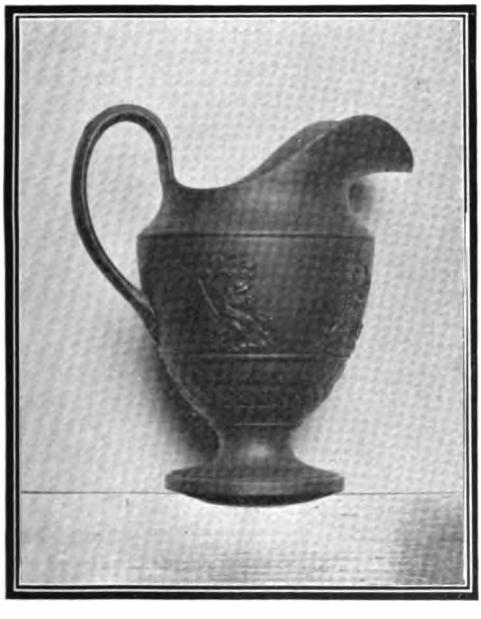
In connection with the black basaltes, Mr. Wedgwood endeavored to distance competitors by bronzing or painting in encaustics; and though vases and statuettes became popular treated in this manner, they never had the vogue that the black basaltes enjoyed, whether plain or polished. In truth, it is in these same black basaltes that some of Wedg-

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wood's triumphs are perpetuated, although to the casual observer the blue-and-white ware is always associated with the great potter's name. So quickly did this ware gain favor that the demand was fairly greater than could be supplied. All the skilled workmen were employed on vases, statuettes, busts, medallions, and intaglios, while the less skilful hands turned out tea-sets, lamps, tripods, and jugs in endless variety. They struggled to take advantage of a rising market, in a manner not very different from those employed by tradesmen one hundred years later.



A SUGAR-BOWL



A CREAM-PITCHER

The largest figure-pieces were about twenty to twenty-five inches high. Smaller groups were modeled by special artists, and the vases were also designed with particular care, and were objects of great beauty and elegance. You will not often find a vase outside of some collection, or the cabinet of some museum, but to the real china hunter the chance is half the pleasure of the chase, and one bit unexpectedly snapped up a cause of years of gratification.

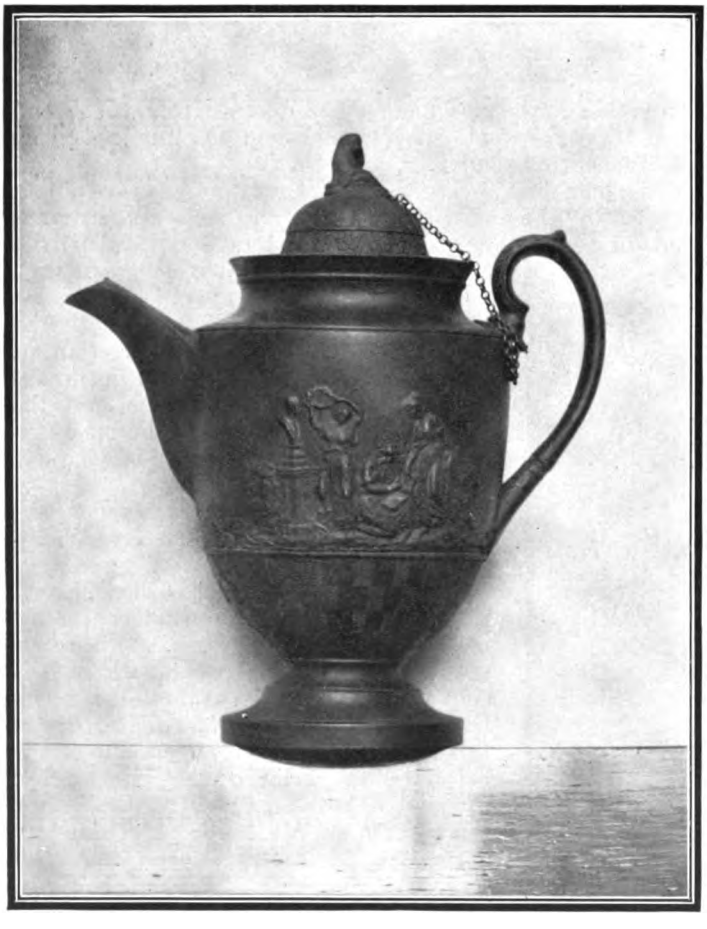
All the pieces shown, except the smaller teapot, were made by Wedgwood, and are so marked.

That teapot was made by Mayer, Turner & Birch, at about the same period, 1770, and its duplicate may be seen in the British Museum, where it is shown as a flawless example of black basaltes. This piece was picked up in London, for a small price, by one of the brotherhood who was rummaging through a junk-shop for "finds," after the fashion of his kind. It will repay the closest scrutiny. The severe classic outline, the straight nose, and graceful handle, are all pleasing to the eye. The base is surrounded by a simple band,

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and above this are groups, two on each side, of fanciful subjects. Cupid and a lion and cupids and goats are the two seen in our illustrations, and the rich black lusterless body must have shown to great advantage on a snowy cloth, amid silver or shining pewter.

The first three pieces comprise a tea-set. On the bowl and jug are similar groups. Each piece has on it a figure with sad aspect hanging a wreath on a funeral urn. The band surrounding the base is different in all three pieces, and designed by its simplicity to contrast with the elegance of the groups above it.



A TEAPOT

On the shape of the body of the jug we come upon a well-known foible of Wedgwood's. He always used the egg-shape for an outline when possible for his vases as well as his household pieces. To our own mind the teapot of this set is the choicest piece we have seen. It is larger than the usual run of specimens, chaste in shape, and most lovely in its groups. The side shown has a classic group, maidens representing History and Fame crowning the bust of Cicero with a laurel wreath. The other side is ornamented with a group of vestal virgins standing about an altar and preparing to sacrifice a lamb. The figure on the top is a woman veiled and seated, with her hands resting on her knees. A scrollwork surrounds the base of the top. The quaint device of attaching the top to the handle by a chain might well be emulated to-day, when choice cups and saucers are in constant peril from the untimely fall of the tops of chocolate-pots as well as teapots.

It is hardly just to pass from the subject of basaltes and their classical ornamentation without reference to the name of Flaxman, who contributed so largely to Wedgwood's success. It is to his hand and skill that we owe the beauty of the designs which are so characteristic of Wedgwood ware.

Cupids, gods, and goddesses, Greek

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and Roman and mythological heroes, noble and pure in outline, were the product of his pencil, as well as the most lovely groups of children engaged in all their pretty sports. He also drew and modeled portraits which were made in basaltes or cameos, and for many years worked steadily, and for what seems remarkably small prices, for the Wedgwood potteries.

It was Flaxman's designs which rendered so popular the tablets of basaltes which were set in furniture or inserted in chimneypieces. The first tablets produced were found to be entirely too small for effective use for this purpose, but after much experimenting on Wedgwood's part, he found he could increase the size of the tablets. The largest one he succeeded in making was but twenty-three inches by nine inches in size. The apotheosis of Homer, with friezes of Apollo and the nine muses formed one of their



A MEDALLION– RICHARD CŒUR DE LION



A MEDALLION–EDWARD I.

most celebrated sets for a chimneypiece.

The earlier pieces made were in very high relief, but as skill increased the relief was lowered, still maintaining the high artistic elegance and delicacy for which these wares were so noted.

And now we come to the last two subjects of our sketch, representing the highest point in the manufacture of basaltes. These are the beautiful medallions drawn and modeled by the gifted Flaxman and cast by Wedgwood. These two shown, Edward I. and Richard, Cœur de Lion, are two of a set of twelve, six with the names incised and six without. They are set in silver, a plain but effective mount, the white contrasting well with the dull black of the basaltes.

These twelve were secured from an antiquarian in London who well knew their value, and the history of their acquisition would fill a small volume. He parted with them one by one, as with

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A TEAPOT

the apple of his eye. He was approached in roundabout and devious ways, and by divers people, till at last the whole number was drawn away from him. The miserly spirit of the London holder has descended to their present owner with the medallions, and he tells over his treasures, which took so many years to secure, with as tender a touch as Wedgwood himself when the first successful product of his skill was laid in his hand.

These medallions are about one hundred and twenty-five years old, and it is usually only possible to pick up an odd one here or there.

Mr. Wedgwood's personal character was such, and his art and manufactures were so advanced for the time in which he lived, that his choicest productions were appreciated only by the few. No one was more assiduous in promoting his success than Sir William Hamilton, husband of the beautiful but notorious Lady Hamilton. Queen Charlotte and the Empress of Russia were both liberal patrons, and their portraits were made in basaltes by the grateful Wedgwood. This manufacture entirely ceased before 1800. It is a more beautiful and artistic memorial to its perfector than even his copies of the celebrated Portland vase, for it is a monument to his skill, perseverance, and originality.

N. HUDSON MOORE.

PLANT ENEMIES

IN writing an article on the subject of plant enemies it would seem natural to call attention to the principal offenders first, until one begins to inquire which really is the principal offender. Then, as one passes in review harrowing experiences with green lice and black, red spider and gray, wire-worms, scale, etc., each tale more disastrous than the other, one is driven to the conclusion that the chief sinner is the one that is most in evidence; the name is only one part, the other nine parts "pure cussedness."

One of the most common pests, attacking all classes of plants which grow in pots, is the small white worms that infest the soil. These are the larvæ of a tiny grayish black fly that will be found hovering around the soil in the pots. Its presence is a sure indication of the presence of worms, or the eggs that will quickly develop into worms. The remedy is, fortunately, very simple, and consists in saturating the soil in the pots with fresh lime-water. It is well, however, to turn the ball of earth out of the pot by placing the left hand on top of the soil, reversing the pot, and giving it a sharp tap on the edge of the table or shelf, when the ball of earth will separate from the pot, and may be readily examined. Frequently the worms, if of any size, will be found lying in their furrows, and may be removed. Especially is this the case with earth-worms. Another evidence of worms in the soil is little heaps of dust on the surface, if white worms; of little pellets of mud on the surface or in the saucers, if earth-worms.

To prepare the lime-water, pour two

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gallons of water over a lump of fresh unslacked lime as large as a coffee-cup. Allow it to stand until dissolved, and strain off the clear water to use. In using, it is necessary to stand the pots in their saucers, or several together in a tray or pan, and apply the water till it runs freely from the pot. Be sure that every particle of the soil is thoroughly saturated. If a dry spot is left anywhere the worms will take refuge therein, and your labor has been in vain.

Notice any little spots of earth that remain dry after the water is applied. It is in such places that the worms are at home. Roll them out with a bit of stick or pencil. See that the water saturates it. Look, also, after little air-holes where the water bubbles up as the soil fills. There are apt to be runways in that direction.

Pour the water back from the saucers into the pots several times, watching as it subsides for the worms to appear on the surface, when they must be removed. Some will appear at the first application, but not all. In the case of earth-worms, they may not appear until the next day.

Any plant, by the way, that will stand having its roots submerged in water for a few hours can be rid of earth-worms by the use of clear water alone, as they simply drown, and the chemical action of the lime is unnecessary.

If the work has been done thoroughly, one treatment will be sufficient, and if the flies do not return, no further trouble may be experienced for months. Unfortunately, we can not guard against the little fly that lays the egg that does the mischief. She comes from a tiny chrysalis that we pack into the pots with the potting soil. The old well-rotted manure, so full of plant food, is also, unfortunately, full of the chrysalis of this little pest. Heating the soil is a remedy, but I always feel that it destroys, in a measure, the vitality of the soil, so do not recommend it. If it is done, however, placing the earth in a pan on top of the stove and covering so that it may steam is less injurious to the soil and more fatal to what we wish to destroy.

Another and more troublesome enemy of certain plants is the green louse. Cinnerarias, carnations, cupheas, roses, hibiscus, etc., are plants particularly affected by this pest.

On the cinnerarias lice are particularly destructive, from their habit of inhabiting the underside of the leaf, where great damage may be done before they are detected. Like the red spider, they do not eat the leaf, but suck its juices till, the life exhausted, it falls limp and lifeless on its stem.

The remedy, in one form or another, is tobacco. This is quite successfully applied as a tea by steeping a handful of stems in water and using the tea to spray the upper and under side of the leaves. Care must be taken not to use it too strong or it will injure the foliage. The application may need repeating several times before one is entirely free of the pest. Fumigating the plants with tobacco-smoke is another excellent remedy. In this case, a handful of tobacco should be placed on coals under the plants—not near enough for the heat to injure them—and the plants covered to retain the smoke. Another method is to apply fine tobacco-dust on the plants when wet. This, though unsightly, is less likely to injure the foliage than the other methods.

Many recommend the placing of tobacco-stems on the ground under the plants, claiming it prevents their appearance. I have sometimes driven them away when first appearing by placing the green leaves under them, but never with the dried stems. On the other hand, I have found them a prolific source of white worms—pots protected in this way being fairly alive with white plump worms that I should have been vastly proud of had I been raising worms.

A pail of tobacco tea set aside to steep and forgotten was found to be swarming with the little flies laying their eggs in the half-rotten tobacco.

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It is always a good plan, when possible, to lay a paper over the earth in the pot, and with a soft brush remove all the lice that can be reached and burn them. Then apply the tobacco.

The red spider is the most persistent and annoying pest known to the florist. So minute is it and so rapidly does it increase that the mischief is done before one realizes that it has begun. The red spider is more easily detected than its congener, the gray, as it is found principally on the upper side of the leaf, while the gray—an infinitesimal object—inhabits the under side, spinning an almost imperceptible web. Both are particularly destructive to heliotrope, lautanas, bouvardias, roses, salvias, etc., and the only remedy is a moist atmosphere, but this is more a preventive than a remedial agent, as no amount of moisture will clear a plant thoroughly infested with red spiders.

My own remedy for plants found to be infested with red spiders at the beginning or middle of winter is to pull them up and burn them. Throw out the earth and scald the pot before other plants are injured.

When the trouble, however, appears late in winter and the approach of warm weather offers a prospect of soon getting the plant into the healthier outdoor atmosphere where it may battle more successfully against its foes, if the plant is a valuable or rare one, and can be isolated from other plants, it may be worth while to try to save it. But when a plant can be replaced for a few cents, it seems a mistake in judgment to spend more than its value in time and strength, to say nothing of vexation of spirit, to try to save it. In growing flowers, as well as in all other enterprises, it is well to know when one has had enough. One method that will occasionally kill the spider—and sometimes the plant—is to dip the plant, top down, into hot suds, as hot as the hands can bear. I have had excellent results from this treatment with geraniums that were nearly dead, the revivifying effect of the hot bath being wonderful, and it is worth while to give it a trial before committing the plants to the flames.

Perhaps the best advice that can be given on this subject is to exercise extreme caution in purchasing plants; to purchase of reliable dealers only; to examine carefully before purchasing plants of local dealers, and refuse to take any plants having any trace of insects. Plants received from distant florists, if found infected with any form of vermin, should be immediately returned, and their value requested in clean plants or the money. On several occasions plants from a local florist have cost me dear because their unsuspected pests spread to my healthy plants; so that it is now a rule to quarantine all newly purchased house-plants until a clean bill of health is proven.

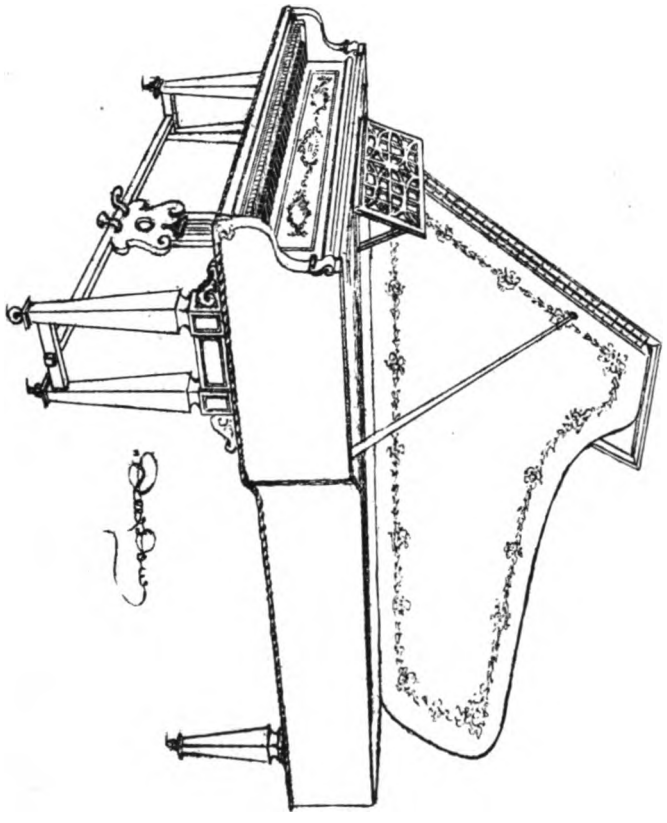
IDA D. BENNETT.

PIANOS, AND WHERE TO PLACE THEM

WHEN we consider how very common an article of furniture the piano has come to be in the United States, it is remarkable how little thought is expended upon that best place for it which will make the most of its tone, its appearance, and its availability.

This indifference to the offices of an ever-willing spiritual adviser like the piano would argue that the element of barbarism is still imperfectly eliminated from modern society, and that really the piano is no more necessary to it than the trivial bit of bric-à-brac that is picked up when one has "money to burn." As an instrument to make sufficient noise to overcome a too oppressive stillness in the house, or to supply that agreeable rhythm and pulsation without which we cannot dance the two-step, or to lend vim and "go"

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DESIGN FOR A GRAND PIANO, BY J. W. DOW

to a general chorus of the "Star Spangled Banner," or to give to children the rudiments of music that every one is supposed to receive, the piano has sterling qualities which are not to be denied; but as for comparing it to fresh air and sunshine—to things to eat and things to wear—why, very many of our friends and acquaintances will exclaim, in all sincerity, "How ridiculous!" For them the piano ranks, as a means of diversion, upon a parallel with games of chance, gymnasium exercise, and lectures on astronomy. Even professed

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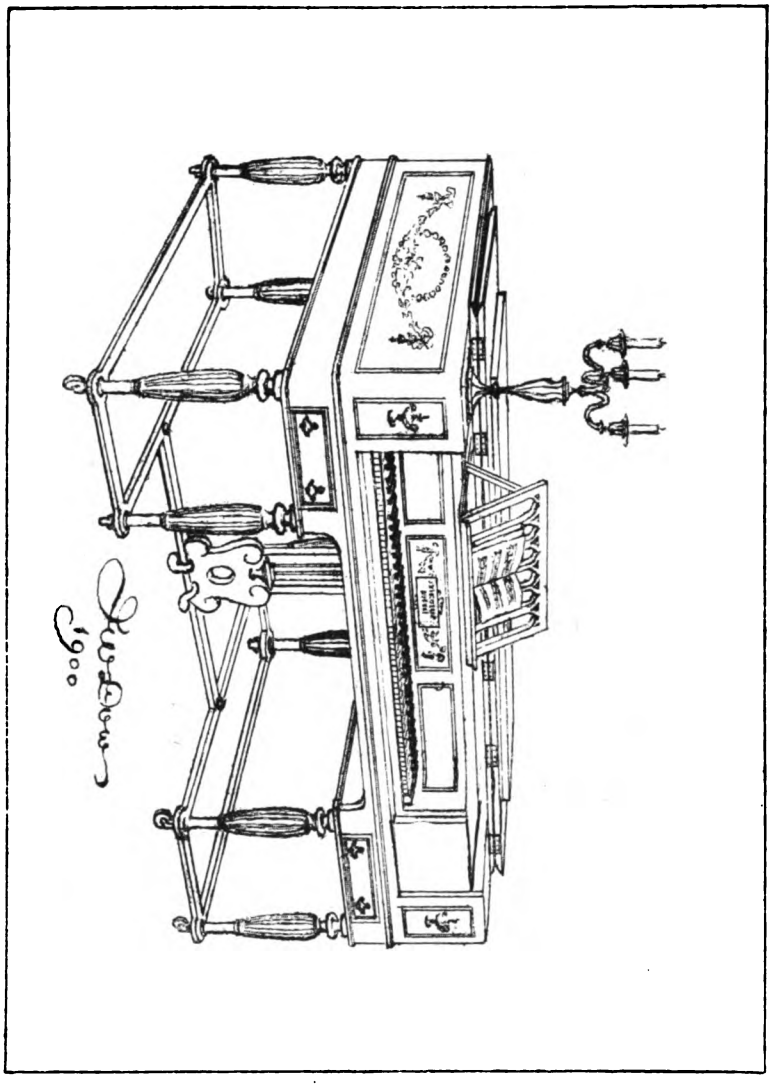
patrons of music, and piano music in particular, who attend the public recitals, and pretend to enjoy them whether they do or no (I fancy they do not), will buy an expensive upright piano, stand it flat against the wall, upon an oriental rug with a deep pile, away from the light and ventilation, in that senseless middle room without windows which ignorant contractors plan for educated people in a New York house; stand one of those hateful anomalies known as the piano-lamp beside it, to switch on the current of a dazzling electric bulb of sixteen candle-power so you may see what they wish to show you, and then ask, in perfect good faith, for you to tell them what you think of its tone. Had they put the piano in the dark pantry they use for storing preserves, or, in fact, entombed it in the central chamber of the family burial-vault, they could not have succeeded better in impoverishing all the tone it ever possessed, which may not have been great at any time, for the upright piano is the least addicted to tone of any. Perhaps its manufacturers have already destroyed much of the tone it would have possessed by overloading the case with cumbersome ornament, such as pilasters, panels, and cornices in wood, so disguised by dark stain and varnish that it might be a composition of coral from the Bahamas or plaster of paris, for all you know.

This is the instrument that the makers tell us is a "cabinet grand." But we would rather express it otherwise, and call it a "grand cabinet," jolly big bookcase, or folding bedstead, for its amplification already exceeds the dimensions of the stock Romanesque sideboard which is fearfully overladen with dropsical decoration reflected again in its shameless beveled-edge mirrors. I can assure you that if you were to attach a dumb clavier to the exterior wall of your dwelling, and sit down in the courtyard for practice, you would receive quite as much musical inspiration as this mammoth "cabinet grand" could induce under the usual circumstances. Besides, in all probability, you would have much better architecture to gaze upon, and the side of your house would give back exactly as faithful echoes of your voice. It is hardly necessary to add that the "cabinet grand piano" outrages every principle of art.

The legitimate purpose of the upright piano is to economize space; it is therefore made to stand upon end like a harp, and should be protected by the least amount of case that is compatible with strength and durability. It should have the simplest of lines, practically no ornament, candelabra alone excepted. See illustration. It should not stand much higher than four feet from the floor, nor exceed a greater length than four feet and eight inches (seven octaves), nearly all of which has been accomplished in some special designs certain progressive makers have, at last, exploited. In this economy of space, the real domain of the upright piano, it has a charm of its own, and becomes a thing of beauty and of sentiment. While the tone may be insufficient for a large salon or music-room, it will be found quite full enough for ordinary chambers, so long as due regard is paid to those considerations of position of which I am about to speak.

If you have the room for a grand piano, of course that is the kind to own. I do not mean a "semi-grand," a "demi-grand," nor a "baby-grand," but a full-fledged one, with its gracefully narrowed end to accommodate the long bass strings. That is the kind. All others are poor substitutes, hopelessly ugly in their lines, and you had much better have an "upright." A modern concert grand piano usually will not offend the tout ensemble of any drawing-room, but if you can afford it, by all means have a specially designed case, as most manufacturers, I regret to say, are a long way behind modern architectural thought, and all their cases are too heavy and cumbersome. The grand piano that is described in the story of "Gilberte" would suit us exactly. I will borrow from the text:

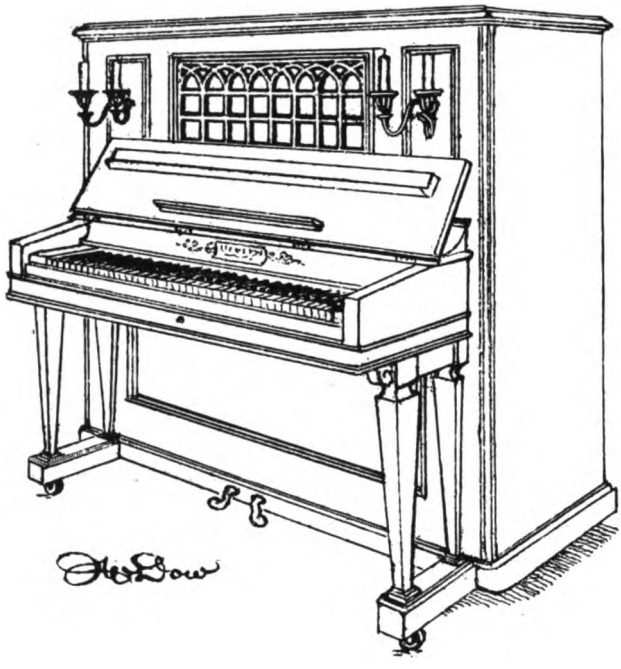
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DESIGN FOR A SQUARE PIANO

"But the feature of the room that demanded the attention of the visitor above all others was the grand piano, better say harpsichord—for that is what it was—only a perfected modern, glorified harpsichord in a case of white ma-

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DESIGN FOR AN UPRIGHT PIANO

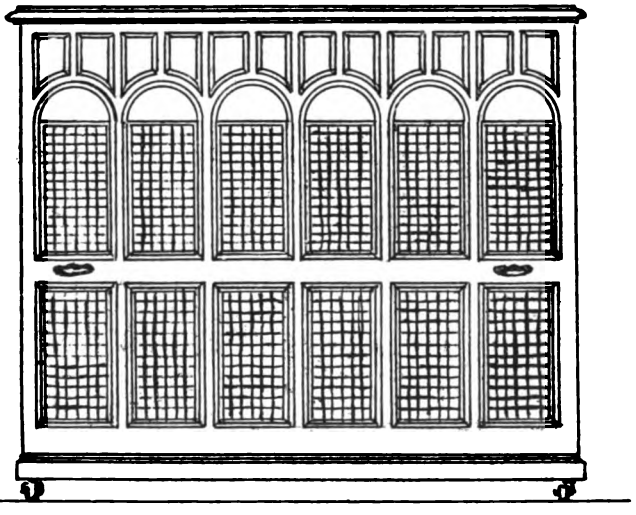
hogany after a real antique, with spindle-shaped legs, cross-bar, and—everything. . . . Gilberte seated herself upon the long bench—it was like an organ-seat—and surveyed the keyboard, . . . played the three chords leading to the close of Chopin's Nocturne in F minor, and stopped. 'What lovely tones are in this old-fashioned piano!' she exclaimed." See illustration.

The square piano, unless it has a specially designed case, is entirely out of the question. It is a perfect terror in its habitual uncompromising bulk. The tone may be good enough, but that alone will not satisfy all our other artistic senses, which must have a treat occasionally. It is the least desirable of the three common forms of the piano, and can only be recommended for certain reasons and effects. Some rooms, being specially designed for a square piano, will never look so well if furnished with either a "grand" or an "upright." And there is something fetching about the drawers for music, the inlaid brasswork and marquetry of an example à la Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," which is supposed to have accompanied the sentimental ballads of boys and girls when this poor old "century was in its teens." See illustration.

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The name of a maker that the piano bears does not signify much to the true musician or lover of music. This would seem an astounding assertion when we are accustomed to hear that so and so, with unlimited means, has purchased a "Steinway" or "Chickering"; as if that settled the question of merit, but it does not. There is a kind of personality about a piano. Sometimes an instrument of humble antecedents will be worth to the musician very much more than a high-priced one from a standard maker. The latter may be better made, it may outlast another, it may stand the racket of people who play forte one hundred and one per cent of the time. Children may whack it without serious injury, but that does not imply a sympathetic piano; in fact, it would oftener imply a regular Jim Corbett piano. Note the instruments that are usually found in public music-halls. Nothing that demands very much expression could be played upon them, and only because they have been so ill treated by civilized barbarians. A piano, like a person, always responds to the kind of treatment it receives. Still, beyond all this there is a timbre in the tone of one instrument that we shall look for in vain in a hundred others, like the abnormal speed of certain boats where the designers themselves cannot fathom the mystery. I should invite controversy to say it was all "luck," but I believe it.

All pianos should stand out by themselves in a room, clear of everything but the floor, which should be level and bare of covering at the points of contact. This theory necessitates a finished back for every instrument so placed. The case design of a grand piano is always carried out entirely around it, and certain conscientious manufacturers have followed the same rule in respect to the



Design for Back of an Upright Piano

By H. W. Dow

Fig. 4.

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square piano. Very many, however, have simply blank backs, which are not very beautiful for display in the drawing-room. And when it comes to the upright form, no attention whatever, so far as I know, has been paid to the appearance of the rear elevation. As an initial suggestion looking to the improvement of the backs of upright pianos, the author respectfully submits a fourth picture. Again, pianos should have as much convenient light and ventilation as the human being requires in the living-room to be truly happy. The east and west exposures are better than the north and south, because the angle of light is constantly changing from east to west, with great benefit to the mind of a performer. The west position, i. e., near a west window, is the most ideal of all. The shadows of sunset and twilight are exquisitely romantic, and one's progress in music is greatly facilitated and the enjoyment heightened by the animated chiaro-oscuro that is so often falling about the keyboard, which should always stand at an angle to the rays of the departing sun. The piano shown in THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL for July, page 445, is admirably placed. But then, the room and piano were both specially considered in planning the house, hence no wonder.

When it is impossible for a piano to stand clear of the wall, by reason of scarcity of room-space, then allow as little of it to remain in contact as may be. By reason of an archway connecting two rooms, the upright piano shown in the fifth picture was afforded a little more breathing-space than it could otherwise have enjoyed, which grateful circumstance, assisted by a west window, has insured it a life of usefulness and contentment. But whatever you do, give to the keyboard a side light, and near the light. Sacrifice anything but that; and never use a piano-lamp, as it is called. Piano-lamps are bad for the head and bad for the eyes, but more than that, they are ugly parvenus, without decent associates or history, and cannot have other than a pernicious effect upon one's musical education. Do not use a tripod stool, either. Have your cabinetmaker furnish a substantial wooden bench forty-two inches long, at the proper height which you may decide for yourself, and tilted slightly toward the keyboard. This seat will answer for duets as well, and it may have a back if you like, that a performer may rest occasionally. You may have a mat or small rug for the feet, if preferred, and as many candelabra about as you please, but no chandeliers or glare.

Think of the monstrous exhibitions of the music-halls! A conventional stage-setting — rather the worse for wear — absolute emptiness barring a grand piano with the lid removed, a chair, and a single performer facing several thousand auditors. Under such conditions (because it pays, I suppose) a professional pianist, of more or less musical temperament and prodigious technique, essays to render, perhaps, the B flat minor scherzo of Chopin. Can you think of anything more incongruous? Chopin, who had to be acquainted with his listeners in order to play well, and who could not play at all if his extreme sensibility informed him of the presence of an insincere or uncharitable nature in one of the audience; and this, we are told, happened several times, to the great confusion of the management. Of course, under the circumstances I have detailed we do not hear Chopin. We see the framework — the technique (if we sit to the left of the house), we hear the time, the rubato, the characteristic accents of the melody; but we do not hear Chopin. Yet society brings its mercenary hands together in applause, and discusses the author from such an artificial standpoint that you would never think of his once being the most ingenuous and charitable of mortals who ever lived to be imposed upon by an old "gusher" of the Transitional school, like George Sand, who was as much overrated in her day as Chopin was underrated in his. But posterity judges the righteous judgment, and while George Sand's light has waned until there is scarcely any efful-

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THE PORTRAIT OF A PIANO

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gence left, Chopin's has barely more than begun a course of universal illumination. It is impossible to estimate how much of its present popularity the piano owes to his genius, which exploited a latent power in the instrument for producing effects that was not dreamed of before his time. Chopin has bequeathed to us an auxiliary means of intercommunication which is quite indispensable to the development of taste and refinement.

In Pleyd's warerooms, in Paris, there is cherished to this day one of their instruments which was used by Frederic Chopin for a number of years. You may obtain permission to see it by personal application to the firm. I shall never forget my own visit, the agitation I felt as I passed through the various outer rooms until I stood before this enspiritualized piano that had served *le grand artiste*, as the Pleyd people called Chopin. The attendant laid back the lid to show me the tiny brass plate with the inscription. I hurriedly read the list of works that it said Chopin had composed with this piano's assistance, but I was so excited at the time that I cannot remember what they were, only that the *marche funèbre* was one of them. The attendant nodded assent to my request in broken French for permission to touch the keys. There was the moment of hesitation lest the keys themselves would resent the impious presumption of an alien. But a wonderful delight it was to hear the very strings vibrate for me in the solemn chords of that now celebrated march, something as I fancied they had that first time for the master. They are thin and frail strings now, nothing so full of tone and vigorous as those to be found in our own pianos; but they had a subtle quality and charm about them that shall not leave the remembrance of a poor but faithful disciple.

J. W. DOW.

NEW YORK LETTER

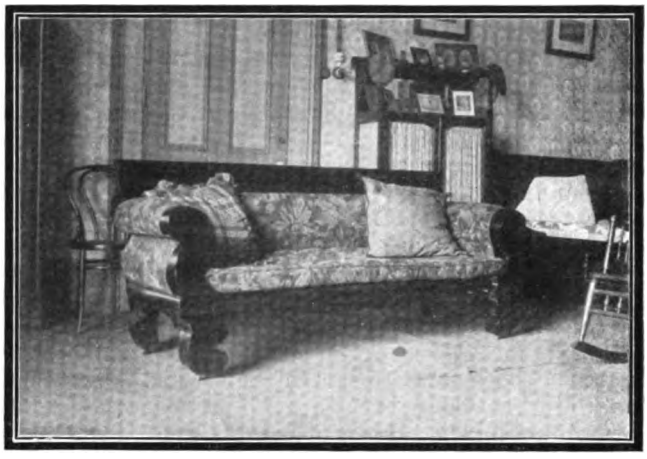
A CORRESPONDENT writing from New Orleans, in reference to the comparisons made last month between the prices for old furniture in that city and New York, sends me two photographs. One of these is of a very dignified and well-proportioned mahogany sofa, for which he paid ten dollars, and the other of a beautiful little piece costing only three dollars. The latter is also of mahogany, of the most carefully selected grain, and having carved legs. It was originally a washstand, the kind in which the paraphernalia is in the inside of the chest, entirely hidden when the cover is down. My friend had this all taken out, and uses the piece now as a clothespress. It is strange, by the way, that this type of washstand is not revived for the benefit of "flat-dwellers." With a folding-bed and a—what shall we term it—a magic washstand, one might pretend to extensive apartments while blessed with but one room, and still defy detection.

My remarks about the prevailing prices referred to those asked by the recognized dealers. It is, of course, obvious that the pieces above mentioned were not bought of a dealer, but rather of some needy individual who knew not their value. This I happen to know is the fact, and further, that their condition at the time of purchase was such that only a keen eye could have spied out the hidden beauty.

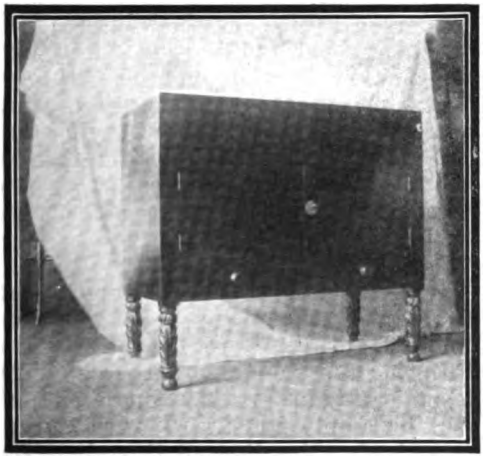
The same is the case everywhere. Here in New York there are still bargains to be found in out-of-the-way second-hand stores, and in forgotten villages on the outskirts. A fine chest of drawers of the old-fashioned maple veneer for four dollars; a solid mahogany table with drop leaves and four carved legs for seven and a half, and a thirty-six-inch square veneered table

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on a center pedestal for three dollars, are some of the fruits of such ventures into almost unknown lands, in what is now Greater New York. But it is not such successful scouting expeditions, with results little less than highway robbery, which can establish a scale of prices for a city, and I still maintain that a stranger who is searching for the much-desired mahogany piece will fare better and have a far greater range of choice on Fourth Avenue than on Royal or Chartress streets. Still, if one have a true artistic soul and a collector's spirit, not influenced by sordid motives, one may rather be sandbagged on the quaint old half-Spanish, half-French thoroughfare, with the dim light streaming through the cobwebs on the wrought-iron window-guards, than to be buncoed in broad daylight on the wide avenue, with the clang of New York ringing in one's ears. It is a pleasure to look about on one's household goods and to say to admiring visitors, "This I picked up in Salem, that in a dingy old shop on Chartress Street, New Orleans, and that piece came from Baltimore." It sounds so much better than to have to acknowledge that it came from Fourth Avenue. But we must pay for the vanities and pomps of life.



AN OLD NEW ORLEANS SOFA



AN OLD-FASHIONED WASHSTAND

Horse-hair furniture! What depths of scorn can be concentrated in those two words, and what retrospective visions they conjure up of dismal, damp rooms, be-shuttered and be-shaded until the sun might never even peep in! The mantelpiece is black marble, the table-tops are white marble. There are some wax-flowers under a glass hood. A Bible bound in brown leather is on the center-table, and all the black walnut furniture is upholstered in black hair-cloth. The hair-cloth had one advantage, or disadvantage, depending on one's point of view—it never would wear out.

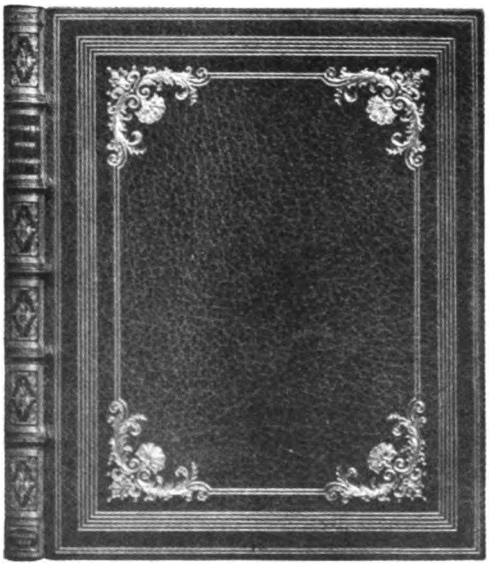
Some one, doubtless cogitating on these well-known wearing qualities, has suddenly bethought himself that there are white horses on this earth of ours as well as black ones, and that white horse-hair may be dyed a brilliant and a cheerful color if desired. And so it has come to pass that horse-hair cloth may now be obtained in beautiful and attract-

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ive colors, and its good qualities will doubtless again bring it into popular esteem. In many places it would be an ideal furniture-covering, as besides its wearing qualities it should prove sanitary to an unequaled degree, being quite nonabsorbent and as easily cleared of dust and dirt as a table-top.

Charles Scribner's Sons have just completed their "Annual Exhibition of Fine Bindings" at their building, 153-157 Fifth Avenue. The work of over fifty binders was represented, of which number there were fully ten American exhibitors. There is a vast difference of opinion on the subject of hand-bound books. The literary person will tell you that the binding is nothing; so will the philistine; but no one with any artistic appreciation can see this collection without breaking the tenth commandment into very small pieces.

If it is true that only the brave deserve the fair, it must be indeed a brave book that deserves such a fair binding as most of these volumes have won. To be mercenary, only one of the immortal books of the ages, printed on the finest of paper, with the fairest and cleanest of type, deserves a binding for which the owner dare ask $325. This is Edmund Spenser's "The Shepherds Calendar," printed at the Kelmscott Press, 1896. It is bound in full crushed brown levant morocco, with tulip-blossoms set in a diamond pattern. The binding is by one of the best known English women binders, Miss Prideaux. There are many less expensive than this, but it must be always remembered that special tools are often made for each book, and that the process is laborious and slow in the extreme, yet it requires the highest type of skill and of artistic taste and designing capacity.



A BINDING BY MERCIER

A very beautiful volume in the collection is by Mercier, of France. The book is William Mathew's "Modern Bookbinding Practically Considered," New York, The Grolier Club, 1889. It is in full dark maroon crushed levant morocco with filleted lines and Empire pattern in the corners, and a robin's-egg blue doublure. Incidentally two hundred and fifty dollars. The design is not so attractive as the workmanship is perfect and surprising. The gold tooling has been laid on three times, we are told, giving a depth and brilliancy to the ornamentation rarely equaled.

Chicago is represented very creditably by Miss Starr, who has several examples of her work. It is much in Cobden Sanderson's style, one a conventionalized blackberry leaf and fruit in gold, with the blossom in white on green leather. One's sensation among these alluring tomes is best described by saying that one has an overpowering desire to stroke and pat the sleek volumes. Any one not understanding this is not of the faith.

I understand that Doubleday, Page & Co. will soon bring out a work on colonial furniture, to be called "The Furniture of our Forefathers." The book is by Miss Esther Singleton, and will be amply illustrated, with critical remarks by Mr. Russell Sturgis. The work will be in several parts. 1. Vir-

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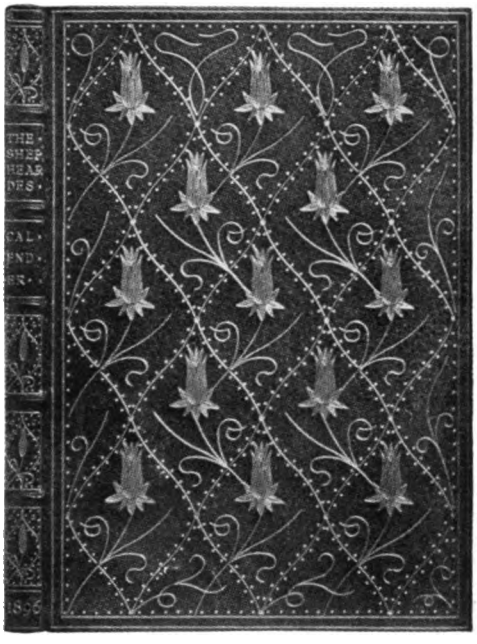
ginia and the South, seventeenth century. 2. Philadelphia and the South, from 1700 to 1776. 3. New England in the seventeenth century. 4. New York and Dutch furniture from the first settlements. 5. New England, 1700 to 1776. 6. Chippendale and Sheraton period. 7. Imported and domestic furniture since the Revolution. 8. Technical details for the collector and amateur.

Mr. Sturgis's connection with the enterprise insures its authority. Its scope seems so comprehensive that I fancy it will be the last word.

A new kind of floor-covering which should prove very satisfactory is now made in the northwest. I have seen it recently for the first time in several of the stores in New York. The roof is a species of grass growing in Minnesota, and of a sage-green, resembling fresh hay. The warp is made of cotton string of various colors. By changing the color of these strings and by various combinations of colors in them, the carpet secures its design and its decorative effect. I have seen a length that has been down for over a year in an exposed place in a store, and from this example believe that the wearing qualities are excellent. Of course no very striking designs are possible under these conditions, and the effect is more on the order of a rag carpet than anything else I can think of. In spite of the grass which composes so much of the fabric, the effect at first glance is much more like that of carpet than of matting. It costs about fifty cents a yard, and deserves investigation from any one wishing simple but in many ways entirely satisfactory floor-coverings for bedrooms, upper halls, and entire country-houses.

In some wallpapers otherwise unexceptionable, there is a peculiar appearance of being flat. It affects one's eyes unpleasantly, leaving an indefinite longing for something more or less elusive. I can best describe the idea, perhaps, by saying that its effect upon the eye is akin to that upon the palate caused by the lack of salt in bread or oatmeal. We want something to bring out the flavor, to make it go. I have recently seen a frieze, of very fine design and of splendid coloring, which in this way lacked "salt," and which for a long time puzzled its owner with the wonder as to just what might be the trouble. The remedy, which was completely successful, was varnish. The frieze was first sized and then varnished. The result was startling. The background became warm and creamy in place of glaring white, the flat crimsons glistened like rubies, and all the other colors took on new life and fire. The salt was added and the dish became palatable to the eye. The idea is worth bearing in mind, as the cost was trifling, less than five dollars, and the effect not only very successful, but recalling the very old-fashioned papers which had this same finish we all remember in halls of old houses.

OLIVER COLEMAN.



A BINDING BY MISS PRIDEAUX

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THE HOMES OF THE RANDOLPHS

IT is interesting to note the connection of old families with the old houses they inhabited. Especially is this so if the family has had talented scions and representatives. And among American families, none, perhaps, has surpassed that of the Randolphs of Virginia in the number of the name or blood who have attained distinction. We find them among men of letters, statesmen, jurists, soldiers, and bishops, from the sons of the immigrant down to the present day. It was a daughter of William Randolph, of Turkey Island, who was the mother of Virginia's early historian, William Stith. From Elizabeth Randolph, another daughter of the immigrant, descended Light Horse Harry Lee of the Revolution and his illustrious son, Gen. Robert Edward Lee. The sons of the latter, Generals Custis and William Fitzhugh Lee, were descended also, through their mother, from the eldest son of the immigrant, the second William Randolph, of Turkey Island. From the second son of the immigrant, Thomas Randolph, of Tuckahoe, descended Chief Justice Marshall, while from the third son, Isham Randolph, of Dungeness, descended Thomas Jefferson. The Right Rev. William Meade, bishop of Virginia, and historian of its "old churches and families," was of the Randolph blood, through Richard Randolph, of Curles, fifth of the sons of the



TUCKAHOE—APPROACH THROUGH GARDEN

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TUCKAHOE

immigrant. And of the Randolph lineage, through Thomas Randolph, of Tuckahoe, is the gifted Virginia novelist, Constance Cary Harrison.

The most prominent of the Randolph name, from the Revolutionary period down, easily recur to the memory of the student of American history. These were Peyton Randolph, the patriot and statesman, president of the Continental Congress; Edmund Randolph, attorney-general and secretary of state of the United States, and at one time governor of Virginia; Beverley Randolph, governor of Virginia in 1788-1791; Thomas Mann Randolph, governor of Virginia in 1819-22; the brilliant and eccentric John Randolph, of Roanoke, and Gen. George Wythe Randolph, secretary of war of the Confederate States. To these may be added the cultivated man of letters and poet, the late Major Innes Randolph, C. S. A.; the scholarly and eloquent bishop of southern Virginia, the Right Rev. Alfred Magill Randolph; and Harold Randolph, son of Innes Randolph, in whom is found the musical genius of the family.

It was about the year 1669 that William Randolph, younger son of Richard Randolph, of Morton Hall, in Warwickshire, went out from his English home to try his fortunes in Virginia, and to found there a family worthy of his honorable descent. Of his seven sons, five lived and died in Virginia, and are known by the names of their estates there. All of these plantation homes were on or near the James River. Turkey Island, where William Randolph resided, was a large landed estate in Henrico County, on the north bank of the James, twenty-five miles below Richmond. The island received its name, it is said, when it was first discovered in 1607, because of the abundance of wild turkeys found there. The mansion house at Turkey Island was destroyed by the fire from Federal gunboats in the war between the states. Tuckahoe is in Goochland County, twenty miles above Richmond. It was built in 1674, by William Randolph, the immigrant, nine years before the birth of the son who inherited it. The oldest of the Randolph places now standing, it is for this and for other reasons the most interesting, perhaps,

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WILTON—FRONT ENTRANCE

of the Randolph homes. Dungeness is also in Goochland County. Its early owner, Isham Randolph, was a man of scientific tastes and acquirements, as we learn from the correspondence of the two botanists, Peter Collinson and John Bartram. The former, in a letter to his friend in 1737, who is about to visit Virginia, describes the residence of Isham Randolph as "thirty or fifty miles above the falls of James River, in Goochland, above the other settlements," and he thinks it a "very suitable place to make a settlement at, for to take several days' excursions all round."

Doubtless Jefferson inherited his love of the natural sciences from this maternal ancestor, Isham Randolph, of whom Collinson writes as among the few Virginians he knew "curious in our branch of knowledge." Tazewell Hall, the home of Sir John Randolph, knight, the one of the five brothers most distinguished in his day, though all were prominent, is in Williamsburg, then the capital of the colony, and the only city the early Virginians cared to have. Sir John Randolph's home is still in good state of preservation, as is the residence of his son, the distinguished Peyton Randolph, which is also in Williamsburg. Curles Neck, or Curles, is on the James River, twenty miles below Richmond, and a bend in the river separates it from Turkey Island. Five miles from Curles, and fifteen miles below Richmond, is Varina, which in 1773 was the home of Ryland Randolph. The English traveler, Smythe, writing at this time describes it as "a most lovely and delightful spot, an elegant building, but unfinished, occasioned by the owner's versatility of taste, and perpetual alterations." Varina, now known

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TUCKAHOE—THE SALOON

as Aiken's Landing, was long the county seat of Henrico, and received its name from the Spanish tobacco, varinas, which the tobacco grown here was said to resemble. Tradition points out the spot as the place of residence of those picturesque ancestors of Ryland Randolph, John Rolfe and the Princess Pocahontas.

The eldest son of William Randolph, second, Beverley Randolph, inherited Turkey Island, and two other sons, Peter and William Randolph, founded the families of Chatsworth and Wilton. At the time of Smythe's travels in Virginia, 1773, Chatsworth was the home of Col. Peter Randolph's son, William Randolph, and Smythe writes of the mansion as "a very good house with an agreeable perspective.

The estate of Chatsworth, on the north side of James River, less than five miles below Richmond, was the birthplace of Beverley Randolph, governor of Virginia, of the immediate ancestors of Bishop Randolph; and of Anne Randolph (Mrs. William Fitzhugh, of Chatham), the grandmother of Mrs. Robert E. Lee. Chatsworth remained in the family until the death of the last male member of his line, William Beverley Randolph, some twenty years ago. The old mansion house was destroyed by fire, and the house now on the estate does not occupy the old site and is not visible from the river. Smythe, while in Virginia, made "several little excursions" from Richmond to the houses of the planters on James River. Among those from whom he received "particular attention and

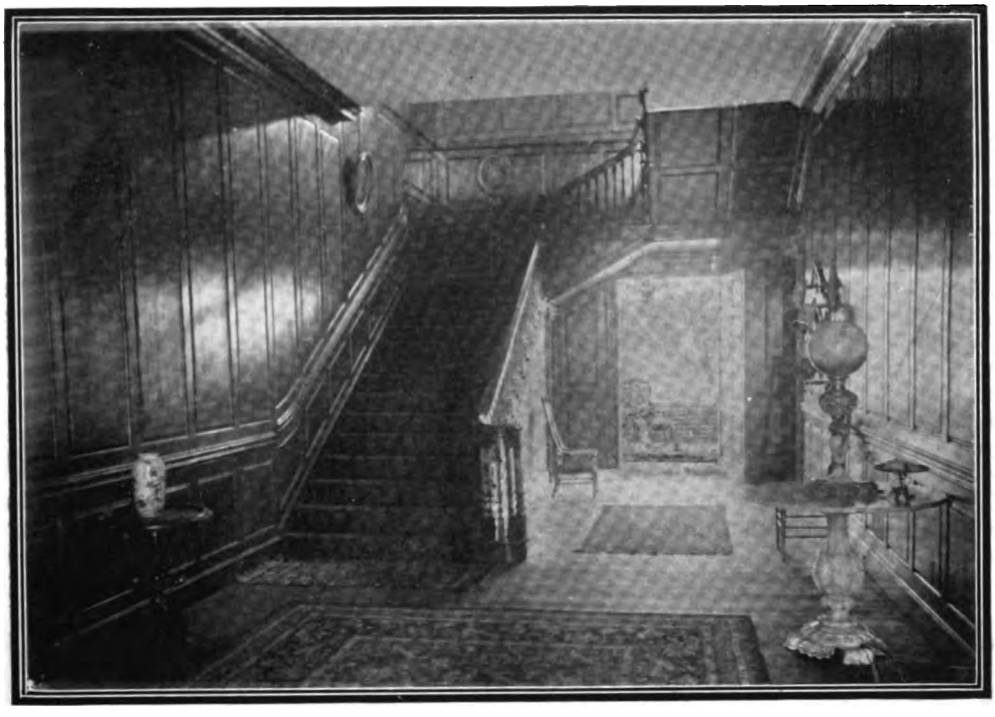
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civilities" was Thomas Mann Randolph, of Tuckahoe. This was the father of Martha Jefferson's husband. With his wife Anne Cary, his daughters Mary and Elizabeth, girls of seventeen and fourteen, and a family of younger children about him, Thomas Mann Randolph, Sr., was living at beautiful Tuckahoe in 1779, when Aubury, one of the British officers who was a prisoner on parole in Virginia at this time, visited him, and described Tuckahoe in his "Travels in America." "Many gentlemen around Richmond," wrote Aubury, "though strongly attached to the American cause, have shown the liberality and hospitality so peculiar to this province, in their particular attention and civilities to our officers who are quartered here and in the adjacent country." He mentions Colonel Randolph of Tuckahoe as "among those who are most distinguished in this line." Others named were Col. Archibald Cary, of Ampthill, Thomas Mann Randolph's father-in-law, and the latter's near neighbor, William Randolph, of Wilton. Then our traveler adds: "It may not be unnecessary to observe that the Randolphs are descended from one of the first settlers in the province of that name, and are so numerous that they are obliged, like the clans of Scotland, to be distinguished by their places of residence." Aubury spent a few days at Tuckahoe, which he thus describes: "It is built on a rising ground, having a most beautiful and commanding prospect of James River; on one side is Tuckahoe, which being the Indian name of that creek, he (Colonel Randolph) named his plantation Tuckahoe after it; his house seems to be built solely to answer the purpose of hospitality, which being con-



TUCKAHOE—NORTH STAIRWAY

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WILTON—HALLWAY

structed in a different manner than in most other countries, I shall describe it to you. It is in the form of an H, and has the appearance of two houses, joined by a large saloon; each wing has two stories, and four large rooms on a floor; in one the family reside, and the other is reserved solely for visitors. The saloon that unites them is of considerable magnitude, and on each side are doors; the ceiling is lofty, and to these (the saloons) they principally retire in summer, being but little incommoded by the sun, and by the doors of each of the houses, and those of the saloon being open, there is a constant circulation of air. They are furnished with four sofas, two on each side, besides chairs, and in the center there is generally a chandelier; these saloons answer the twofold purpose of a cool retreat from the scorching and sultry heat of the climate and of an occasional ballroom. Colonel Randolph possesses that fondness for horses which I observed was peculiar to the Virginians of all stations, sparing no trouble, pains, or expense in importing the best stock and improving the breed, and it was with no little pleasure he showed us a fine one named Shakespeare, which he imported just as the war commenced. There was a stable built purposely for this horse, in which was a recess for a bed for the negro who looked after it, that he might be with it at night."

The Marquis de Chastelleux journeyed through Virginia in the last years of the Revolutionary War, and he also has something to say about the Randolphs. He gives an interesting account of General Bull, of South Carolina, who had been with Greene's army, and who had taken refuge later in Virginia. There he had carried his flocks and his herds and his negroes; and arriving at Tuckahoe, its hospitable owner, who was an old friend, had given him a piece of ground near his house, on which a

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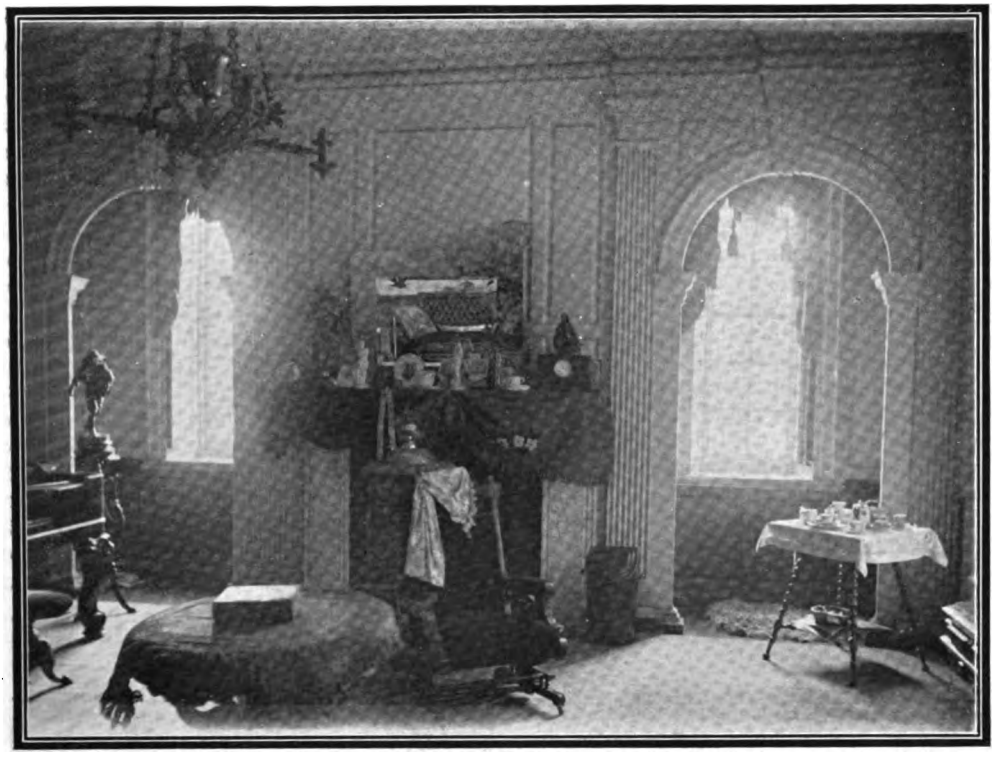
temporary dwelling had been built by General Bull's negroes, where he dwelt in peace and security, surrounded by his servants and other belongings, until Virginia also was invaded. Going from Petersburg to Richmond, Chastelleux tells of his crossing "the small river of Randolph over a stone bridge." The party lost the way, but our traveler says: "We had no reason to regret our error, as it was only two miles about, and we skirted James River to a charming place called Warwick, where a group of handsome houses form a sort of village, and there are several superb ones in the neighborhood; among others that of Colonel Cary (Ampthill) on the right bank of the river, and Mr. Randolph's (Wilton) on the opposite shore." And the marquis goes on to add: "One must be fatigued with hearing the name of Randolph mentioned in traveling in Virginia (for it is one of the most ancient families in the country), a Randolph being among the first settlers, and is likewise one of the most numerous and rich. It is divided into seven or eight branches, and I am not afraid of exaggerating when I say that they possess an income of upwards of a million of livres."

Wilton, which was built by William Randolph, third, early in the eighteenth century, is six miles below Richmond, and is a large brick mansion on a high bluff overlooking the river, with a terraced lawn surrounded by fine old trees. It is a thoroughly colonial mansion, in a perfect state of preservation. The two tall chimneys at each gable end, the small square windowpanes of the embrasured windows in their arched



TUCKAHOE—SOUTH STAIRWAY

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WILTON—FRONT PARLOR

recesses, quaint and picturesque features of the building, are interesting details of its architecture. A large square front porch opens upon the lawn, and upon entering the front door one finds oneself in an immense superb hall, wainscoted from the floor to the ceiling of the upper story, which appears above a broad grand stairway, going up in the rear of the hall, a little to one side. The stairway seems meant for stately bridal processions and sumptuous social festivities, many of which, doubtless, the old hall has seen. Two large rooms open from each side of the hall, and all are painted in heart pine, beautifully polished. Opposite the front door, one equally large opens upon a broad porch, from which the river can be seen when the foliage of summer is not there to hide it. Here lived in 1765 one of the reigning belles of the colony, charming Anne Randolph, called by Jefferson and his college chums "Nancy Wilton." Jefferson wrote a letter in this year to John Page, of Rosewell, telling him that Ben Harrison, of Brandon, had gone courting to Wilton, and wondering what would be his luck. His suit was successful, and "Nancy Wilton" became Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, of Brandon. Her portrait, painted in England by Sir Thomas Lawrence, hangs on the walls of Brandon at the present day. Wilton was the home of Innes Randolph, and the estate remained in his father's family until the period of the war between the states.*

The two lines of the Randolphs, of Tuckahoe and those of Dungeness, are found united in the descendants of

*The editor wishes to express his indebtedness for several photographs to Mrs. Ellen Cornwall, formerly of Rochester, New York, who now resides at Wilton.

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Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr., and Martha Jefferson. And their grandson, Mr. Jefferson Randolph Coolidge, Jr., of Boston, now owns historic old Tuckahoe. It had not belonged to any of the name or blood since 1830, when sold by Thomas Mann Randolph, until purchased by the Coolidges in 1898. On the 19th of last April, Mr. Coolidge had a family reunion of the Tuckahoe Randolphs, principally his Virginia cousins, who were entertained on the grounds of this oldest of the homes of the Randolphs.

Tuckahoe, which has always been distinguished for its beautiful location, is situated on a lofty bluff, below which lies a broad stretch of low ground, and beyond this flows the James River. The mansion, which has been well described by Aubury, is of a type not unusual in Virginia during the colonial period, and is notable as the first frame house built west of the falls of the James River. Among the outbuildings, which are still standing, the old schoolhouse is pointed out as of peculiar interest, because it was here that the boy, Thomas Jefferson, was taught, with his young Randolph cousins, the first rudiments of learning. On the old windowpanes at Tuckahoe are scratched some of the names of those who once dwelt there. The earliest name found is that of "Thomas Randolph, 1688." Others are those of the several daughters of the first Thomas Mann Randolph; Mary, who was the young lady of the house when the British officers were there in 1780; Judith, Nancy, and Jeanny. In the old garden at Tuckahoe—a garden bordered with great box hedges like that of Westover, these two being the finest box gardens in Virginia—is the Randolph vault. Here lie buried Thomas Randolph of 1688, with his wife and several later generations of the family.

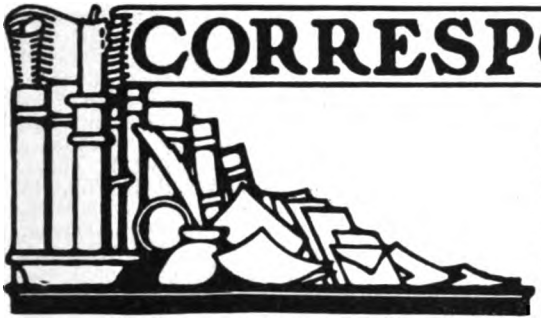
KATE MASON ROWLAND.



WILTON—BACK PARLOR

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CORRESPONDENCE



The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Whenever the address is given and stamps are inclosed, replies will be sent by mail within three weeks.

I am fitting up a nursery, and should be glad of suggestions from you, especially as to paper and draperies. The room is 11 feet 6 inches by 8 feet 2½ inches, and has one window with an eastern exposure. The woodwork is dark oak and the floor is of hardwood. I wish the color to be blue. A. N. G.

From the dimensions given we imagine that you are planning a day nursery simply—not a bedroom. There are several attractive ways of treating the walls. You could use a nursery paper in gay design, blue predominating, as that is your choice, or a plain cartridge-paper with a flowered ceiling brought down to the molding. We prefer the latter. Great care must be taken in selecting the blue or it will give a cold, cheerless appearance to the room that nothing will relieve. With plain walls, hang a number of pictures suitable to the understanding of the child in a line like a dado around the room. These are most effective when bound in passe-partout without mats. Walter Crane, Howard Pyle, and Maxfield Parrish have made picture-books which could be effectively used as decoration. They should be hung in such a way that they can be frequently changed. Nor should they all be gay in color. There should be a few monotones of the old masters, selected with special reference to the child—one corner might have these in a group.

The draperies should be of a material that may be washed often—of plain tone if the walls are figured. The furniture should be adapted to the age of the child. Chairs and tables such as are used in kindergarten will be of the right size. A very convenient article is a movable cupboard with low shelves for toys and with a deep drawer above, opening doors with a lid. This is good for broken toys and a host of things dear to the child. This can have additional shelves, and later serve as a bookcase. The window might have a twelve-inch ruffle of chintz in bright colors, and a deeper ruffle of similar material would be effective over the top shelf of the cupboard. A window-seat covered with the same would add to the room. Cushion-covers should button on so as to be readily exchanged for fresh ones. In selecting the general scheme of color, try to have it quiet and harmonious. A child tires of striking designs more quickly than a grown person, however attractive they may be at first glance. Try to make the nursery a safe, healthful place, where there is freedom from the too common word "don't."

We are about to move to a flat, and desire to make use of some of our things and purchase what would harmonize best with these. The woodwork and moldings in both dining-room and living-room is made of redwood, oiled floors to match. The ceilings are low. The rooms have a northern exposure. Do you think gray would be a good shade, and what color would you advise for shades at windows? The fireplace in dining-room is to be red brick. For this room we have a walnut set of chairs and sofa, covered with dark red leather, solid and old-fashioned, though not old-fashioned enough to be beautiful. Can you suggest a table that would be pretty and not commonplace? There are four in family.

For the living-room I have several Turkish rugs—mahogany shades—a piano, bookcase, and three or four Chinese mahogany chairs, besides an easy-chair and sofa to be reupholstered, and some good oil-paintings in gold frames. Can you suggest a use for a handsome Chinese embroidery cover, two and a half yards square? The ground is a brilliant blue silk, embroidered in gold and many colors and lined with red. I also have two other embroidered pieces on red, with similar blue and gold colors, size about two by five feet. Would it be possible to utilize these? A number of Chinese vases can be used in this room.

Do you think the dark woods of furniture will look bad surrounded by redwood casing, and would you have shelves and bench under windows to match furniture or woodwork?

A. M. B.

Your selection of warm gray for your walls is an excellent one, for with redwood finish and mahogany furniture it would be difficult to find any color more harmonious. The shades at the windows should be the same tone as walls. The paintings in gold frames and the Chinese

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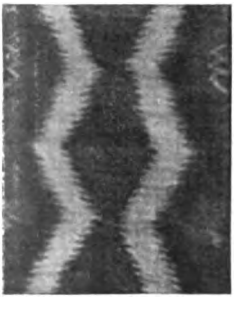
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vases would be effective against the background. For the chair and sofa use some stuff that combines gray with mahogany and redwood shades. This will bind the scheme of the room together. A little clear yellow would add to the charm of the room, and could be introduced in sofa-pillows, etc. We fear that the Chinese embroideries would spoil the whole effect. While interesting in themselves, their brilliancy "kills" everything they come in contact with. The smaller panels could be utilized in a screen, the frame being made of some Chinese wood, and would be admirable for occasional use. The larger one would be attractive as a wall-hanging — occasionally. The eye wearies of such gay colors when looked at continually. The ideal way would be to have a Chinese room, and have them there, and also all the other Chinese things. But small apartments do not permit of curio-rooms, even when one is fortunate enough to possess the curios.

In your dining-room, if your chairs are walnut, the table should be walnut also. There are many good designs—the square tables being the better for general use. Although walnut is not called for much to-day, it is held at a higher price than it was a few years ago and will grow in value. In the dining-room with its gray walls and dull brick fireplace, brass andirons should be used. Shelves and window-seat should be of redwood. Do not use gray in the sleeping-rooms, but some flowered paper in which pink plays a prominent part. Instead of calcimine, we would suggest gray cartridge-paper. It has a softness and depth which the calcimine does not possess.

Could you kindly tell me how old pewter may be brightened? C. C. K.

If your pewter is very dark and covered with black spots it will be impossible to brighten it by hand. Any metal-spinner will put your pieces in order for you, placing them first in acids and then buffing them under the wheel. This will give them such a bright polish that you will scarcely recognize your treasures. If the pewter, however, is in fair condition, and has not the baffling spots, a beautiful burnish may be given it by using any prepartion suitable for cleaning copper and brass. Putz pomade is good, and a mixture of vinegar, salt, and soda is even better. Much depends on the quality of the metal; soft pewter yields to scouring much more quickly than hard pewter. Cleaning by hand is most satisfactory, as the buffing process makes it too brilliant. Fine old pieces of pewter are rare, and you are fortunate to possess a collection.

Kindly send me suggestions for furnishing a small breakfast-room 10 by 12. On north of room is a leaded-glass window of four casements, opening out. On east is a Dutch door opening onto an uncovered piazza, and two small leaded casement-windows. At southeast corner is a china cupboard, upper

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

half open shelves; next is an open fireplace—about four-foot opening; next is a mahogany door with cut-glass knobs, leading into living-room; on west is open double-door space leading into hall. Hard floor, oriental rug. The house is entirely new. This room is to be hung in a large English rose-design cretonne. The roses are old-pink and old-red, with an old-blue ribbon effect running vertically through them. The door portière to hall is to be of same. Hall side to be old-red. I have no furniture for this room. The view north and east is an old English rose-garden. W. M.

Your breakfast-room hung in English cretonne in rose design, with windows looking out upon an English rose-garden is certainly most attractive. We have little to add to your charming plan, save to advise that all the furniture be mahogany in Chippendale design. As you speak of a mahogany door with glass knobs, we take for granted that all the woodwork is of that material; therefore no other wood should be introduced. If your casement-windows are to be curtained, use a plain tone, repeating one of the colors in the cretonne.

I have a dining-room window about which I wish your most excellent opinion and help. The room is a north one, 20 by 16 by 11, and has only this one triple window, which measures 7 feet 1-inch high by 6 feet 4 inches wide. The outlook from this window is beautiful, and I am anxious to make the most of it without much expense. As the opening would be rather large for a single pane, would you recommend diamond-paned glass above and down the sides, which could be opened for ventilation, and the upper one screened to tone down the light, with yellow India silk to match the wall decorations? The side-walls, nearly seven feet up, are papered with plain deep green crêpe paper. Above this is a walnut plate-rail, and the remaining four feet and a few inches are covered with a gay paper, of white ground, covered with large conventionalized yellow tulips. The ceiling is pale yellow, plain. The woodwork is white pine, twenty-one years old, which I cannot change to white enamel, as I would like.

Would not the line of the plate-rail, which is twenty-three inches from the top of window-sashes, be a good line for the diamond-paned glass to begin? And how would you curtain the new window? D. VAN P.

Your idea in regard to your window is charming in every particular. For a silk curtain we would suggest a figured design in color reproducing the tulip frieze. This would be more unusual than plain yellow. If you wish additional curtains, use plain ones, green like the wall, and have them hang from rods at top of window. Raw silk of heavy texture would be good, or that old standby, denim. If denim is used, however, the tulip curtain should be in some cotton stuff. The outer curtains

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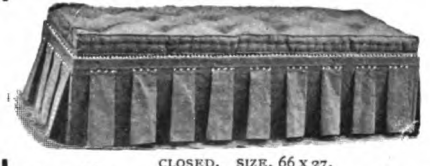
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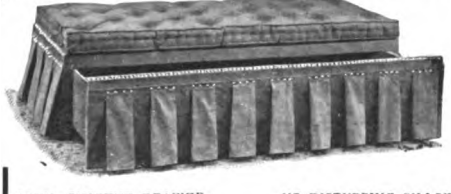
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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED.

could be drawn across the triple window, but would be prettier well drawn back at the sides, covering the objectionable woodwork, but giving full value to the quaint panes and the beautiful view.

Would you kindly give me some of your excellent advice in regard to doing over a dining-room of a suburban house? The room is 18 by 20, with two north windows, about six feet long and three wide. There is to be a new window made to the west in a recess made by the chimney, in which there is to be a divan. Would it be in keeping with the others to have the lower part of this window open on hinges, with small diamond-shaped panes? There are folding-doors between this room and the drawing-room, and door into the butler's pantry. There is a chair-rail. The mantelpiece is of white marble, with open grate. Will you please advise as to color and design for paper and paint? The furniture is of mahogany, the floor of Georgia pine, the woodwork paneled. Please tell me what would be the best material for window drapery, for portières. How would you cover divan? What would be good treatment for the mantelpiece? N. M. K.

It would be in keeping with your room to have the new window of small leaded panes and to have it open on hinges. The woodwork of your room would be charming if painted white. This would be in line with the panels and make a beautiful setting for your mahogany. Up to this point the room is so colonial in treatment that the paper should continue the idea. With a northern exposure, yellow walls—plain, or with some figure in white or paler yellow typical of the period—would be a wise choice. The ceiling should be a paler yellow and the molding white like the woodwork. In your curtains introduce a third color—dull green, burnt orange, or deep pomegranate. If the walls are plain, have outer curtains of figured material hanging from top of window, and sash-curtains of net or muslin also. If the walls are figured, use plain material—dull green, perhaps, lined with yellow. Denims and cotton stuffs are best. The divan should be covered in the same way—plain if walls are figured, and vice versa. Portières should be plain in either case. Marble mantels are ugly affairs. They may be made more attractive by being treated in the following way: Have a board an inch thick fitted to the top, following the exact lines of the marble; cover the board with heavy plain material of a color that fits in agreeably with the color scheme, and fasten the material with huge copper nails. Keep the mantel simple in arrangement.

I would like your assistance in furnishing my porch. This style of porch has been a matter of sentiment with me, being similar to that of my birthplace, but I find it hard to decide how to treat it. We have spoken of awnings and chairs and table of the Swan make, but as

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

much as we would like a settle, I do not know where a large one could be placed. The house is yellow and white—will be entirely white when repainted. G. J. B.

Your porch is so distinctly Greek in design that care should be taken in furnishing it not to destroy the severe effect. Do not try to make it cozy. It may be made very comfortable and beautiful without marring the architecture. Instead of using awnings, connect the pillars with latticed screens upon which vines could grow. The Swan furniture may be ordered in any size you wish; but shapes following closely on colonial lines will be more in harmony with the porch than rustic hickory. If you can find a local workman who will follow out the designs given him, you can make your porch exceedingly attractive. Select the short colonial settle, with high back and narrow sides, tables, chairs, in fact anything you wish to make the piazza livable, only hold fast to the period in mind. If you need cushions, use cotton prints for coverings, with quaint old-fashioned patterns; but do not put any cushions on the settle.

We are building a new house, and I would like some suggestions about furnishing and finishing woodwork and walls. Would you approve of painting the house on the outside a dark gray with white trimming, including window-sash? There is a red-brick house on one side and a rather light green wooden one on the other. Woodwork is to be red quartered oak stained tobacco-brown. Would Flemish oak do for the dining-room? We have an oak table which is rather dark, but I imagine would not look very well with the black of the Flemish. We will need new dining-room chairs. I would also like a narrow serving-table on the south side of the dining-room and a sort of little china-closet under the high window, something with small diamond-shaped panes or leaded glass. What would you advise for walls and curtains for dining-room? There will be a plate-rail running around the room about four feet from the floor, and a chair-rail underneath. The sitting-room has a fireplace, with red unglazed tiles and black wrought-iron furnishings. Should red or yellow be used for walls?

I like the idea of two sets of curtains for windows. We have some net that would do for these windows, but nothing for the heavier ones. Do we need shades? What would be the best stain for floors? Would mahogany go with the woodwork in the hall and parlor? And how about rugs? E. C. H.

Tobacco-brown is unfortunately not a good stain. While effective with green and certain shades of yellow, it is out of tune with mahogany, and consequently makes the use of that wood impossible. So long as you have the tobacco-brown foundation, it would be well to stain the various pieces of golden oak that color. In the dining-room use Flemish oak furniture,

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

staining your table Flemish. Your plan for mahogany furniture in the dining-room was charming, but it would need a setting of ivory-white paint. The Flemish oak will go better with the tobacco-brown, particularly if you use the brownish Flemish tone rather than the black. Belgian oak is the name used in the shops. A yellow and blue color scheme will be in harmony with the dark furniture. Select either a strong yellow for the walls, or a yellow with a design in blue, taking care that the blue is the right shade. Place sash-curtains of net at the window, with outer ones of blue denim, with portières at the doors of this material. Denim-blue is a good shade for the design in the paper. Your plate-rail may hold a few good blue plates—old ones if you have them, otherwise new ones of Canton china.

For the parlor choose a green, either plain or striped, and for the walls of the sitting-room a red, as near the color of the unglazed tiles as possible. A settle of simple design will make the best seat for this room, and will require no upholstery. Whether a reading-table has round or square corners is purely a matter of personal preference. Flemish oak tables are usually square, and this shape seems to suit the sturdy qualities of the wood. There is no fashion about such matters. Your plan of having all the floors alike is an excellent one, but the maple is too light for the dark woodwork. Shades are always necessary whether or no there are two sets of curtains. Again, it is a matter of choice about the vestibule curtains. If the glass is leaded, do not use them. In the parlor hang net curtains over the leaded windows, but keep them well drawn back, leaving the small panes exposed.

In regard to the outside of the house, we like your original plan of painting it gray, with white trimmings.

I have a colonial parlor to furnish. Will you tell me how it should be done? The wall-paper is a striped paper, plain ceiling like light shade in paper. Draperies are of net, with appliqued designs. Silk portières at doorway, and window draperies over the net are of old gold silk, precisely like old gold shade in wallpaper, with a little gobelin-blue mixed in.

A. H. R.

The colonial parlor hung with paper like your sample will be charming if carried out perfectly in detail, but it makes rigid demands. The furniture should be old mahogany, the lighting arrangements as colonial as possible, and modern pictures and bric-a-brac should be wholly absent. The yellow striped paper is so intense that you have been wise in introducing dull blue. You do not mention the woodwork, but we trust that it is mahogany or ivory-white paint. The lighting of this room seems to us very important. Electric lights make a yellow room hopelessly garish, and in this case would not be in harmony with the period under consideration. Candlelight would be ideal, but this would be expensive and involve much care.

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

Still, the result would justify time and expense. Beautiful old astral lamps, adapted for kerosene oil, may be found at some of the antique shops, and these would be most fitting. The lights should be low in such a room. Sconces of brass or fire-gilt would be very effective, and would provide the necessary side-lights.

Your plan for curtains is an excellent one. It would add considerably to the charm of the windows to use old-fashioned curtain rosettes of brass. Old mirrors in gilt frames should find a place here. One long one should be fastened over the mantel, and one or two others could be used to advantage. A mahogany-framed one with eagle in gold would be attractive.

Such a room does not need pictures. A few old portraits in oil would be in keeping, and possibly several quaint old color prints in narrow gold frames would fit into the color scheme agreeably, but anything modern, photograph, water-color, or etching, would be impossible.

For ornaments—supposing the mantel to have the fine mirror—it would then need only a pair of candlesticks and a few pieces of old-blue china—say perhaps only a pair of India vases. The blue in the curtains and upholstery gives a pleasant excuse for a little old china; but it should be used sparingly and in nowise suggest a china collection. In colonial days, madam did not display her plates and teapots—no matter how precious—upon her mantelpiece; but the blue vases—souvenir of some East India voyage—she placed in triumph in her parlor.

The little touches will make or mar your yellow room. It will always be a formal place; but being a parlor and used as such, the many belongings necessary to a living-room may be completely banished. Such a room should be a constant delight to the owner; it has such fascinating possibilities.

I wish to ask you for information concerning the proper arrangement of a bachelor's den or living-room and a billiard-room. The living-room is 15 by 17 feet. The floor is painted a deep brownish red; I have a rug 9 by 12 which has red for its groundwork and various other colors, yellow, green, blue, black, and cream, in greater or less quantities. I would like to have the color scheme of the room red. The woodwork around windows, doors, floor, etc., has grained panels to represent very light oak, and the molding is stained to represent black walnut. I would like to have these changed in any manner to suit the color scheme. I have in the room at present a bureau and chiffonier in cherry, a library table, two chairs, two bookcases, and a writing-desk in golden oak. I am willing to throw out any or all of these which will not go with the color scheme. I have quite a large number of pictures. What should I put on the wall—an ingrain paper in red, burlap, or what?

The billiard-room is 17 by 17; ceiling is eleven feet high; there is a grate and a bay-window; the room is finished in black walnut, butternut, and pine. The billiard-table is in

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED.

quarter-sawed golden oak. The floor is pine. What should I put on it? And should the walls be papered, or would frescoing in an oriental pattern do? R. S.

If you wish red for the walls of your living-room a change must be made in the woodwork and furniture. The light oak woodwork and the walnut molding should be stained Flemish or Belgian oak, and the furniture should be stained the same or exchanged for Flemish pieces. Burlap would be more effective on the walls than paper. This color scheme will make the room seem much darker than it does at present, but the pictures and small objects, if wisely chosen, will largely counteract this. Brass would be charming in this room—brass andirons if the fireplace will permit, a brass jar for a waste-basket, and brass lamps and candlesticks.

There is the same difficulty in the billiard-room regarding the variety of woods. Black walnut, butternut, and pine do not combine well. The woodwork stained like the other room would give the best results You do not mention the color of the cloth on billiard-table. If this is a good green, it would be well to hang the walls with the same color. If the cloth is very vivid, a golden brown burlap would be a better selection, but it would not be so harmonious with the red walls of the living-room as the green. A good effect would be gained by having the walls of both rooms alike—either the red you have in mind or a fine strong green. With this plan, oriental frescoing would not be in keeping. The burlap or paper should meet the molding, placed at the cornice-line, and the ceiling should be in rough plaster, calcimined a lighter shade than the paper. Sash-curtains, the color of the walls, should be at the windows. In the bay-window box-seats would be effective covered in flat cushions the color of the curtains. On this bright pillows could be placed, and the room could be further enlivened by a few good posters bound in a narrow edge of Flemish oak. An oak rack for your pipes and steins would be a pleasant touch.

I am about completing a house for myself. I wish to ask for suggestions in regard to furnishing, carpets, and wallpaper, particularly the latter, for the following rooms, viz.: dining-room, sitting-room, hall, and parlor. The walls are nine feet high. The hall is finished in oak, with hardwood floor; the other rooms are to be painted. In the dining-room will be oak furniture. Mantel in sitting-room is to be of oak; dark red unglazed brick around fireplace, 3-inch by 3-inch tile of same color for hearth. I wish to give these rooms a treatment that will seem comfortable and homelike, not elaborate nor expensive. G. D. J.

Your plan is extremely attractive, and the arrangement of the hall is especially good. A house so purely colonial in design should have colonial papers and furniture. The paint throughout the house should be white, except

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

in the hall, where you have decided on oak. The colonial effect of the hall will be heightened if the hand-rail and heads of the staircase are left in the natural oak and the rest painted white. A blue brocaded paper would look well here. We would suggest a yellow paper for the parlor, with its northern exposure, either in stripes or in a large conventionalized design; for the sitting-room green and ivory walls, and for the dining-room a deep mulberry. We would prefer hardwood floors and rugs, but good results may be obtained by using plain terry as a carpeting, in tones to match the walls. The furniture in the parlor should, if possible, be mahogany. The door-handles should be brass, with brass fire-pieces and a large brass astral lamp adapted for oil.

Will you kindly give suggestions as to color scheme on the walls of a cottage, ceilings nine feet high, all woodwork cypress? Furniture is largely dark oak. We expect to have the walls all tinted on a sand-finished plaster. Parlor, hall, living-room, and dining-room all open into each other, so the colors would have to harmonize. Rugs are chefly old-rose and green. There is a green couch in the parlor. As it is a cottage and our furniture is not very heavy, I would like it as light as possible. We have a number of good paintings, also a grandfather clock for hall, and a cozy window-seat in the living-room. C. H. P.

Your cottage will be more interesting if the walls are left in comparatively rough plaster. This will give more depth to the calcimining. For the hall, a stong green is recommended; for the parlor, old-rose and green; for the sitting-room, mahogany color; and for the dining-room, gobelin-blue. The mahogany room should have green in the furnishings and the blue room should have touches of mahogany. This will bind the scheme together. Possibly in the dining-room a deep yellow will be preferred. It may be difficult to obtain the right blue in calcimine. A cold thin blue would ruin the whole house. Yellow is always a safe color in calcimine. If yellow be chosen, the mahogany shade should be used in the manner indicated. The bedroom would be effective papered in a flower design—pink predominating. With the general scheme suggested your green and old-rose rugs would be in harmony with the coloring in the hall and parlor. Rattan furniture stained green and mahogany to suit the various rooms would be appropriate. With a wall nine feet in height, we would not advise a molding fifteen inches from the ceiling. Your rooms will gain in dignity if the molding is placed at the cornice-line. As you have many pictures, the unbroken wall will be a much better background than if nearly a foot and a half of it were a lighter tone.

Would you kindly tell me whether bedrooms at present are furnished in the natural color of hardwoods, or painted to match the wallpaper?

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

Also, what would be good colors for walls of reception-hall, parlor, and library, all opening into each other? C. M. S.

Both natural woods and painted woods are used in bedrooms. If the wood be hard, it should be left in its natural state. On the other hand, charming effects may be obtained by painting soft wood in colors to harmonize with the paper. The latter method is cheaper. A good color scheme for your three rooms would be, providing your woodwork will blend with such an arrangement: Reception-hall in green and ivory-white paper in large conventionalized design, parlor in plain green, and library in a brocaded paper in greens and gobelin-blues, unless the exposure be a northern one, when a green and pomegranate paper is preferable. The molding should be placed at the cornice-line, unless the room is unusually high-studded.

I take the liberty of asking your opinion as to the furnishing of a home. The parlor, sitting-room, and dining-room are all finished in quarter-sawed white oak, the dining-room being paneled, wainscoted three and one half feet high; also the hall. What color would you paper the different rooms? What style rugs would you use? How would you arrange the electric-light fixtures? What kind of upholstering would you use on the seat that is built in the hall, and what kind in the parlor? The house is costing about thirty-five hundred dollars. W. H. B.

A suitable color scheme for your house would be: Green in parlor, deep pomegranate in sitting-room, and yellow in the dining-room, with the hall papered in a large figured design combining green and pomegranate. The papers in the rooms mentioned should be plain, and extend to a high molding without a frieze. The ceiling should be in a plain tint in harmony with the walls. Oriental rugs are always best, and will add more to the attractiveness of your home than pictures or expensive furniture. The electric lights should be placed at the side rather than in the center of the room. Fixtures of plain wrought iron are good—the simpler the better. Low lights are more effective and better for the eyes than high lights.

For the hall seat use green corduroy cushions, and in the parlor green velour, or some fabric combining green and some other color repeated in the furnishings of the room. Old-rose is pleasing with green, and will add warmth to the room.

I am thinking of refitting my parlor, sitting and dining rooms somewhat, and would like your idea of color for walls and ceilings. The house faces south, and is on an inside lot. We use our parlor and sitting-room as one, but there are sliding-doors between, portière opening between sitting and dining rooms. The rug

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

in parlor is imitation oriental, green, black, and brown in colors; furniture is mahogany and black walnut; border under edge of rug is pale green. There is Japanese matting in sitting-room and parlor. Rug in sitting-room is of a drab and brown tone. Furniture — piano, mahogany; couch, upholstered similar to rug; bookcase, red birch; writing-desk, oak. Dining-room has maroon border of wood, with rug of old carpets rewoven. Furniture is antique oak. All woodwork is pine, painted. Please state colors of woodwork for the various rooms. The south bedroom, second floor, needs papering. Furniture is antique oak, carpet small pattern gray and red brussels. What color would you paint woodwork? It is terra-cotta now. J. L. R.

For the walls of your sitting-room and parlor we advise a burlap of the same shade as the green in the rugs, and for the dining-room a Morris paper in green and golden browns. The walls of the latter need no further decoration, and all pictures should be hung elsewhere. The portières between sitting-room and parlor should be plain green. The portières between sitting-room and dining-room could be treated in a more original manner. If well handled, a deep border in a conventionalized design in colors like the Morris paper would be extremely effective at the base of the portière. The figure in the paper could be taken as a motive. But unless it were carried out with a true feeling for form and color, it would be wiser to hold to a plain surface. The floors need a stronger color than a pale green matting. If hardwood floors are out of the question, it would be best to stain them all mahogany color, and when it is possible substitute real oriental rugs for the imitations. As your rooms all open into each other, they would gain in harmony if the woodwork were alike in the three rooms. You have such a variety of woods in your furniture that we cannot recommend any wood-stain. We incline to painting the woodwork green—rather dark and dull. The ceiling should reflect the coloring of the paper, and should of course be plain. We say this with feeling, as many "reliable" decorators are trying to revive the stenciled and stuccoed ceilings. Interior decoration has developed amazingly in the past ten years along all lines, but in no branch more than in the treatment of walls and ceilings. Friezes have been almost wholly banished and ornate ceilings relegated to the past.

For the bedroom with the gray and red brussels carpet several schemes suggest themselves. It could be made very pretty and unique by painting the woodwork silver-gray and rubbing down with pumice-stone, and treating the furniture in the same way. But the paper and all the appointments of the room would have to live up to the scheme. A soft gray paper with big red roses would be attractive; so, also, would an old-fashioned gray stripe with baskets of roses scattered over it. The ceiling should be a pale gray, and there should be dainty swiss curtains on brass rods, with outer hangings of red and gray.



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HOUSE FOR A BACHELOR GIRL
From a Wash Drawing by Charles Schneider.

See Page 94

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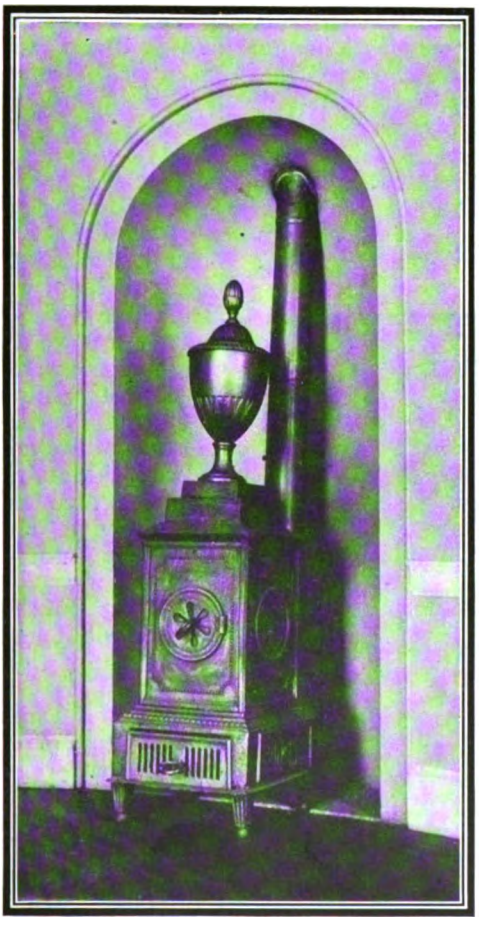
VOL. IX. No. 2. JANUARY, 1901

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A WASHINGTON HOUSE

THE English are very fond of saying that Americans go mad over one thing and run it into the ground. This is not the language they would use, but it is what they mean, and really they are right.

Take, for instance, the present enthusiasm for everything that pertains to colonial times. We have always had ancestors and traditions to be proud of, but apparently we have only just discovered them. Looking backward to the founders of our republic, we find that in building homes adapted to the new environment they evolved a style, simple and direct as their own natures, which now appeals to us most forcibly. With our usual impetuosity, we run headlong into the colonial. Societies to perpetuate the memories of the first Americans are springing up every day. Novels are written about them, as well as learned treatises. The air is full of reminiscences, and there is a tremendous revival of the colonial style of architecture and furniture that threatens to overwhelm us before long with bad and spurious imitations. It is safe to say that every tenth house erected recently is either entirely colonial or has windows, doors, or mantels in that style. In a few cases the architect knows his business and the house is worthy of the model from which it is taken, but in nine cases out of ten, so feeble or garbled is the imitation that it would make angels weep. Good taste is like genius, and all the study in the world will not make an architect and an artist if the man has not himself the inner grace.



AN OLD STOVE

To an architect who was an artist,

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a poet, an inventor, "a scholar and a gentleman," are we indebted for one of the best examples of a colonial house adapted to the limits of a triangular city lot. Besides giving us the capitol and laying plans for the city of Washington upon broad and beautiful lines, Dr. William Thornton planned a house for his friend Colonel Tayloe that has distinction.

The Tayloe house, known as the Octagon, was built in 1800, on the corner of Eighteenth Street and New York Avenue, not far from the White House. Instead of facing the street in the usual manner, the Octagon opened its hospitable door upon the corner and spread to the north and east. The windows in the drawing-room look south toward the Potomac River and the Mall, which, it was expected, would be the fashionable drive of Washington. In winter the sun streams in these windows, warming and cheering all within, and in spring and the long summer there is no lack of cool breezes, which almost invariably blow from the south.



A DRAWING-ROOM CHAIR

It seems impossible to plan a house that is better adapted to this climate. In many Washington houses the doors and windows are too narrow and are not well placed.

In a climate like that of this half-southern city, where the warm weather extends from April nearly to Christmas, the houses should have broad doors and windows, and if possible verandas or porches. There is an air of inhospitality about a narrow entrance. The hall at the Octagon is a hall, and there is another behind it, the stairs winding up at the rear, with large windows that let in the blessed light. Light and air—the house revels in them.

Both the halls are circular, the front hall having a window on either side of the door. Originally the floor was of black and white tiles, but vandals carried some of them off, appropriating also the brass knocker, which was unique. It was a large oval plate, with the knocker falling over the name.

In the course of time the neighborhood deteriorated, as, alas! neighborhoods will do, and after the death of Mrs. John Tayloe, in 1855, the house was given up to caretakers (who took no care) and the raids of mischievous boys, so that it fell into a sad condition. The passing of fashion from localities it has honored is always pathetic, but unusually so in Washington, where the great public buildings turn their beautiful fronts to the unseeing river, and stately old houses, once the abodes of famous personages, are fortunate if they are tenanted. But the former glories of the Octagon could not depart from it entirely—the scent of the roses clung to it still; and when its days seemed darkest, rescue was at hand. In 1899 the American Institute of Architects chose it for its headquarters, and at once began the work of restoration. The cornices, mantels, and stair-rails were carefully patched, and the walls scraped down to the original colors, which have been reproduced. The handsome mahogany doors were scraped and polished, and the whole house put in complete order.

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THE TAYLOE MANSION

A curious thing about the doors is that they slowly close by themselves, the hinges being cut spirally. This is a point that might be used to advantage in public buildings.

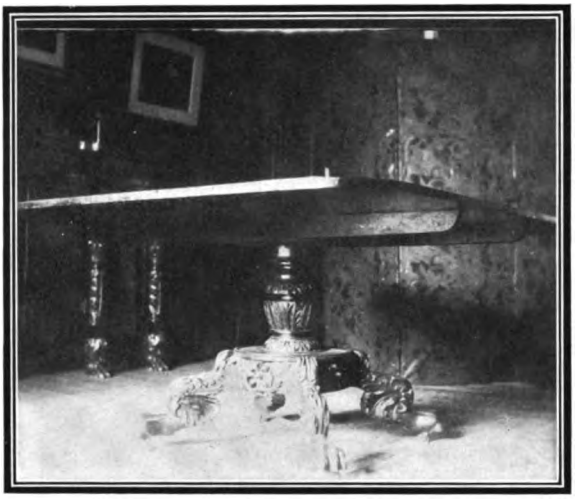
Gas, water, and furnace heat have also been introduced, and chandeliers of fine old shapes, so closely imitating the candelabra of colonial days that they are supposed by many to have been in the house when it was built. But Mrs. Tayloe abhorred furnace heat and gas, declared them to be unhealthful, and always used candles or lamps and grate fires. The mantels in the old house are all beautiful, and have been very perfectly restored.

The windows are numerous and generous in size. They are recessed and cut down to the floor. All the woodwork is white, excepting the doors and hand-rail of the balusters.

The interior of the house, as it was originally furnished, gives a model of elegant simplicity that it would be well to follow at the present time. Although a man of the most hospitable instincts and high social and political standing, Colonel Tayloe's entertainments were characterized by the quality of his guests rather than by the quantity. A few friends, well chosen, were asked to grace his board at one time, and Mrs. Tayloe's receptions were quite unlike the painful crushes which are now in vogue. Consequently, there was no superfluous furniture, and upon entering the rooms one received an impression of breadth and stateliness.

The drawing-room walls were tinted

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THE DINING-ROOM TABLE, SHOWING CARVING

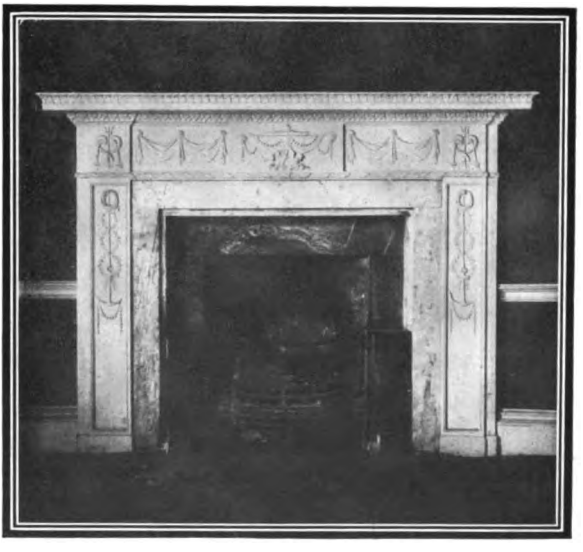
a delicate buff, and I am told that the principal furniture was a set of ash of sixteen pieces, comprising a dozen chairs and a settee, with flowered chintz cushions in the seats, and two card-tables. This furniture had small panels painted with music and roses, and two large mirrors which hung between the windows over the tables had the same design at the tops of their frames, painted on paper under glass. There was also in this room a center-table and an upholstered couch, but not one lounging-chair—think of it, ye sybarites of to-day!

The dining-room walls were tinted a soft gray-green. This room is on the west side and its windows look out upon the setting sun. The dining-room table is a beautiful piece of furniture still in the possession of the family. The top is on hinges and tips up like a card-table.

Its mate always stood in the back hall, ready to be placed beside the other whenever a large number of guests was entertained. A large recess in the inner wall held the sideboard, and opposite, between the windows, were two high buffets with curious old circular concave mirrors, and candles on either side hanging over them. Besides the dining-room chairs, there was no other furniture, except a large easy-chair that always stood by the fire.

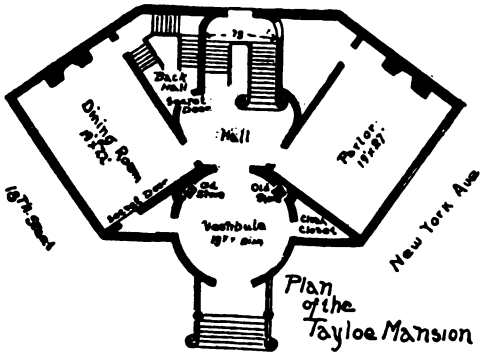
Above the front hall is a circular room which was called the round parlor, where the family usually sat. This room had divans fitted into the spaces between the windows, and a curious old table upon which the Treaty of Ghent was signed.

The chambers are of moderate dimensions, but have large closets and dressing-rooms attached. Mrs. Tayloe's chamber was above the drawing-room, and each article of furniture had its appointed place that never was changed. Her daughters' rooms were furnished according to the changing fashions, but



THE DINING-ROOM MANTEL

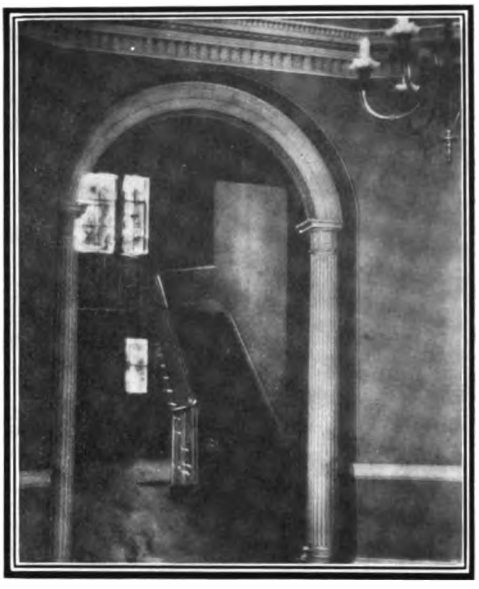
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From the *Architectural Record*, through the courtesy of Mr. Glenn Brown, author of an article on Dr. William Thornton

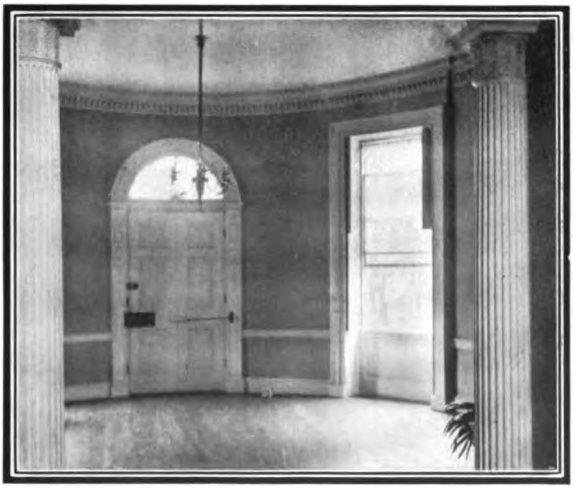
to the end of her life the mistress of the house preserved the elegant simplicity that characterized the colonial style. In her room there was the usual high four-poster bed. The washstand was a quaint little three-cornered affair, with two shelves having holes to fit the basin and pitcher.

As may be seen from the plan, there is no lack of closet-room, and in the hall and dining-room are "secret" doors, so mysterious, and so dear to the hearts of our ancestors. The whole house is fascinating. There are still in the front hall the original stoves, curious ones, that could not have raised the temperature very much.



AN ARCHWAY

A great deal of the old furniture is still in the possession of the family, but most of the pictures and bric-à-brac was willed to the Corcoran Art Gallery by Mrs. Benjamin Ogle Tayloe. It is a pity that the house is no longer occupied by the family, but in its semipublic character it is open to visitors, and is thus helping to form the public taste. K.



THE FRONT HALL

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OLD CABINETS

THE motives which lead different persons to gather together old pieces of furniture are various in the extreme, and would form a curious study. In a little town in Fifeshire, Scotland, I once came across a man who had a few fine old cabinets of quite a large size. He was very proud of one, especially, because Sir Noel Paton, an artist in that part of Scotland, had desired much to possess it. He looked with abhorrence on those who traded in such goods, because he was a devout antiquary.



FROM A BIRMINGHAM STUDIO

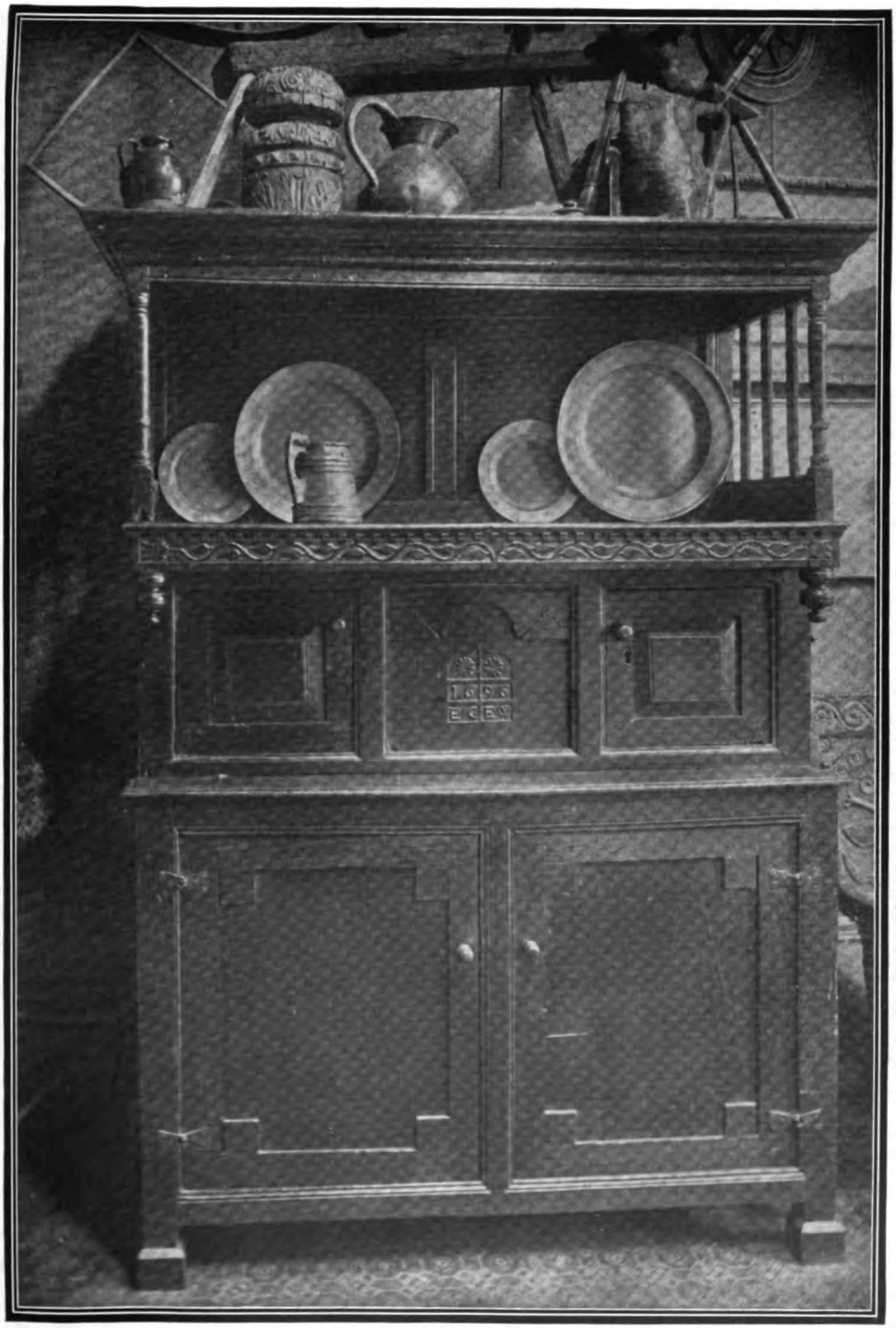
This is one type of collector. I recall another, in Massachusetts,—a lawyer, by the way, who knows a good thing when he sees it, but is very particular as to genuineness, and is anxious to have his collection complete in sets.

When I brought the old wardrobe from England, in 1883, a draughtsman in the designing department of a good furniture establishment in Boston expressed surprise that I should bring such a thing across the ocean to this country. If it had been his, he would have broken it up! Although I have had it by me for seventeen years, I am not tired of it yet. It is full of suggestions to me as to carving, inlay, and color; and if I were about to design a room in the style of English work of the seventeenth century, this old piece would be a whole book of reference as to technique.

In traveling about England one cannot help noting how the artists, the painters, and the architects—or at least those of them who are artists — invariably have some interesting old pieces in their studios or homes. The cabinets appeal to the architects most of all, because they are more architectonic in character than chairs, stools, tables, or other movable furniture. It speaks well for the honest workmanship in many of these old pieces, that after being in daily use often for nearly three centuries they are still in a serviceable and sound condition, and this is the more remarkable when we think that, in the troublous times of the past, passing through many hands, from the manor to the cottage, they must have had hard usage.

In a Glasgow artist's studio I made many sketches of old

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WELSH CABINET IN THE STUDIO OF A BIRMINGHAM ARTIST

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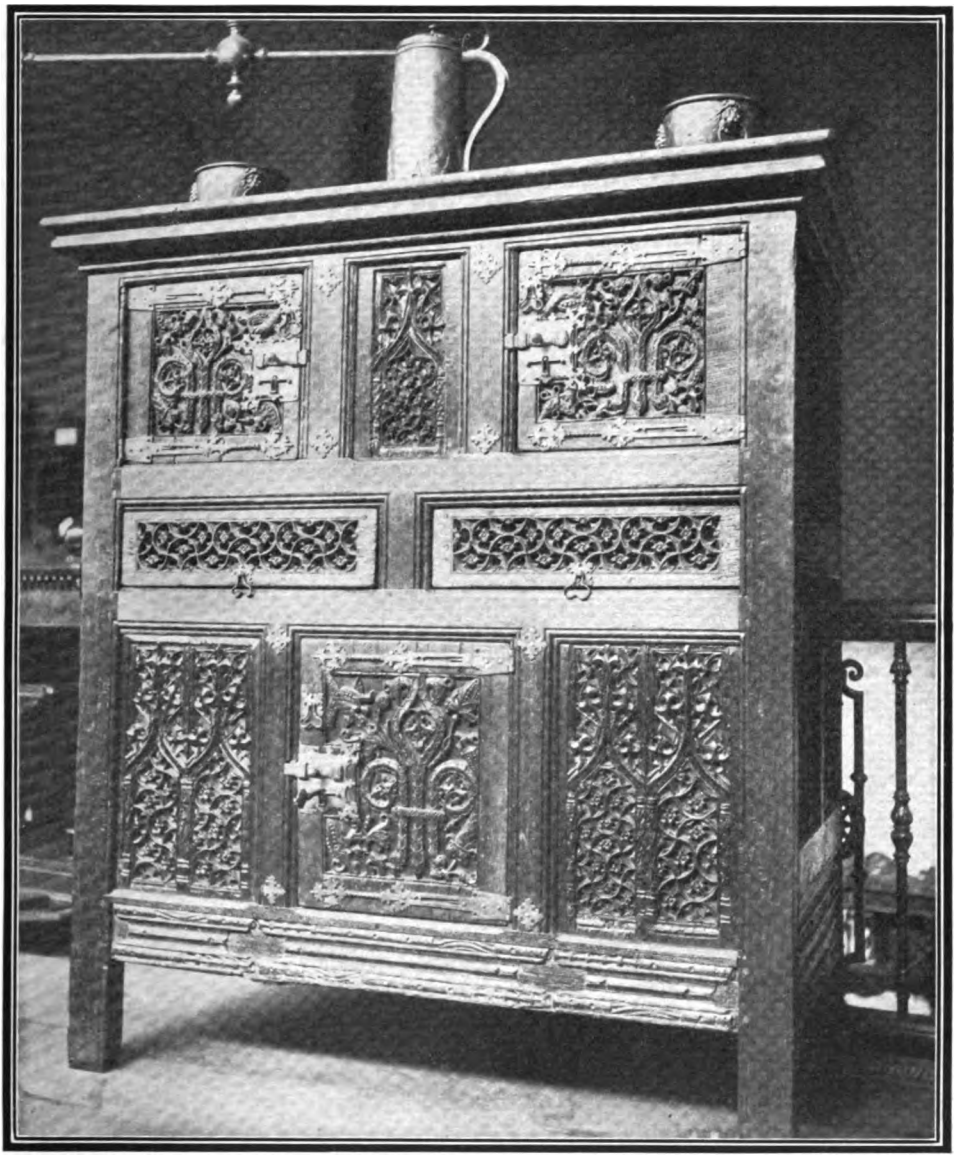


CARVED OAK CABINET FROM ANTWERP — FOUND IN GLASGOW

furniture, of which the cabinet illustrated was one. This piece had every appearance of age, to judge from the soft, worn aspect of the carving. From a comparison with other cabinets of similar style whose dates are authentic, I should judge this one to have been made about 1640.

In the home of other artists in Birmingham, England, I found the three

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A FLEMISH GOTHIC CABINET — FROM A GLASGOW FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT

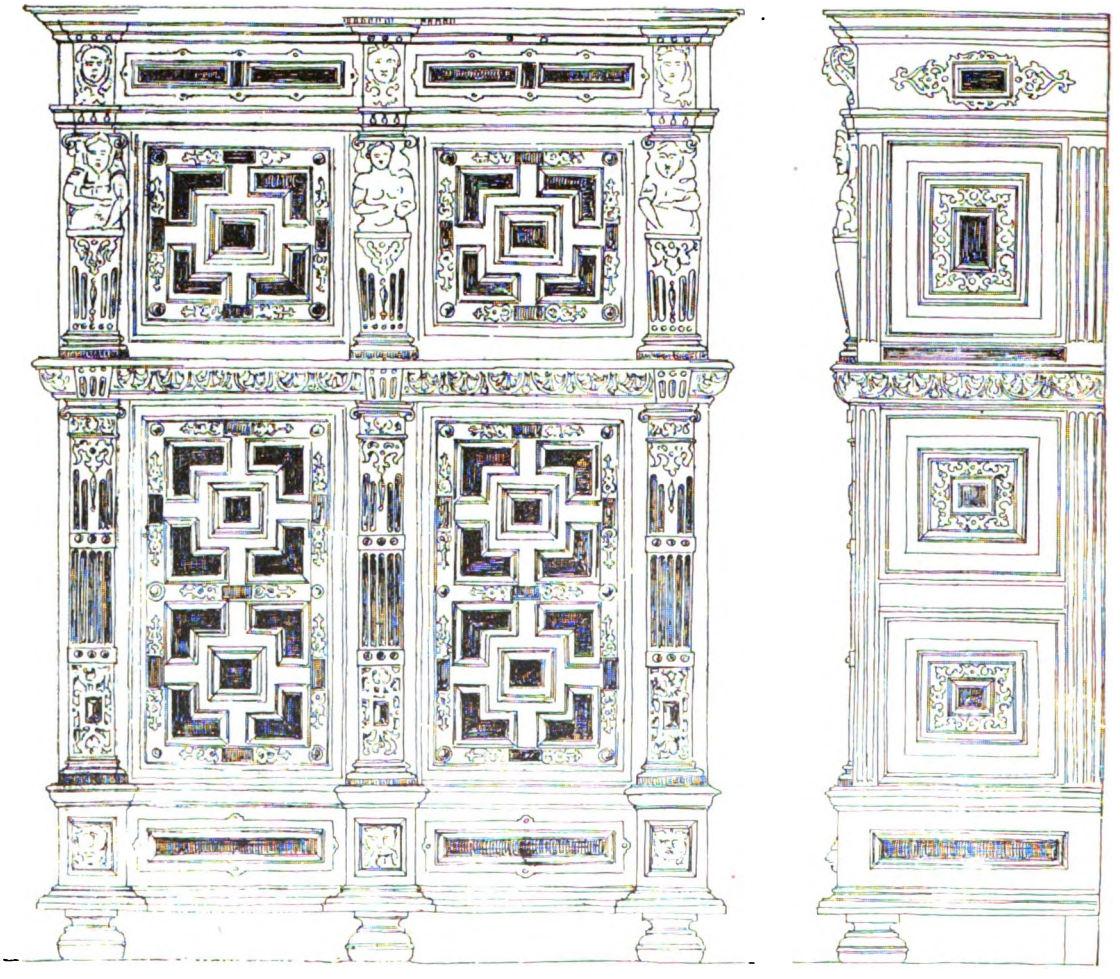
cabinets shown. These are of Welsh origin, and were picked up in some very out-of-the-way places in the border shires. The three-deck arrangement is said to be peculiar to Wales. About the finding of these old pieces there was many a funny story. The picking-up habit of these artists, father and son, is indicated by the gatherings of "effects" or "studio properties" piled up on the top of the cabinets.

Influenced at the first, no doubt, by the

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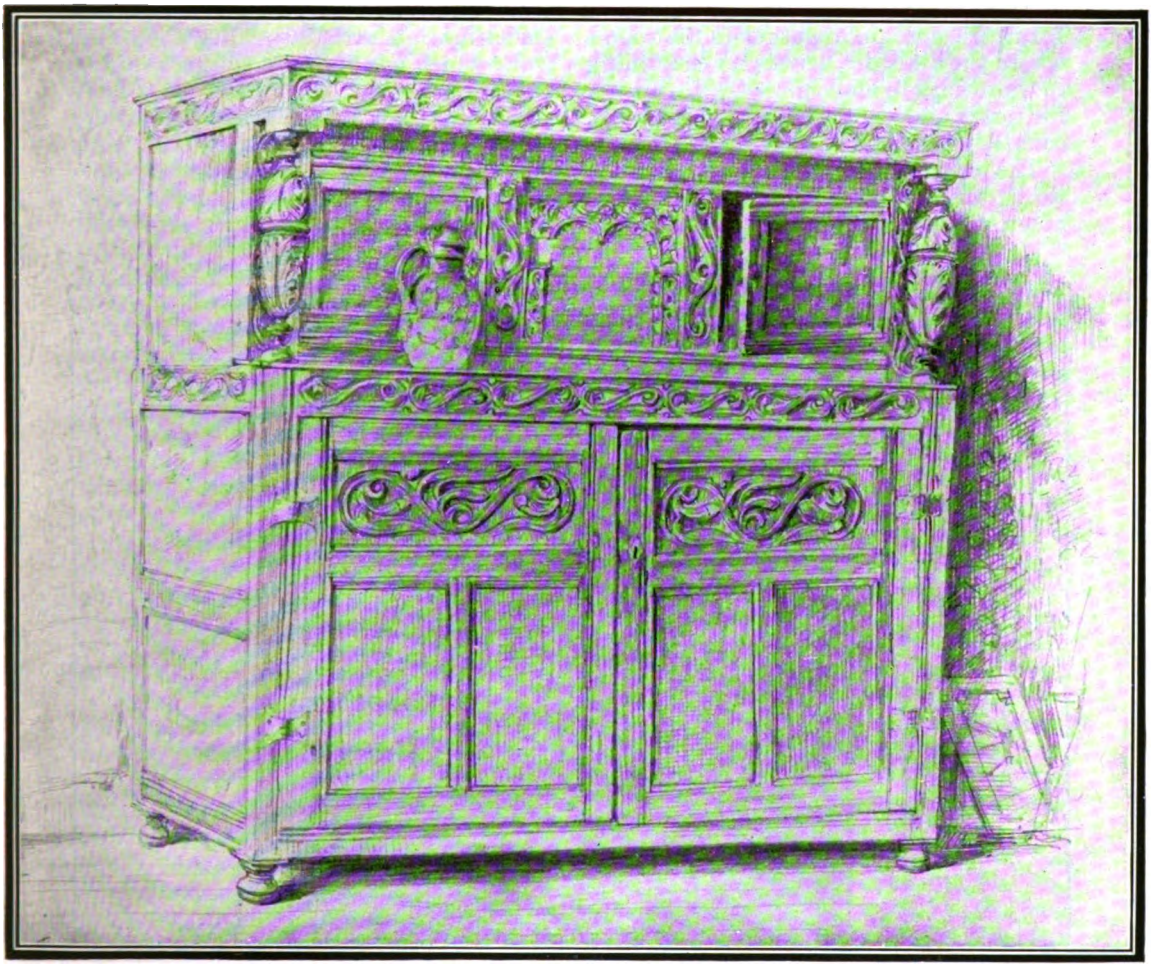
artist, one notices many of the large stores in England and Scotland that formerly confined their business entirely to the selling of new goods have now separate departments with old pieces; or else one finds odd old furniture in unexpected corners, amongst modern pieces. In this way I came across two old Dutch cabinets in one of the largest furniture houses in Scotland. The cabinet is five feet high by four and a half wide, and nineteen inches deep. The oak was of a moderate depth of color, a pleasing mellow tone of brown, and the wrought-iron mounts were partly bright, with a backing of red cloth or leather to the pierced parts. I had the opinion of a friend, a Glasgow architect, on this piece, and he considered it genuine and worthy of a place in a museum. I was much tempted to purchase, but finally decided to leave it. The firm kindly presented me with a good photograph of each cabinet.

In the house of a fisherman at Prestonpans, Scotland (where Prince Charlie defeated the English), there was, in the sixties, an old cabinet



THE PRESTONPANS CABINET

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CABINET IN THE STUDIO OF J. A. AITKEN, ESQ., GLASGOW
From a pencil drawing by the author

which had been in his family for many generations. A drawing of this cabinet, with details, appeared in the Edinburgh Architectural Association Sketch Book of Flemish design, executed in oak and ebony. It was probably a copy of one imported from the continent. The key-hole is very cleverly concealed by the middle section of the central pilaster, which slides to the right.

A friend of mine, a cabinetmaker in Edinburgh, had been commissioned to make four exact replicas of the original, and I am indebted to him for the sketch which illustrates this cabinet. The original cabinet had been shortened to fit the height of room in the fisherman's cottage; so that the ball feet shown in the drawing are restorations.

In carrying out extensions or alterations to old houses in England, the architects, naturally enough, get interested in the furniture collections and their general history. The oak of the country, often cut from trees grown on the estate, was the chief wood used. It

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is said many of the larger pieces of furniture were put together in the rooms where they stood. It was no easy thing in those days to move pieces of furniture, for doors and windows were narrow and country roads were badly made.

The carving and inlay were often the work of the village carpenter, who had none of the aids we have from modern tools and machinery. But there was sometimes an artistic quality about his work which our modern workers do not always give us. This may be partly accidental; but perhaps a closer study of the technique in the old work gathered together in museums and elsewhere might be profitable to all wood-workers. ROBERT BROWN.



OLD WARDROBE FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR

A MASTER BUILDER

THERE was an air of settled melancholy about the master builder, which Prudentia insisted meant a disappointment in love. It was only later that we resolved it into a disappointment in woods. That average master builders were not affected in this manner made no difference. This one was a Scotchman, and it is known that that nationality does not take things lightly. This representative of the race had not only the Scotch conscience cultivated to an almost New England woman degree, but the quick perception, the delicate sense of values, that are so often part of the Scotch temperament, and that give to their owner that final touch of poetry unknown to the hard-headed, hard-fisted material Yankee. It also means a power of argument which only

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the Puritan can equal, their amazing flow of words being, perhaps, the necessary reaction from the long silences which the true Scotchman loves no less than the periods of outpouring.

In the early days of our house-building—for into that troubled sea of experience we had been insensibly launched—the one sure fact in a tempest of doubt and distraction was this master builder, straight and strong and quiet, with an eye that held every man to his work. The paper cap was a crown, the foot-rule a scepter. It was plain that these beams and boards went together with an integrity of purpose that might have redeemed an entire community of modern carpenters, irresponsible as so many plumber's assistants.

"It is quite unnecessary to watch; he is ever so much more honest than we are," said Prudentia, who had begun building with the theory that we must be present most of the time. "Perhaps we had better go home to the children."

She did not move, however, held by the fascination of watching the master builder's methods of handling.

"It is certainly Adam Bede over again," she added; "but Adam Bede with more brains. He is a dear. He could be president, I am certain, to our very great advantage."

These were the early days of the new house, the first story rubble and brick, the second of wood, and we took an interest in every nail driven and studied the grain of every board. The master builder studied them also—a little grimly and with a sour shake of the head—and threw out several that the men had brought in.

"They will not pay for the sawing," he said. "It may be there's no honester wood to be had, but I'd go far for some that died a natural death, such as trees no less than men might be allowed. It's true, though, there's but one spot in this strange big country where that can be, and it wouldn't have been if men could have hindered it. And the trouble with that wood is, only the moths get it, or hover round it should be said, for they don't get inside. It's cedar I'm talking about, and you wouldn't, it may be, like your house lined with red cedar; and yet it's a notable wood, and Solomon loved it weel. In the cedar mines, now—"

"I don't see just what you mean," said Prudentia, interrogatively. "I wish you would tell us. I thought that trees that die a natural death, as you call it, were nothing but just punk inside."

"That kiln-dried stuff yonder is little better than punk," said the master builder. "All its soul is dried out of it. There's something about a tree that doesn't stand such handling. It gets perverse, I'm thinking. Anyhow, it warps and cracks and splits and creaks, and cleaves away just where you wouldn't have it. That's what comes of your American haste. The American, the common one, anyway, is dead set against nature. He cuts down wherever his hands can reach, and he defaces all that he touches. And then he won't study the nature of the wood. He puts it through the same process whether it is fine or coarse, just as you run your children through the public schools; and the end for each is about the same, none fit for real uses."

The master builder paused, but as Prudentia was silent, went on:

"The one thing the wood must have is time, and the one thing the American won't give is time. At home we're not in such haste, though we like a shilling as weel as you. But home I've seen the logs lying a year—two, three—in the rivers or bays, getting used to being without roots and branches, and the sap settling, and drying out and leaving its own markings to help the beauty of the grain. Saw a plank seasoned like that and it answers. I mean there's a kind of spring in it, and the smell and all is different. You couldn't build a ship of kiln-dried timber. Why should you build a house? And yet you're all helpless before the way that has settled down on you, and will stay till the child in school is taught the difference between

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natural and unnatural seasoning, and knows his native woods and how to handle them. They each take a different way. They've got their own life, and you've got to know what the grain stands for, and how to coax out the last bit of shading and marking. I'd have the children, boy and girl alike—and why not?—know it all, down to the last touch. They've got to live in the houses, though indeed none of you bide long in even the best house. But I'm thinking this would be different if they loved the wood that made them, and all that goes into a house, and saw what it meant. I'm told there's colonial houses off there in the east that haven't started a joint in two hundred and fifty years. That is as it should be; but kiln-drying ended any chance of more such long ago. If you want any more wood that will guarantee the like, you'll have to go to the cedar mines."

Prudentia, who had risen, sat down at once. The noon hour was nearly over, but the master builder had eaten his lunch just before we came, and now looked at her with the speculative attention he had given her from the beginning.

"A cedar mine?" she said. "That sounds most extraordinary. I supposed mines were for metals. Is there a country where trees grow underground, and have you been there?"

The master builder smiled a tolerant smile as he answered:

"You're New Yorkers, or were. Did you never hear of the cedar mines off Barnegat? or maybe see a surfboat built out of boards fine as the inner side of birch-bark? and shingles, too, thousands, from all the short ends of logs?"

"Never."

"Then look now. Here's a bit in my pocket that I carry for love of the smell of it; clean as a baby just washed. See the grain? Fine as ivory, and a smoothness with all its firmness like iron, that will bide a thousand years more. The tree that came from had 936 rings, and there was more as old. Do you want to know how it all begun? In the first place, take that Jersey shore—you must know that it's marshes, and the sea always crawling up and up, till folks presently open their eyes and realize that there's hundreds of yards swallowed whole and more going. Back in 1824 salt-works at Absecon. Now not a trace of land, and only Absecon Inlet to carry the name. How do I know? My brother's a geologist, and was at work there spying it all out when first I came over. I saw then the way it had come, and he told me the whole. It was generations ago that the great forests came down close to shore, and the sea creeping up swallowed tree by tree, till now at low water you can see the trunks far out from shore. There's thousands of red and white cedar trees buried that way. Sometimes roots or branches stick up and show the spot, but oftenest you must sound for them with a long rod, for the sea covers them smooth as a meadow. The folks along there learn how, and seldom miss. You might think they'd be soft and spongy, those logs under water so, but there's a quality in the soil that helps them to keep; it burns like peat—Irish peat, you know—about the only fuel they use. Those fellows that make the shingles know by the sound when the rod strikes a log whether it is good or not. It's a queer sort of fishing, for any minute you may be up to your waist in water. They are wild places, those swamps. Dead tree-trunks all about, and sluggish creeks that wind to the sea, and the great swamp stretching far inland, and fallen and twisted trunks everywhere. The strong salt-grass pushes through here and there, and there's mosquitoes enough for ten cities like New York. And there's another queer thing. These men born about there tell by the smell whether a trunk is a 'windfall' or a 'breakdown.' A windfall, you know, is sound when the wind lays it, but a breakdown means old age, and is no account. I watched the men sounding. 'Windfall,' one would say, and then get to work cutting away the

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matted roots and earth, and sawing off the ends. Then two or three would take crowbars and pry underneath, and as the water that's everywhere there filled up the hole they made, the log would come to the surface just like a fresh one. Thousands of years that marsh had been in the making. Blue mud on top that sticks to the boots like putty, then peaty cedar-swamp earth, cedar stumps bedded in it first, below them gum and magnolia, and finally hard bottom, the original earth. Lyell tells you all about it, but he took it from Doctor Beasely, who knew those swamps like his A B C, and took him through them. At least my brother told me he did, and he is a cautious one. Now I don't say we can wait for that kind of seasoning, but I do say the longer you wait the truer the wood will be to the hand that works it. The best way would be for one generation to cut for the next, and a law that no man touches the store, but handles only that that has come down to him, as it were. But there'd be a laugh to be heard from Atlantic to Pacific if one said that where it could be heard. There's but one way, to teach the child the meaning of a tree; and I'm thinking the female child most of all, because if your mothers don't put things into you, who can? It's because they mostly don't that the world goes wrong. But I see a day ahead—it's coming—when men will know the law of all things given for man's use, and there'll be a new thought for all that man's hand can do. Maybe you'll know what Ruskin says?"

The whistle from the factory sounded. The master builder started guiltily and sped toward the upper story, and Prudentia rose from the pile of boards and looked at them with supreme contempt.

"Ruskin knows; certainly he knows, and this man being a Scotchman, knows what he has said. Do you suppose—or how many do you suppose among American carpenters have even heard his name? You needn't answer. But please remember that when we go east again I want a day in a cedar mine, and I don't see why we can't buy a log or two and line a rest-room with it. Why should it be sacred to moths? Why, California uses redwood, and it is much the same. Let us ask the architect if he ever thinks about cedar, and why he does not." With which rather involved conclusion, Prudentia settled her hat and with a mournful look at the devitalized boards walked home in silent meditation on methods old and new.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

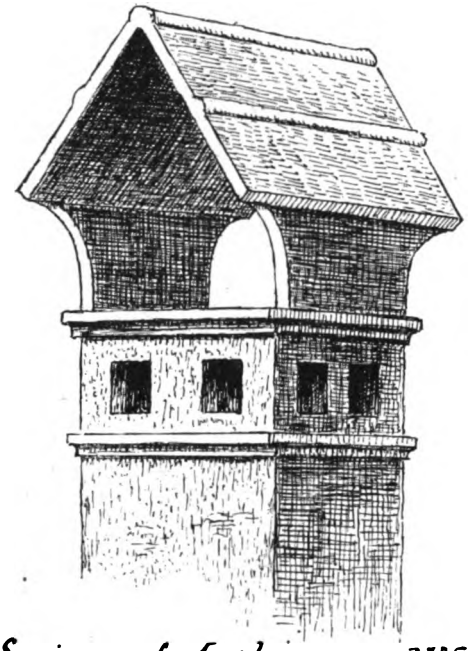
ABOUT CHIMNEYS

IT might seem that only the artistic treatment of chimneys is suitable for such a periodical as this, but as sound art is never really antagonistic to practical things, and as chimneys are good types of the architect's professional problem, the harmonizing of use and beauty, I think it well to treat of them both as necessities and possible ornaments.

And here a divergence may be pardonable as showing the strange whims which often embarrass the architect. It is no less a person than John Ruskin whom I shall take as an example, using a dissertation of his upon chimneys, one of a series written in his youth for *Loudon's Architectural Magazine*. It is curious to see how his argument, if such it can be called, for letting chimneys go bare ends literally in smoke. He says:

"In the cottage, therefore, a building peculiarly adapted for scenes of peace, the chimney, as conducting the eye to what is agreeable—viz., uniform, silent, swift motion of smoke—may be considered an important, and if well managed, a beautiful accompaniment. But in the buildings of a higher class smoke

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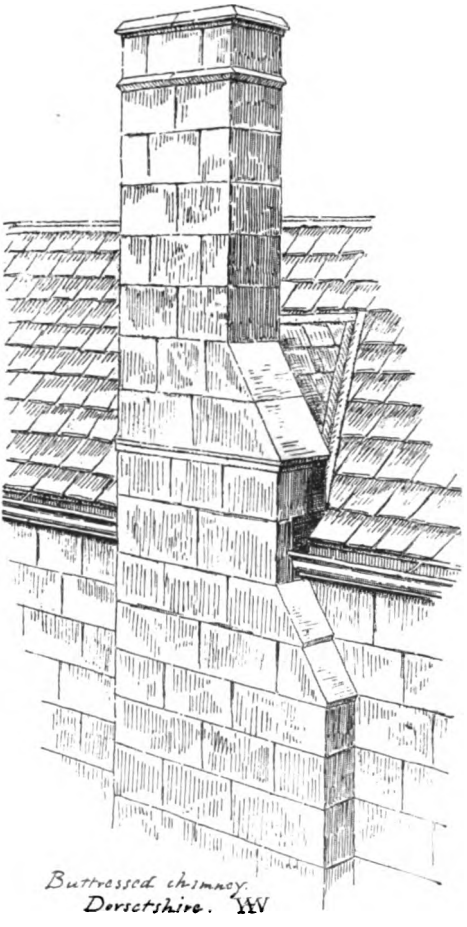
Swiss roofed chimney. W.W.

ceases to be interesting. . . . . Now when smoke is objectionable it is certainly improper to direct attention to the chimney, and therefore, for two weighty reasons, decorated chimneys of any sort or size whatever are inexcusable barbarisms; first, because where smoke is beautiful decoration is unsuited to the building, and secondly, because where smoke is ugly decoration directs attention to its ugliness. . . . . It should be a general principle that what is intrinsically ugly should be uttterly destitute of ornament."

In plain words, neither the house nor the chimney are of consequence compared with their visible smoke. Inferentially, therefore, for the invisible product of hard-coal combustion Ruskin would have no chimneys at all. Following the same course of reasoning, it might be said that decoration is superfluous for anything which is beautiful and unsuitable for what is ugly, as it directs attention to its ugliness. But this is contrary to every principle of art, which tells us that beauty and ugliness are relative. In spite of the poet, beauty adorned becomes more beautiful and ugliness less ugly when art takes them in hand.

As for chimneys, we may reasonably conclude that they concern us otherwise than as an "accompaniment" to smoke, and that what the architect has to do is to accept them as a constructive necessity, and make them as far as in him lies agreeable to the eye, the best being those which best answer their purpose, while harmonizing in outline, mass, and color with the structures to which they belong.

Viollet-le-Duc, the very best author-



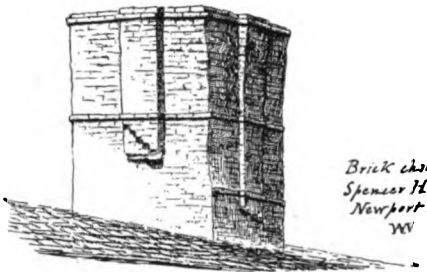
Buttressed chimney. Dorsetshire. W.W.

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SOME CHIMNEYS OF THE CHÂTEAU DE BLOIS

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ity, says that one of the remarkable characteristics of the architecture of the Middle Ages was its power of finding decorative motives in the commonest details, and some of the accompanying illustrations of chimneys are evidences of it, as they are of the universal impulse of architects to decorate them, young Ruskin notwithstanding. At the same time, Viollet-le-Duc alludes to the bad taste of "sixteenth-century builders who gave their chimney-stacks such importance that one finds it difficult to tell what their piles of stone covered with small columns, paneling, and sculpture can contain."

It is worth while to consider briefly the evolution of the chimney from its prehistoric beginning in the primitive hut or shelter, with its central opening for the escape of smoke, which still lingers with the Esquimaux and the Indians.

A writer of the early Tudor period notes that the oldest men yet dwelling



in his village remarked upon the recent increase of chimneys, recalling how in their younger days they had seen fires made against a "reredos" in the hall, i. e., a massive timber-framed screen. In such case, the outlet for smoke was a roof, opening overhead, sometimes protected from the weather by a cap raised some distance above the roof, forerunner of the covered chimney-pot. In Henry III.'s time, we have a record of chimney-flues side by side with these roof-vents, and in fact chimneys containing fireplaces were in use in the twelfth century.

At what time the fire in a central position—necessarily in the way, and at times dangerous — was altogether replaced by the fire against the wall does not appear, but evidently it could not have been till outer walls of masonry were common, offering a permanent and incombustible support. Viollet-le-Duc's wood-cut in "The Habitations of Man" of a wooden cabin built against a cliff, supporting a high log chimney, seems too fanciful even for so shadowy a race as the Aryans, to whom he attributes it, and he discredits his imaginary construction when he tells us that during a storm "the water falling upon the rocky cliff supporting the house found its way in and covered the floor; a crash was heard coming from the large smoke-shaft, which was overwhelmed by water, streams of mud extinguished the fire, and the hut became untenable." Some of the earliest chimneys were recesses in the wall, ending with an opening through it below the roof. Then came semicircular niches in the thickness of the wall between two piers supporting a semicircular breast or projection from the wall, the complete flue above the fireplace being circular and carried up usually on a gable-end and considerably above it. Later, the fireplaces were vastly enlarged, two, or even three, being sometimes built side by side for as many fires,* separated by piers ornamented

* A fashion revived in the Vanderbilt house at Biltmore, North Carolina.

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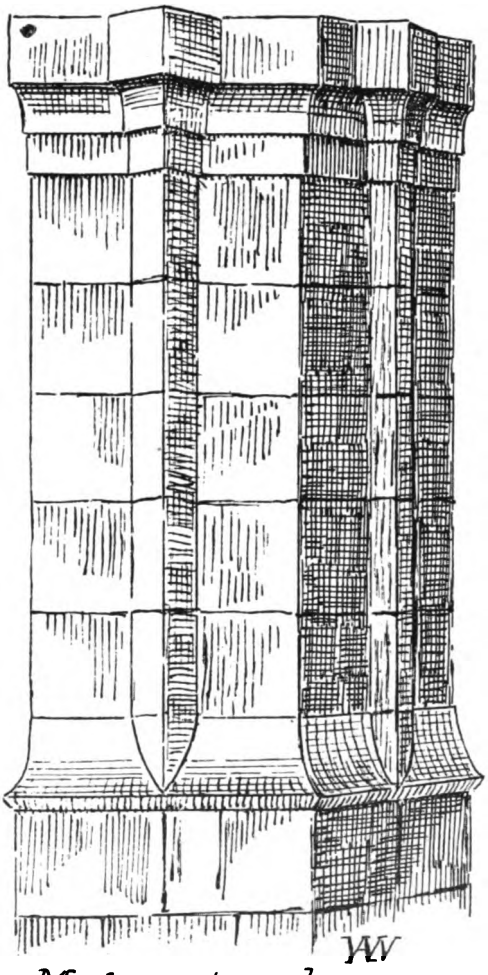
with pilasters or detached columns, above which was a broad painted or sculptured frieze. Shakespeare, who in several passages refers to chimneys, makes the lying Iachimo say of such an one in innocent Imogen's room: "The chimney is south the chamber, and the chimneypiece chaste Dian bathing." A ruder construction, with broad projecting shelf between fireplace and flue, Walter Scott thus describes in Marmion:

"Soon by the chimney's merry blaze
Through the rude hostel might you gaze;
Might see where in dark nook aloof
The rafters of the sooty roof
Bore wealth of winter cheer;
* * * * * *
The chimney-arch projected wide,
Above, around it, and beside,
Were tools for housewives' hand;
Nor wanted in that martial day
The implements of Scottish fray."

In his marvelous Dictionary of French Architecture, Viollet-le-Duc shows the construction of chimney-breasts such as were used by the burghers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, heavily framed of oak, imbedded in hard mortar as a protection against fire, and these also were often decorated with color and ornament in relief.

The principle of the hot-air furnace is possibly as old as that of the chimney, Corean houses of the better class having been heated on this plan for time immemorial, as were the baths of imperial Rome. The abbey of St. Gall, built in 820, was partly warmed by means of flues carried beneath floors and within walls. Kitchens of the Middle Ages and of earlier date had no chimneys, properly speaking, but were themselves chimneys, with one or more great exits for smoke.

Hawthorne describes one of these at Stanton Harcourt, near Oxford, "one of whose towers in its entire capacity from height to depth constituted the kitchen of the ancient castle and is still used for domestic purposes. It is itself one vast chimney, with a hearth thirty feet square, and a flue and aperture of the same size. There are two huge fireplaces, and the interior walls of the tower are blackened with the smoke that for centuries used to gush forth from them and climb upward, seeking an exit through wide airholes in the conical roof full seventy feet above."



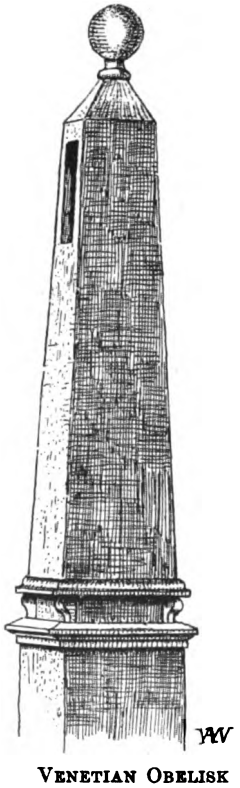
Modern stone chimney

Frequently the evolution of a word throws light upon the history of the thing it stands for, but this does not apply to the flue or the chimney, whose derivation is obscure. The French word *cheminée* suggests *chemin*, as flue might hint at some relation with *fluo* (flow), but it would be as far from the

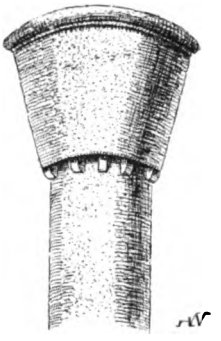
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mark to infer that a chimney is a road for smoke, or that a flue is for the flow of it, as that schoolboy was who said that necktie is derived from *necto* (bind). Is it merely a coincidence that *tuyau* (flue) also means the shaft of a feather, smoke being so often called "feathery"?

The dictionary definition of a chimney is a structure containing a funnel, or funnels, to convey smoke and other volatile matter from a hearth or fireplace, while Mr. J. Pickering Putnam, in his work upon the open fireplace, defines it to be in practice "a long tube open at both ends, the lower opening, the fireplace, being used to receive fuel and emit smoke, the upper to direct upon the roof from eighty-five to ninety-five per cent of the heat and smoke generated below, generally constructed so as to carry off as much of the warm air of the room as is pure enough to be breathed, and cause large drafts of cold air to supply its place by rushing over the feet of the occupants." This sarcastic summary is not far from the truth to-day, although written a number of years since. The same writer's ideal fireplace, strange to say, appears to be as far from realization as ever after nearly eight centuries. He describes it as one which provides for the complete combustion of fuel, and where all the heat is used for warmth and good ventilation, without regard to doors and windows. It is worth noting that our word "ventilation" dates back only to 1713. No better service can be rendered domestic architecture than the scientific improvement of the fireplace as regards economy of heat and construction, and the furtherance of ventilation. There seems to be no concise, standard authority upon the subject uniting theory and practice. Even the most intelligent masons follow "the rule of thumb." As for the most suitable size, proportion, and direction of flues, it is as much a mystery as the application of the principles of acoustics.



VENETIAN OBELISK CHIMNEY



NORTH ITALIAN "MUSHROOM" CHIMNEY

Internal position and external appearance must, of course, be considered together, it being sometimes difficult, but seldom impossible, to make both satisfactory. The flat roof is inimical to the good effect of chimneys, as is shown in the accompanying illustration of a most unfortunate combination, where almost everything is as it should not be. Fortunately, flat roofs belong to tropical climates, where chimneys count for little, and steep-pitched roofs to cold countries, their approximately perpendicular lines, with those of gables, turrets, and pinnacles, lending themselves to the uprightness of the chimney, as may be seen in the illustrations from Blois.

As a general thing it is well that a chimney should not soar upon a ridge, nor emerge from the roof near the gutter. In the former case it is apt either to be insignificant or to overtop the house, and in the latter, to insure a good draft, it is likely to be carried too high, and may require too much "cricketing" or "staying." Yet the Blois chimneys, and the buttressed one from Dorsetshire with a "cricket," show

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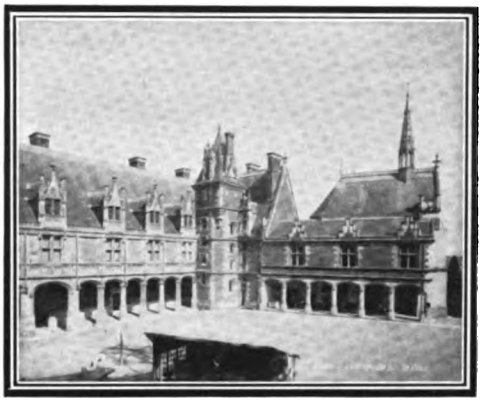
that the drawbacks of such unfavorable positions may be offset.

It cannot be too often repeated that no essential feature of a house is in itself ugly or beautiful, and that the recognition of the fulfilment of its purpose is always a pleasure. It follows that to over-ornament a chimney is a mistake, because it suggests that it is intrinsically a blemish to be deprecated or a beauty to boast of. To make a chimney look like something else is even more objectionable, as in the case of those of "Burleigh House by Stamford town," which are rows of Tuscan columns set on high plinths, and that of the obelisks of Venetian façades.

A chimney should show itself substantial enough to bear the brunt of the weather, being more exposed to it than any other part of the building. Its general form should repeat that of the house. A squat structure ought not to carry towering chimneys, nor a tall structure stunted ones. The material should be the same, or at least be of the same color as the walls of the building, unless these and the roof are neutral.



AN UNFORTUNATE COMBINATION



BLOIS CHIMNEYS

In this case the deep red of hard-baked bricks is agreeable. The chimneys should not show the roof color, as if they were part of the roof.

As chimneys must be seen from a point much below them, they should not diminish too much from bottom to top, exaggerating their natural perspective, nor should they, as is sometimes the case, take the top-heavy form of mushrooms. At the same time, no chimney can be well finished without projecting upper members whose shadows soften and relieve sharp outlines. The disfigurement of modern towns and cities through hideous pots for bettering drafts points to a lack of knowledge on the part of architects and builders whose work needs to be thus supplemented. The builders of the Middle Ages did better with their wrought-iron crowns on exposed chimney-tops, acting as wind-breaks. The comparatively rudimentary condition of our appliances for domestic heating and ventilation springs from the same imperfect knowledge, and help must come through the application of the new technical science. The chimney of the future should be at once more attractive and more efficient, the useful and the beautiful being ordained to be inseparable, and not to be set at cross-purposes, as they so often are.

W. HENRY WINSLOW.

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A PANEL BY MR. LEON WERSON

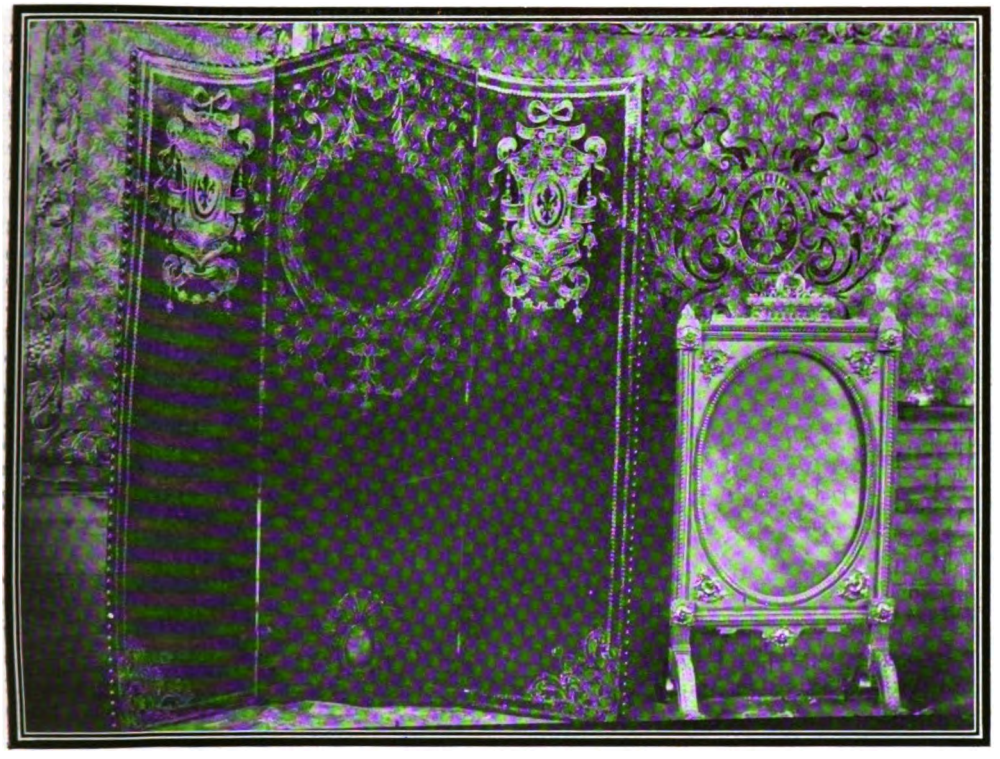
DECORATED LEATHER

NONE of the minor arts contains greater possibilities than that of leather-work, and none, it seems, has been so neglected by modern artists. The ready response of the material to treatment has made it something of a favorite with soi-disant artists who love to potter about a workshop getting the largest results from the least possible time and pains. Books might be, and probably are, written every year about what is done in the way of book-covers, card-cases, jewel-cases, and all kinds of cases, and doubtless some of the work is very creditable, but the more ambitious field of interior decoration, the only one that offers sufficient scope and promise of result to the really serious-minded worker, continues to be for the most part fallow ground.

To the artists of earlier times, however, the eminent suitability of leather in this department of art was more apparent, or at least more appealing; and aside from the examples of their work that have come down to us, there are many other indications that they reached a high degree of perfection. Begun at Cordova, in the thirteenth century, it spread to all the art centers, and very soon the use of embossed and goffered leather in house-furnishing became the very refinement of luxury. "Leathers for laying down in rooms in summertime," says the inventory of the Duke of Burgundy; and in 1416 Isabeau, of Bavaria, sent for six leather carpets for her floors. This was an ingenious extravagance on the part of the German coquette, for before that the treatment of floors had not extended beyond strewing with flowers and foliage.

As regards the coloring of the leather hangings we are told that "no imagination could conjure up visions more brilliant than the reality. The ground was commonly silver or gold, the gold being produced by a colored varnish

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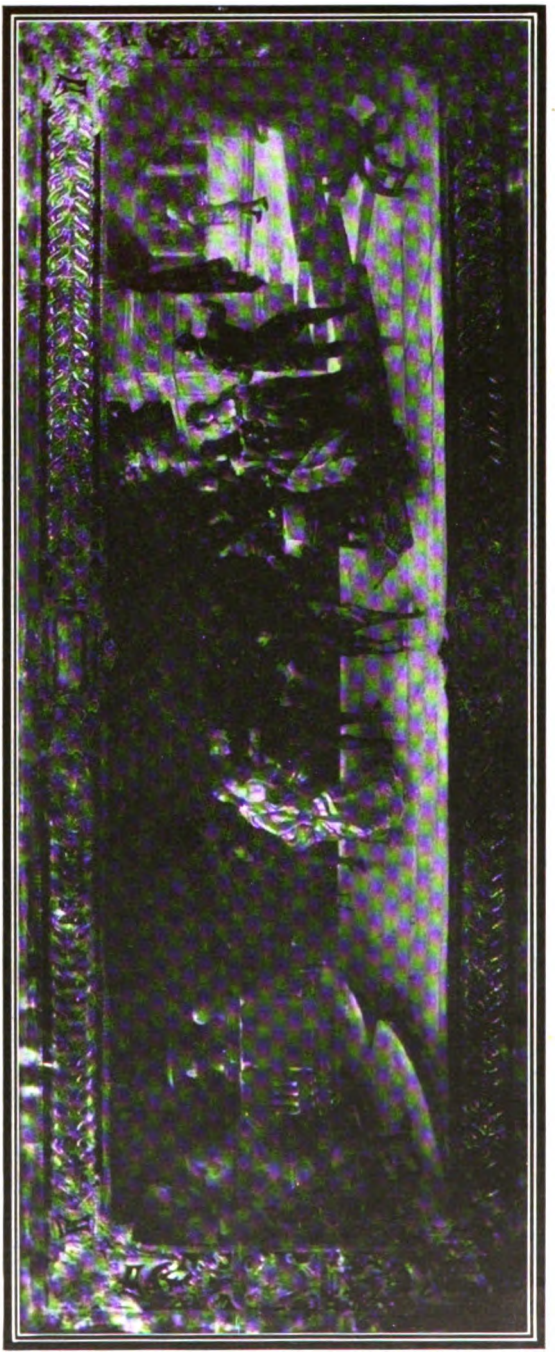


A SCREEN. DESIGN IN GOLD OVER TRANSPARENT GREEN GLAZE

laid over the silver, and the arabesques and other ornaments vied in the brightness of their hues with the gorgeous ground." Some items of the inventory of Catherine de Medici will give an idea of the richness of these leathers at the close of the fifteenth century. Here are mentioned gold and silver hangings on an orange ground, with the queen's cipher; others, orange mountings gilded or silvered on a violet ground; others, of sea-green with mountings similar to the preceding, or else red with gold and dove-colored mountings, blue with gold, silver, and red mountings. And then, besides, there were the multifarious mourning hangings in which the background was relieved by silver alone. From the royal accounts of Charles VIII. is quoted the following: "To Jehan Garnier, saddler, residing at Tours, the sum of four livres and fourteen sous, granted to him for a large white ox-skin, delivered and consigned by him to a painter whom the king had sent from Italy whom the said lady (the queen) had ordered to make and paint the hangings for her bed."

By these accounts it will be seen to what extent the art was cultivated; but the costliness of its products, together with the advent of tapestries and wall-papers, caused it to decline. Some appreciative kings tried to keep it alive by establishing workshops at promising places, but the work was badly done. The designs were not good, nor was the workmanship, and in the eighteenth century it died out. Not until 1885 was there a noticeable revival of it, when at an exhibition at Antwerp there was a striking display of cut and embossed

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A FRIEZE ABOVE A HIGH MAHOGANY WAINSCOTING

leather by the German firm of G. Hube & Co. There was no evidence of any partiality to any one line of work; at the same time it was strongly suggestive of what might be done in the way of house decoration; and since then, whether as a result of the suggestion or by mere coincidence, a few artists have appeared brave enough to devote their best energies to a development of the possibilities of leatherwork, and clever enough to make a success of it.

Among these, no one stands nearer the front than Leon Werson. He is a Belgian by birth and education, and came to this country a dozen years ago from Paris, where he had been studying. At the quiet little retreat of Bayview, about an hour from New York, he has a spacious studio, consisting of one immense room, lighted by windows let in the roof so as to preserve the unbroken wall-surface he needs in his work. With less than a half-dozen French workmen whom he can trust with the carrying out of his designs and the secret of his wonderful coloring, he produces results that, from their grace, beauty, and exquisite workmanship, promise to a larger extent than ever before the introduction of this feature into mural decoration. Here he is seen at his best. Occasionally he makes a chair or table cover, but the choicest examples of his work are his panels for screens and walls.

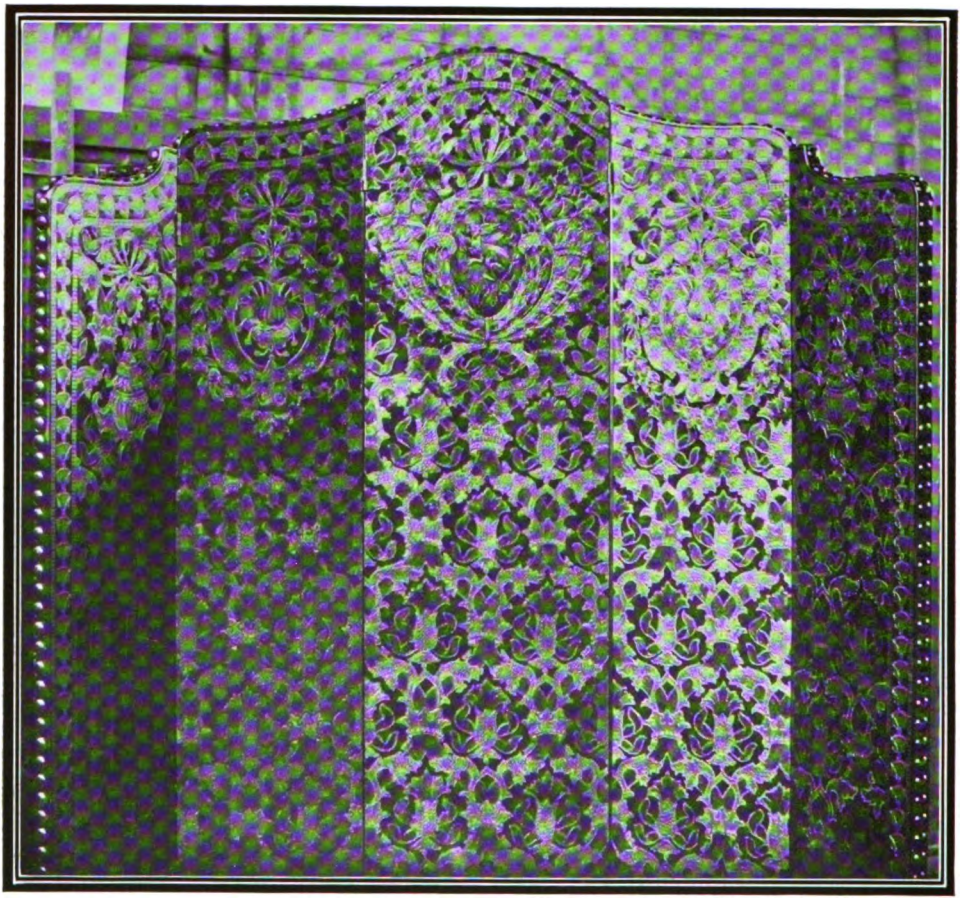
Mr. Werson is a stylist par excellence. There is not a trace of his own personality in any of his compositions. The designs are purely academic, as will be seen by the

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A WALL PANEL, PAINTED ON GOBELIN CANVAS

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A SCREEN IN OLD GOLD AND REDS AGAINST GREEN

illustrations. His coloring is marvelous, being subdued, luminous, translucent; and he has been most successful in reproducing the time-mellowed effects of pigments.

Mr. Werson does not exploit his work; he does not need to. It speaks for itself to the extent that it is already much in demand by many decorators, who have placed it in some of the most beautiful houses. He always works with a religious regard for the ideas of the architect and decorator, and manifests that self-restraint which is ever the mark of the true artist.

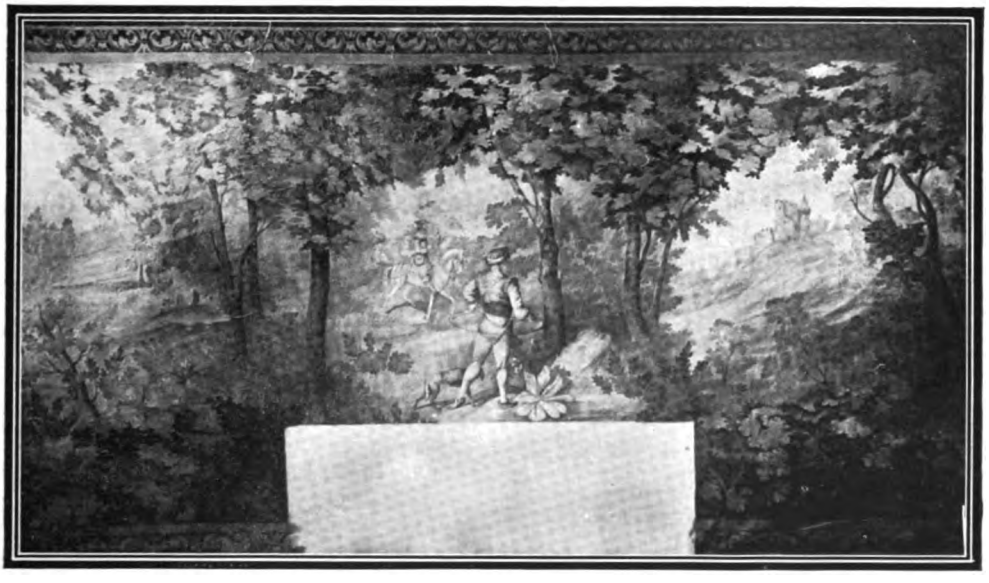
Of the examples of his work here given, the handsomest is, perhaps, a five-fold screen, hand-tooled, the tooling covering the whole surface. The background is green and the design treated in tones of old gold and reds. Another screen, threefold, is also hand-tooled, with a background laid in gold-leaf and lacquered in transparent green glaze. The design is tooled in the leather, and treated with a thin yellowish transparent lacquer, leaving it a deep, rich gold against the green background. Another beautiful example of his work is a frieze designed to go above a high mahogany wainscoting in a dining-room. One

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panel of it is given here. It is executed on leather laid in gold-leaf. The border surrounding the central composition is hand-tooled in tones of old red glazes and deep gold. The painting of the figural subjects is executed in tube colors in a dark, rich key over a lacquered gold background, in imitation of the Vernis Martin. One of a series of wall-panels is hand-tooled and painted in Watteau style. It also is in imitation of the Vernis Martin.

Another branch of Mr. Werson's work, which is separate but not wholly apart from his leather-work, is the painting of tapestries. An example here given represents one of a series of wall-panels painted on gobelin canvas in imitation of Flemish tapestry. Each panel is framed with a border and forms a complete composition in itself. The coloring, like that of the original tapestries, is in dark greens, blue greens, blues, and browns. The other is also on gobelin canvas, the center containing figures of the Watteau style. The general composition is handled rather freely, showing nothing but landscape in fine perspective.

CHARLOTTE MOFFITT.



A FRIEZE PAINTED ON GOBELIN CANVAS

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EXTERIOR OF "THE OLD HOUSE"

THE RESCUE OF AN OLD HOUSE

THERE are many persons who are endowed with a keen appreciation of the beautiful, and being dependent on a moderate income, look with envy at the handsome houses of their more wealthy friends while they themselves are obliged to board or be contented with a very small apartment. To those who have a fondness for things that are quaint, or appreciate the beauties of old things, might be suggested the rescue of an old house.

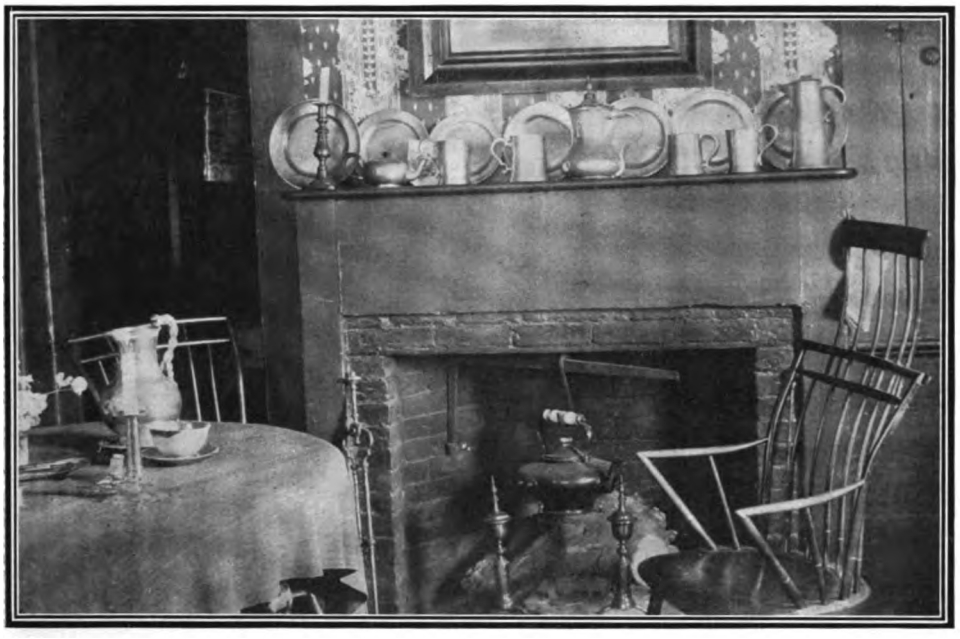
In many towns east of the Mississippi, one may find plain but well-proportioned old houses that were once inhabited by estimable citizens who, with increased wealth, have moved to more pretentious dwellings. New tenants have come in, and after a score or so of years the places have so run down that to the average person they look very unattractive. Generally they may be obtained for merely the cost of the land, or for a very small rent. Often they are not in the most fashionable part of the town, but they are liable to be near the markets and trains.

If sadly in need of repair, much can be done at little expense, nicety of carpentry-work being out of place. Often a very undesirable class of tenants has to be evicted and the tone of the house to be raised; but such things should give zest to the undertaking.

The little house here pictured represents a very old house that a young couple, possessing more artistic ability than money, has rescued from demolition, and transformed at little expense into a cozy dwelling. It was in a central location in a charming suburb of one of the large cities. The place was purchased for the value of the land alone, as the dwelling was so old and out of style that it was considered worthless.

The shabbiness of the exterior was soon concealed by planting a few rapid-

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MANTEL IN THE DINING-ROOM



A CORNER IN THE LIVING-ROOM

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growing vines and hardy trees. It was more difficult to make the interior attractive. Windows were broken, paper was falling off the walls, paint was soiled and defaced, fireplaces were sealed up to allow for stoves; in short, the place looked sadly dilapidated.

Old papers were removed and new ones, quaint in style, were substituted, and things were made fresh and clean by putting in good plumbing and using paint and whitewash freely. By putting in a furnace to take the place of the stoves, the fireplaces could be opened. Great was the delight in uncovering hooks for kettles in one fireplace and an old crane in the fireplace of the dining-room.

This in itself, as the picture shows, struck the keynote for the furnishing of this room. Old pewter, so useful for Welsh rarebits, and the simple and inexpensive but pretty Windsor chairs were called for, and a room was soon evolved that spoke of comfort.

Economy being an important factor in the enterprise, the much desired old mahogany was, at least temporarily, out of the question for the furnishing of the dining-room. Here the popular green stain was made use of. By a few experiments, it was found that by mixing a little of the stain with shellac it could be applied with charming results to oak or light furniture, even though it was already varnished. Cheap oak Morris chairs and small kitchen tables, bought for a mere song, were soon transformed, with little labor, into attractive furniture.

With a paper rich in color, a few good rugs, an improvised couch, and photographs from the old masters, a living-room was furnished at the price of a single chair or table in many less attractive rooms in other houses.

So with the other rooms in the old house. With good proportions and a fireplace and mantel of simple design, a room does not need expensive and elaborate furniture.

The result was that the place was put in repair and made attractive; and it soon paid for itself by saving house rent. The impossible was achieved and scoffers heartily indorsed the idea of the rescue of an old place. LEE PORTER.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR

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A CORNER IN BRASS AND COPPER

BRASS AND COPPER FROM OLD RUSSIA

I HAVE always been told that one should bargain with a Jew, consequently when Lucretia raised her eyebrows and looked at me interrogatively, I bent my head still lower over the old copper tankard. Lucretia's fingers closed nervously over one of the handles.

"Can't you let me have it for less?" she began, bravely. "You know you didn't give anything for it."

The Jew shrugged his shoulders.

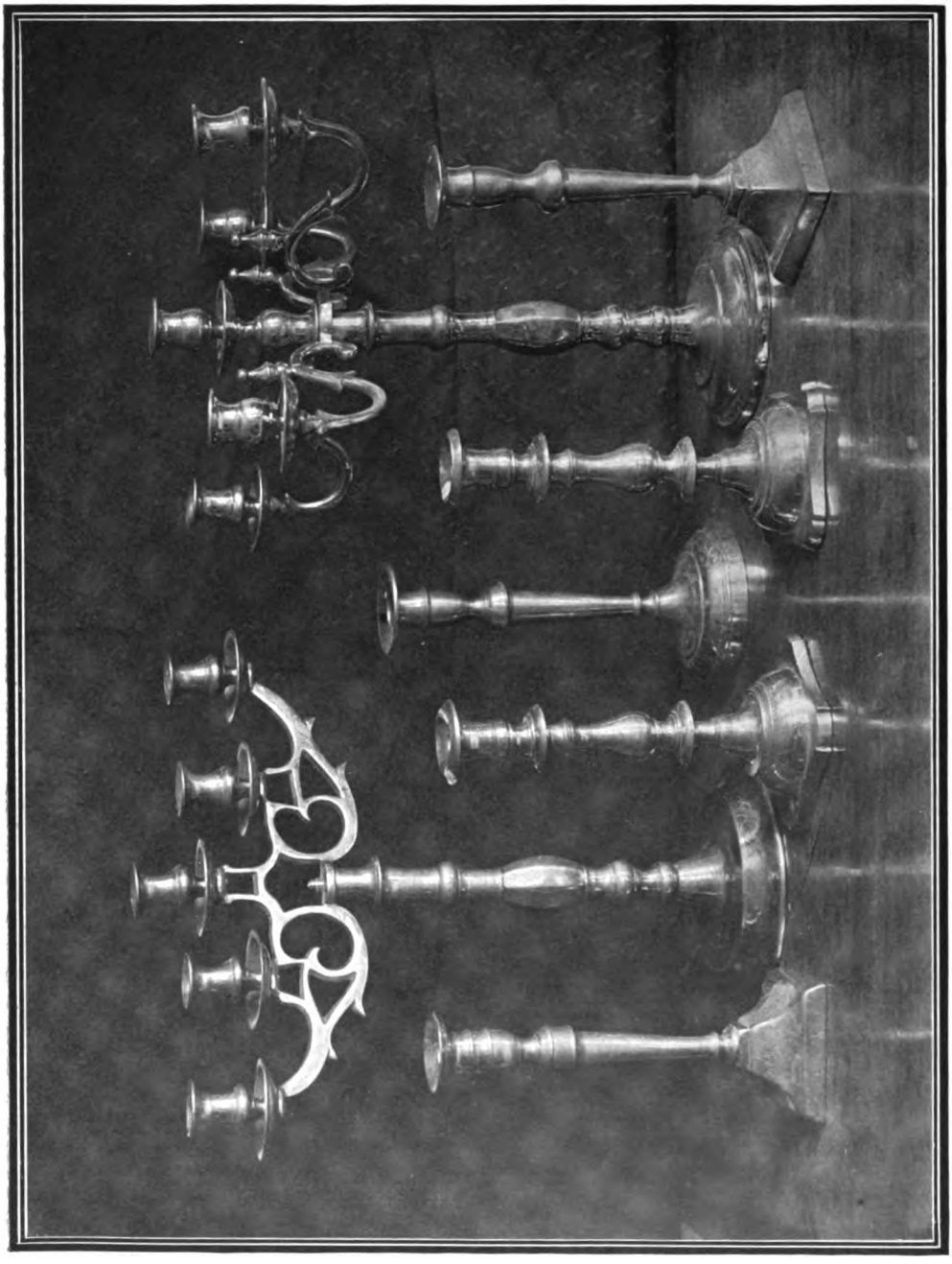
"If I pick up a twenty-dollar gold-piece on the street, should I sell him to you for ten dollars?" he asked.

His logic was unanswerable, and Lucretia opened her purse and counted out four silver dollars without a word.

My first experience in search of old Russian brass convinced me that an antique collector is born, not made, and the ability to look a junkman in the eye and request him to reduce the price of an article is one of nature's gifts.

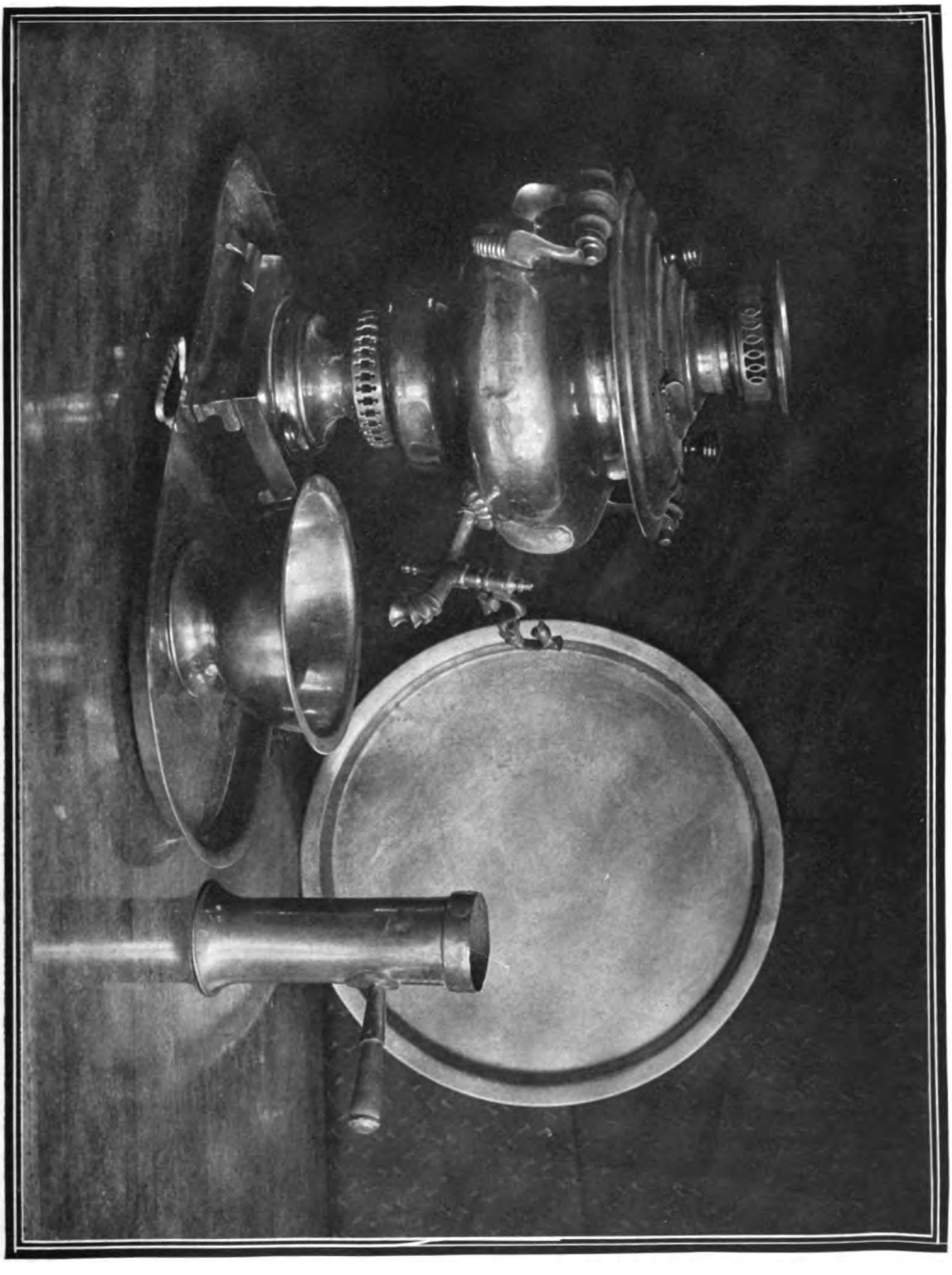
Temptation glinted in pink splashes on the copper jug in the dingy window, and there was allurement in the yellow glisten of the brass pan. Our enthusiasm was unpardonable. A true collector conceals his likes and desires behind a careless indifference. But if our interest was unbusinesslike it was contagious, and the Jew departed from his custom of bringing forth one treasure at a time, and that with reluctance. Under the influence of our adjectives he opened drawers in broken-down bureaus and unlocked doors in wormy sideboards, that we

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CANDLESTICKS OF EVERY SIZE AND STYLE

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THE PRETTY ACCESSORIES FOR RUSSIAN TEA

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TWO QUAINT OLD COPPER JUGS

might see what he had gathered, grow envious, and buy.

Every Russian immigrant must have come to his new home loaded with brass and copper utensils, which he hastened to dispose of so that he might buy shiny tin pans that would leak the first time the housewife used them. Here were pans that had stood the wear of over a century without betraying the confidence of their original owner; great brass trays, too heavy to be lifted with ease; shallow bowls of copper; quaint high pots with delicate long noses; candlesticks of all sizes; copper jugs, and heavy two-handled cups.

"Loving-cups, with the love all on one side, as it usually is," said Lucretia, sarcastically.

When the samovars were placed before us we had overdrawn our adjectives. They were of all sizes and shapes; some of them large enough for a girl's boarding-school, others only capable of holding tea for two.

"All old Russian," nodded the Jew, with a comprehensive wave of his hand. "These bowls one hundred and fifty years old. I bought them one by one from the old woman. She said she tired keeping 'em clean. Tin pans easier."

Each bowl seemed to have been beaten out of a solid piece of copper and was covered with the marks of the hammer that shaped it. In with the copper was a bit of brass like a delicate inlaid pattern.

"This samovar belonged to a soldier in the Russian army. He found out he was to be sent to Siberia, and ran away to America. It's a good samovar. This one belonged to an old man. He married a girl who had been born in this country, and she wanted to live American and made him sell all the things he brought from Russia."

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There was a story for every candlestick and pan, but the tales were neither humorous nor pathetic. They were rather signs of progress, and told of a long step toward Americanism.

Many of the trays and samovars bore the stamp of the maker. It was about as large as a dime, and within the circle was the head of an ozar surrounded by letters so worn as to be indecipherable. All old brass is not stamped and all brass that is stamped is not old, for the Jew waxed confidential and showed us a tray not a week old with as dim a stamp as any century pan.

"When I bought this jug," he said, looking at his grotesque reflection, "the dirt on it was so thick I cut it with a knife. You wouldn't have touched it. I ground off the dirt and burnished the outside and cleaned the inside with an emery-wheel. It didn't look like this, I just guess."

He told us many things that afternoon. He said that his daughter was visiting the peasants in Russia, offering them tin pans for the ancestral utensils which she would bring to this country in the fall. Another man makes regular trips through the Dakotas and other states where Russians immigrate, hunting for old pieces of copper and brass.

He spoke with pride of the string of people who come to his obscure shop every day, attracted by the few pieces placed with Jewish wile among the second-hand clothes and thick crockery in the window as if he did not know their value.

There was a time when samovars could be picked up for the proverbial song and candlesticks cost but a few notes. Now one is considered a favorite of fortune if he can become the owner of the first for twenty-five dollars or of a pair of the latter for ten.

A brass pan on a shelf, a copper cup on the sideboard, give color to the dining-room, and a pair of old candlesticks or an old jug, masquerading, perhaps, as a jardinière, adds dignity to the library or drawing-room.

We needed dignity and color in our little flat, and we bankrupted ourselves to secure it, looking on it in the light of an investment the price of which is advancing every day.

"Humph!" said the Wise Man, when, with hearts overflowing with pride, we showed him the beginnings of a collection. "Don't you know that there is a factory in the city for the manufacture of old Russian brass?"

FRANCES ROBERTS.



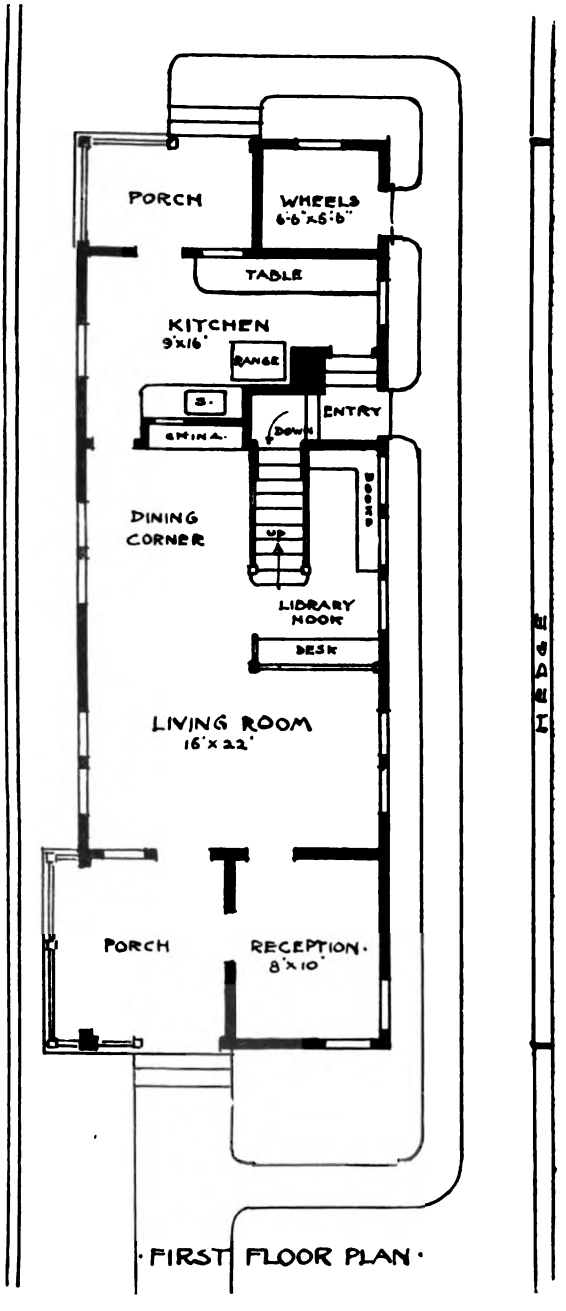
A BRONZE SAMOVAR, FROM A PRIVATE COLLECTION

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A HOUSEKEEPER'S HOUSE—PLAN—VII

IF all the poetry and romance and truly beautiful thought and purpose that sometimes go to the planning of a house could find material expression in the house itself, what fairy palaces of delight would some houses be! I never see a house-plan or an unfinished house that I do not think of the possible unseen influences of which the plan or the house are the visible sign. Often, of course, there is a palpable blank; there is absolutely nothing vital back of the plan or the house. Sometimes there is a house so permeated with the atmosphere of its poetic origin that I never get a sight of it that I do not experience an uplift, or a feeling of comfort and restfulness.

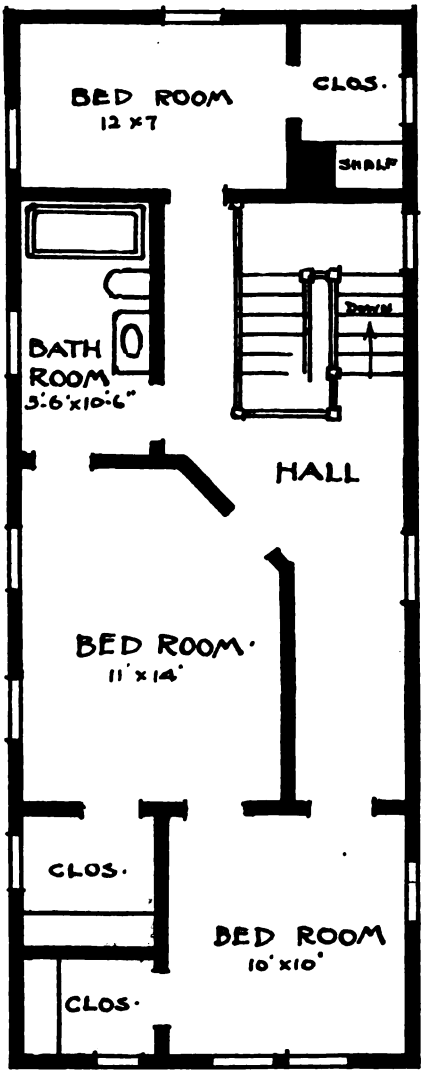
The making of the plan for the tiny house presented this month came about in this wise: Three homeless students found themselves each with a certain sum of money—thirty-six hundred in all; just barely enough, they had calculated, to "scrape" through college, with nothing left at the end of the four years. They also had, between them, a little furniture, almost enough to furnish a very small house. One of them had a friend who possessed a beautiful home place on the corner of two quiet streets. His lot was three hundred feet deep and two hundred and twenty-five feet wide. On the very rear of his lot stood a children's playhouse. It was just one room, sixteen feet wide by twenty-two feet long. It was well built, with a good stone foundation. Its interior was ceiled with pine. It had been put up by the former owner as



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a place where his children could play and "make all the noise they wanted to make." The present owner had no children, and he told the girl friend one day that he had thought of converting it into a billiard-room. "Not that he needed it—had a good room in the attic that he could make into a billiard-room; but the little house was so nicely built he hated to tear it down, and he didn't fancy having it stand there on the rear of his lawn empty—no reason for its being there—no use to any one—spooky, too, don't you see?"

A brilliant thought came to the girl; but she was a wise maiden, and only asked to see the room. Her idea grew as she stepped over the threshold. She went to her room, and with the children's playroom as a nucleus, sketched a plan which she took the next day to her two friends. They took a walk down the quiet street, and strolling back and forth, gazed at the little building and the beautiful shrubbery. The originator of the idea called that evening at the friend's house and unfolded her idea and her plan before him. He took to it. The girls bought a thirty-foot slice from the rear of the friend's lot, with the playhouse thrown in. That gave them a lot 30 by 225 feet. It cost them six hundred dollars. They paid cash for it, and got their deed recorded. Then they built this house. A series of happy "finds" helped them out on the cost of that. One was a good second-hand furnace at about one-fourth the cost of a new one—pipes and all costing them only forty dollars. They also found, for a trifle, some second-hand window-sash from a fine old house that was being torn down. They had two lamps, and they picked up here and there what more they needed for a small sum. That was several years ago, when building materials were low. The additions were made as simple and inexpensive as possible. The house cost them, completed, twelve hundred dollars. When they moved in, they still had eighteen hundred dollars —six hundred apiece—in the bank.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

As to the plan: The playhouse became the living-room. One rear corner was screened off by a stationary writing-desk for their library nook, and the opposite rear corner was dedicated to the good cheer of the table. The front end of this room is the living-room proper. To this end was added the little entrance-porch and reception-room. The basement door leads to the cellar under the living-room, and to

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the kitchen, which is airy, light, and convenient. In the rear are the kitchen porch and wheel-room.

The trio occupied the front and side chambers, and rented the rear chamber to two companion students, whom they also boarded. The small revenue from this source paid water tax, fuel, and light bills.

Having the blessing of good health, the three girls, at the end of the four years of hard work, plain, simple living, and careful management, found themselves, not with nothing material left, as they had calculated at the beginning, but with a beautiful little home place, every nook and cranny of which was rich with memories of their student home life; and the best of it was that these abode with them in the new life upon which they entered.

NINA C. KINNEY.

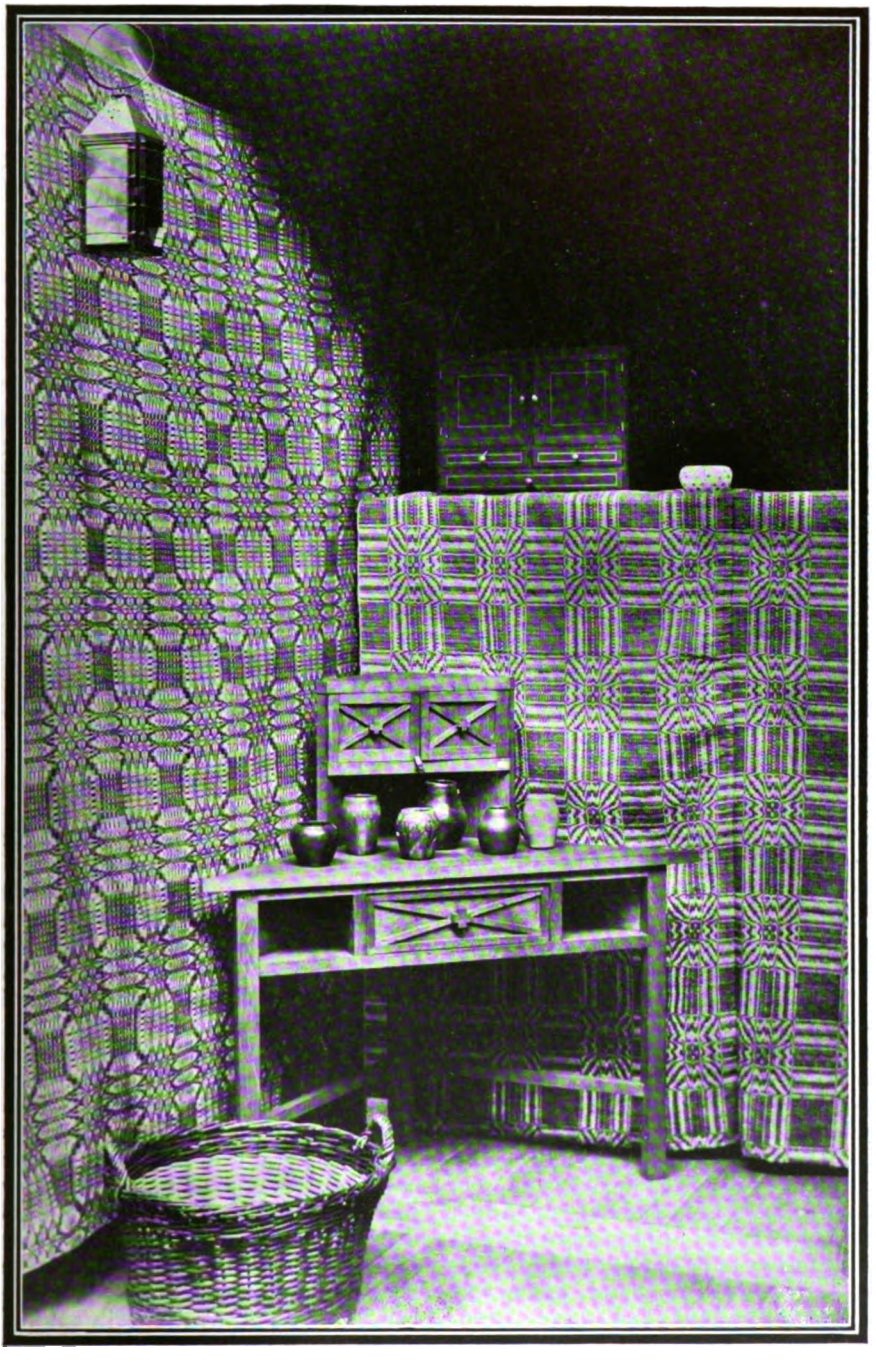
THE CHICAGO ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY



NEWCOMB POTTERY FROM NEW ORLEANS

THE recent exhibition of the Chicago Arts and Crafts Society, held in the Woman's Temple, was the strongest in its history. While some of the individual exhibits were not so interesting as those of last year, the work as a whole showed a decided advance. This was especially noticeable in the metal articles, the embroideries, and the china of the Atlan Ceramic Club. Under the guidance of Mrs. Koehler, the members of

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COUNTERPANES FROM BEREA COLLEGE, KENTUCKY, DESK BY MISS ANDERSON, POTTERY BY MR. BULGER, CABINET BY MR. DOLE, LANTERN BY MR. JARVIE

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BELTS, LEATHER-WORK, AND SILVER PORRINGER BY MRS. WYNNE
SILVER TANKARD BY MR. YALE

this club have studied oriental potteries, taking up in turn Egyptian, Persian, and Chinese designs. This has revolutionized china-decorating, so far as the Atlan band is concerned, and the result is a happy one. The pieces exhibited at the Arts and Crafts Society showed both beauty and originality.

Miss Dibble's bowls and Miss Topping's pitchers were cleverly handled, and were excellent examples of the new movement. Miss Peck's celedon teaset was skilfully worked out in blues and greens, and was very effective. An Egyptian plate and a Persian chop-dish executed by Miss Middleton were attractive in motive and color, while Miss Cole's salad-bowl in luster glaze was decidedly individual. A teaset decorated by Mrs. Zeublin in Chinese waterlilies was one of the most elaborate things in the collection of china.

The Newcomb pottery of New Orleans made an important contribution. The ware this year showed a greater variety of shapes and designs, but some of the early charm was gone. There was a distinct gain in mechanical excellence, but it was at the sacrifice of simplicity. This seems to be the fate of many American potteries. The Rookwood ware ten years ago was infinitely more attractive than it is to-day. The glaze has been so perfected and made such a "feature" that depth and richness of color are gone. The polished surface has too many reflected lights, and the decoration, be it ever so good, loses in value. To many the earlier pieces of Favrile glass were more beautiful than the latest Tiffany experiments. Newcomb has a great future, and it is earnestly hoped that it will cling to first traditions, leaving the brilliant glaze

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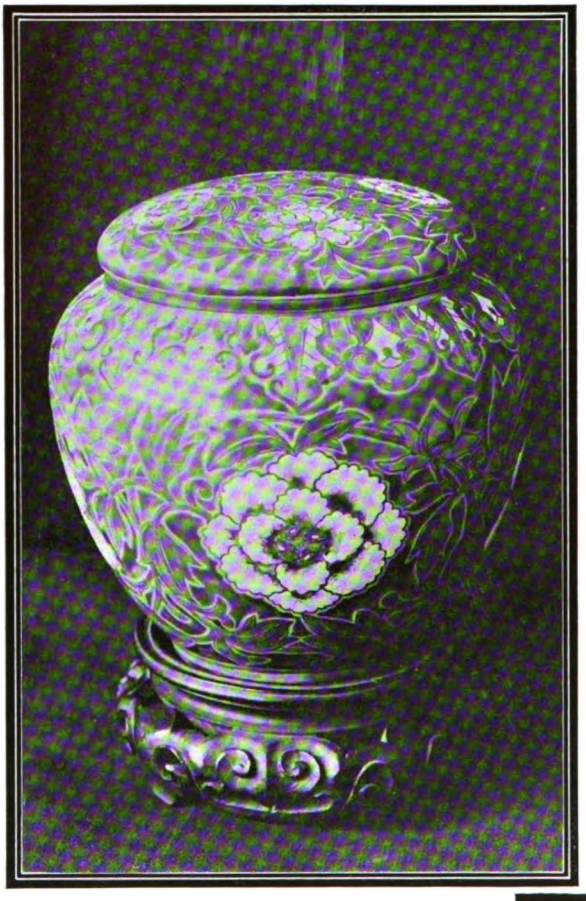
CELEDON TEASET
Designed by Miss Peck

and the fantastic shapes to factory-made products.

The metals formed an artistic part of the society's work. Miss Davis sent three unusual copper-plates, and Miss Chadbourne several excellent frames and boxes. The metal buttons by Mr. Crane were notable for being his first venture, and gave promise of better things to come. Miss Holden's boxes were carefully executed, although not on especially original lines. Miss Miner's trencher, after a design by Chatterton Smith, was a strong piece of work; so, too, was her copper frame. Her Egyptian necklace in gold and enamel, copied from one in the British Museum, had the value of a faithful reproduction. An intricate necklace of oriental design was sent by Mr. Annin, who contributed several oddly set jewels. Mr. Jarvie's brass candlesticks suggested poppy-cups, and were extremely graceful. Mr. Jarvie was also represented by two unique lanterns of iron and horn. These were modeled on colonial lines, and were worked out with great cleverness. One was Dutch in treatment and the other old English. The lanterns gave a charming light, the yellow tones of the horn producing a mellow glow that was most agreeable. Miss Preston's lotus candelabrum was one of the good things in metal. The greenish shades of the bronze were very attractive and the design showed both delicacy and force. In silver, Mrs Wynne's quaint porringers and Mr. Yale's fine tankard and spoons were full of interest.

The jewels, buckles, and pendants designed by Mrs. Koehler and executed by her pupils composed one of the most important sections of the exhi-

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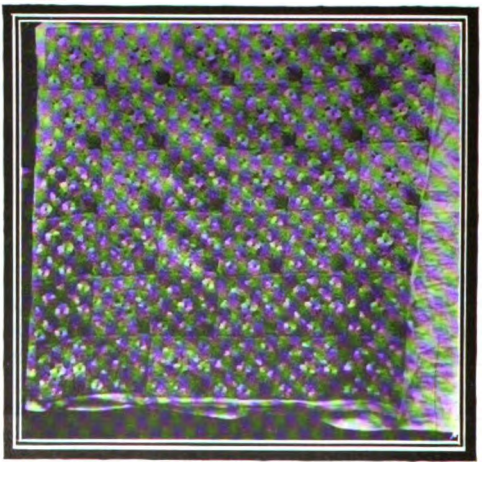


JAR DECORATED BY MISS DIBBLE

bition. Some of the unusual color effects were gained by combining enamels with the semiprecious stones. Miss Day's silver pendant showed the use of amethysts with blue enamel; a buckle executed as well as designed by Mrs. Koehler was of silver set with sapphires and violet enamel, while one of Miss Holden's buckles was oddly worked out with silver, agate, and chrysophrase matrix. Two rings by Mrs. Koehler were of dull silver, one with an imbedded chrysophrase and the other with an imperfect emerald.

In the department of cabinetwork, Mr. Dole exhibited a number of good pieces—a case of small colonial drawers, a desk, several cupboards, and among smaller articles, boxes and picture-frames.

From the Hull House shop came a very dignified settle in black oak, designed by Mr. Twose and executed by Mr. Vallaire; a student's table, designed by Mr. Twose and executed by Mr. Joplin, and several boxes executed by Messrs. Aulick, Schroeder, and Verbeck. Miss Anderson's desk, described in a previous article, fitted into a pleasant corner hung with blue and red counterpanes woven at Berea College, Kentucky. The interest of this corner was heightened by some of Mr. Bulger's pottery, a hand-made basket, and one of Mr. Jarvie's lanterns. In another part of the room were displayed the Abnakee rugs worked by the women of Pequaket, New Hampshire. This industry was started by Mrs. John Albee five years ago. The rugs were in shades of old-blue and dull terra-cotta

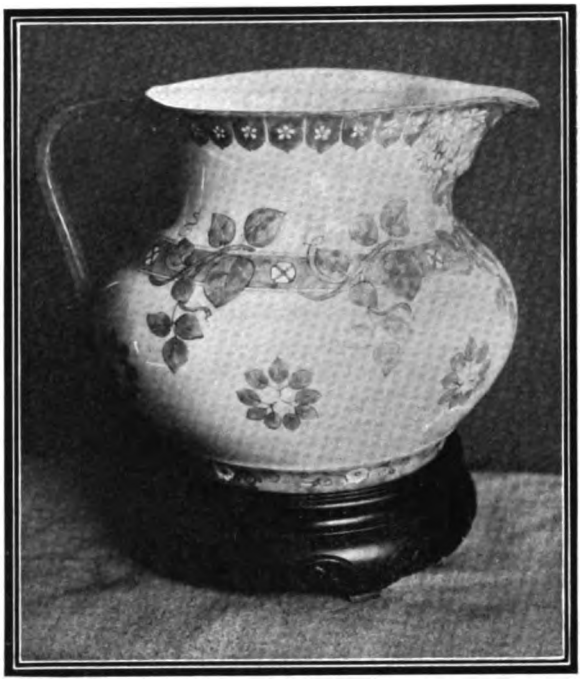


EMBROIDERED SQUARE
Designed and Executed by Miss Waite

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and showed the possibilities of "hooked-in" carpets.

In book-bindings the exhibition was especially strong. Miss Starr's fine covers comprised the largest portion. Her "Life of Lincoln" in brown pigskin with oak design, her "Daphnis and Chloe" in light green morocco with gauffered edges, and her Rossetti volumes in dark blue and green morocco were striking examples of the beauty of hand-bound books. Miss Brown's sermon-covers were dignified in decoration and harmonious in color. A portfolio for engravings in hammered and illuminated leather, designed by Miss Buckley, was a notable piece of work. Mr. Rae's drawings for title-pages and Miss Key's designs for book-plates were excellent.



A PITCHER BY MISS TOPPING



PORTFOLIO FOR ENGRAVINGS
Designed by Miss Buckley, Executed by Miss Wilkerson and Miss Waterman

The embroideries this year were unusual. Miss Waite loaned a panel for a screen, after the Japanese, and a portière in Italian stitch. A bit of exquisite color was her embroidered square in violet and greenish blue. A clever piece of work was Miss Grover's tea-cosey in shades of green, and another was a strip of red and blue peasant embroidery designed by Mrs. Sheridan. A bedspread of green linen cross-stitched in dull yellow by the Hull House embroidery class, after a drawing by Amalie Hannig, was one of the most striking contributions. A unique feature of the exhibition was the display of delicate Deerfield baskets.

The Chicago Arts and Crafts Society was founded at Hull House in October, 1897. The recent exhibition was the third held by the society.

MARY ADAMS.

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CORRESPONDENCE



The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Whenever the address is given and stamps are inclosed, replies will be sent by mail within three weeks.

We wish to furnish a new home, and feel hardly willing to decide some questions without advice from you. We do not expect to furnish it completely at first, but wish to add good pieces of furniture and pictures gradually. Would you suggest a color scheme for wall-paper? The parlor is in mahogany finish, and we had thought of a plain rose-color paper with this woodwork. Should the carpet be green or rose? What sort of curtains and portières?

Dining-room is in dark golden oak; it has tile cream-and-brown mottled mantel, leaded glass china-closet reaching nearly to ceiling, with two drawers below—a bad design. The oak mantel is rather pretty, mirror above, pillars running to the top from floor, supporting a top shelf. I would like to buy Belgian or Flemish oak for this room; would it be out of place with the mantel? We hope to build some day, and I wish to use the furniture I buy now in the future. What kind of sideboard do you suggest?

The hall is in golden oak, hardwood floor. I thought my front bedroom might be papered something like that on page 134, Vol. V, No. 3, February. The room is in mahogany, with curtains as suggested. How would a brass bed look in this room? What about green terry for this room? The middle bedroom has a cherry mantel, woodwork painted neither a mahogany nor a cherry; tile more shaded browns than cherry color. What for walls?

What shall we do about blinds? Would a green be better than an old-red, and should I have two sets on bedroom and library? As to curtains, would it be better to have the same kind of curtains in both library and bedroom?

M. B.

Your plan sounds very attractive. The old-rose you have in mind will be harmonious with the mahogany woodwork of your parlor, if you choose a dull, soft shade. As the mahogany is not real, but merely a stain, there are many shades of pink that would be very ugly with it. We prefer a bare floor with rugs to a carpeted floor. The stain of the woodwork should be repeated in the floor. Such a room seems to need mahogany furniture — not the stained variety, but the real. You have the right feeling about adding to your furniture piece by piece, and having it of lasting value. If you have difficulty in finding a pink that combines well with the woodwork, we suggest a plain green, with rugs of green and old-rose, and portières of plain green velour. The wide window could be treated in several ways. If you decide on the green wallpaper, have sash-curtains of old-rose and outer curtains of plain green hanging from top of window to edge of sill, lined with some thin material combining pink and green. If the walls are old-rose, choose a creamy net for the sash-curtains, and outer hangings of old-rose.

With walls nine and one-half feet high, the paper should extend to the cornice-line. The ceiling should be a tone lighter than the walls. It is to be regretted that your lights are in the center of the room rather than at the side, but lamps and candles can provide the necessary low lights.

For the dining-room: If the parlor is an old-rose one, select green for your dining-room. If the green scheme is chosen for the former, let the dining-room be in chrome-yellow and delft-blue. At the windows have blue denim curtains. With such a color scheme your golden oak mantel will be in harmony, and your Flemish oak furniture will also be very effective. But the two oaks will not be on friendly terms. As you wish to buy for a future home—not merely for the present one—do not sacrifice your furniture for the sake of having it match poor woodwork. If you wish to follow the colonial period in your parlor, we strongly advise a colonial treatment in your dining-room, using mahogany furniture instead of Flemish oak and painting the woodwork white. This question of oak versus mahogany for the dining-room is treated at length in "Successful Houses," a book published by us.

Keeping your rooms in one general style will lend harmony and dignity to your home.

For the hall, which is brightly lighted, a brocaded or tapestry paper in subdued blues and green will be pleasing. We prefer a settle that is frankly a settle, not one combined with a hat-rack. A settle placed near the fire is always homelike and cozy. Your plan for the front

"SUCCESSFUL HOUSES" is the best book on house furnishingsto be had.

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

bedroom is excellent. Have the brass bedstead, by all means. Green terry will be suitable on the floor. A warm red will be effective for the upstairs library. Window-shades should be alike all over the house. If the second bedroom has cherry woodwork, keep the furniture in this wood. Sage-green on the walls, with a flowered ceiling in greens and pinks, is suggested for this room. Candlesticks are always useful in a bedroom.

I have more furniture than I can use, and intend to dispose of some of it. Would you keep black walnut in preference to oak? I have read that black walnut in a few years will be valuable. I have some good pieces. One of your articles suggested that oak could be made to look like Flemish oak by applying strong ammonia. I have tried this, without success. The wood looks simply dull, but not dark. Will you tell me how to apply color to plaster casts? I know one of your subscribers asked this question, and you said you had not seen any colored and would not think them beautiful. I am sure you would think those artistic which are on exhibition in some of our finest art-stores. I have in mind a figure of the sixth century, worked out in green, the dress and background harmonizing. The flesh-tints were brought out by the application of some oils, I should judge. I have seen others worked out in reds. They were very beautiful. I have tried oils and water-colors both, but they will not take. Can you help me? E. S. O.

Black walnut is becoming scarce, and consequently the wood is growing valuable. The trouble with most black walnut furniture is that the designs are so hideous. The pieces were made when heaviness of ornament had supplanted beauty of lines, and the result is that few chairs and tables are worthy to survive in their present form. We have recently seen a settle of fine design made from a cumbersome black walnut bedstead, and doubtless other pieces will meet, sooner or later, a similar fate. If your oak furniture is natural oak, we advise you to hold to the walnut.

Your oak chairs should be placed in the hands of a skilled workman. Pieces stained at home are seldom satisfactory. Applying strong ammonia to the wood would have the tendency to turn the surface a dull green rather than a black. Perhaps the cabinetmaker who so successfully stained your table will tell you what he used, but we doubt if he does. You will find it more economical in the end to let him do the work. But if you can purchase Flemish pieces in the Boston shops for less than it costs to have your old furniture "done over," we earnestly recommend your buying new. Few of the natural oak pieces are Flemish in design. They lack the simplicity and dignity which are the dominant features of the Belgian furniture.

Plaster casts may be colored in several ways. Cocoa-oil will produce a deep ivory tone, and stronger colors may be obtained by diluting oil paints and applying with a brush. We can

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GOLD MEDAL
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only repeat what we said before, and that is, that most colored casts are hopelessly bad. There are, of course, exceptions. Some of the Tanagra figures (we refer to the reproductions) are quite lovely in their subdued tones, but they are not the work of amateurs. De Comp, in New York, has a number of these.

Will you please assist me with suggestions for the decorative scheme and furnishing of my home? It has been built several years, and we have a few furnishings which, possibly, can be used.

The house is located on a prominent street, facing north, with buildings on either side, distance about fifteen feet, and painted in light colors.

The exterior of the house shows it to be built, the first story with brownstone, shingled the second story, and with a slate roof. There are a small reception-hall, front sitting-room, dining-room, den, and kitchen on the first floor, all of which are finished in white oak, slightly colored antique.

In the hall we have art-glass windows in color, bar bauf grill-work in the staircase, and red Numidian marble wainscoting.

The predominating color in carpets is écru, or pale brown, and light green; oak furniture. Parlor, or sitting-room, carpet same color as in hall, and mahogany furniture; silk hangings in large opening to match the carpet. The furniture in the dining-room is oak color, light Flemish. In this room we wish to secure a new carpet.

Furniture in den is light cherry, carpet "hit and miss."

We desire to use the furniture as far as possible, but at the same time will make any necessary changes to secure a beautiful interior.

J. F. W.

For a color scheme for your house we would suggest the following: Red burlap for your hall, of a color in harmony with the red marble wainscoting; for the sitting-room, a large figured paper in dull shades—red, browns, and green; for the dining-room, plain green burlap or cartridge-paper; and in the den, rough yellow calcimine, walls and ceiling alike, the yellow to be strong and deep. You do not give height of rooms, but we imagine from the plans that they are not high-studded. Bare floors and rugs will be a great improvement over the écru and green carpets. The mahogany furniture of the sitting-room will gain in dignity and be very effective with the paper indicated if the floor is stained mahogany, and this color should be used in the other rooms. By oak furniture we infer you mean natural oak. Flemish oak would be our choice here, and Flemish oak in the den rather than the light cherry, which is hardly strong enough in color to go well with the deep yellow. The burlaps will have to be painted the colors desired, although you may be able to find a good green, but the red of the hall will be difficult to secure. If the red of the marble is matched exactly, the result will be excellent.

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED.

I am about to furnish a parlor and bedroom, and would like a few suggestions.

For the bedroom I have a preference for yellow and white. I have a white enameled bed and dresser for it. Would you advise an ingrain rug; and how shall we treat the mantel, which is mahogany? The ceiling of the parlor must be renewed. The walls are green. Could I have an old-rose calcimine put on over the paper on the ceiling?

The woodwork in this room is stained mahogany, and there is an old-fashioned mantel. I have an old-rose and green rug for it. MAC M.

A yellow and white color scheme will be very effective in your bedroom. We do not advise treating the mahogany mantel in any way. The red-brown qualities of the wood ought to be very harmonious with the furniture you speak of. An ingrain rug with a decided mixture of yellow in it would be an addition to the room. We do not care for a rose ceiling with green walls; either a deep cream or a pale green will be more satisfactory. Your rose and green rug will be fitting with either ceiling.

I have rented a very old cottage, and wish to fit in keeping with its age and character. I have not much money to spare, but shall do all work myself.

My stay is not likely to warrant finishing woodwork in enamel and rubbing, so I substitute paint.

The floors are very bad, and I am not easily discouraged, as I have used bare floors for fifteen years and know how to plane and putty and patch; but these are loose, and putty works out. Have you ever seen a painted burlap on a floor or painted building-paper, glued on? Would a fine straw do? I do not like the idea much. I shall hang my pictures on old brass rosettes (from my grandmother's best room), unless you advise a molding. If molding, what color?

The fireplace in the sitting-room will have crane, complete with pothooks and trammel, old brass andirons, and spark-screen; small mahogany table, with gold-red lamp and shade; double-top turn-up leaf mahogany table, inlaid; two fiddle-back mahogany chairs; one roundabout chair, in family over two hundred years. I have a very comfortable spring rocker, deep spring, done in olive-green. It is not colonial, but is comfortable; would you use it? My forbears had none.

I shall build window-seats in the alcove after an old settle of ours, and put shelves between.

Dining-room window between alcove and dining-room has yellow, blue, and red glass in it; shall take out, and put in plain glass, with a pretty curtain. Room is not over-light. It has a chair-rail, and panels of lake below. Woodwork is grained, and of course will be painted out. I need advice on this room.

The closet may be made effective. I shall take off the door, put in a door with glass, paint shelves and walls a carmine, and put my glass, old plates, and pewter in it. It is sufficiently wide for one good pewter-shelf.



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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

I would like to carry my colonial ivory out there, but there are so many doors and the room is so dark that I must make the room warmer with my paint.

Hall is very dark by day, but at night will be lighted by very old brass hanging-lamp which burns sperm oil, sweet, and gives light about two candle-power. No stairs in hall, simply an old-fashioned entry, but it is ample.

Spare room will have two couches, a mahogany low-boy, and I have many old wooden chairs and rockers, which I can finish in any way that suits my fancy. I have a number of rush and leather bottoms. Fireplace will be black, a good dull ebony, as I have a splendid foundation to rub it down on. I shall take off the crockery door-knobs and use old brass latches, of which I have a good supply—the fine old latches with good oval knobs on one side.

J. W.

You have material for a true colonial setting, and as you have so much enthusiasm we are confident of your success. Beginning with the sitting-room, green burlap will be effective on the walls, and make an excellent background for your pictures, but it will not be colonial. Our preference would be for a reproduction of some old paper, with a plain ceiling in a harmonious tint, ivory-white woodwork, and simple curtains of quaint material held in place by brass rosettes. We have never seen burlap on a floor, and should not like it in this case. A bare floor with rugs would be more in line with the period under consideration—not oriental rugs, but old-fashioned ones. Your mahogany furniture is very interesting. You are fortunate to possess real fiddle-back chairs and drop-leaf tables. We do not care for the modern rocking-chair in this room. It is not in harmony with the other pieces. The old Windsor chairs should be painted—not stained—and a soft green is advised. Your settle idea is admirable, and will add much to the charm of the room.

For the dining-room, we suggest white woodwork, bare floors and rugs, and a colonial paper. If green is the dominant color in the sitting-room, select yellow for this room—a stripe in ivory and yellow is always beautiful with mahogany furniture and white paint. As you wish a second color suggested, we would name old-blue, although our choice is yellow. We think you will not find white paint cold in this case, even if there are many doorways. We like your idea for the cupboard, but hope we can prevail upon you to abandon the carmine paint. Your glass, old plates, and pewter will lose value against such a background, and it will be too vivid a spot in an otherwise harmonious scheme. In the hall, a large landscape paper will be fitting, and quite in spirit with things colonial. In the guest-room, a paper with an old-fashioned "basketful-of-roses" design will be effective, with green woodwork and green floor covered with braided rugs. The ebony fireplace will be a trifle black, we think.

The scheme given does not allow for the hanging of your numerous water-colors and photographs. We hardly see how things so

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

modern can be used without spoiling the old-time atmosphere. Either the pictures must be sacrificed and put away out of sight or the harmony of the rooms must be set aside in giving them a place. Our preference is for keeping the colonial flavor intact and banishing the pictures. Is it not possible to set apart a room upstairs, hanging the walls with green burlap, and giving the pictures space there, thus making it a little gallery?

I want to ask your advice about fixing up my home. We have just bought a house in Richmond, Virginia, an old-fashioned one of red brick. It fronts north; the back has a southern exposure, with a beautiful river view. The halls are quite wide. The front basement room will be the dining-room. Next floor will be hall and double parlors. The next, three bedrooms and hall. The third floor, two rooms with slanting walls, but I wish to furnish them as sleeping-rooms. Please advise me as to what colors of paint and papers to use on each floor, also furniture and carpets. The dining-room furniture I have already, and it is oak. I wish to make it all as pretty and original as I can, at not too much expense. E. F. J.

The four halls of your house should be painted and papered alike. A deep yellow paper in a large design would be effective, unless the house has a great deal of sunshine. In that case a brocaded paper in dull colors would be better. With yellow paper, white paint would be a wise choice, with floors and hand-rails of the staircases stained mahogany. If white paint seems a little monotonous throughout the house, green paint in the basement dining-room and in the bedrooms would be harmonious.

In the dining-room, with its northern exposure, plain yellow would look exceedingly well with the green paint, and would be a natural step from the yellow and white hall. The ceiling would better be plain in this room (of the same color as walls). In the parlor, white paint is advised, with a green color scheme—either a plain paper or a stripe. The bedrooms with green woodwork should have flowered papers in good design. The beautiful Chiswick patterns are recommended here, or if too expensive, some of the American reproductions. The bedrooms with slanting walls may be made very attractive. The ceilings and side-walls should be alike, and perhaps for these rooms plain papers would be better than figured ones; it depends much on the dimensions of the rooms. Plain green cartridge-paper with green and old-rose chintz sash-curtains would be very pretty here. The furniture should be plain in design and simply constructed. Good rattan shapes stained green would be excellent. We should prefer bare floors and rugs throughout the house to carpets or mattings. The furniture in the parlors and in the halls should be mahogany. In the dining-room, the oak shapes, if of worthy design, could be stained or painted like the woodwork. We hardly think natural oak would be in line in this room. "Successful

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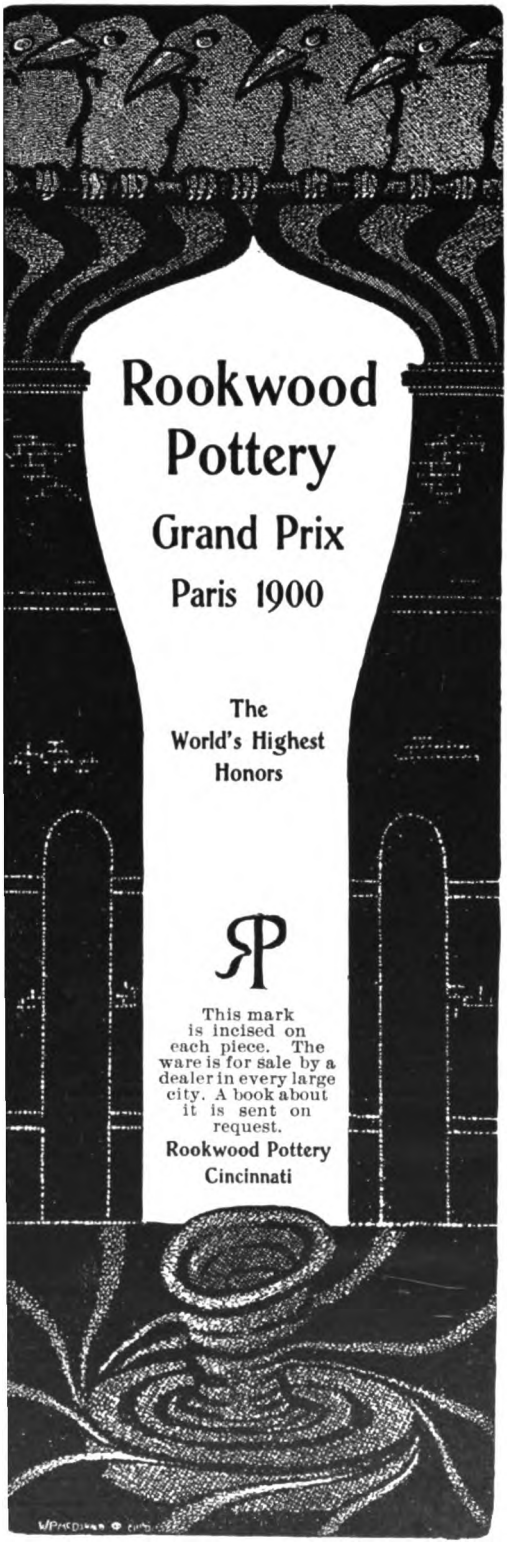
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THOMAS B. MOSHER
PORTLAND, MAINE

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Houses," by Oliver Coleman, would give you many useful suggestions for your dining-room.

I am building a house, and would like your suggestions for finish and furnishings of living-room, dining-room, reception-room, and hall. All the furnishings for reception-room will be new; I thought of white or cream woodwork, and wood cornice; what would be best for floor and the large window.

Living-room will be Flemish oak, with panel wainscoting five feet high; wood cornice in this room also; hardwood floor. Would you make the floor as dark as the rest of finish? What would you suggest for the windows in the way of curtains? The walls we think of covering with green burlap. We have some old mahogany furniture for the dining-room—sideboard and serving-table, and some other pieces. Would you keep all the rest of furniture for this room in mahogany? We are undecided about finish, but would like it cream-white, as we think the mahogany would look well with it. Do not care for hardwood floor in dining-room, but expect to use a large rug, with something plain under it.

Would like the finish in hall white, also, but are afraid of getting too much white. Would you make it Flemish oak? And if we use the white, would it look right to use Flemish oak chairs and table? E. C. R.

Flemish oak furniture is not advised with white woodwork. The living-room hung with green burlap and paneled in Flemish oak will make a beautiful setting for your Flemish furniture. The floor should be stained the dark oak, not mahogany. The room up to this point will be somber in effect. Bright yellow should now be introduced. The window-seat should be upholstered in plain green, with cushions of yellow and deep orange. The curtains should be of cream net, hanging from the top of window to the edge of sill, with outer curtains and deep valance of green and yellow. If your sideboard and serving-table are mahogany, all the rest of the furniture should be of that wood, and the woodwork should either be mahogany or ivory-white paint. If the hall is finished in white paint, the furniture should be mahogany rather than Flemish oak.

In the reception-room, the floor should be stained mahogany. The walls would be attractive hung in an ivory-white and gobelin-blue paper, with these colors repeated in the hangings. In the hall, a brocaded paper in blues and greens would be a good choice, harmonizing with the color scheme of the reception-room and leading up to the green of the living-room. We do not advocate, as a rule, two such distinct styles as the colonial and the Flemish in the same house, but under the circumstances the Flemish room will not offend.

Can you give me a suggestion as to ceiling and cornice decoration for dining-room? The house is old; woodwork, black walnut; size of room, 15 by 22; height, nine feet; ten doors and windows, and large mantel and fireplace.

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED.

We have selected plain light tan burlap for side-walls, and want something simple, perhaps figured, but handsome, at moderate expense, as a finish for ceiling and cornice. The windows and doors vary in height a little; space over doors from twelve to fourteen inches, over windows five to eight inches. H. T.

For your dining-room hung in light tan burlap with black walnut woodwork, we would suggest a plain ceiling of deep cream rather than a figured one. With walls nine feet high, we do not advise any cornice decoration save a wide molding of black walnut at the ceiling-line.

The house for which I would like suggestions in regard to furnishing has a center hall, and the hall is papered in Japanese paper, with brown and gold predominating. The floors downstairs, and also stairs, are oak (hardwood). The hall is a kind of oblong, with stairs going to side. The library is in green crepe paper, with cove tinted green. The woodwork in library is cherry. The parlor is to be left vacant awhile. The dining-room is papered with red burlap to picture-molding, and above that to molding is red velvet paper. In this room the woodwork is oak. Please suggest a way of treating the windows, of which there are three at end of dining-room.

The family sitting-room upstairs is yellow, woodwork yellow pine. The bedroom over parlor has a dressing-room. It is papered in old-rose; the woodwork is oak. R. E. B.

For library, with green crepe paper and cherry woodwork, we would advise furniture of that wood, antique cherry if possible, which is almost as beautiful as mahogany. In the red dining-room, the natural oak should be stained Flemish, with Flemish oak furniture. The windows would be effective hung in some oriental cotton stuff in strong colors, red predominating, and if desired, inner curtains of cream net. In the sitting-room upstairs, the combination of yellow walls with natural pine is not a good one. If the yellow is sufficiently strong, we would suggest that the woodwork be stained Flemish oak, with furniture of that wood. The windows in the bedrooms would better be treated alike. Curtains of sheer muslin, with outer hangings in colors harmonious with the paper. We cannot indorse the choice of the Japanese paper in brown and gold for the hall.

Will you please advise me as to what color of paint should be used with green burlap for sitting-room and red paper for dining-room? The carpets will match the walls. If green paint is used with burlap, should it be darker or lighter than walls?

I am told by a painter that the red paper cannot be matched in red paint, and would not look well if it could. L. B. H.

The woodwork of your living-room should be painted green, a shade several tones darker than the green burlap you have inclosed. Your painter is quite right. If it were possible to match in paint the red of the dining-room

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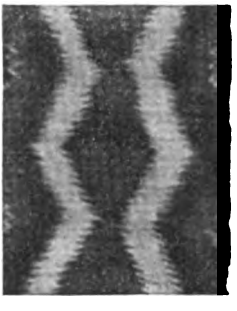
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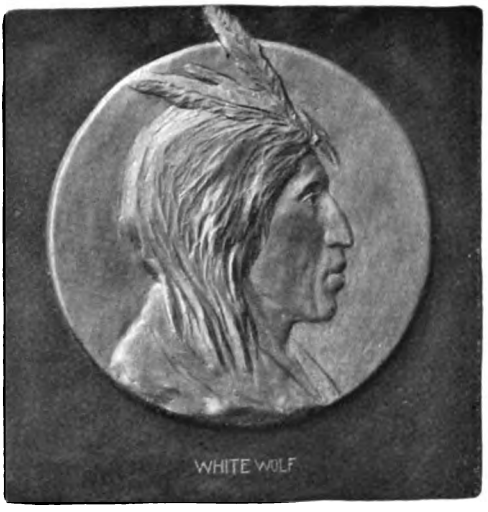
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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

paper, the result would be disastrous. While we approve of your choice in burlap, we cannot indorse the red paper with its mixture of gold and other shades. We think a paper combining green with mahogany shades will give you much more satisfaction in the end.

Will you kindly advise me in regard to the decorating and furnishing of my bedroom? It is twelve by sixteen feet, with two south and one east window. On the floor is steel-gray terry and a blue and white Japanese jute rug. The bed is iron, white-enameled and brass-trimmed. The chiffonier, dressing-table, and desk are mahogany. One small rocking-chair and one straight chair are white-enameled. The window-curtains, bedspread, and valance are of white swiss, with blue design. I also have a dressing-table made of pine boards; the top is curved in in the center. The curtains, valance, and cover to the frame of the mirror are of the same material as window-curtains. Can I utilize this as a washstand, and of what material, color, and design shall I get chamber set? Shall I buy a set or odd pieces? What material shall I use for covers for chiffonier and tables? How shall I paper the walls, and what color paint the woodwork? I have but a few pictures; what should the frames be? How shall I have bookshelves made? I have two blue and white silk curtains, Japanese design, for bookshelves, and two pillows with covers of same material. What should the couch and stand-covers be? L. M. P.

Your blue and white color scheme is dainty, but rather cold. We suggest staining the woodwork mahogany, and choosing for the walls either a paper of blue and ivory-whites or a paper combining blue and copper tones. The white swiss counterpane could be replaced with a coverlid and valance of chintz in which the dull blue and copper tones of the wall were blended with old pink. A corner washstand of mahogany is recommended, and it should have no draperies. Washstand sets in good shapes are difficult to find—one repeating the colors of the chintz would be effective, if you are fortunate enough to secure it. The bureau should have a fine linen cover that is easily washed. For the table a solid blue covering would be fitting, unless you wish to leave the table bare. A fine mahogany surface is so beautiful that it is a pity to hide it. The picture-frames should be of dark wood if the woodwork is dark, though if you select the ivory and blue paper the room will be improved by hanging the pictures elsewhere. Have low bookcases, stained like the woodwork. Your couch-cover must be determined by your paper. If you live in a town where there is not much dust, do not use curtains at your bookshelves.

The house has been built one year, and we would like to have you suggest a scheme for furnishing the two rooms to be used together as a living-room.

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

The rooms are nine feet six inches, and connected by an eight-foot opening, without doors. They are wainscoted four feet six inches high, in pine, paneled, and painted white, and are papered and curtained alike. Paper runs from top of wainscot to two-inch white molding at ceiling. Curtains, white muslin; window-shades, white; ceilings are lime mortar, not tinted; floors are pine, waxed; stairs the same, uncarpeted. An electric chandelier is in center of each room. All woodwork is painted white, except mantel, which is dark oak, without mirror. Dull green tile to fireplace, face and hearth, brass andirons. At present the rooms look bare and unhomelike. Will you suggest what furniture we should buy to remedy this, and how we should arrange it?

The following furniture we already have and must use in these rooms: Old-fashioned mahogany chair, high-back rush seat; old-fashioned mahogany chair, molded seat; mahogany rocker, small, rush seat; mahogany arm-chair, large, carved, modern; old tall clock, mahogany; Martha Washington work-table, old; old mahogany folding-top circular table, four legs; modern inlaid mahogany table, circular; porcelain umbrella-stand, green and white; large oil-lamp for table, spherical globe; potted palm, five feet high; antique rug, 7 by 4, dull blues, reds, and browns; antique rug, 5 by 3, dull blues and browns; antique rug, 5 by 3, mostly dull reds; water-colors and photographs on walls; oval mirror with gilt frame; mahogany and gilt mirror, reproduction of Mount Vernon mirror; over the mantel a large greenish photograph of the Alhambra, framed in green oak.

We are planning to build a low corner book-case to place between the eight-foot opening and the folding-doors into the dining-room. Dining-room is completely furnished, white paneled wainscot, dark blue and white paper, dark blue antique rug, and all furniture mahogany. Folding-doors into this room are always kept open. Would it be advisable to build a cushioned seat in the bay-window? We have a number of potted plants that could be used in decorating. M. L. G.

The reason why your room seems bare and unhomelike is because the light green paper with so much white paint produces a cold effect. The sample of paper received shows it to be a good colonial design, but pale and lifeless, and a poor background for pictures. You have so much fine old mahogany, and the white paneling of the rooms is so in keeping with the period under consideration, that we advise changing the walls rather than the furniture. Strong green on the walls in a plain tone will make the room much more livable—not a harsh, bright green, but one with considerable depth. This will be in harmony with the rugs, which now, by way of contrast, only accentuate the light paper. The cushioned corner seat will be excellent, but we do not advocate many palms. You are fortunate to possess so many old mahogany pieces.

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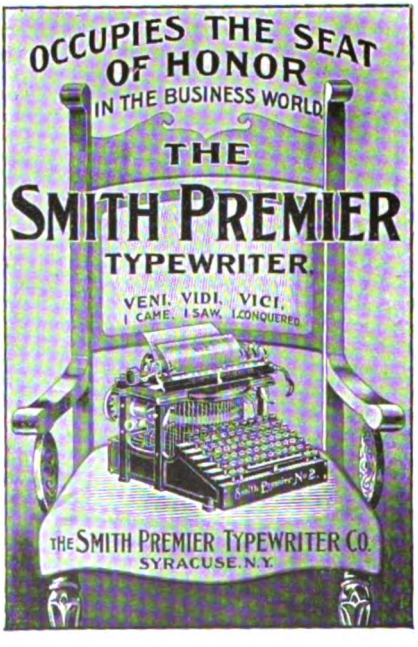
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A Fireplace in Dark Brown Oak and Copper
Designed by Liberty

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The House Beautiful

THE AMERICAN AUTHORITY ON HOUSEHOLD ART

VOL. IX. No. 3. FEBRUARY, 1901

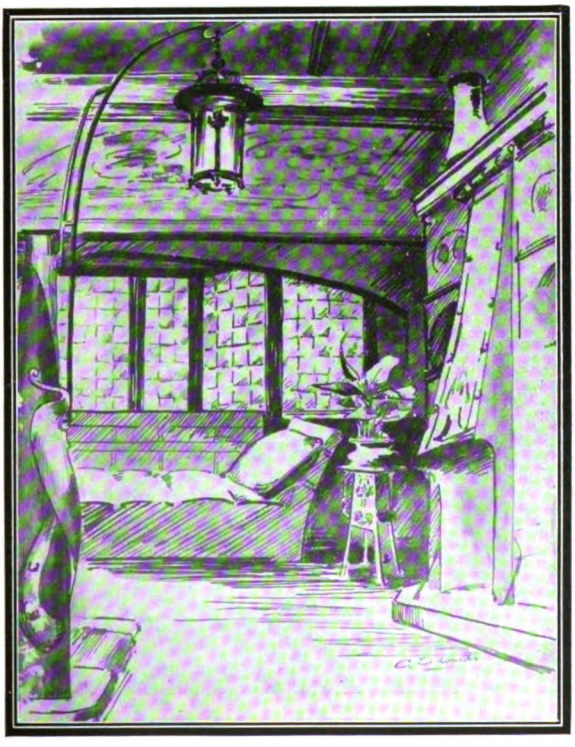
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Houses, Churches mixed together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather,
Prison, Palaces contiguous,
Gates, a Bridge, the Thames irriguous,
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen,
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow, not unwilling,
Many a bargain if you strike it,
This is Fleet Street. How d'ye like it?
—OLD SONG.

"LET us take a walk down Fleet Street." So said Doctor Johnson, but whether to breathe the air, or take gentle exercise, or see the waxwork show at the Sign of the Salmon, or to admire the ladies who walked abroad with a black page at their skirts, deponent sayeth not. Yet whenever I see that sentence on the title-page of "Temple Bar," I picture to myself the Doctor in all his snuffy personality revisiting the glimpses of the—no, not moon—electric light, and taking a walk, not down Fleet Street, but down its modern equivalent—Regent Street. In 1765, he might have strolled through flowery meads, or dingy wastes where rubbish was shot, where for the nonce stood raree shows or itinerant hucksters' stalls, on the outskirts of the mansion and pleasaunce of my Lord Foley.

But to-day in its place the philosophic Doctor would find a crescent of houses, a dazzling array of shops, that make, as the guide-book apologetically puts it, "the finest street in Europe, where the plain monotony of form is atoned for by the splendor of its contents." At this sight how would the Portly Ghost, in old brown coat with metal buttons, in shirt that should have been at the wash, and crumpled stockings, blink his eyes,



A QUIET CORNER

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drum with his fingers, and puffing more than his wont, lose dogmatic speech, at a realization undreamt of in his philosophy!

Doctor Johnson comprehended a good deal of what he saw, but he would find it somewhat puzzling to read, instead of the familiar signs of Fleet Street, the advertisements and shop plates on the windows.

How would the Ghost, whose bones keep high company in leaden state at Westminster, approve of No. 334, *Cremation Society of England*.

Crane, *The Bicycle Agents*, with a waxen image of a man riding the "latest machine" with "all modern improvements," might recall an echo of past comment.

"Why, sir, what gain is this, the man has his choice, whether he will move himself and the machine too?"*

Chickens in process of incubation, and the Koko hair-wash window, containing fine specimens of luxuriant heads of hair, suggestive of a back view of Bluebeard's Chamber, might well prove startling; and the nasal agonies of the exhibition phonograph (forestalling cockcrow) suggest a hurried return to Westminster.

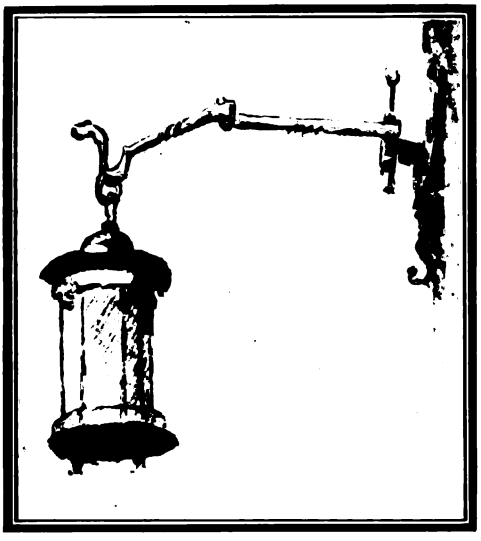
"Alas, poor Ghost!" Escape from the bustle of this unfamiliar pavement, the jostling crowds, the atmosphere of hurry, the raucous voices of the vendors of cheap toys, the fiendish shriek of *Spyshyal*, and above all the unceasing roar and rumble of the street here at Chesham House, the land of Limited



A. LAZENBY LIBERTY
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

*Boswell having brought to the Doctor's notice the ingenious discovery of a man who had invented a machine on wheels by which he could propel himself, asked the Doctor's opinion, when the above reply was given.

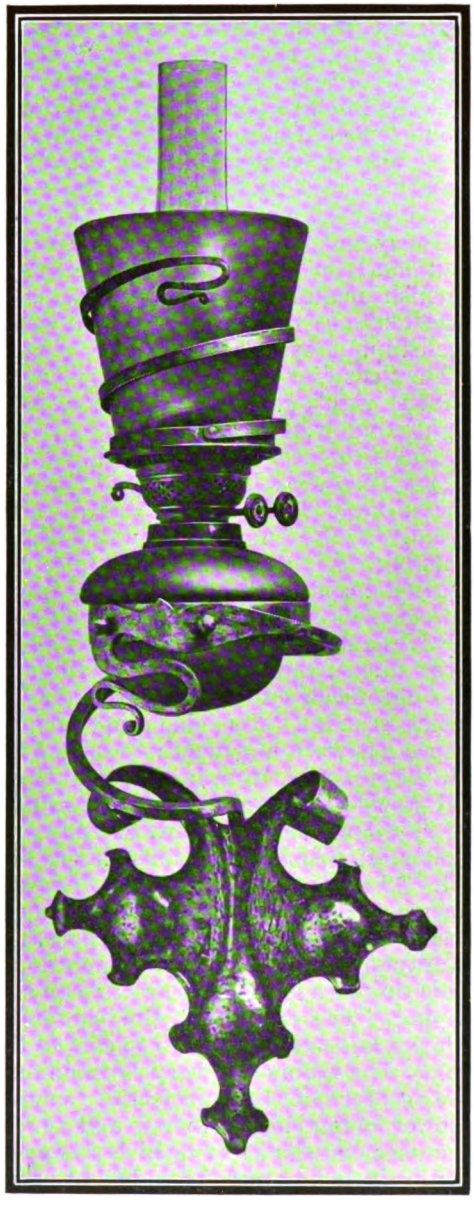
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A WROUGHT-IRON LANTERN

Liberty. Here in all moderation act, and nobody will hurry you. Behold, you find yourself in the quiet of another century, save for the frock-coated gentleman who, in the modern livery of London, leads an apparently harmless and tranquil existence in gentle contemplation of the artistic objects that surround them—an existence diversified by the necessity of occasional murmured directions to smart ladies, that like gorgeous birds of passage seek guidance through these mediæval mazes.

Mr. Liberty's work has very justly been described as the growth of an influence. His name (synonymous with the progress of his country) is known all over the world in connection with artistic household decoration. But this commercial success has been attained on artistic lines, and in using the term Limited Liberty I wish to convey that, although he has gathered from all quarters of the world objects for his purpose, he has not allowed their diversity to overrun a critical discernment. Here at No. 144 (the furniture department of his many departments) the influence of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is paramount. True to his theory



AN IRON LAMP

that the accession of James I. began the best period of English national taste in furniture, copies of the work of that time are here adapted to modern use.

The first thing that catches the eye

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on entering the ground-floor is an oaken staircase, leading apparently to the halls above. On the first balustrade is fastened a wrought-iron lantern, for electric light or gas, glassed in imitation of the old horn lights. The sketch does not, of course, give the variety of tone produced by the use of the hammered and polished iron.

I may say, in passing, that the lamps and lanterns at Liberty's alone might furnish matter for a long article, so excellent are they in design and workmanship. Beyond the stair is a veritable "cozy" square. The fireplace is on the right, and at the back a lead-light window.

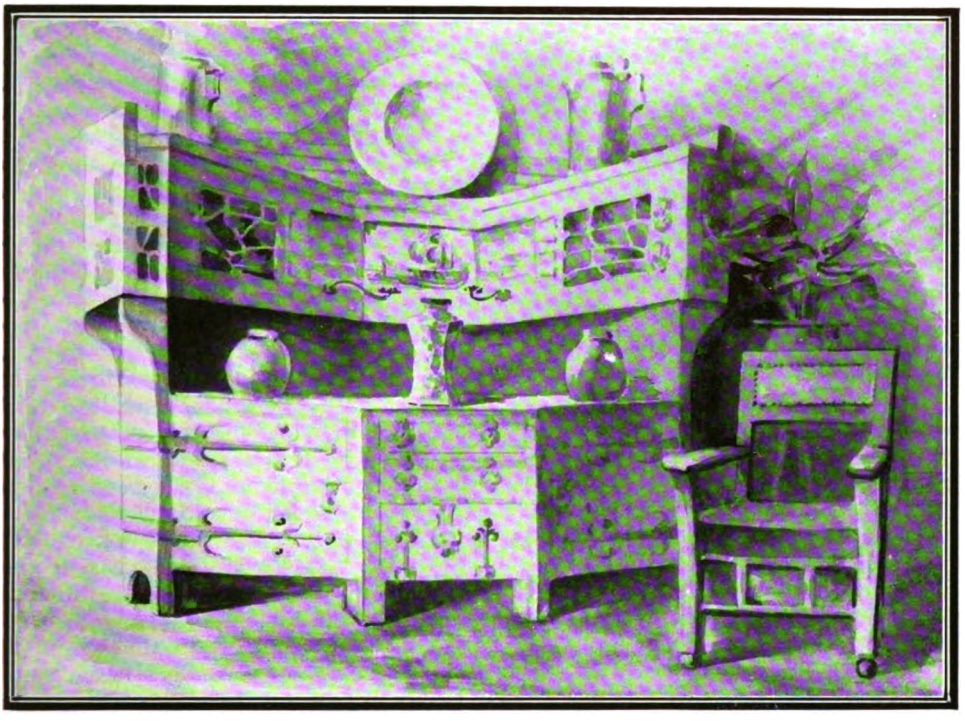
The fireplace, as in sketch, stands about nine feet high—very decorative for a large hall, library, or dining-room. A fire in action, in handsome framing, is the nucleus of interest, the magnetic center of the household—alike a welcome to the weary and the cold, the festive and the reposeful, the porer over tomes, the retailer of small talk, the chronicler of ghost stories or the latest scandal. Its changing countenance has worn a sympathetic aspect for all these moods, from immemorial times till now—and despite mean substitutes of slow-combustion stoves, of Parsons's grates, of dismal imitations in gas and oil. The household god—the domestic hearth—survives all lapses into degeneracy, and asserts himself, as here, the family friend of many generations. This fireplace is of dark brown oak and copper. The whole of the center is copper, buttoned on, so to speak, to the oak. The colors are very harmonious, the center of the projecting copper blower being dulled to red and green, the pheasant shades of tarnished copper, while its edges are kept bright, thus forming a background for the leaf-shaped ornament, brilliantly polished. The whole of the other parts is bright. The hinges to the cupboards are copper, the cupboard doors have dark bottle-green glass centers, with leaded panes in a quaint pattern. The fire-irons are copper, hanging on copper hooks against a background of soft dark green tiles; the dogs and bar across them, armored or bright iron; the hearth-stone, white; the hearth-tiles, dull red brick. Two braziers stand in front of the hearth.

In this fireplace one good idea is the introduction of hooks for tongs, shovel, poker, and hearth-brush. Remembering how, with hideous din, these necessary implements often assert themselves to nineteenth-century nerves, I make a special note of approbation of this dividing of the quarrelsome set. You may now put your foot on the hearth-stone and warm your feet without the risk of bringing them in angry remonstrance about your toes.

Dark grayish green is the pervading tone of the room in which this fireplace is the principal feature. A scroll-patterned frieze above the picture-rail is in faint pink, giving a suggestion of light irradiation from the copper and the fire. The walls below this picture-rail are covered with antique canvas of a deep silvery green. The oak chair (worthy of the portly ghost had he lingered long enough to test its hospitality) is covered with reddish leather, fastened on with rounded copper nails. The whole color of the place, with these deep-toned metals and sober tints, suggests some submarine restful spot where the greens and browns of the seaweed are relieved here and there by some bright shell or a bit of colored rock, striking a gayer note. Even the electric light is tempered in most ingenious fashion. Its shades are of horn—a thick horn, with sober iron mountings, whose dull pewter-like surface takes none of those irritating high lights one knows but too well in church.

A sideboard in another room is also of oak, with copper decorative hinges; handles and center-panel and candle-brackets, very much the same scheme of color as in fireplace. It has green glass in the cupboard doors, and a representation of a Dutch galleon in full sail in hammered copper as the center panel of the top cupboard.

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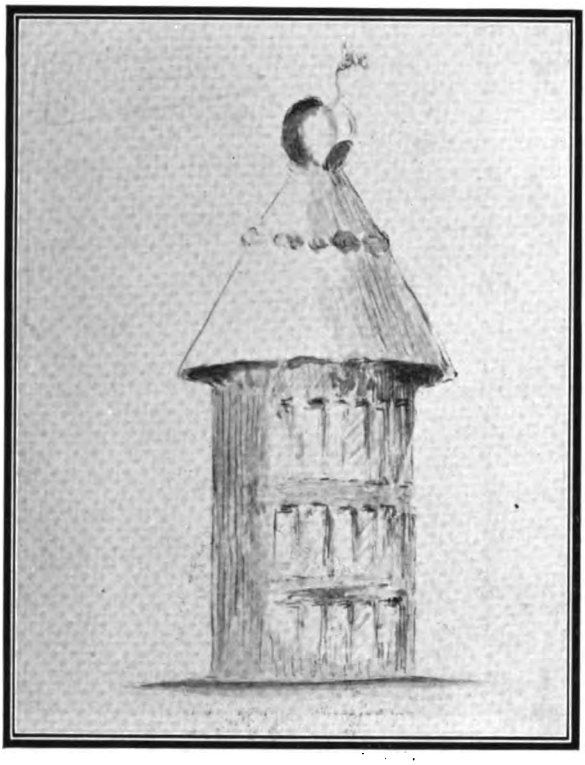
A CORNER SIDEBOARD IN OAK, DECORATED WITH COPPER HINGES AND GREEN GLASS

The glass-door cupboards project in curious fashion, forming wedges—their pointed ends turned inward to the center. Below are two larger ones, and useful drawers for linen or plate—the whole forming a tripartite curve. The large dish on the top is copper and the tankards copies of old pewter.

Mounting the oak staircase one reaches a room devoted to a few genuine specimens of eighteenth-century furniture, and descending another short flight of stairs arrives at the Japanese department.

There was a period in Mr. Liberty's development when he was still Gilbertian enough to believe in "everything one sees that's Japanese." But with the expansion of his taste he now accepts much beautiful work of other eastern nations. At the same time, he has done infinite service to the Japanese manufacturers by steadily declining to accept anything but their best, whether it be a bronze at three thousand dollars or a teacup at three cents. Mr. Lazenby, the head of the Japanese department, exercises an increasing vigilance in excluding work unnational or imitative of European designs in character. There are here two photographs of screens in illustration of this fact. When Mr. Lazenby found, some years ago, that in the competition to supply the European markets with pottery, embroidery, and work in metal, ivory, and lacquer at cheap rates, designs and material were fast losing, in Japan, their original excellence, he refused to accept the work, sending an old painted silk hand-screen illustrating one of their national fairy stories of the war between the frogs and the sparrows, and desiring the artists, as they could not now design, to copy the designs of their more talented forefathers. This

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A LANTERN

hint had the desired effect, and a large three-fold screen of most exquisite workmanship in embroidery was the result. This mimic Marathon between green ivory frogs and mother-of-pearl sparrows against a background of Kopjee and apple-blossom, in finest embroidery, is a marvelous display of dexterity. The frogs armed with grass spears, reed bows, pine-needle arrows, carrying butterfly-wings for shields, defend each point on the rock fortress of floss silks and rainbow-tinted sea-shell flowers against their fluttering assailants. But the life and movement in these creatures, the fairy touch of fable, it is impossible to describe—flight, frolic, fairy legend in nine feet by six.

This determined effort on the part of the firm has had a decided result, in "throwing back" to older methods, and recovering that lightness of touch and earnest individual work so purely Japanese in character. Another screen, in ivory, metal, and lacquer, shows how admirably the wistaria lends itself to these materials. Every separate petal in the bunches is in carved colored ivory, riveted and pegged into the wooden surface of the screen so that no climatic effect on the wood shall work destructively. The chief point outside the wonderful technique of the work on this screen is its breadth of effect despite a pre-Raphaelite treatment of detail. Another is in the older style, which had its development from the Chinese—a floral arrangement in vases and hanging-baskets, the flowers all worked in ivory and shell and raised quite three-quarters of an inch from the surface of the lacquered panel.

Had it not been for the discriminating restrictions of Mr. Lazenby and Mr. Liberty on the too preternaturally sharp trading abilities of the Japanese and the demoralizing effect of English money, we might have arrived at the point of finding everything Japanese a weariness to the flesh, and Japanese work entirely relegated to the humiliating position of being given away with a pound of tea—a position that would be shared at the present moment by the photographs of those distinguished generals, Lord Roberts of Kandahar and Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. To such base uses do free trade and unlimited competition reduce both art and fame in England. Cæsar's dust stopping a bung-hole is dignified seclusion in comparison.

There is much furniture in the Jacobean style and rooms containing designs covering many other periods. But furniture is only one of the forms in which Liberty has influenced domestic decoration, and one of the most

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recent. As a prophet of color crying in the wilderness some twenty-five years ago, Liberty reversed the old dictum, becoming admired in his own country and gaining honor in many others. He is unique in his influence in this direction, also, because he has not formed his taste on the fads of any particular school, but has adapted ideas from all. Starting from the gorgeous coloring of the eastern fabrics, he has developed these wonderful combinations by judgment and taste, producing fine results in the well-known Liberty art colors and materials. By picking to pieces a portion of an Indian shawl thread by thread, Mr. Liberty first formed his infinite variety of shade, and from each shade eventually, by much patience and experiment, the subtleties of color supposed to be the exclusive secret of the east. Not one of the many imitators who have followed in his lead has been able to approach him, though by the present revival of color in all fabrics they have paid him the sincerest flattery.

Those who remember the beginning of the æsthetic craze, and the ridicule with which it was received, may well find reason for congratulation that it has survived the verdict of the commonplace. All that was ridiculous in that movement has drifted into the lumber-room of memory, but that real revival of taste to which it was the prelude has sunk deep among the English-speaking race, and now in the beginning of another century represents the survival of the fittest, and the revival of the fit, in almost all provinces of art.

The revival has taken some time, for as Mr. Bunthorne put it, "You can't get high æsthetic tastes like trousers, ready-made.

Æstheticism has survived this amusing mockery, and it is fortunate that it has and that these transcendental germs have grown to a spreading tree of generous proportions under which we may rest in Liberty. M. G. SPLATT.



AN OLD JAPANESE BRONZE

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NEW YORK LETTER

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS' publication, "Oriental Rugs," by Mr. John Kimberly Mumford, has met with unexpected success, in spite of its price, which precludes it from being a "popular" book.* It has run through the first edition within one week of publication, and as many of its illustrations are in color, by a new and very successful process, the second edition will not be ready until February. When one considers how many people nowadays have at least a few oriental rugs, and periodically are called upon to choose others as gifts or to admire or criticise those of friends and relatives, it does not seem strange that an authoritative work on the subject should meet with success. There are practically no books on the subject in the English language, though some very elaborate, and in price prohibitive, publications have been made in Vienna. In the early days of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, in Volumes I and II, quite a feature was made of oriental rugs, and the distinctive qualities and marks of the various kinds were described very practically by Mr. Walter E. Browne. The poetic side of oriental rugs—and who will gainsay that they have in their histories nothing but prose—is best treated in Mr. Ellwanger's "The Story of My House," which you should not read unless you have the wherewithal immediately to sally forth and spend your last dollar on a Daghestan, Coulas, or Jourdes masterpiece.



PLATE OF YUNG-TCHING PERIOD, 1723-1735. PHŒNIXES AND FLOWERS IN ENAMELS. RED AND GOLD BORDER

It would seem almost sacrilegious to turn from the consideration of these gems of oriental art work to that of some modern and American imitations. But yet, if less poetic, they are very practical successes, and good enough as replicas to have won a medal in Paris. Many examples are now on exhibition in Union Square, and with all the prejudices of a worshiper of the antique and the real, I must confess they are the best things I have seen of the kind. The color, texture, and designs are quite perfect, and with no hesitation at all I would recommend them much above most of the modern-made, though genuine, oriental rugs. For the trade has fallen into the mire of commercialism, without the perfection and finish that American commercialism gives to its products. Hasty workmanship and aniline dyes in place of vegetable have all but ruined the famous art.

These American rugs have none of the luxurious irregularity, the fascinating

*Seven dollars and fifty cents, net.

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incongruities, and the genii-conjured memories of those that Ellwanger wrote about, but they are certainly very good carpets.

* * * *

The *Times Saturday Review* recently commented upon the revival of interest in semi-precious stones, especially those in which color played an equal part with brilliancy. The paragraph is as follows:

"Judging from recent displays at the Horse Show and theaters, colored precious stones have become quite the vogue. The cheap-looking, porcelain-like turquois, surrounded with diamonds, flares its obtrusive and lifeless blue everywhere. Sapphires, rubies, emeralds, opals, and pearls, especially the black pearl, find favor with my lady of the elaborate toilettes. Even coral has once more found fanciers, as it had in the days of our grandmothers. This is said to be an echo of Vienna first and London later. Those gems already mentioned, with the topaz, the amethyst, the chrysolite, and other semi-precious stones, find resting-places in nests of diamonds on necklaces, brooches, and pendants, as well as in rings, bracelets, corselets, and other trinkets with which womankind delights to adorn herself, and with which mankind likes to see her adorned, for there is a touch of savagery that revels in that sort of thing in all of us. Infinite variety is shown in the cutting and setting of those gems already shown. Among the importations of pretty things for the season, this change from the diamond unadorned is very noticeable."

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL has on several occasions printed articles strongly commending these forgotten gems to public attention, and it is indeed an encouraging sign of the times that even the fashionable world can break away from the long-worshiped fetich of the diamond.

* * * *

The small exhibitions in New York are numerous enough to keep one busy, and the interest they arouse is encouraging to workers in the arts and crafts. One of the most delightful of them was a loan exhibition in the rooms of the Society of Decorative Art, of samplers, fans, and miniatures. Specimens of colonial and early English needlework, in the shape of samplers from the collection of Mr. Alexander Drake, were among the most interesting exhibits.

The New York Society of Ceramic Arts held its ninth annual exhibition at the Waldorf Hotel. Mr. Charles Volkmar was easily the most important exhibitor. His work is pretty well known by this time, as it is a number of years since he established his famous Corona Kiln. It has qualities very beautiful and charming, and has none of the amateur feeling which it would seem harder for pottery workers to shake off than those of any other handicraft.



SEMI-EGG-SHELL PLATE, 1723-1735. FIGURES BRILLIANT IN COLOR, DELICATE ROSE-PINK PREDOMINATING IN BORDER

There was also a commendable exhibition of arts and crafts at the new house of the National Arts Club, at 37 and 39 West Thirty-fourth Street.

Dealers and connoisseurs in beautiful

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china and bronze no doubt read in the daily press of the alleged looting by the European soldiers in China with different sensations from the rest of mankind. They remember that directly after the Japanese war were discovered in this country many unusual and masterly pieces, which Japanese soldiers had "picked up" in China during the campaign. It is therefore conceivable that very shortly we shall see on sale many rare objects for centuries hidden in the forbidden precincts of Chinese palaces. The only — and a serious — doubt is whether there are many European soldiers with enough discretion to "loot" intelligently. The picking must be good; but our enlisted men are not artistically of the stuff that those of Japan are, and it is to be feared they may stamp under their boot-heels a priceless china cup and carry home triumphantly some foolish but gaudy sword made to sell to the "barbarians." The Chinese are masters of design. Even much of their cheap stuff is perfect in decoration, and plates can be purchased in Chinese shops in Mott or Pell streets, New York, which for color and design are remarkable productions. Our foremost artists could not surpass them, and made under our system, they would have to bring exorbitant prices. The plates illustrated are from the well-known Garland collection, and are of very great value because of their age and intrinsic beauty. They illustrate, however, the profusion and generosity of the designers.

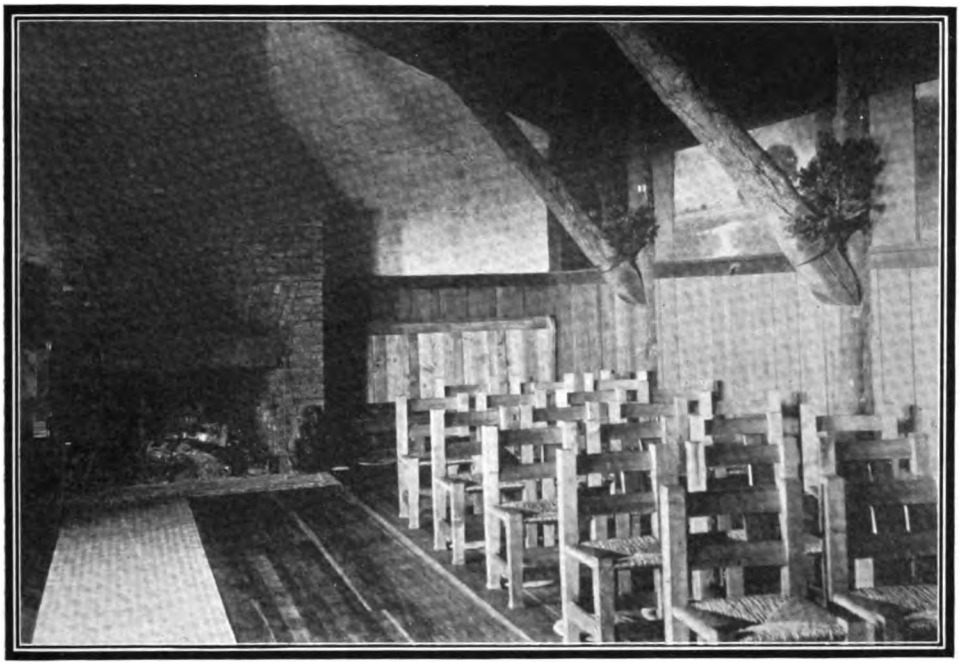
* * * *

We are continually hearing fairy stories like that of a lad of eighteen, who had charge of the telephone booths in the Stock Exchange, who secured so many good tips that he cleared up seventy-eight thousand dollars last winter, and has now gone into business on his own account. I have recently heard a story pertaining to the beginning of one of the cleverest dealers in antiques in New York, which, though dealing in more modest figures, as befits Fourth Avenue when compared to Wall Street, still has the air of romance and fable about it. This dealer, then quite young, had in his possession thirty old china pepper-pots. He doubtless had picked them up here and there for his own amusement. Some were in the shape of diminutive "tobeys," others blue and white, or decorated in various ways. Though all of them were inexpensive, they were doubtless well selected, as the man in question has very excellent taste. Enter then a good fairy in the shape of an old gentleman with plenty of money and a fad for collecting. He had never heard of a collection of pepper-pots, but was struck with the novelty of the idea, and would not take nay for his answer. The embryo dealer wanted the pepper-pots himself, but he could not resist the offer of ten dollars apiece, and sold his collection for three hundred dollars. The good fairy, however, did not then and there vanish into smoke, but continued to wave his wand, and offered the young man ten more dollars for each and every pepper-pot he might subsequently produce. The dealer proceeded at once to England with his three hundred dollars, and his wife, where together they walked through the smaller towns and villages of the rural districts. At every place they inquired for pepper-pots, and eventually returned to this country with one hundred and two, which they proceeded to cash for one thousand dollars, having generously thrown in the two extra pots for nothing! With this money the young man established himself in business, and judging from his present appearance he has lived happily ever afterward. As for the good old fairy, he continued as he began, and when he died, left behind him either one thousand or two thousand china pepper-pots, it seems rather immaterial which, for in either case "he died too soon," as the hero of this fable said with tears in his eyes.

Moral—don't begin.

OLIVER COLEMAN.

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FIREPLACE AND CHAIRS

A SERMON IN CHURCH BUILDING

THOUSANDS of church-spires prick the blue in this broad land of ours, but artists and architects and travelers join in saying that the most picturesque of them all springs from the western edge of the continent —the spire of the church of the New Jerusalem. This romantically beautiful edifice houses a little company of those who keep the Swedenborgian faith, but its auditorium is often filled with lovers of art, bound by no creed except the love of beauty.

Hundreds of American churches represent vastly more money than this gem of a chapel. The building cost only seven thousand five hundred dollars, and the lot the same, figures within the reach of many a congregation which, harnessed to a mortgage, gasps and strains against its load of debt. The Swedenborgians, who planned and inhabit this lovely edifice, were in no haste. They waited for years—about twenty-five, I believe—from their foundation as a society until the time seemed to be ripe for the building of their house beautiful. And then it came as if brought by ravens. No member can tell you how much the church cost; no one can say how the money was raised. There was never any appeal for funds; there was never any pulpiteering for money. There is but a handful of members, some seventy-five congenial people, and when they were moved to give, they gave to the building fund until at last there was money enough to give their dream a concrete form. Still the members say, "We do not know how the money was raised." So literally do they put into execution that difficult injunction concerning the left hand's relation to the right, that no

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member knows what any other member gave. I doubt if any single one remembers the amount of his own contribution; from which it may be gathered that they are an idealistic and unworldly people, and that their church embodies these qualities, most refreshing in these days of case-hardened materialism.

The church stands on the corner of Lyon and Washington streets, in San Francisco, quite remote from centers of trade, but near the top of a hill which commands a wide sweep of purpling hills and bay. The lot is 102 by 58



ALL BIRDS ARE WELCOME

feet, if you must have details, and slopes toward the south, rising as it approaches the corner, where there is a high bank. This necessitated a wall of concrete more than a man's height, over which green vines tumble, and which is often merry as a May morning with a riot of the rose-pink blossoms and the green and varnished leaves of the ivy geranium, which is too prodigal by half and too passionately luxuriant to fit the austere appearance of the ordinary church.

Given a bit of ground of these dimensions and seven thousand five hundred dollars, the average board of church trustees would have felt it incumbent on them to see that the building covered the whole lot, and that the mortgage covered site, building, and all. The church would rise, a box-like horror, with a steeple or two and a strip of land running around it like a skimpy ribbon —not even an apology for God's acre. But these builders appreciate the value of a setting. They took as little as might be of their land for a church, and turned all the rest of the site into an Eden, full of flowering things and living green—a place where God seems very near. Their high wall—the one frescoed with geraniums—screens them from the street, the church shelters them from the prevailing winds, and the whole plot is warm and sunny and grateful all the year as a Florida winter. The garden-walks lead nowhere in particular, except to some singularly perfect shrub or tree. In one corner rises a slender, spidery cross of iron which once decorated some one of the Franciscan missions, fast melting into Mother Earth in California. Nor is the garden untenanted. The birds love to nest there out of the wind, so the trustees caused to be constructed a wide, shallow pool of stone, sunk like a saucer in the green velvet of the lawn, always filled to its brim with water, which reflects as in a mirror the trees that bend to look in and to watch the hundreds of feathered creatures that daily bathe there and preen their feathers.

In general lines, the church follows the mission architecture of California, with arches adapted from the Moorish and a tower that gives dignity and aspiration to the whole. The walls are of concrete and hard-burned brick, and the roof of Spanish tiles. It would have been economy of space to have entered from the street, but this would have been the ordinary way and much too commonplace for an edifice so unusual. Consequently, one steps in from the street to a deep-shadowed little vestibule. There is no door; there is no sign; the name of the church appears nowhere, and the stranger is tempted to

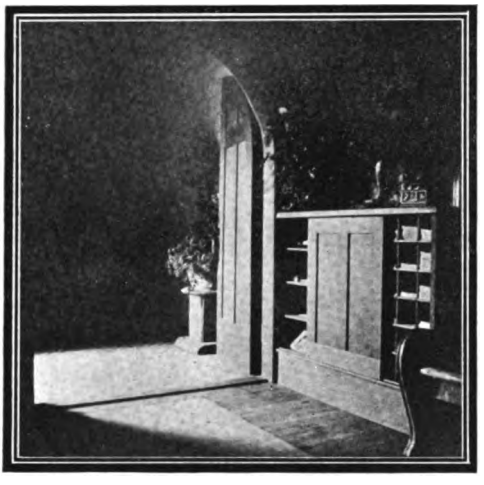
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ENTRANCE TO THE GARDEN

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withdraw hurriedly, lest he be trespassing on some one's private grounds. The path leads around the church through the garden, past the bird-pool, and the entrance to the building is at the far end. But the visitor does not lose anything during the passage, for at every step in the ideal garden there is a distinct elevation in mood, and the quiet and peace and gentle retirement of the place appeal to him more strongly with every moment. There is nothing worldly about this house of God; this is no temple to Mammon. It seems like a

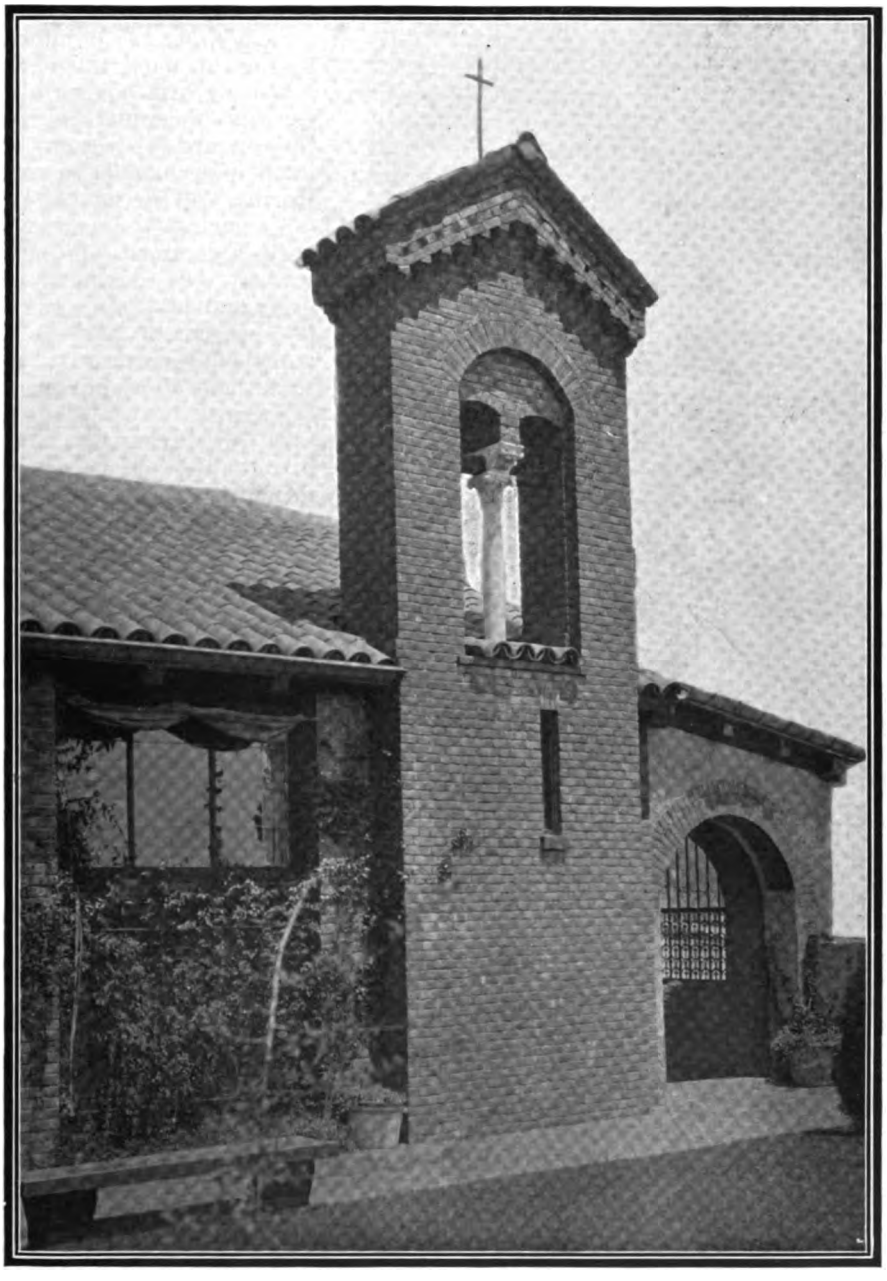


THE SHADOWY VESTIBULE

place where one should leave one's sandals in some outer portico, and enter only clean-shod and pure of heart. The mystery of the place is distinctly unmodern, and the ascetic spirit of the old missions so strong that unless it is pointed out, one entirely forgets to look up at the finger-wide window in the tower which was brought by one of the members from Westminster Abbey. The same leaded pane through which the light filtered upon the renowned dead of the Abbey for hundreds of years offers no resistance now to the sunshine of an empire undreamed of when that glass was made.

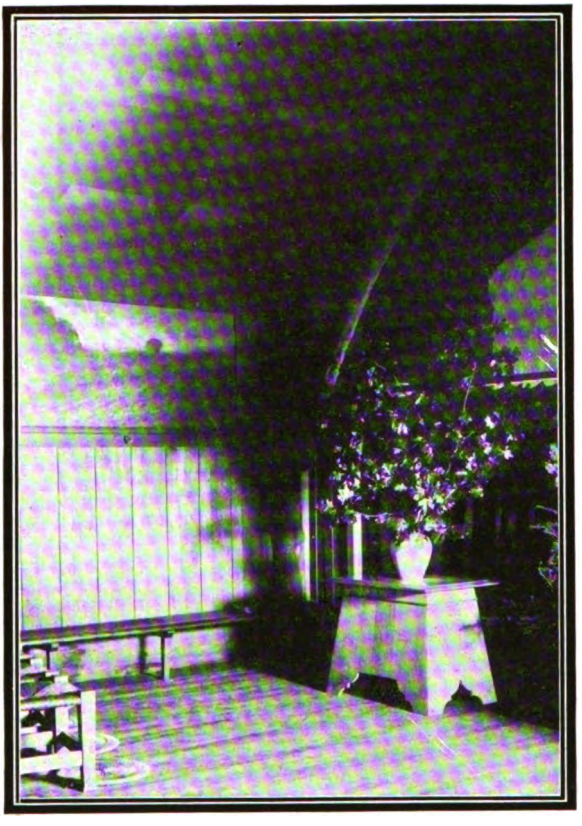
The sudden passing from the blinding sunshine to the black interior of the church is startling, and one gropes to a seat—this church without a sign has also dispensed with ushers—and sits for a moment or two before the readjusted eyes are able to take note of the surroundings. The auditorium is rectangular, fifty feet long by thirty wide by eighteen high, I think the dimensions are. The first thing that impresses you is the Gothic effect which the little room expresses so forcibly. Who was it that said that the first Gothic idea was conceived in forest-aisles where the interlacing branches formed the groined roof? This idea has been most perfectly carried out in this church by the sundown sea. Not by pillars or columns is the roof upborne, but by great tree-stems, still covered with native bark. The trees are madrones, and there are six pairs of them. You seem to be in a forest, the trunks rising at either side. The walls are wainscoted with Oregon pine, spared from the fiend with the paint-pot. Down the side toward the garden are windows, plain and leaded. Clambering roses throw themselves against the panes in a perfect ecstasy, and the green light which filters through their juicy leaves is further tempered by curtains of soft, brown, porous stuff. But there is one window which is not green and brown. In the very center of this wall is a small, square aperture which glows with living light. It shows St. Christopher crossing the river with the Child in his arms, and is as much a picture as any canvas to which painter ever laid brush. I have seen many stained windows, but never one that made my heart throb like this wonderful St. Christopher, with the blended blues and greens of sky and water; with his dark head and the light on one bare brown limb, advanced for another step, and the luminous head of the Child on his arm—the only convincing halo I have ever seen. This is not a thing of gilt paper and tinsel, but a golden glow, as though a small sun were giving off light and warmth and all good and desirable things. There is a hood out-

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CHURCH OF THE NEW JERUSALEM, SAN FRANCISCO
Designed by the late A. Page Brown

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CORNER OF THE CHANCEL, SHOWING MR. KEITH'S MURAL PAINTING

side the window, and by its rise and fall the artist-members of the church temper the light to the saint. When the sun shines on him directly his glory is unbearable.

High up in the wall, over the chancel, is another gem of a window, small and round, set like a jewel out of reach. Its theme is a garden. Lavender iris grows at the base of a shallow stone bowl, filled to the brim with water. A branch of a flowering apple-tree is reflected in the sheet of quicksilver, and on the edge of the pool balances a bird, even as in the garden of the New Jerusalem.

Down the other side of the church, opposite the windows, are four large mural landscapes, long and narrow and rich in tone, painted by William Keith, the dean of California landscape painters, and by far the most talented, and given by him out of his love for this charming church. The themes are the seasons, translated and changed to suit California, and the panels, instead of showing the conventional spring, summer, autumn, and winter, are devoted to the early and late rains and to the two seasons of harvest. This story of the western seasons tells the gradual change of the hills from brown to green, to brown again, and describes vividly the luscious colors of the meadows and the deep shadows of the oaks. These pictures are simply sunk in the pine walls, guiltless of framing. Under each one is a black iron bracket with three wax candles, and the same simple and primitive lighting arrangements appear on the opposite walls between the windows.

The fourth wall is occupied by a great fireplace, wide-mouthed and cavernous as any in the most hospitable mansion house. It is of brick, fitted with andirons and fire-dogs that end in crosses. Summer and winter a wood fire burns there. No clouds of incense here; no odor of myrrh and frankincense, but the pungent aroma of burning wood always in the air, the last fragrant breath of expiring trees, a tang as of a forest fire, carrying out the suggestion of tree-trunks in the dim, dark room. On summer Sundays there is but a little snapping fire and a faint fragrance, just enough to take away that chill that almost always lingers till noon in San Francisco. Of winter mornings, when it is cool or wet, a great backlog blazes away, filling the church with light and warmth and perfume. Late-comers gather at the fire and warm themselves

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and dry their garments before the genial blaze, and draw their seats close, so that the red light plays on heads bowed in prayer.

There are no pews in the church of the New Jerusalem. The floor is of polished pine, and for the hundred people whom the place will hold are chairs, beautifully modeled, suggestive of the primitive old mission furnishings, but with a certain indescribable variation from the straight line that eliminates every suggestion of awkwardness. I have seen keeling *peons* on mosaic floors in Mexico; I have seen old carved pews with quaint worm-eaten doors; modern pews, a horror of appliqué work and varnish; opera-chairs, upholstered in red plush, which fall down with a bang in prayer-time; but I have never seen seats which so perfectly fitted their environment as these. Perhaps the congruity arises from the fact that they too were designed by the architect, A. Page Brown, who planned the church but a short time before his untimely death. The frames of the chairs are of maple and the seats are of California tules, beautifully braided by hand. The seats are exceedingly comfortable, and in front of each is a Japanese woven grass-mat, which dulls the footfalls and comforts the knees of the faithful.

I have said nothing about the chancel—the very soul of the church—for to me the fireplace seems like the sacred heart of things, and it is hard to withdraw the eyes from this glowing magnet even to look at the reading-desk. The chancel is at the east end, underneath the round window with the iris and the bathing bird. The reading-desk is of pine, unstained, and behind it is a settee, sunk in shadows and made to match the settles at either side of the fireplace, smothered in shadows, too. In one corner, near the reading-desk, which is scarcely raised above the floor, is the small organ, on the top of which stands a brown jar of foliage. There is a branch from an oak, shaped like a perfect tree, with cobwebs of Spanish moss hanging from it. There are limbs of eucalyptus, crisp and brown, at least a year old, and wonderfully softened into mauves and browns. There are a few rushes and, perhaps, an artichoke flower or two—at any rate everything brown and somber and harmonious, rich as the flavor of old wine, according perfectly with this temple of the trees. On a pedestal at the other side of the desk is a graceful Japanese vase of clear, pale color, with great masses of some dark green, shiny shrub, and this



"LIMBS OF EUCALYPTUS, CRISP AND BROWN"

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is all the color there is in the church, except the radiance of the colored windows, the landscapes, and the fire. The preacher comes in from behind a screen of wood. He moves so softly and sits so far back in the shadow that he seems some gentle ghost. The more I look at this chancel, the more impressed I am with its wonderful lighting effects. The windows are so arranged and curtained that when the first notes of the scriptural reading float out on the air they seem to come from absolute darkness, and then, as the speaker advances a little more into view, the light falls, concentrated, on his pale, scholarly face and his silver hair, leaving the slender body entirely in the shadow. There are chants and songs—primitive music and a simple service and short sermon, in perfect keeping with the utter simplicity of the interior. There are no notices. The preacher does not announce that "The Ladies' Aid Society will meet on Saturday, and prayer-meeting will be held in this house on Wednesday night." There is no note of the world to mar the really spiritual service—no offertory, no clinking collection-boxes, no deacons with squeaking soles—nothing of the earth, earthy. Your thoughts are very far away from these things. It is a great deal for a service to live up to this edifice, but the Rev. Joseph Worcester, whose thought this church embodies, compasses it; for he is gentle as a nun, ascetic as some secluded friar, entirely sanctified. He does not believe in notices of services in the newspapers; he it is who objects to any sign on the church; he is not anxious to proselyte; he abhors a collection. The pastor is as unusual as the church. Hidden away in a shadowy corner is an iron-bound box for voluntary contributions. But the members do not know how the pastor's salary is raised or the church supported—the ravens again.

The place has cast a peculiar spell and fascination upon every one who has had even a remote connection with it. The workmen who laid the walls became interested in their work far beyond the ordinary journeyman's interest. They worked overtime from sheer love of the church; and when a swallow built a nest under the eaves, they took innumerable pains not to disturb her, and spread a feast of crumbs from their luncheon-baskets.

But best of all is the story of the trees. Rev. Joseph Worcester was in the Santa Cruz Mountains, and he selected the lusty young madrones for the pillars of the temple. He told the young mountaineer on whose wood-lot they grew the purpose for which they were destined. The mountaineer was a practical young fellow to whom the tree meant nothing more than its market price. But as he cut the trees he grew thoughtful. Doors hitherto unsuspected opened to him, and the Dryads of the forest, chaplet-crowned, stood before him. One day he said to the clergyman: "No hands but mine have touched those trees, and I can't bear to think of them being handled as freight. If you will let me carry them to the city in my wagon, it shall not cost you any more than by train." The clergyman was willing. He liked the idea.

So the mountaineer harnessed his horse to his heavy wagon, took the trees and his wife and children, and started toward the city. The horses jingled down many a long mile of mountain road, for the teamsters' horses in California are musical with sleigh-bells. Once there was a breakdown, and the accommodating country people where the accident occurred lent heavier wheels to the mountaineer. Once a blacksmith's services were necessary, but when the smith heard that the trees were for a church he refused to be compensated.

At last the jingling team drew up in front of the unfinished church, and the trees were put into place—still by the same hands that cut them. And this was the spirit which built the church of the New Jerusalem, and which still maintains it in all its charming simplicity.

MABEL CLARE CRAFT.

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PSYCHOLOGY OF THE TEXTILE MATERIAL

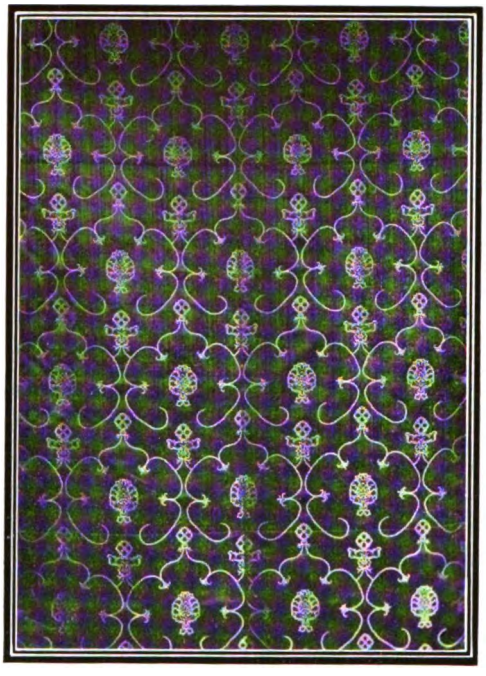
THE peculiar quality of the textile material places it in the forerank of all fabrics conjured into form by mortals for their use. Stone, metal, and wood, capable of being put to much service, stop far short in their utilitarian nature of cotton, flax, wool, silk, and such commodities. As the dawn of civilizations brought the grades, or the classes, and a desire to be fittingly garbed, so their clothing demanded gradings and changes from leaves, or the skins of wild beasts, which at first were chosen by these mortals as more desirable than their own. We have not learned just when such demands first fell upon the early peoples, or by what silent stages the present needs were reached. It is sufficient here to say that at some time it occurred to the race that a cotton nightgown was preferable to a skin, that its workaday clothes would not answer for bank holidays, and that the materials in hand were not conducive to that constant change of costume made necessary by season, occupation, and rank.

To us moderns the difficulty will be easily seen, and the necessity of overcoming it. It would be perplexing to wear the same skin at a yellow luncheon, a pink tea, and a chrysanthemum ball on the same day, and it would be equally perplexing to find proper skins to suit the situation,—a monkey rainy-day skirt for morning, a goat en traine in the afternoon, and a bear cut very décolleté at night. So the thing had to come, just as certainly as an abandonment of metal headgear once used in times of war and wooden shoes in times of peace. And the textile fabric came—and survived—as the fitting one for all purposes of dress, on account of its possibilities and its adaptability to that higher purpose for which it is renowned. From the commonest interlacing of grasses and leaves, in its earliest stage, there grew wondrous

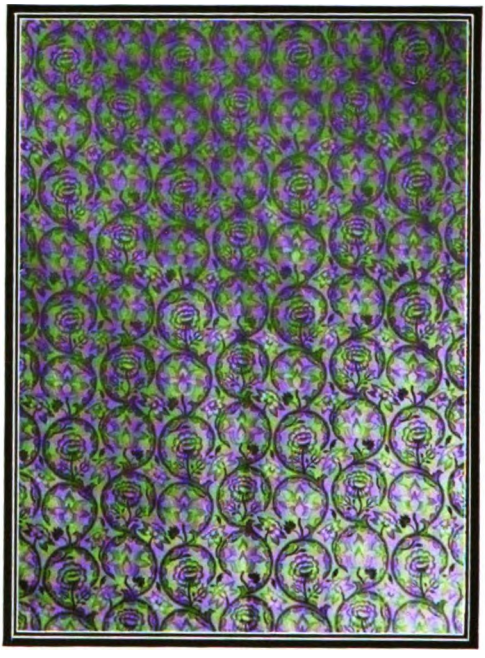


SILK BROCATELLE FROM A WALL-HANGING IN THE VATICAN. CRIMSON ON IVORY
Copy in Blenheim Castle

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GOTHIC SILK DAMASK IN CRIMSON AND SILVER
Design by Raphael



EARLY BYZANTINE SILK BROCADE
REDS, BLUES, AND YELLOWS ON IVORY
French Copy of Old Spanish Vestment

weavings of silken stuffs, graced with jewels and silver and gold.

I shall make little or no further comment on carpets or clothes—each is a theme in itself; I shall make no reference to the commercial or domestic varieties of the commodity—all have their places to fill; but there is one branch of this industry which has made for piety and the advancement of every race, to which the textile material more ably lent itself than all the rest. It taught weavers to work for the work's sake; and it would seem that from such workers as these the people of Hans Andersen's little settlement in Whitehall, Wisconsin, had taken their legend, written over the entrance or gateway of their town, "The best results of toil and care are those which we with others share." For the toil and care of the workers at the loom shown in the wall-hangings made ages ago have indeed given results unrivaled in charm and beauty by any other fabric known.

The history of the loom from its earliest known existence is encyclopedic property, and every one is expected to be acquainted with it. Its practical application to its appointed work—the weaving, or interlacing, of certain materials into a fabric—is also studied. The evolution of tapestry-weaving, which reached its high standard of interest and renown in the period of the Raphael cartoons, when the greatest painters were not above making subjects, and were engaged for the purpose, the weaver's work in the looms, and the various steps of improvement in the loom from crude beams fastened between the trunks of growing trees to the "Jacquard" of to-day, are also traceable in printed histories. The westward movement, and northward, in about the same relative directions all the art

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industries are known to have taken, from the older to the newer civilizations along with the arts and learning and commerce, is found in the annals of each nation, embedded in its progress according to the instinct and appreciation apportioned thereto.

I wish to point out to the great brotherhood of architects—followers of the monument builders of the world—that they must take advantage of their opportunities to assist in the spiritual evolution of men and nations; that they must create for time. They must do as their masters have done—build with fervor, and call in the aid of religion for the higher development of their art. I am strengthened in this thought by the history of the specimens of textiles here reproduced, and also by a very able article I found in a recent number of the *Architectural Review*, by Mr. Wilson, entitled, "Art and Religion." It is so full of rich reasoning that I shall give an idea of its worth in three short sentences: "We see how religion has fired the artist, and how the latter has enriched religion by some new aspect of humanity, some newly discovered beauty, some before unimagined harmony. It does not matter whether we look at savage art or at that of Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, or Roman, the art is the gauge of the spiritual capabilities of the race, the measure of its penetration into the unseen, and the individual works are milestones of progress. This way came men out of brutishness, led by the lodestar of beauty; and though it is impossible to define beauty, a definition at best is but a cross-section of a truth. I would call beauty the result of the immediate correspondence between life and environment."

I have found in all phases or forms of decorative subjects that the best work is inspired by religion—convent and monastery largely among the producers, and church and pontiff's palace never slow to absorb everywhere the product so enriched. Life and environment must be what we make them, and these being in harmony with the divine must and will produce only the best—that which is harmonious and complete. Then the art of religion—the beauty of holiness, and the religion of art—the holiness of beauty, become inseparable, and secure to the instinct of every race.

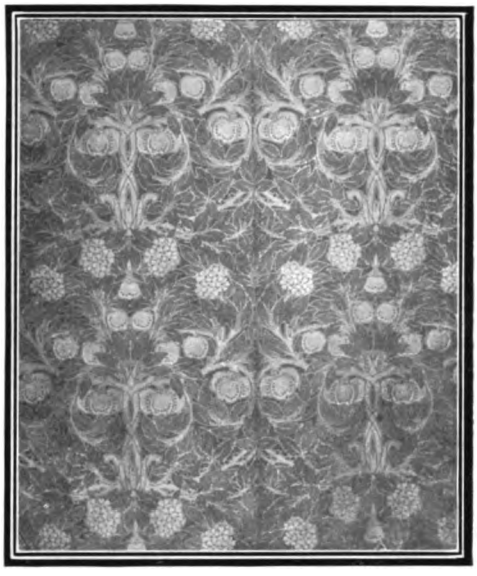


SILK BROCADE IN FIFTY SHADES
Original in Museum of Turin

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Of the new work now being done, we are not well able to judge—it is new, it is different, and so attractive and interesting; the depth of the gauge of merit embraced in the new work is learned only by the test of time (with art as with literature). A book is written, read, and consigned to the shelves; after an interval of from fifteen to twenty years, it again comes forth to be read by a new generation. Its retirement now means endless oblivion or a third revival to continued reputation for all time. Only the best here survives, and from the world's large product these few which live are the thrice-tried refinings from the whole; they are the standards for all judgments—the Kalevalas, the Iliads, the Divine Comedies, the Rubaiyats, the Cids, the Hamlets, the Fausts.

Much of the art of to-day is well named "secessional." It secedes from



MODERN ENGLISH WOOL TAPESTRY IN GREENS AND LEMON-YELLOWS STRICTLY VICTORIAN



AN ITALIAN RENAISSANCE DESIGN IN OLIVE, WOOD-BROWNS, AND FADED PINKS AND BLUES

what we may call the traditional largely, and yet necessarily savors of all that has gone before. I see in it Japanese infused into Gothic, though it is more subtly done, as Mohametan was fused in the early part of Italian Renaissance, and Botticelli welded into both so cleverly as to be almost living again. The attractive beauty of our new work is in its fewness of lines. Whether this is a finer grasp of beauty or the result of a nervous haste, time only can decide, but the fact remains we can show no such subtle blendings of many shades and colors in elaborated designs in the new work as is found in the old. And designers who make the most elaborate patterns, while showing unquestionable skill in their combinations of lines, are either unable or unwilling to take the time to blend the wonderful kinds of stitches in their weaving, and complex gradations of tones in their coloring, that charm us into this deeper love and admiration for the old.

It is encouraging that the commercial side of it has not weakened altogether

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MODERN ENGLISH WOOL TAPESTRY IN STYLE OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN REDS, BROWNS, AND GREENS

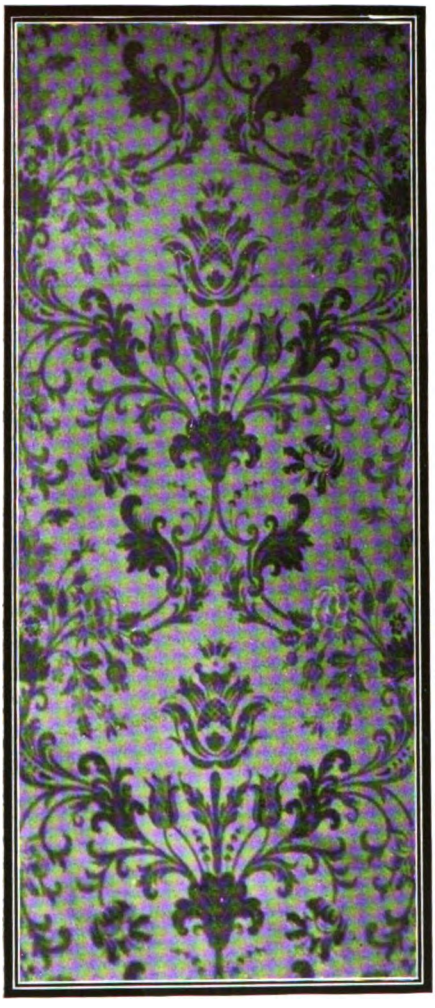
in Europe. The weavers there continue to give us these rare examples of men's patience and love in the reproductions honestly carried out. And I regret I cannot say the same for our manufacturers here. The book publisher who should bring out an edition of Virgil with some of his best lines left out, to save typesetting, printing, and so forth, does not deserve patronage at our hands, and yet our weavers are filling the markets with degenerate and decimated copies of artistic manufactures in both pattern printing and weaving, and fattening on their ever-ready sale. A cotton cloth honestly woven and dyed in Europe or Asia is preferable to a silk brocade made in this country and dyed here, and this will continue to be true until our weavers and dyers (or, commercially speaking, our manufacturers) turn out honest fabrics, and until those of us who use these things will be honest and provident on our part and buy the best of inexpensive material rather than the worst of the costlier,—in other words, until we are willing to represent ourselves truthfully and not crave the shams—the make-believes.

Art is universal, and truth is universal, and a heavy responsibility is upon the great brotherhood of architects to carry this religion of art—embracing both beauty and truth—right into the portals of the houses they so cleverly plan, in all the fabrics entering therein. The textile material being the first, so far as we can see, of all fabrics to interest man, was to become the first of man's work after wood-carving to serve both material and religious ends. Its possibilities are outlined in the human mind as a desire to express or externalize sensuous gratification—hence the mission of the textile material is complex, its early use being no doubt that of a covering



CLOTH OF GOLD BROCHÉ. DESIGN EARLY ITALIAN, IMPREGNATED WITH PERSIAN INFLUENCE. WOVEN FOR COPE WORN BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AT THE QUEEN'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

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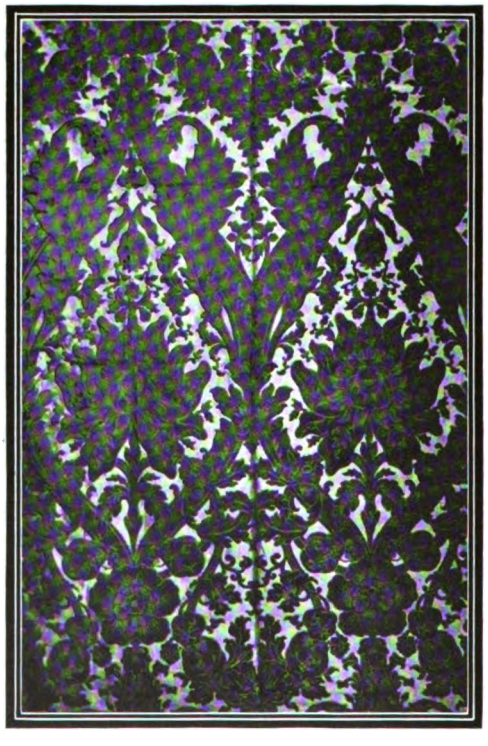


MODERN REPRODUCTION OF THIRTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN DOSSEL REDS, GREENS, AND BLUES ON GRAY-WHITE

for the body. Its next appointment is likely to have been for use on the floor, and in some countries shelter from the sun. Then the walls secured its service, and lastly it came to embellish seating furniture; first, perhaps, made into cushions, and then placed upon the benches or chairs which were made necessary when the table was introduced for the service of food.

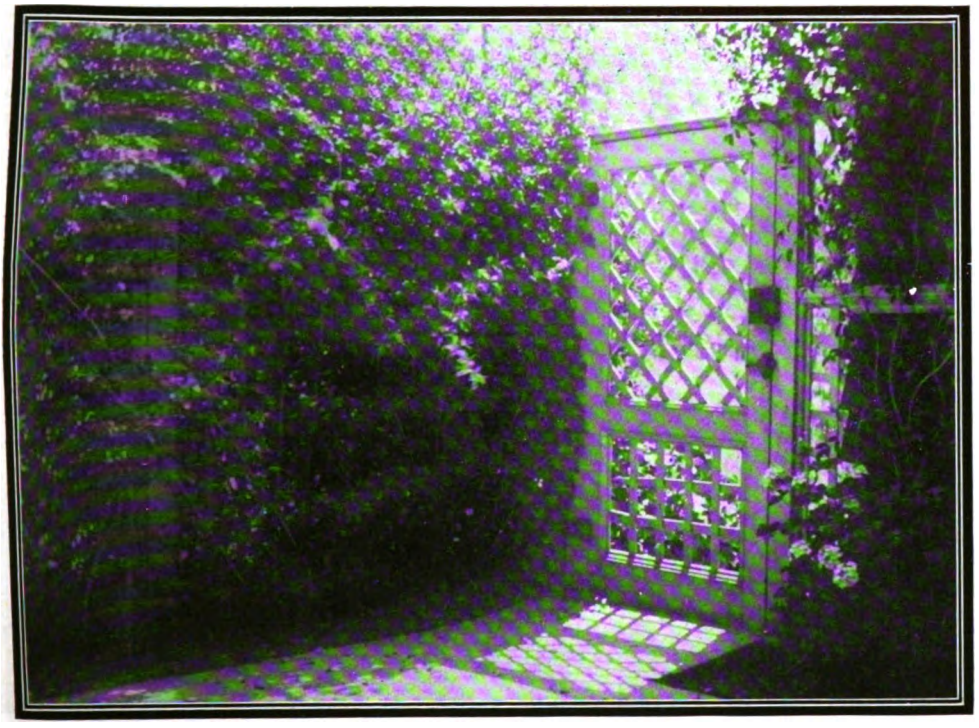
The mission of the textile material is, therefore, complex. Lending itself to color exposition, it appealed to the emotional side of the weaver, who pressed into his work a quality more and more unworldly till the senses recognized a power to aid in display for ceremonials that placed it beside painting and sculpture and architecture. Such heights of beauty have these textiles obtained, such delicacy of line and tint and shading, that the very sight of them is uplifting. The play of color and the mobility of the cloth induce that reverent handling almost as of some holy thing, for it expresses the holiness of beauty; and so, as altar-cloth, dossal, and vestment, banner and stole, it is in part doing duty to serve and glorify God.

JOSEPH TWYMAN.



FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FLORENTINE DESIGN, UNEQUALED IN POWER AND DIGNITY. GREENS ON IVORY

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A CORNER OF THE COTTAGE COURT, SHOWING GATE INTO THE GARDEN

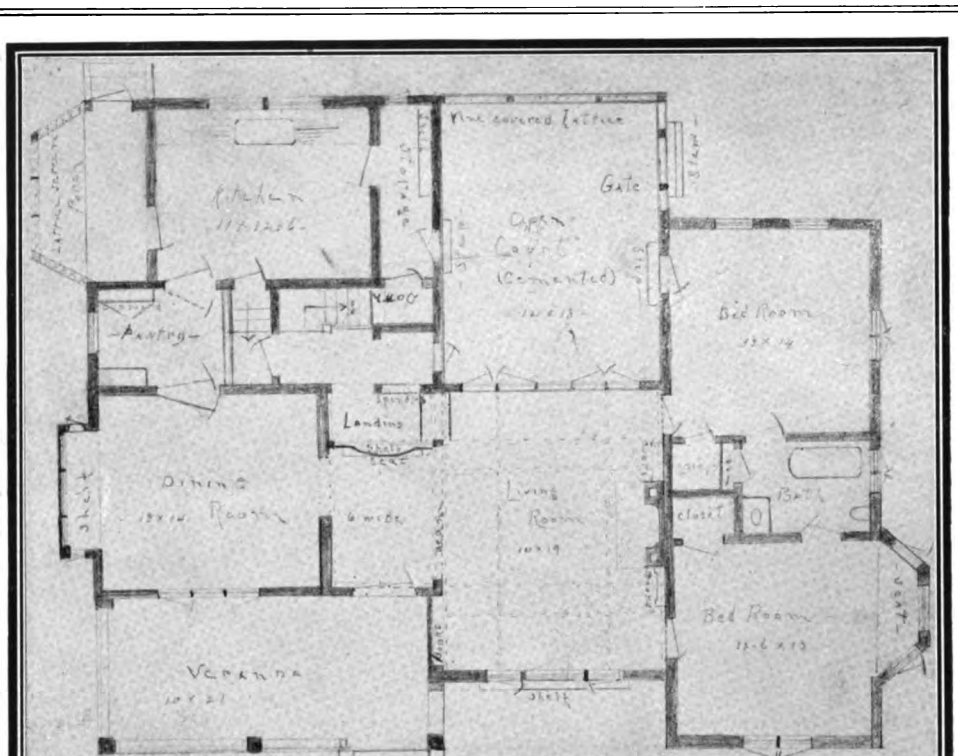
IN REGARD TO COTTAGES

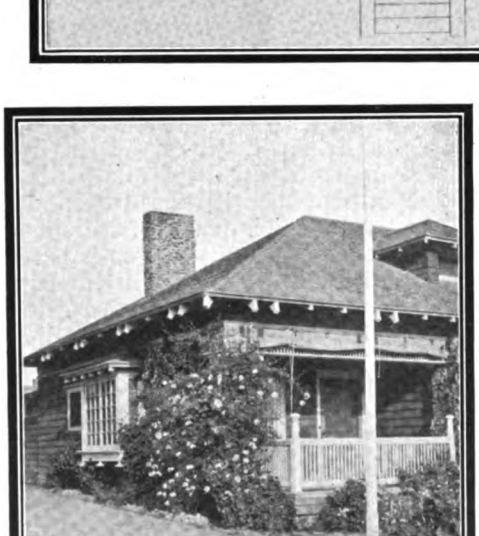
"While I never to this day pass a lattice-windowed cottage without wishing to be its cottager, I never yet saw the castle I envied to its lord."

EVER since the time when the primitive savage began to imitate the nests of birds and lairs of beasts to provide himself a habitation, one of the chief ambitions of man has been the making of an attractive dwelling-place.

Vitruvius, the most ancient writer on architecture, lays down three principles as indispensable in the construction of a building, stability, utility, and beauty, indicating that beauty is the great climax for which we have always been striving. The element of beauty usually receives its due amount of consideration from the prospective builder of a pretentious establishment, where the services of a competent architect and skilled workmen, together with rare woods and the products of rich quarries, are apt to bring forth this quality. But it is for the consideration of beauty in the construction of the small, inexpensive dwelling that I would make a plea. Simplicity of outline, adaptability to location, harmony of coloring, economy of space in interior arrangement are to be studied with zeal by the would-be cottager. Nor should the services of an architect be omitted in the building of a simple cottage; therein lies the chief difficulty. The prospective builder of a small house who looks at his pocketbook with discouragement is apt to have a common builder "copy a house he has seen," and so secure a badly proportioned box.

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A FLOWERY CORNER

He would much better eliminate some contemplated small extravagance and employ an architect, or make the rooms a foot smaller each way. A contractor may construct a perfect foundation for a cottage without supervision, and ruin its beauty forever by giving the roof-lines the wrong slant.

And in regard to windows—a cottage depends principally on its windows for picturesqueness. The latticed casements so dear to the heart of Ruskin give to the English country-house and thatched cottage their chief charm. Good windows are the exception in the American cottage, and their bad proportions make our cottages commonplace and uninviting.

In regard to color, perhaps the imagination may be allowed a little more latitude in the outside coloring of a small

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house than in that of a larger one, though in the matter of outside color schemes it is perhaps safer to follow well-established rules. The color scheme employed on the exterior of the cottage shown in the illustrations was an experiment which happened to prove successful. The roof is stained a bright green, the shingles and rough boarding on the sides are indian-red, while the lattices of the casements are grass-green, this green and that of the roof agreeing as nearly as paint and stain can possibly agree. The whole is modified by a rich cream trim, which is also used on the rough plaster shown in the recess in front. Bright scarlet geraniums vie with each other in scaling the walls, and even the green grass of the lawn in front is a part of the color scheme, which is altogether satisfactory.

In this same cottage, economy of space is gained in the main room, which is hall, living-room, and library in one, and again in the combining of the front and back stairway, which also lessens the expense. The shelf which crowns the rail running along the front landing of the stairway is convenient for potted plants, flowers, or bric-à-brac, and helps to make a unique corner in the room. The seat under this shelf is in reality a chest, and makes it possible for guests to sit on the best dress-suit of the host or the latest party gown of the hostess with impunity.

This cottage was designed for an all-the-year-round home. The living-room receives sunshine all the day in winter and the sea-breeze in summer through latticed casements on the south, which open into a paved court where plumbago, rose-vines, heliotrope, and jasmine run riot over the wings of the cottage and lattice-work which together form the inclosure.

The latticed window in the east of the



Detail of Cottage

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THE APPROACH

dining-room is so deep that it affords a place for displaying many rare bits of china or cut-glass, and adds cheerfulness to the room by admitting the morning sunshine. A candle-rail running around the room and shelves over the windows and doors further display the fine wares of the dining-room.

In the little upper half-story are a guest's room with bath, a servant's room, a linen-closet, and the greatest of conveniences, a well-lighted trunk-room. To be sure some of the corners, next the ceiling, of these rooms are missing, but that rather increases the comfort and charm of the rooms, so that a fair-sized family may be stowed away in this apparently small house. And as much study and thought for detail were expended as if it had cost a mint of money.

UNA NIXSON HOPKINS.

"NEW ART" AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION*

A GENERAL exhibition of human work when held in Paris is certain to be rich in those works of art and industry, together and indistinguishable, which make up what we commonly call decorative art. And there is this about such an exhibition in Paris, that the French, alone of modern peoples, have managed to keep clear in their minds the unbroken connection between fine art of the higher and more expressional character and that which is almost exclusively matter of adornment, or even of display. The Frenchman knows that there is no distinction which any one can be sure of between the costly carving in hard, semi-precious materials, sumptuous rather than thoughtful, and the subtle imaginings of Whistler or Puvis. And so, although he makes pretense to keep the "fine arts" by themselves on one side of the river and the "polite arts" in another building on the south bank, this proves to be merely a form, and his phrase *les beaux-arts* to be merely a popular way of designating the framed canvas and panel, the free statue, and the group. . .

In the department of furniture the modern Paris workmen have not much to show that is at once novel and instructive. The buyer of furniture may be better off in Paris than anywhere else, because the assured touch of the designer working on old traditional lines is more to be trusted than the vagaries, however attractive, of the deliberate seeker after originality. Buy your furniture of the Paris workmen, the conservative adviser might say, but by all means go to England and to Germany, and also to the Viennese, for an interesting inquiry into what the bolder designer thinks can be done with those movables which make life easy. Accept the style of Louis XVI. or Louis XV. for your rooms, by all means, and let modern Paris adapt it to your needs; so you will be quite sure in advance of what you ought to have and how you

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will like it. But study, rather, the marvels of modern whimsicality, because among them a spark of real information may be shining. When, in fine or decorative art, any workman is seeking rather for novelty than for excellence in the old ways, his work is sure to be less satisfying; but it may have ideas in it, troublesome and useful ideas. And of all this modern designing and untraditional character, perhaps the boldest, and assuredly the most generally employed, is what is called by its cultivators the New Art. This *art nouveau* is said to have originated in the dreams of a Belgian architect, but it was snatched up instantly by German and English industrial artists, and by at least one French master. It consists mainly in an attempted reduction of all forms, constructional and ornamental alike, to abstract curves, and these so arranged in series and so combined that an effect is produced suggesting perhaps some vegetable scroll pattern, but rather the forms of Arabic letters in wall inscriptions, which forms must be thought to develop themselves instinctively from the hand and under the eye of the calligraphist.

This new decorative motive may be thought to develop itself as naturally under the instinctively moving hand of him who tries to imagine how the leg of a table or the upright of a screen may be bent from the vertical and worked into some form more attractive to the eye. In metal-work, the thing can be done naturally and easily. It may even be thought a matter of absolutely individual taste how far the combination of curves, as in wrought iron—curves at first slow and almost invisible, but then growing rapidly more decided, and ending almost in volutes—how far such work in abstract curvature may please, for the moment, or may be thought to satisfy a more critical examination. Here is a grille, a fixed or swinging grating of iron; and its curves, which seem to one critic most crazily tossed about, may seem to another well calculated for effect, and even suggestive of construction. Here is a round dish of hard gray pottery, upon which is mounted a rim of block-tin, and the bright metal shows against the bluish gray earthenware along an outline as much diversified with strange indescribable curves as the mind and hand of the worker could make it.

In an interior such as that of the Viennese school of decorative art at this exhibition, we note that the medallions, which are filled by representative painting—by views of scenes and incidents—are inclosed by a curved bordering which takes shapes not wholly disagreeable. A medallion may be bordered by abstract curves which suggest nothing; it need not be round, need not be square; the student goes no farther back than the time of Louis XV. to find very satisfactory medallions bounded by abstract curves. A medallion may be of any shape; the bounding edge may be rectangular or of geometrical curve, or of wholly undescribed and indescribable curvature, and nothing but the pleasantness of the resulting form is to be considered even for a moment. The division between one surface and another surface is and must be an abstract line—there is no escaping from that. If we see a round dish hanging against a wall, the actual outline which the eye preserves, the boundary between that pottery surface and that paneled or painted surface behind it is an abstract curve, and one which the observer will find it hard to describe. The case changes as soon as the abstract curves in question are asked to do the duty of chief decorative elements. In this very room which we are in a way considering, the panels which are not filled by descriptive painting are scrawled—that is the word—scrawled over with slender lines suggested by nothing that one can recall in nature or in previous art, except that there is something a little Egyptian in the way in which patches of color are set within bounding outlines. These slender lines are carried up and across, in and out, making angles with each other, or form-

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ing indescribable curves which are more or less closely concentric or parallel to one another—more or less often tangent or nearly so to one another, more or less contrasting with one another, more or less diverging from each other.

Let the reader imagine himself in a bare room with a potful of color and a big, coarse paint-brush; let him go at the walls with no idea in the world but that of drawing lines of about uniform thickness which shall twist about or run straight as the momentary whim seizes him. He will find that, almost without deliberate purpose, his line runs for a while parallel to the trim of a door, and then suddenly breaks away from it and forms irregular curves which will be more or less pleasant in their curvature as his eye and hand are more or less trained, and as his spirit is more or less refined in such matters as this. He will enjoy the fun; he will find it the most amusing thing in the world to carry five lines, vertically, parallel to the door trim, window trim, or corner of his room, and then, at a height of five or six or eight feet above the floor, to cause these lines suddenly to diverge one from the other, and as they diverge, to form curves which seem to echo one another for a while, and then suddenly dash one across the other in headlong confusion. To bring some kind of a design out of this sort of work will be extremely entertaining. If he sees this work a week later, he may still find some enjoyment in it. But now let him call in some one else to design a room in this spirit, and to do it more deliberately—let him spend money upon a room decorated in this way, and if he can endure the result a month later, he will be made of different stuff from any art student whom the present writer has had the pleasure of consulting.

When this sort of design is put into solid metal-work, the abstract curves are, or seem to be, justifiable in the very way in which the lines drawn on the wall were justifiable—that is to say, thin iron bars are as easy to twist into one curve as another, and the labor of so twisting them is scarcely greater than that of tracing the painted line which has been imagined above. An iron grille so designed is capable of the same kind of momentary pleasure-giving influence that the painted curves are. The result will be equally unsatisfactory in the end, except when there is some significance given to the lines by the apparent utility of the metal bar, as tying, sustaining, separating, uniting parts of the construction. But the reader will observe that the moment this is to be said of any one of the curves in question it ceases to be an abstract curve in the sense in which we have been using that term—it unites itself at once with the whole vast forces of nature, which, because not at all times visible, are not on that account less valuable to the designer. Your iron gate seems to be held up better by the resilient nature of the curve given to the iron bar which seems to support that gate (whether it does so or not). You have here, too, a reason for your curve, and the thing is lifted out of the department of *l'art nouveau* by that very fact. Even without this, however, the iron bars can be endured now and then if they are arranged according to this school of abstract curvature.

Now let the student try the same thing in woodwork, and he will find immediately that the material is far less yielding, and that the curves of *l'art nouveau* are not easily produced therein. In the very same room which has been in question above, that of the Austrian School of Decorative Art, there is furniture of this kind. In adjoining rooms—in the German exhibit most of all, perhaps, in the separate pavilion put up by the Paris dealer Bing, and dedicated to *l'art nouveau*—there is much of it. The front of a glass case, the doors of a bookcase, the sash of a window has the wooden sash-bars — which we more often see drawn straight from edge to edge of the space to be filled with glass—curved. There must be a bar reaching from the bottom to the top of the glass door, but this bar may be so sawed out of wood or

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so bent by the steaming of a thin bar of wood that it ceases to be straight, and assumes a curve almost exactly that which the designer has imagined. "Very good, then," says the designer; "we will not have any more straight lines; we will bend these bars, and we will try to make the curves which they assume help one another and be attractive in themselves as pieces of abstract curvature." In no case, however, are they attractive, or can they endure even a moment's examination. In every case the effect is unlovely, and has a shock ready prepared for the observer of discriminating taste—that is, for the observer who feels the difference between the possible charm of this and of that form. Finally, to close this too long analysis, these same abstract curves, when used for the lead sash-bars holding the glass which is to close and adorn the openings themselves, are doing their worst possible mischief, and are producing their ugliest effect. There are studies in ornamental glass in these pavilions, as there are in the celebrated and carefully designed Castel Béranger in the Rue La Fontaine, in which it does seem that the utmost possible bad taste is attained, so ludicrously inappropriate to the material, both of the lead outline and of the glass filling, are the long, nearly parallel, slowly diverging curves.

Everything that the present writer has noted at the exhibition tends to confirm the feeling which is growing upon all those designers whose work he has learned to respect and whose opinions he knows—the feeling that nothing can be done without close adherence to tradition. La Farge, in his paper on Puvis de Chavannes, published in *Scribner's Magazine* for December, quotes Puvis as saying to his pupils that they should beware of tradition and use it only for a guide. And that is a beautiful thing to read—a fine thing, an instructive thing to hear coming from the lips of the one man of our own time who held the noblest traditions of the painter's art and knew how to use them as they were used of old. For such a traditionalist as Puvis to say, "Beware of tradition," is to say the thing which his pupils must have needed more than any other one thing; but to the would-be introducer of things wholly novel and designed on general principles, Puvis himself would say, "Stick to tradition, worship tradition, believe that tradition is the first thing which the designer needs!"

What is the reason why the curved woodwork of the modern designers, German, Austrian, French, and British, is so hideous, when the curved legs of a table made in France about 1775, or during the forty years which followed, by imitators all over the European world were nearly always endurable and sometimes even lovely? We have tables in our simple American homes in which the slender legs gather slowly together as they reach downward from the heavier top, or, if you please, spread outward slowly as they mount from their little claw-foot bases; in which, moreover, they follow, as they diverge from one another, the most graceful and subtle curves, a slow and hardly perceptible curve passing more rapidly into the claw-foot below and into the heavier mass of wood above provided for the framing of part into part. Why are these forms attractive when the forms of *l'art nouveau* are hideous? Partly, no doubt, because we are accustomed to them; partly so, but less and less so as the observer is more and more accustomed to art of many schools and of many epochs. Chiefly, without doubt, because the curves of the eighteenth-century workmen were the result of slow development, of changes imperceptibly made from year to year, the tradition beginning in unfathomed depths of time, and coming slowly down through generation after generation of workmen to the time when the wood was carved, the lead cast and filed, the iron hammered. One is almost ready to say that in all this vast world of decorative art there is nothing really worth seeing, the traditional origin of

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which is not traceable by the well-instructed inquirer. That is extravagant, no doubt; no doubt there are cases where it would be hard to trace the original study of natural form—to name the *causa causans;* but it is not too much to say that there is nothing really fine in our time, nothing really worth looking at more than twice, which has not taken its goodness from the restudy of traditional motives and meanings.

As there is nothing in the way of study more useful than the challenging of one's own conclusions, that they may explain themselves and prove what they contain of too hasty generalization, it may be well to go suddenly from this modern furniture to something which, at first blush, does seem very nearly non-traditional—namely, the jewelry of René Lalique. . . . The saying is passed from visitor to visitor that this jeweler makes his works of art for the individual who is to wear them, and has nothing for sale; that he acts with his customers as Worth is said to have acted in his time; that he considers the color of eyes and hair and skin, the stature, the figure, the poise of the lady, before he even allows her to think of the kind of necklace, comb, or breast ornament which she is to have from him. Believe this, if you choose, or reject it as inconceivable in the case of a master mechanic working for the pleasure of his clients and his own resulting advancement; it is still evident that there is here as much invention in the artistic sense, as much ingenuity in the way of combining the results of invention, and as much boldness in the way of producing what the mind suggests, as can be found anywhere in modern applied fine art. The chignon comb whose upstanding ridge is composed entirely of an ornament *à jour*—that is, pierced and carved on both sides—has for its motive just such a congeries of flying bats as the Japanese offer as a suggestion to every such workman; and by skilful addition to the scheme, these bats are held together by ball-shaped jewels, of pearly and lustrous water, giving the pale, moonlight effect which at once agrees with the suggestion made by the night-flying creatures themselves. The breast ornament, formed of nine intertwisted serpents, is distinguished in several ways: first, the color of the animal; second, the working of the surface of each serpent into a scaled pattern for the belly, and a ribbed and rounded pattern for the back; third, the life-likeness of the creatures in the convolutions of neck, body, and tail, in the action of the gaping jaws, and in the singular suggestion of the wistaria-blossom given by the pendants of inexpensive baroque pearls of no great size and of no rarity at all; fourth, in the general agreeableness of the outline and mass of the whole piece. And right here the person who has taken offense at *l'art nouveau* might sit down in front of the jewel in question and ask himself whether it would be possible to design such a thing without reference to serpents and wistaria-flowers. The answer would be, No. Certainly, in the light of Lalique's work, there can be but one conclusion which forces itself upon the thinker's mind, the conclusion that Mother Nature is the best nurse; probably because of her experience as a mother. This artist is at one with our masters, the orientals, who, in the persons of the Chinese for a thousand years, and now in the persons of the Japanese, and always in the persons of the Persians, and after them the people of India, have been silently, and by force of example, teaching the European world more than it ever will acknowledge in the way of fine art. Where this jewelry is fine, it shows the most sagacious study of nature, and restudy of the adaptations of nature. It is modern designing of the right kind, in spite of the too frequent clumsiness of its parts; nor could there be imagined a better corrective for the vagaries of *l'art nouveau* than this decorative work, which seems, at first glance, so nearly allied to it.

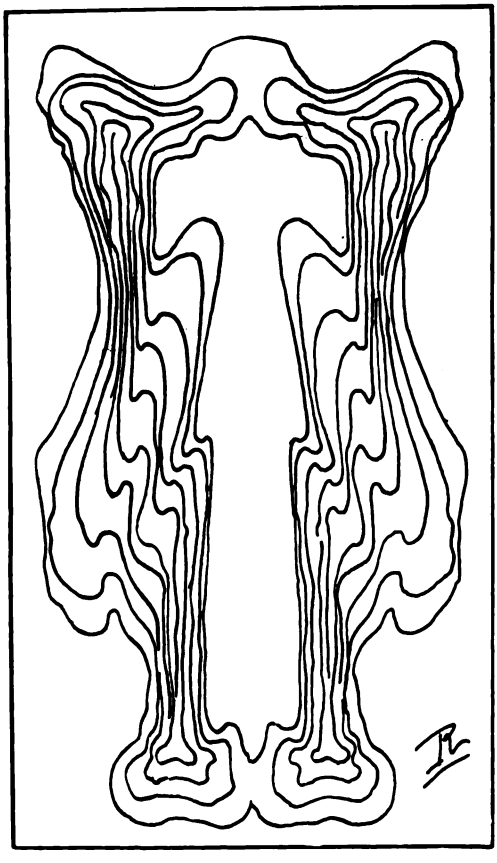
RUSSELL STURGIS.

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THE GRAIN OF WOOD*

TO enjoy wood either in the rough or finished state it is necessary not only to realize the marked distinction between it and other material, but to go a step or two into the world of fancy and imagination. We know that character is largely the result of environment and self-cultivation. The many influences brought to bear on a man result one way or another, and we can read at a glance under what influence his nature has been developed. In a measure the study of woods approximates the inquiry into the nature of men. Only the few see in wood what is pleasurable to the practiced eye. To me it is a pleasure to speculate as to the probable causes for this curl or flower or wave in the grain of wood. Were I a poet, it would give me pleasure, and the public some pain, perhaps, to give wing to my fancy and conjure up a pretty rhyme telling of the record of the breeze as shown in the ever-varying grain of wood. With the "flower" of the oak all are acquainted, but ash and "plain" oak are rather neglected. To-day I have in my shop a piece of ash marked plainly with the outlines of "Santa Claus," and on his head sits a snow man with nonchalant ease. This, of course, is unusual, and it might be idle to try to determine how many wintry blasts it took to imprison this

*In the illustrations of this article there is a strange suggestion of the apparently meaningless curves, which form the basis of L'Art Nouveau and have gained for certain Austrian decorators so wide a celebrity. The subject of this new art is discussed by Mr. Russell Sturgis in this number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.—THE EDITOR.



OUTLINE FOR RAISED PANEL



A DESIGN FOR WOOD CARVING

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A CARVED PANEL

precious pair in a tree; but there they are, and like the volutions and waves of the average run of wood they have grace and character.

Lumbermen understand that the "figure" depends largely on how the board is taken from the timber. They work with that end in view, and the wood-worker uses the wood with a view to getting the best results also, but the user overlooks, in many instances, the effects that nature and art have combined to produce. I owe to the natural lines in wood the inspiration for many an effective design. While they are far removed from direct imitation, yet the impetus came from the grain of ash wood. Perhaps the reader will choose to let his fancy roam with mine and try to see in the markings of the natural wood the story of storm and calm, of zephyr and breeze, and conclude that there in the wood is the record of their music. "As the twig's inclined the tree will grow." The little susceptible tree yields to this or that influence, and shows in its gnarly grain the record of a weathered storm or the protecting influence of the trees that stood in the way of the winds, giving it freedom to grow into a monotone grain. To me the tree that shows us that it has enjoyed listening to the whole gamut of the elements is the most interesting, for in it we find what is attuned to our own experiences. So, also, had the woodman spared such trees, I might not have found a reason for letting my fancy see in the wood what a poet might have embodied in measure and rhyme, and with his poetry carried conviction to you. But if you would obtain all possible enjoyment from your belongings, look for the beauties that nature has painted in the striking undulations shown in the grain of woods, and especially in the ash and oak.

CHARLES ROHLFS.

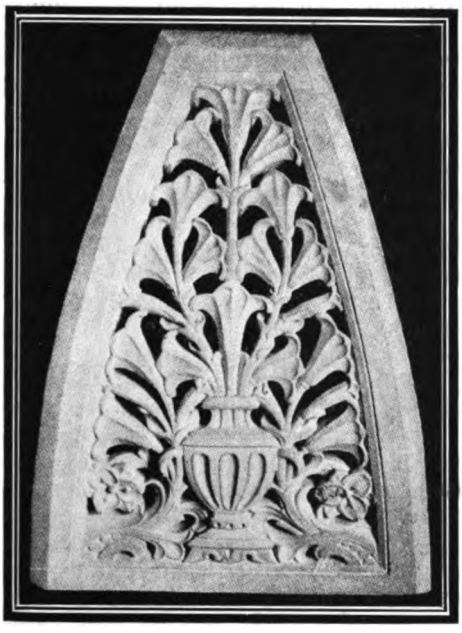
DESIGN APPLIED TO MATERIAL*

THE Conservatoire National des Arts et Metiers in Paris has recently inaugurated a course which is essentially practical, and which our great industrial schools should have offered long ago to their pupils. Lessons in applied art contain only too often the precepts of decorative compositions without combining with them elementary practical suggestions. The course recently begun at the Conservatoire by M. Lucien Magne requires three years' study and deals with artistic industries, examining the exigencies of the technique necessary in working with each material, and illustrating them with an original series of examples left by all the centuries of art.

It is certain that a classification of art into major arts and minor arts, into fine arts and industrial arts, has in reality no reason, and that the idea of

*The following article is a translation of a paper which was printed in a recent number of *Art et Decoration*.

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LILY BRANCH INTERPRETED IN STONE

beauty—of artistic perfection—is the same for all work which comes from the hand of man. Art is the same in iron-work as in painting, the same in sculpture as in tapestry. It is only the means of realization which vary.

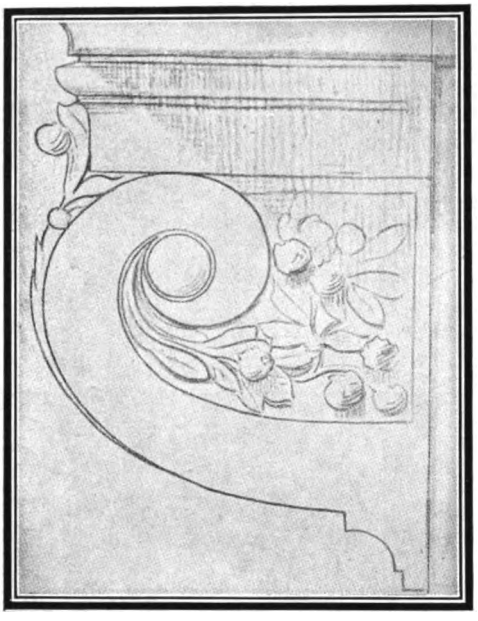
The idea of art awakens immediately that of artistic creation. To produce his work, the artist is actuated by his own inspiration, by his personal conception. But this liberty of the workman, far from being narrowed by education, is enlightened and broadened. Artistic education is, therefore, absolutely necessary. In fact, to give body to his work, the artist should have recourse to a certain material, and to that material he must give form. Where will he find the idea of artistic form if it is not in the observation of nature, the elements of which he is to interpret? Matter obeys certain laws, but they are the laws of the evolution of animate beings, the organs of which are modified and developed. They are the laws of the crossing of plants which vary from one kind to another; and they are also in the mineral world the laws of crystallization which determine certain geometrical forms.

To give life to his work, the artist must be inspired by these laws to seize the movement of living beings and the aspect of plants; and he must familiarize himself with the symmetrical combinations of straight and curved lines which are evolved by inanimate objects. These things form in themselves a long course of study; but in addition to



LILY BRANCH IN MOSAIC

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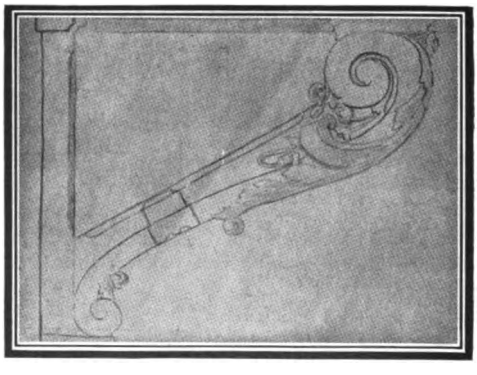


CONSOLE OF STONE, CARRYING A BALCONY

them, the artisan must make a special study of the material he means to employ. He should know its peculiar qualities and the methods of work which these qualities impose upon him. The constitution of this material, tough or fibrous, malleable or brittle, will influence necessarily the decorative interpretation of a certain theme. A leaf, for example, which executed in wrought iron will have strength enough at a thickness equal to that of nature, should have, if interpreted in stone, a thickness sufficient for the cohesion of the grain. In the same way, a decorative effect secured in marble by the oppositions of relief will be realized in glass or in pottery through the oppositions of color. The variations of composition made necessary by a difference of material are vividly illustrated by the use of a thistle as a decorative motive in wrought iron, in glass, and in sculptured stone, worked out under M. Magne's direction.

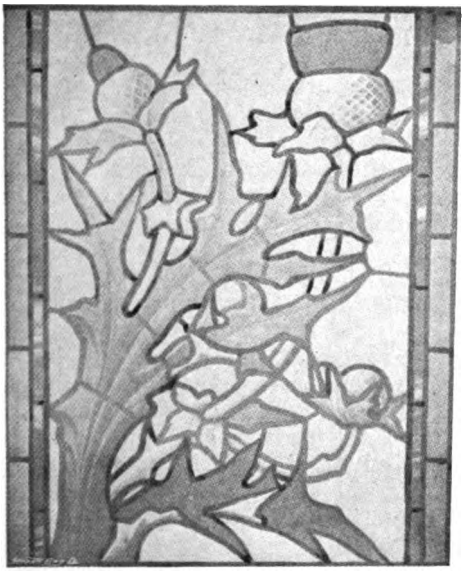
It is apparent that there are still other laws in the adaptation of the work to its destination, which determine the choice of form; and one discovers also the necessity of oppositions, without which there is no ornamental effect. The result of all these laws is in no wise to injure the artistic initiative, which cannot be the effect of training and is, nevertheless, the origin of all creation. Where there is no invention through a personal interpretation of elements observed in nature, there can be no art. It is with his own eyes that the artist should see nature, with his personal thought that he should interpret it, for art is the most lively expression of the civilization of a people. In every work of art, one should look for the expression of an idea; and if the idea is absent, it is not by richness of decoration that it can be supplied. It is necessary, indeed, to guard against confounding art with luxury, and the perfection which constitutes the artistic character of a work may manifest itself in the most simple form, if the appropriateness of that form to the idea is irreproachable. Thus a line interposed purely for ornament in the supports of a bridge has little value, because it is not the right artistic solution of the problem; but from the proper engineering solution beauty of line may be easily brought forth.

The destination of a piece of furniture is always most precise, and influences necessarily its form. It is the accommo-



CONSOLE OF WOOD FOR A STAIRCASE

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THISTLE DESIGN IN GLASS



THISTLE DESIGN IN WROUGHT IRON

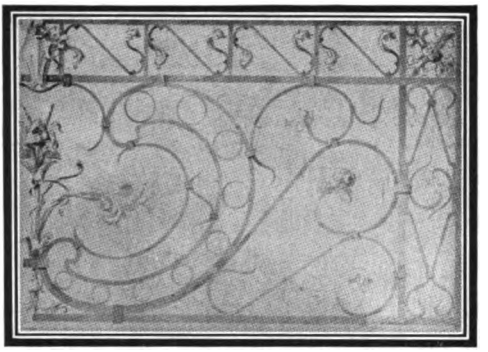
dation to the usage of man which determines the height and depth of a seat, the inclination of the back and slope of the arms; and one may easily study the progress of good living in the modification of the conception through the centuries. The destination influences also the choice of the material, and wood offers to the construction of furniture its lightness and its resistance,—qualities necessary to form a rigid frame. The decoration itself will follow these lines, and protruding ornament should be avoided upon such parts of the wood as come in contact with the body. Ornamentation will naturally be wedded to the mountings and supports.

In the same way, in a balcony of wrought iron, the designer should avoid exaggerating the sharp points of the metal; and in giving to iron the elegancies of form which are appropriate to its manipulation it is necessary to abstain from such delicacies and such protuberances as are not compatible with its heaviness. For a work constructed in stone, the necessity of accord between design and destination is still more evident, if possible,



THISTLE INTERPRETED IN STONE

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SCHEME FOR A GRILLE. COMBINATION OF CURVED LINES

and the requirements of the structure force the artist to unite the decoration with each element of the construction.

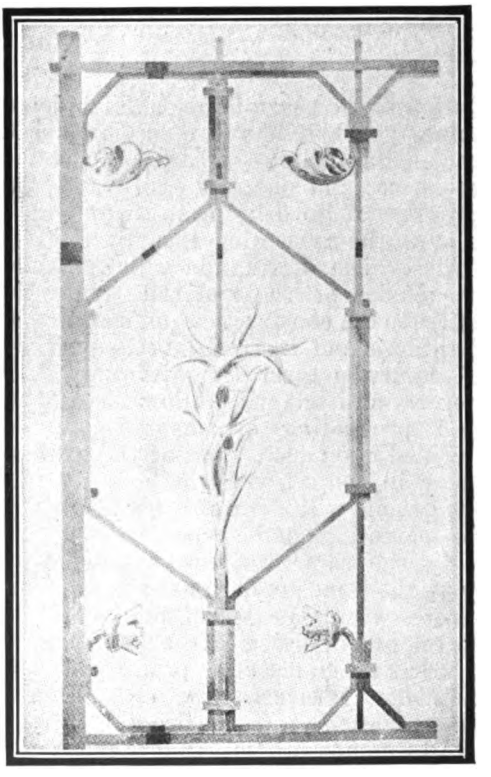
Style should be born without effort, if the artist, instead of seeking to resuscitate decorative forms which are no longer a part of our life, is inspired with impressions which he has himself felt. If art seems to us through history like the vivid expression of a civilization, it is that it has always had a profound connection with society, and that the artist living in the midst of his contemporaries expresses in his works their manner of seeing and thinking.

It is most interesting to study the way in which decorative forms have been modified, and one may examine it with special success through the ornamental theme of the flower of the lotus, which transforms itself through successive epochs of Egyptian and Greek art.

But if art cannot live by the repetition of ancient forms, it is equally absurd to seek a formula in the invention of bizarre designs having no connection with modern ideas, nor with the destination of the work. We must accept to-day the individualism which characterizes contemporaneous art, and which renders more difficult the acquisition of unity of style. But true originality results from the just expression of an idea, and the exact observance of laws which technical training reveals as indispensable to all artistic creation.

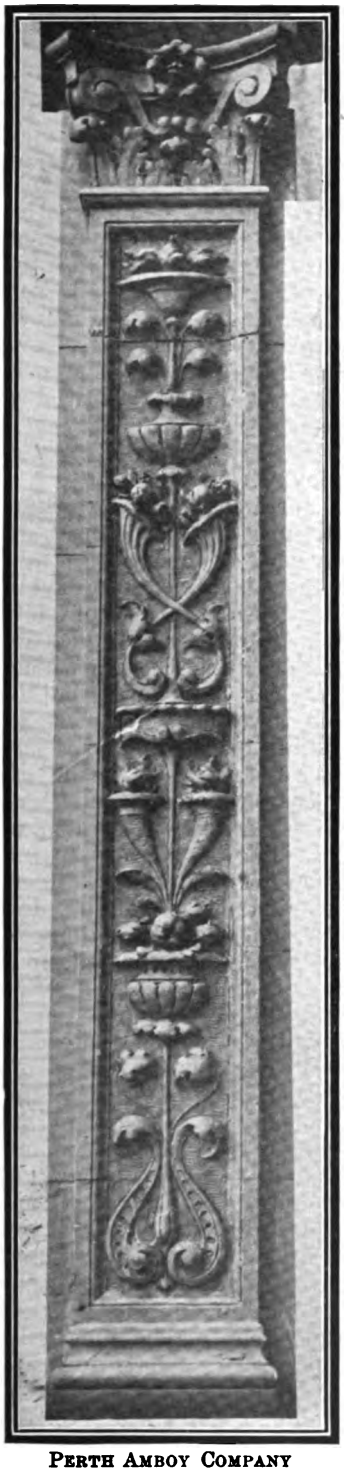
Style may result, then, in our present epoch of individualism, from the just interpretation of general ideas, the expressions of which vary according to the temperament of each individual artist; but having their origin in modern society, these diverse expressions will present among themselves the affinities which constitute the style of an epoch.

An artistic training like that given by M. Magne at the Conservatoire, in the last analysis must determine what these modern programs should be, must indicate for each material the direction in which the general knowledge acquired may find satisfaction, and must develop the initiative which shall be able to utilize technical skill in a spirit of sincerity and liberty.



DESIGN FOR A GRILLE. COMBINATION OF BROKEN LINES

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PERTH AMBOY COMPANY

ARCHITECTURAL TERRA-COTTA

THE great advances that have been effected within the past few years in the manufacture of terra-cotta make an interesting study in the adaptation of design to material. The modern use of this substance is a revived taste and the result of laudable efforts on the part of a few architects to secure lasting and artistic ornamentation. Terra-cotta is not an imitation of stone, nor a substitute for it, but a material possessing distinct advantages, subject to the limitations imposed by its consistency and the processes of its manufacture. The comparative cost of stone and terra-cotta makes it certain that this material will become more and more a factor in our street architecture; for from the sun-baked brick of the early ages we have developed these kiln-baked bricks, and all peoples have found them useful in one form or another.

The art of working in clay has an ancient and honorable pedigree, for it comes down to us from the Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans. Clay is the plastic slave of the human hand, and terra-cotta has played an important part in the civilization of an-



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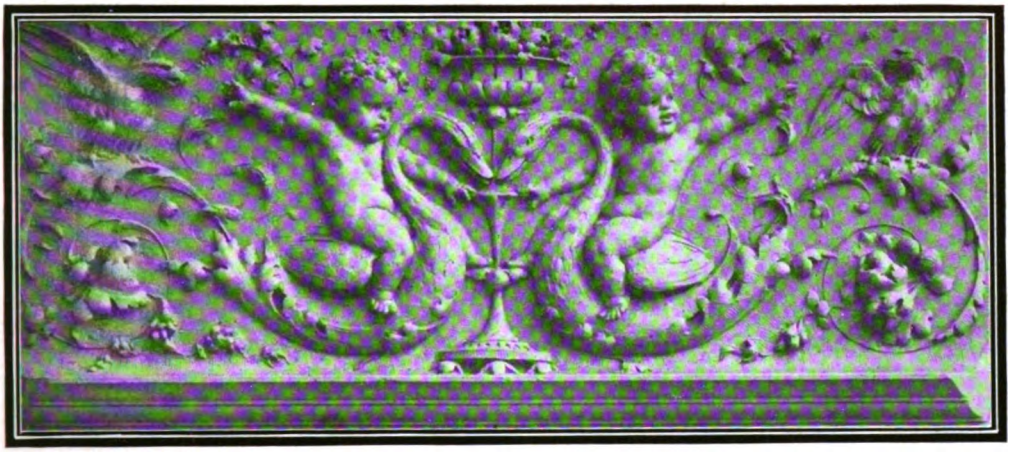
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tiquity. The Chaldeans were obliged from the very nature of their surroundings to employ clay for many purposes for which no other people used it. It was used also for architectural decorations in Greece, Etruria, Pompeii, and Rome. Broadly speaking, the term may be applied to all forms of baked clay, whether it be used for the manufacture of domestic utensils or for drain-tiles or architecture. Terra-cotta architecture seems to point itself out, from the very qualities of the material, as being essentially an architecture of ornament. It has been called an art of the Romans, and it is from the Italian productions of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries that most of the inspiration for modern terra-cotta designs in architecture has been drawn. Homer refers to the material, and Dr. Schliemann avers that the ornaments found upon the hill of Hirsarlik must have been some part of the terra-cotta pottery of King Priam. The Assyrians used tablets of the material for all the purposes for which the Egyptians employed papyrus and for which we use paper, cards, and books. These tablets are inscribed with the records of events. The inscriptions were either placed in different forms or on material, glazed or unglazed. Title deeds, inscribed with names of witnesses and seal, were carefully baked in the kiln. Records of the sale of slaves, almanacs, deeds, histories, spelling-books were all made of this material. The unrivaled collection in the Louvre shows to what perfection this branch of the art arrived. Exquisite examples are offered in the unrivaled bas-reliefs by Luca della Robbia and the life-size figure of Mercury in the Vatican. The material being easily obtainable, it was unequaled by any other for many purposes of civilized life. Many of these productions of terra-cotta, even though of less durability than that now made, are found in perfect condition in certain Chaldean ruins, in which the stone that was employed has been disintegrated for centuries. In all ages it has charmed designers. It is so kindly and responsive, yielding to the will of the worker, and as a means of artistic expression it is perfect. The intercourse between England and Flanders in the fifteenth century encouraged the employment of terra-cotta. A Florentine sculptor modeled a superb reredos for the chapel of Henry VIII. at Westminster, and the heads of the Cæsars at Hampton Court were modeled by an artist brought to England by Cardinal Wolsey for that purpose. For bright, crisp picturesqueness of effect terra-cotta is invaluable. Friezes, cornices, and other highly ornamental work have survived from the time of Henry VIII., and until Queen Anne's reign many buildings were enriched by its judicious employment.

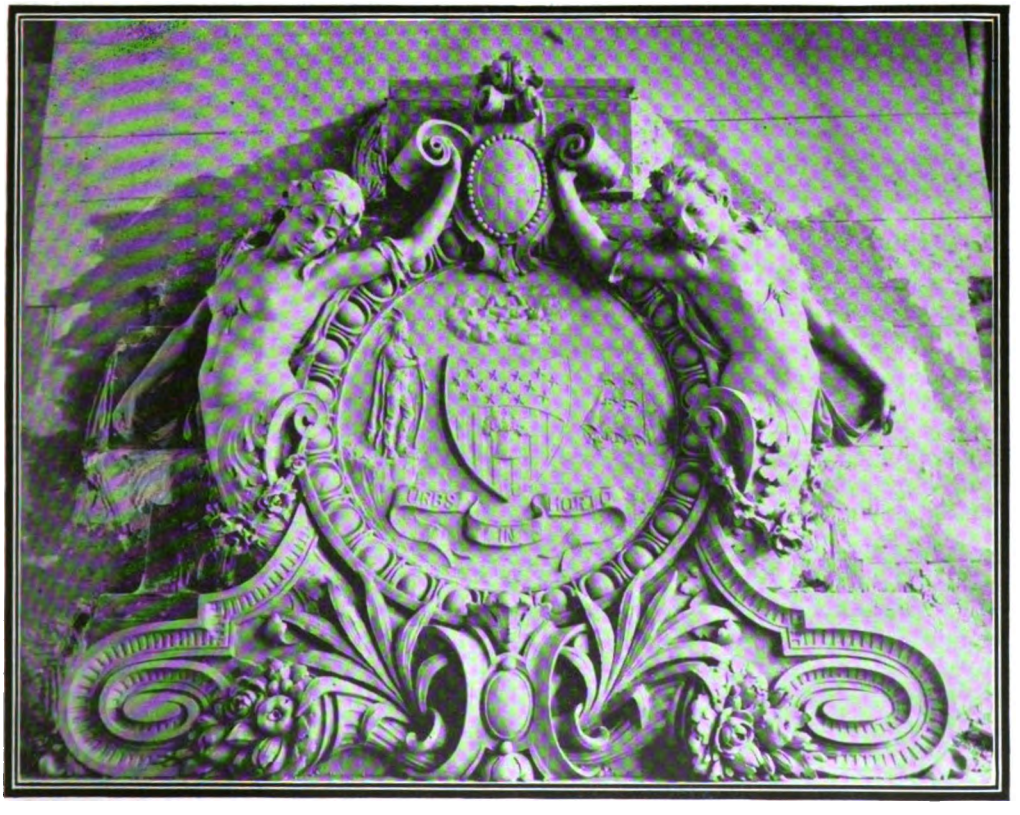
The term terra-cotta is properly applied to all products composed of earth and clay passed through a kiln, but as now understood it refers exclusively to unglazed work formed of clay or earth. Our efforts to reproduce in modern times the characteristics which charm us in the early mediæval buildings have been rewarded with success. Ordinary building-brick is only the roughest form of terra-cotta, made of comparatively coarse material and subjected to a low heat. At present terra-cotta is something which may be said to be midway between brick and the finer productions in china and porcelain. Its cost depends primarily on the extent to which each block may be repeated, and the price of models and molds.

Is terra-cotta as durable as stone? An inferior quality of either will not wear, but a well-made burnt block of terra-cotta is equal in durability to the best stone. Indeed, the fact that burnt clay of good quality is almost indestructible is proven by the remains of bricks and tablets referred to above. The great test of durability is the power of resistance to severe and sudden atmospheric changes of temperature and to the acid gases which in our large cities are in the atmosphere. The most insidious and powerful disintegrant is alternate frost and snow. Poor terra-cotta, like poor stone, will yield to these

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PERTH AMBOY TERRA-COTTA COMPANY. HARRISON BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA
Cope and Stewardson, Architects



THE NORTHWESTERN TERRA-COTTA COMPANY. TROPHY OVER WINDOWS FOR CENTRAL PARK PUMPING STATION, CHICAGO
Robert Bruce Watson and Henry Sierks, Architects

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NORTHWESTERN TERRA-COTTA COMPANY
STARTING-BLOCKS OF PIERS FOR STANLEY R. MCCORMICK BUILDING
Louis H. Sullivan, Architect

influences, but no material is more likely to resist them than a thoroughly baked plastic clay. Tests have also shown that from a constructional point of view hard terra-cotta is equal to all requirements in the power of resistance to weights, and the close and impervious character of the material makes it almost proof against any ordinary tools which can scratch the surface. From this fact arises one of the difficulties in the way of the general introduction of terra-cotta into buildings, as alterations cannot be made, not only because the material cannot be cut, but the pieces have to be ordered beforehand and made for the positions they are to occupy. It is necessary that the architect should have matured his plans in detail before the work is begun. Terra-cotta should not be made in very large pieces, as such pieces can only be safely used by the assistance of concealed supports; but it is better not to attempt a style of architecture which requires them.

The difference in the clay used for terra-cotta and that employed for making brick is one of degree only. The best clay used in the manufacture of this material is found in New Jersey, and ninety per cent of the whole product of clay used in the United States for this rapidly increasing business is taken from the clay-beds of this state. These clay-beds are almost inexhaustible. Numerous gangs of men are constantly mining the clay, which is separated into various grades, either for use in that state or shipment to other portions of the country. Those containing a large percentage of oxide of iron are utilized for the manufacture of red terra-cotta, and the clays containing only traces of iron are intended for the production of light or buff colored terra-cotta.

The preparation to which clay is subjected is similar in all terra-cotta manufactories, with modifications peculiar to each, for each manufacturer is an inventor and has some auxiliary process which he claims as his own. Manufacturers are divided in opinion in regard to the compounding of the material. Some mix the clay with a large amount of other matter, but others of equal experience do not recognize any necessity for the use of these foreign materials. Like all work of a similar nature, there "is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Designs for architectural purposes are made usually in molds, except in special work, then turned out on the floor of the drying-

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room, and if requiring extra finish or undercutting, are afterwards carved or modeled by hand. The designer has before him a material capable of an endless variety of treatment, and if he wishes to use a repeated ornament, he may have it more easily than in most materials; but the real advantage of terra-cotta does not lie in its facility for producing repeated ornament, but in the opportunity to work continuous ornament by hand with varying detail. The larger designs are made in sections of a size that may be handled by two men. After being dried, the pieces are placed in the kiln, where they remain about seven days in the burning and cooling process. The making of molds for terra-cotta ornaments is a matter of great nicety when the design is intricate and requires careful fitting of parts. It is one of the chief delays in the manufacture of terra-cotta for buildings. It is necessary so to arrange the molds as to give an equal thickness to all parts of the body of the material, in order to lessen the chances of cracking in drying or warping in the kiln.

As to the heat used in the kiln, all makers seem to agree in saying that they know nothing positive, and all that can be said is that the object is to produce the greatest heat that the product will bear. The darker the color required, the harder the firing must be, often reaching white heat, or more than 1100° F. It is not always possible to attain perfect uniformity of color in a number of pieces, even when they are made of the same mixture and burned at the same time; but this fact is rarely an objection. On the contrary, in many instances, some variation in tone in a monotonous duplication of form is agreeable; and each piece may be undercut by hand after it is drawn from the mold.

While the degree of heat is a factor, the color of terra-cotta is largely governed by the character of the clays used in the manufacture. Until recently, the red used almost exclusively in the eastern states necessitated the employment of blood-red terra-cotta, but of late the demand for other tints has increased.

In the United States terra-cotta was not introduced until after 1850. Experiments were made in this direction in 1853, but did not meet with favor. In 1870 the Chicago Terra-Cotta Company brought over an English superintendent, and the company began to turn out better work than before. The Long Island Historical Society building, in Brooklyn, was the first to employ terra-cotta both as a building material and for all decorative details. The effect is so satisfactory that other structures are built in the same way. The necessity for manufacturing this material in small pieces is likely to have a marked effect on architecture as terra-cotta becomes more and more popular. Since 1880 the demand has rapidly increased, and to-day many factories are in operation in different parts of the country.

KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH.



PERTH AMBOY TERRA-COTTA COMPANY. HARRISON BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA
Cope and Stewardson, Architects

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The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Whenever the address is given and stamps are inclosed, replies will be sent by mail within three weeks.

I am in doubt as to the best window-draperies for my hall. The hall is in the center of the house, is three stories in height, and is about 18 by 14 feet. The woodwork is ivory-white, except that the stair-rails and treads are birch, stained mahogany. There are four windows on the first floor and three on the second and third floors, and plenty of light.

The shades are of buff holland. The wall-paper is an old colonial pattern, with green, yellow, and a little lavender on a white ground. I should be glad of your advice as to color and material for curtains for these windows. I assume that the curtains should be hung on brass rods and should stop at the window-sill.

O. M. S.

Dimity curtains on brass rods hanging from the top of the window to the edge of the sill seem to us most appropriate for your colonial hall. Outer hangings of the same shade of green as that in the wallpaper will soften the light and add much to the attractiveness. Whether the materials for the outer hangings should be of cotton or silk must be determined by the furnishings of the hall.

Will you kindly give me suggestions in regard to decorating and furnishing parlor, hall, sitting-room, bedroom, and dining-room?

The house is a very ordinary one, built about eighteen years ago, in a small town, and is unattractive save for the surrounding grounds, which are beautiful. The ceilings in all rooms are twelve feet. Woodwork in parlor, hall, and sitting-room is pine—filled and varnished. In these rooms I should like to leave the woodwork as it is at present.

For the parlor I have a dark blue Wilton rug, which I would like to use again, and some very good mahogany furniture. I would like to use the sitting-room as both living-room and library. I have a great many books and two old-fashioned high bookcases, with doors, which I do not like and do not care to use. Over the seat in corner I have oriental draperies, the predominating colors being red and blue. I have also two or three very good oriental rugs for this room. The other furniture comprises large leather couch, leather easy-chair with frame of mahogany, mahogany table (large, with carved legs), and two or three odd pieces in dark oak.

In bedroom I have two brass beds, chiffonier table, and dresser of oak. This room is rather dark, as there is but one window.

In the dining-room is a parquetry floor, oak, with border of oak and mahogany. The furniture in this room is quartered oak, the chairs with black leather seats. I have a cabinet with glass door for cut glass, and there is a plate-rack the entire width of space between the two doors on north side of room. Between the two windows on west side of room is a very handsome leaded-glass window, about seven feet from floor. It extends from one window to the other. The woodwork in this room is at present painted a dark brown. It is not at all an attractive room as it now is. Would Flemish oak look well in this dining-room, and is it possible to have the woodwork and furniture scraped and refinished?

The hall is frightful. Can you give me any idea as to furnishing and decorating? The walls are so light and the hall so small and ill-shaped that it seems almost impossible to do anything with it. I have an old-fashioned card-table of mahogany. Could I use it in dining-room, with one leaf against wall, as a serving-table, or shall I place it in the hall? What shall I use for draperies in arch between living-room and dining-room?

H. F. S.

As you wish to retain the dull blue Wilton rug in the parlor, the side-walls would better be covered with burlap or cartridge-paper of the same shade. Your mahogany furniture would be effective with this setting, although the room will never be entirely satisfactory until the woodwork is stained or painted. Staining parlor and hall mahogany would help matters immensely. If the hall is so small and difficult to treat, why not remove the door leading into the parlor and repeat the blue of that room on the walls of the hall? This would add spaciousness, and the idea seems quite practicable.

Indian-red is suggested for walls of living-room and library, with a paler red for the ceiling. An excellent red may be secured in car-

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

tridge-paper. Low bookcases should be substituted for the high ones you dislike so much. They should fill all the available wall-space between windows and doors, forming a continuous line of books. These need not be expensive. Any good carpenter ought to be able to make them, using soft wood and staining them like the woodwork of the room.

For the dark bedroom select a good reproduction of a colonial paper. These papers are full of brightness and will make the room appear much lighter than it really is. With a colonial paper a room may usually be very prettily curtained, as the old designs are repeated in chintz and crétonnes.

It is possible to have the painted woodwork of your dining-room scraped and stained Flemish, and the furniture treated in a like manner. Deep yellow on walls and ceiling would be harmonious with the dark tones of the stain. The mahogany table could not be used in the dining-room if you carry out the Flemish idea. It would be well placed in either the hall or the parlor. We should prefer a door between the living-room and the dining-room rather than a portière.

Will you make some suggestions for a rented room, which must be used as living-room and bedroom? I believe it is to be papered in a plain paper, brownish yellow; woodwork pine, floor painted. The door on the west will not be used, so I thought of putting my chiffonier in front of it. There is a set wash-basin in corner by closet; of course, it must have some kind of screen in front of it. The radiator is in northwest corner. My list of furniture is bird's-eye maple chiffonier, bird's-eye maple dressing-table, bird's-eye maple writing-desk, mahogany folding-bed, mahogany piano and bench, mahogany table (very small), rattan tea-table, a few chairs. For a couch, for the present I shall use a cot. I also have an old walnut bookcase and an ebony music-cabinet—quite a conglomeration. But I wish to buy things gradually, and later will get mahogany cabinet and bookcase.

What do you think of the sectional bookcases? It seems like a good idea for one who must live in rented houses, and must purchase gradually. But do you consider them artistic with so many little glass doors? I thought of buying a rug 9 by 12, with a view of using it later in a dining-room, and I can pay only twenty-five dollars. What style and color? Also I wish to buy screen, curtains, couple of chairs; possibly reading-table, mahogany. I rather want a round one.

O. W.

Your room presents several difficulties. In the first place, your furniture is composed of such a variety of woods that harmony is impossible. Bird's-eye maple and ebony, mahogany, walnut, and rattan are a discouraging combination. However, THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL never admits that any interior is hopeless.

The three maple pieces should be removed, as they are too light in color to be retained.

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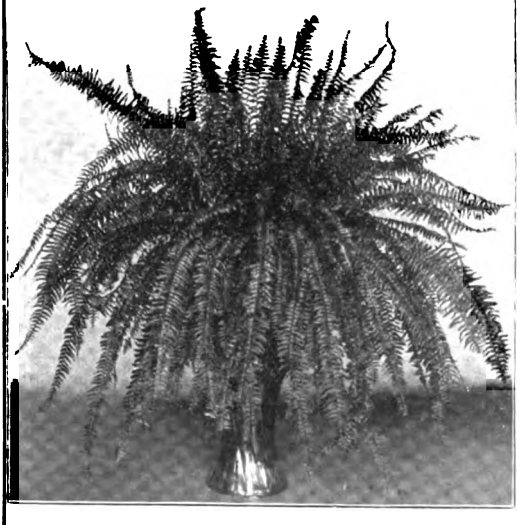
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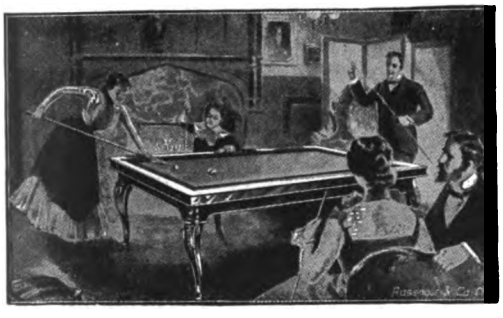
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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

Hold to your mahogany, except the folding-bed, and when you add to your furniture choose that wood. The plain brown paper on the walls is not a good setting for mahogany, but as you are planning for other quarters, the furniture should not be sacrificed to a temporary background. The sectional bookcases we have seen in the shops were like long boxes piled one above the other, and had the fault of being high and very deep. These bookcases may be made to order and thus have the desired dimensions. You will gain several helpful ideas from the chapter on "The Library" in Oliver Coleman's book, "Successful Houses."

We cannot advise you very satisfactorily about the rug, as you do not tell us anything about the dining-room where you wish to use it. Possibly you desire to secure the rug and work up the color scheme from it. If the rug is a good one, this would be an excellent idea. But it will be difficult to find anything desirable for twenty-five dollars in the size you require. The best thing at that price is a 9 by 12 size in a rug of Wilton, in green, with a Bokhara design in mahogany shades, though we deprecate this kind of imitation. Sometimes at a sale of rugs one might pick up a genuine oriental for that price We have recently seen a very attractive room with one of these Wilton rugs. The floor is stained mahogany and the woodwork is painted green. On the walls is a plain cartridge-paper of the same shade as the paint. There are several pieces of old mahogany, and two reproductions of Windsor chairs painted green. The windows have curtains of cotton stuff hanging from brass rods. The design is a large conventional flower outlined in copper color against a green background. A clever device in the room is a broad low shelf painted green like the wall. This shelf is on a hinge, and may be opened or folded back like the drop-leaf of a table. It was designed to be used as a writing-table, but when it was finished it was found such an effective place for displaying a few old pieces of copper and brass that it was immediately given over to a Dutch milk-can, a Russian brass pan, and several copper kettles. The room has a few old prints, and above one door is a single spot of deep blue in the shape of a beautiful old Staffordshire platter, twenty-two inches in length, setting forth a view on the Hudson River. The room was furnished at a small outlay, the twenty-five-dollar rug being the most expensive thing in it. The cartridge-paper was purchased when plain papers were out of fashion, at ten cents a roll. The Windsor chairs were painted at home, and the mahogany pieces were picked up in small out-of-the-way shops, sadly out of repair, and put in order by a local carpenter.

I would like your advice in furnishing the living-room of a house which we are building. The floor, woodwork, and mantel are oak; walls nine feet high.

I have a small room off of dining-room, 6 by 8, in which I had planned to put my leather lounge and books, so I need not have books in living-

"SUCCESSFUL HOUSES" tells how to treat each of the principal rooms in the house.

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED.

room, which must serve for a parlor as well as a living-room. What color would be best for tinting walls? What kind of hangings between hall and living-room and between living-room and dining-room? What kind of curtains for windows? What kind of floor-covering? We have one rug 7 by 9, and a smaller rug. What pieces of furniture, in the way of chairs and tables? There is not much wall-space.

M. E. R. R.

The color scheme for your living-room depends largely on the one chosen for your hall, which is connected with the living-room by a sliding-door. In suggesting at random, we would recommend green, which seems to us to be the most "livable" of all colors. We do not advise tinting the walls. In the first place, tints are too pale, and paper, or even burlap, is more economical than a calcimine, which must be renewed every year. Natural oak furniture stained green or weathered oak pieces would be effective in the room. THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL for October, 1900, contained an article on weathered oak furniture. The designs are simple, extremely durable, and not expensive. The Tobey Furniture Company, of Chicago, has a variety of these shapes. The floor should remain bare and the rugs you have should be utilized. Curtains of sheer art muslin with a design in yellow would be charming at the windows. This muslin is forty cents a yard. It is about fifty inches wide, and washes like cotton cloth. Should you desire more yellow in the room, the ceiling could be washed with that tint. For the hangings between the living-room and the hall and between the living-room and the dining-room a plain green should be selected. Denim combines well with cartridge-paper. Velour has a rich effect, but is sometimes out of tune with simple surroundings.

Will you kindly write me your opinion in regard to the furnishing of a dining-room, the floor, wainscot, rafters, and window-seat of which are done in the rather light (natural) oak. The mantel fireplace is built of Pompeiian brick, and the wall above wainscot hung in a deep blue burlap. Old mahogany furniture is preferred, but we feel that a better general effect would be received by using oak of good design. Your opinion is awaited with interest. Will you also kindly inform me as to whether one can buy the Liberty cashmeres and other dress fabrics in America, and where?

W. J. F.

Oak furniture should be used in your dining-room instead of mahogany. Joseph P. McHugh, Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City, is the American agent of Liberty, of London.

Kindly give me a receipt for a good furniture polish to be used on mahogany furniture.

The following furniture polish has been highly recommended to us, although we have



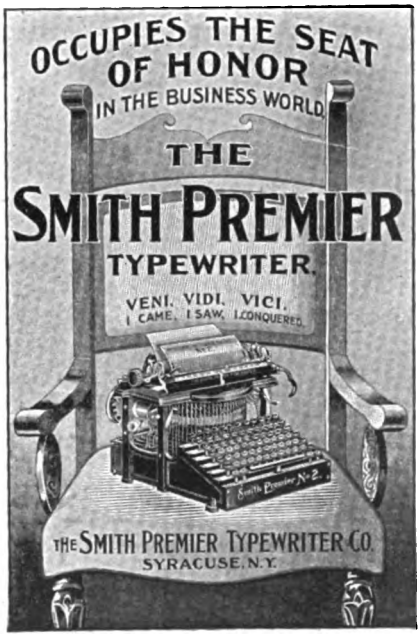
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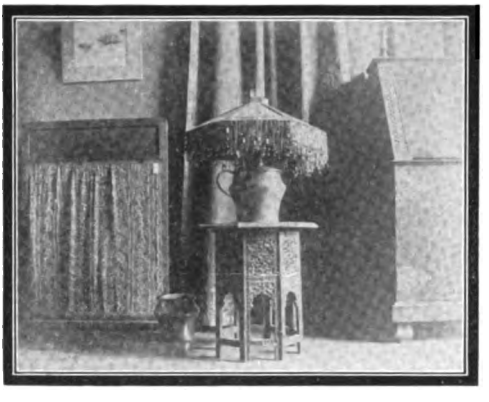
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Will you kindly answer the following quesions in regard to my dining-room. The wood is natural oak, wainscoted up five feet, heavy cove top between side-wall and ceiling, which of course answers for picture-molding. Sideboard, square dining-table, and chairs are of oak, chairs having black leather seats; one small serving-table is in oak. The oak is particularly beautiful—soft, rich yellow. The side-walls are of lincrusta, with a raised figure of fleur de lis. The side-walls have been recently painted deep blue and the lighter colors carried out in the ceiling, ceiling being metal in pretty, quaint designs. Will you please advise me what frames (color) the pictures should have, and also as to my old dishes? I have some old flowing-blue pieces, white, with gilt band, etc. Plate-rack is oak, of course; also rail around top of wainscoting. I have a large blue-and-white jardinière on pedestal, blue, like side-wall; have in it large Boston fern. Would it be better to have yellow chrysanthemum in jardinière?

I would like a china-closet. Would the glass doors divided up in small panes be preferred? This is a south room, one window to east and one large one to south, four feet wide. I had thought of colonial net curtains hanging straight to sill, with plain blue silk hanging over them; or would yellow silk be better? Would small brass poles be better than wood? The mat on floor has considerable dark blue in it. There are two wide openings—one opens into sitting-room and the other into hall; at these are portières of dark, rich brown velour on side showing in dining-room. Will I have to change these? The color scheme in sitting-room is brown in carpet, and walls and ceiling light yellows. Hall has deep red carpet, walls cream; wood in both sitting-room and hall is cherry. Kindly advise me if blue in dining-room is a mistake, and as to frames, china and curtains.

S. J. D.

The lincrusta walls of blue will be very effective with the golden oak furniture of your dining-room, but it will be a poor background for your old china. We think that it will be impossible to use the "flowing-blue" plates on the plate-rack, as the two blues are not at all in harmony. All the china would better be placed in a china-closet, and we fear even then that the blues will "swear" at each other. For the plate-rail or shelf, pieces of brass could be used with charming effect. A little copper might be added, but brass should be given special prominence. Personally, we do not like lincrusta, and we

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

think metal ceilings—at least all that we have seen—heavy, cold affairs. The curtains of colonial net, with plain blue hangings, will be very effective. The blue jardinière with the green fern will be harmonious; so, too, will the yellow chrysanthemums. But we prefer the jar without the pedestal. The portière leading into the sitting-room will be more in keeping if blue, like the walls, rather than brown. The portière could be faced with brown on the sitting-room side, thus preserving the brown and yellow scheme of that room. You ask if the blue of the dining-room is a mistake. The color seems to us a very good one, but burlap would have been a better medium than lincrusta. Few pictures should be hung against such a wall, and the frames should be of the simplest—narrow bands of oak, and possibly one or two plain gold frames.

I would like you to mail me a color scheme for parlor, dining-room, hall, and library of a parochial residence. The rector wishes to put cartridge-paper on side-walls, and will decorate the ceilings in water-color. The finish is quartered oak in all places except library, which will be brown ash. The dining-room has a paneled wainscot of quartered oak four feet six inches high all around room, and beams in ceiling. The hall has a paneled wainscot, four feet six inches, of quartered oak (no beams in ceiling). Dining-room and parlor on southwest side, library on northeast side. What do you think of burlap for side-walls?

J. W. D.

For the parochial residence under consideration we suggest the following color scheme: A grayish green burlap in the hall, with yellow ceiling in water-color, a russet in the library, gobelin-blue in the dining-room, and yellow in the parlor. In this case, burlap would be a better medium than cartridge-paper, although with the possible exception of blue, excellent shades may be found in cartridge.

In the library the russet tone should be reflected in the ceiling. With old volumes in brown leather, and the brown shades of the ash woodwork, this room would be extremely restful.

If oak were not used exclusively in the remaining rooms, we would advise Indian-red or a mulberry in one room. Natural oak, unless darkened by age or a stain, seldom combines well with red. Should you care to stain the paneled wainscoting and the exposed beams of the dining-room Flemish and furnish with Flemish oak, one of the deep, dull red shades of either burlap or grass-cloth would be highly effective on the walls. With the oak left in its natural state, and gobelin-blue used on the side-walls, the room would still be very attractive. Between the beams, solid blue could be used; or if a more sunshiny effect were desired, deep yellow could be substituted.

One room should have figured walls. The parlor in yellow could have a striped paper, or one in which a large design is carried out in two shades of yellow. This is on the supposition that there would be few pictures and that the furnishings of the room would be rather

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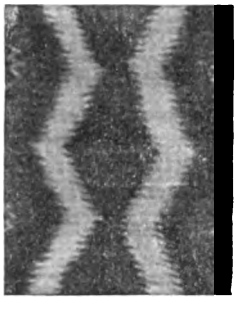
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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

severe. The proportions of the house are admirable. With walls nine and one-half feet high, no frieze is required, and the molding should be placed at the cornice-line.

We have just finished building a gray stone country-house, and would like your advice concerning the woodwork, floors, wall-hangings, and furniture for the different rooms on the first floor.

The house is situated near a small stream, with few trees around, and rather a bleak row of hills at the back. All the woodwork and stairs are in pine—how would you treat the floors and the hard stairs? Would like rugs on floors, if possible. Will you please tell me what colors to use in the several rooms? I fear the living-room may be a bit dark, as the porch is over the only window. I would like yellow in the bedroom, and I do not care for blue. I have six hundred dollars for furniture—for dining-room, living-room, reception-room, and bedroom. What pieces would I better purchase, and what kind? What kind of curtains shall I use, and what kind of portières between reception-room and living-room? The fireplace in living-room is of gray stone. All ceilings are nine feet. How would you treat the exterior wood? Above the walls are shingles; the stones are laid up with dark red mortar. The mantel in living-room is pine—how would you treat it?

A. P.

The following color scheme is offered for your Wyoming house: Green burlap in the hall, a brocaded paper of green and russet in the reception-room, yellow for the north bedroom on the lower floor, and mulberry for the dining-room. The hard pine woodwork should be kept in its natural state, except in the dining-room, where it should be stained Flemish, with furniture of Flemish oak. The hard pine of the rest of the house should be oiled from time to time, which will darken it. In a half-dozen years the wood will have great richness of color. The floors should be treated in a similar manner. Have rugs, by all means. We note your preference for yellow in the bedroom. Mahogany furniture will be very effective in this room, but is not an essential. We think that it is, however, in the hall, which is also the living-room. In the reception-room the furniture could be painted green, and for further economy, painted furniture could be used in the yellow bedroom. Six hundred dollars will not be adequate for the furniture of four rooms if you wish to purchase it all at once. By getting the pieces slowly we think that you can accomplish it; but the articles must be hunted in out-of the-way places. They cannot be purchased within that figure at the big shops. Buying inexpensive but good shapes for the reception-room and bedroom, and having them painted under your supervision by a local painter, will leave the greater part of the six hundred to be expended on dining-room and hall. For curtains, cream net at all the windows is advised, with outer hangings of denim or some other inexpensive material—the outer hangings to be plain like the walls of the room. Plain

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED.

portières of green between hall and reception-room will be better than figured ones. Denim will be sufficient, unless a richer material is desired. The gray stone fireplace with hard pine mantel needs no special treatment. Big brass andirons will brighten the room and add much to the homelike feeling. We prefer an undraped mantel-shelf when the design is good—particularly in the hall, where superfluous drapery is always out of place.

The shingled woodwork on the outside of the house should be stained dull red—the tone of the mortar used with the gray stones of the walls.

Will you kindly send me color scheme and suggestions for finishing wall and woodwork and furnishing our living-room and hall?

The exposure is north, and the room is very dull and cheerless. The woodwork is grained.

We have a good birch bookcase, nine feet long by fifty inches high, open, and the top makes a good broad shelf. Don't you think it would look well in this room along the east wall? The table is an old carved mahogany, with marble top. There is a small cast of the Venus de Milo and a large bust of Hermes, and several old brass candlesticks of several kinds, including a pair of branched, and other pieces of brass and copper. For portières and window-hangings we have a large quantity of silk. Don't you think that bog-oak furniture would be most suitable, on the score of durability and comparative inexpensiveness?

M. H. D.

Your north room may be made very cheerful by making it a yellow room—warm yellow walls and a pale yellow ceiling. With this scheme of color the silk you inclose would be in harmony. The woodwork of hall and living-room should be alike. If you do not like the grained finish, it could be painted white, or for better service, a strong dull green. The bog-oak furniture which you have in mind would be very effective with the yellow walls, but would not combine well with either the mahogany or the birch pieces. As you have made a beginning with mahogany furniture, we advise you to discard oak and cling to old mahogany, adding to your pieces bit by bit. When you are ready to have your new home, you will have the nucleus for a beautiful room.

The hall would better be hung in green—burlap, if possible; if not, calcimine it. The living-room could also be calcimined, if you do not wish to go to much expense. Portières at the doors should be solid green, and a little green should be introduced into the yellow room. The copper and brass pieces should be placed against a background of green.

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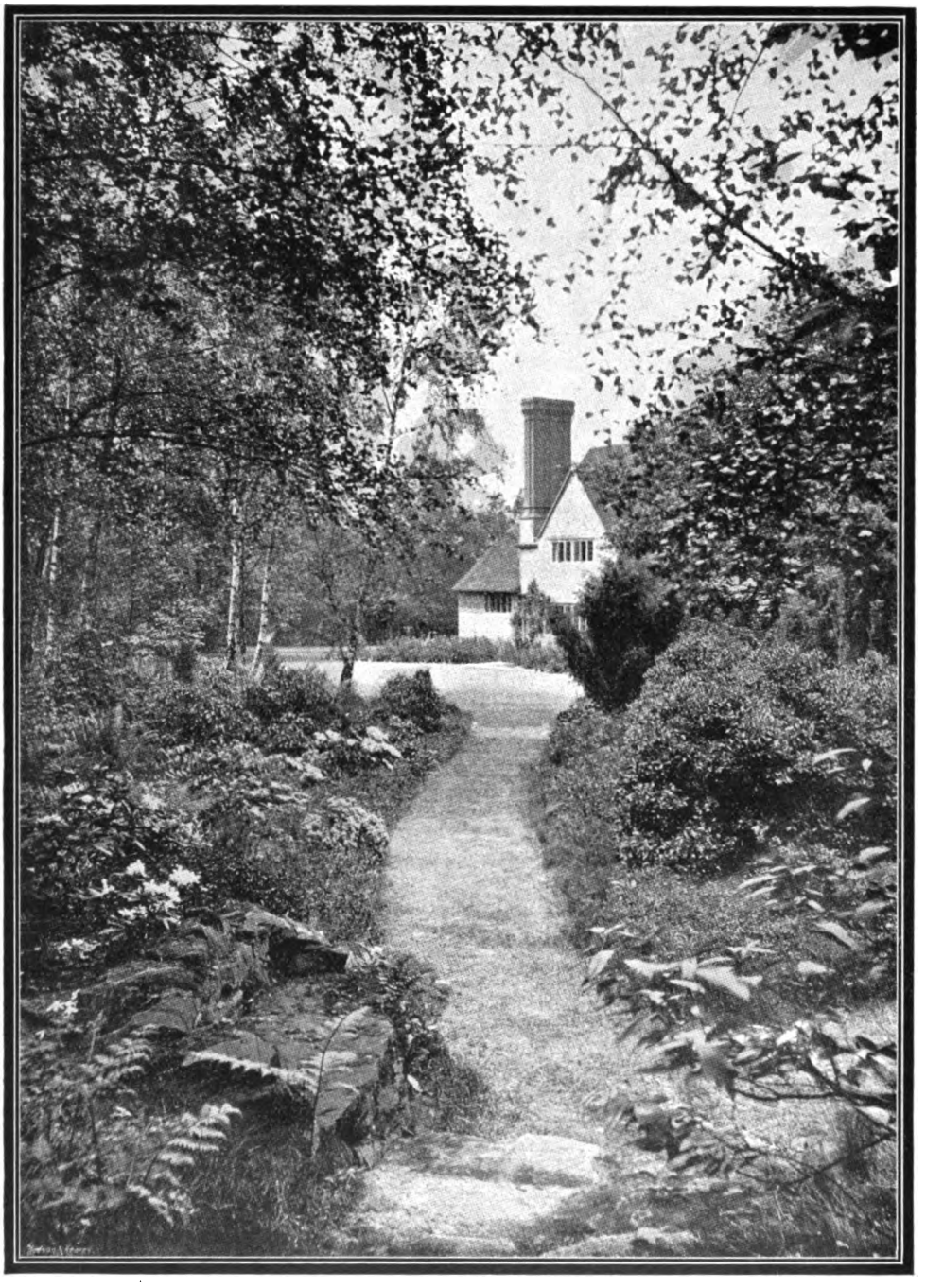
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THROUGH FLOWERY PATHS TO MUNSTEAD HOUSE

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The House Beautiful

THE AMERICAN AUTHORITY ON HOUSEHOLD ART

VOL. IX. NO. 4. MARCH, 1901

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OVER COLONIAL TEACUPS

IN early colonial newspapers frequent advertisements may be found relating to the sale of china tea-cups.

"Arrived on the good ship Ann, Griffin's wharf," announces the Boston *News Letter*, 1733, "A parcel of fine Chinay, comprising Bowles, Sugar-Boxes, divers shapes in Muggs, Plates, Basons, and Teacupps." Another paper of similar date sets forth the fact that "On Wednesday next, there will be Sold at the sign of the Golden Cock, a choice Assortment of blue and white Ware. Complete Setts for the Table. Plates by the Dozen and by the Half, Bowles, Teacupps, likewise Delph Ware, Glass Ware, and Pewter."



A COFFEE SERVICE OF GOLD BAND CHINA

In 1735 a Cornhill mantua-maker made known her departure from Boston through the columns of the New England *Journal* in this manner: "Widow Hepsibah Trott having for Good Reasons moved to Salem leaves with her Lamented Husband's Mother her Best India China to be Sold at Public Vandoo on The Fifteenth Instant. Said China includes Plates, Sugar-Boxes, Sweetmeat Dishes and One Dozen Teacupps. Also a Silver Teapott and a Cream Jugg."

The teacups that Widow Trott left behind in Boston were of Chinese porcelain, called in colonial days, "India." Most of the china used in England at

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FIFTY-FIVE PIECES OF LOWESTOFT

that date was imported from Hong Kong by the East India Trading Company, and the name "India" was vaguely given to all oriental ware. The earliest record of porcelain in the colonies is found in wills and inventories, and from them it may be gathered that the first china used in America was of Chinese origin. China teacups long antedated china teapots. Oriental potters made only the dishes they were familiar with, and teapots were a European invention.

There are many pleasant traditions of teapots over two hundred and fifty years old, of Mayflower teapots, of teapots belonging to John Endicott and Governor Winthrop. Doubtless there were a few, a very few, in America during the early seventeenth century, but they were of pewter or silver, not of "chinay" or "porcelyn."

The first china teapots imported in this country were of English ware, and those of oriental make soon followed. A clever English merchant sent a teapot to Hong Kong, where it was quickly copied. Then came a deluge of Chinese teapots and with it a confusion of English and Chinese designs that was destined to lead later to a great china controversy — a controversy that has never been settled and probably never will be.

The endless discussion over Lowestoft ware is at once the delight and despair of the collector. On one side is the decision that it is unquestionably English, on the other that it is unmistakably Chinese, and between the two extremes are all shades of opinion; that it was made in China and decorated in Lowestoft, that it was made in Lowestoft and decorated in China; that the situation of Lowestoft is such that no hard paste porcelain could have been made in the town, that if hard paste porcelain were made in Plymouth and Bristol, as it undoubtedly was, it could have been made with equal facility in Lowestoft, and so forth, and so on.

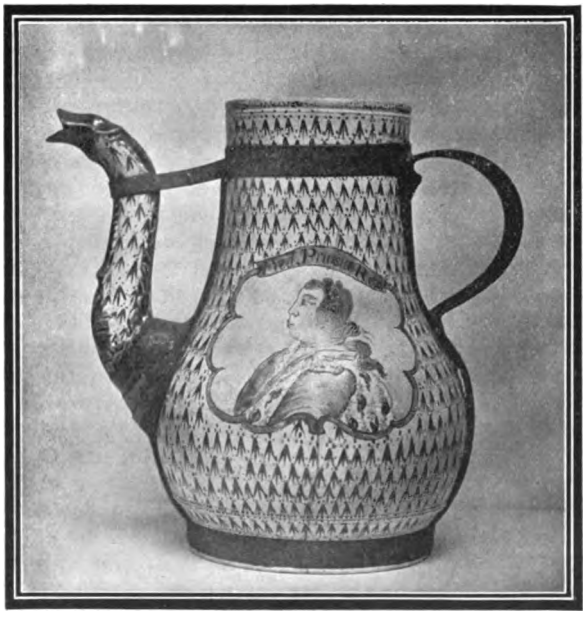
Personally I prefer to believe that Lowestoft china was made in Lowestoft just as I prefer to believe that Shakespeare plays were written by Shakespeare. In my mind it spoils half the romance of the story to give the glory to the

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A STAFFORDSHIRE TEA-SET

Chinese. I read diligently everything that Chaffers writes about Lowestoft, and I carefully skip all that Owens says on the subject. The able arguments of the latter for the Chinese side of the question I do not heed, but place all my faith in Chaffer's account of the old man in Lowestoft, who years ago gave his testimony. Being the "oldest inhabitant" he spoke with authority. Although very feeble, his memory on the score of the porcelain was remarkable. He remembered seeing the pieces made when a boy, knew the whole process, and scouted the idea of the ware having been made in China. While I am quite willing to admit my doubt of certain "Lowestoft" pieces—those of grayish hue, heavy in design as well as in weight, and decorated in many colors,—I cling to the opinion that the thinner specimens—those with narrow borders dotted with stars, ornamented with delicate garlands or carefully executed initials and coats of arms, the col-



ROYAL BERLIN—PORTRAIT OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

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ors being black with gold, blue with gold, or a beautiful reddish brown with gold, are Lowestoft, made in Lowestoft and decorated in Lowestoft. I like to think that the service here illustrated is English—English from the top of the graceful coffee pot down to the base of the charming tea-caddy, that it never saw China, and that its only voyage was across the Atlantic Ocean. One of Mr. Owens' followers might suggest that the shapes are very oriental, that a fac-simile of the tea-pot even to its twisted handle may be found any day in modern Canton ware, and that the teacups are the same in design as the Celestials have been making for the past three hundred years. But whether of English or Chinese origin the set is very unusual. It has been handed down in one family for more than a century, and is one of three complete sets in America.

Among the colonial teapots that have come down to us are those of Wedgwood, of Bristol, of Plymouth, of Spode, of Chelsea, and of Worcester, each unlike the other and each embodying the story of a famous pottery. The cups that once belonged to these old teapots are seldom found to-day. Most of them long since went the way of much rare china. Those that have survived are small, without handles, and rest on a high base. In shape they are decidedly oriental and show the marked influence that Chinese potters exerted over all English clay-workers. Cups with handles came at a later day, but were not in universal use until long after the Revolution.

Wedgwood tea-sets found their way to America as early as 1750. "Queen's Ware" was the name bestowed on it in honor of Queen Charlotte, and under this attractive title it is spoken of in old advertisements. This Queensware was quite unlike the blue jasper china, ornamented with white figures in relief, so associated now with Josiah Wedgwood's name. The paste was a deep ivory tint of slightly uneven glaze, and the shapes, especially the teapots, were extremely graceful. At first the Wedgwood potters were not lavish in their decorations. Quaint sprays of flowers, or baskets of fruit and flowers, were scattered at intervals over the surface. Modern taste may find some of these decorations a little faulty—the queer roses and irregular leaves a trifle out of drawing, and the color combinations of red and purple a bit incongruous. On a new teapot they would be intolerable, but on a piece of old Queensware they are adorable.

Early teapots were small. Tea was a luxury and was taken only in limited quantities. Later, when the prices of Bohea and Hyson were lowered and second cups could be indulged in, teapots assumed larger dimensions. Some of the old teapots are huge affairs and suggest that second cups were hardly the limit. But great or small, high or low, the shapes are things of beauty. The handles are well placed and the spouts rise at the proper angle. These old teapots should be a lesson to modern potters who have erred sadly in this direction.

Bristol china was highly prized in the old days and shared with Plymouth ware, if Lowestoft is left out of the reckoning, the distinction of being the only hard paste porcelain made in England. Neither Bristol nor Plymouth is common to-day. Both are attractive in design and fine in color. The strawberry pattern was a favorite with the makers of the former ware and some of the prettiest pieces are ornamented with red berries and bright green leaves. A unique teapot, the only surviving piece of an old wedding-set, has flowers of bright orange scattered over it, and a narrow line of sage-green outlining the cover and spout. This band or border is very characteristic of early Bristol. Later a line of gold supplanted the one of color, but it was not nearly so effective. A teapot with an orange flower—a flower, by the way, that grows only on old china—has a curious cover. The knob is in the form of a swan—white, tipped with dull blue—another idea borrowed from the Chinese.

Pieces of Spode, Bow, and Worcester

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EXAMPLES OF PINK LUSTRE

are seldom found to-day, and Chelsea is also exceedingly rare. The ware so often called Chelsea, clear, white china with raised flowers and leaves of lavender, was made after the original Chelsea factory had passed out of existence, and is not over eighty years old. Wedding tea-sets were often of this dainty porcelain, and are treasured still in many households. The pieces are tall and slender, quite the reverse of earlier shapes, and while graceful and well-molded, are lacking in quaintness. They form an important link, however, in the china chain and should find a place in every collection.

Pink lustre, copper lustre, and silver lustre form a group by themselves. Silver lustre came first and is the most valuable. The tea-sets of this old ware are among the most charming in existence. The low, fluted teapots, the creamers, and sugar bowls, each one perfect in design, are beautiful specimens of the potters' art. The shapes are similar to those seen in old silver and it is quite probable that the discarded molds of some silversmith were utilized by the first makers of silver lustre.

Copper lustre is frequently picked up, mugs and pitchers being the usual pieces. These pitchers are generally large and can hardly be classed as creamers. But an occasional teapot, attractive in form and lovely in color, bears witness to the fact that tea-sets were not unknown. Modern copper lustre is now thrust in the face of the china hunter, but the hard, metallic glaze does not deceive any one and only enhances the charm of the old.

Pink lustre came into vogue after the Revolution and for years was very popular. It is found in a variety of shapes and is one of the prettiest wares to use on the table. Many of the old teapots,

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sugar bowls, and creamers, and even the cups and saucers, while effective as bits of decoration, are not satisfactory on a modern table. This is especially true of Staffordshire.

Late in the eighteenth century Staffordshire china, or more correctly, Staffordshire crockery, made its appearance, and with it came the "all-over patterns," a form of decoration that led the potter into strange flights.

Some of the teapots show a wealth of imagination, if a limited knowledge of geography and anatomy. The Staffordshire clay-worker doubtless knew his own small corner of the world, but this he scorned to depict on his china. Knowing little of the Continent, less of America, and nothing of the Orient, he drew a series of foreign views that today are food for thought and an infallible cure for the blues. Chinese pagodas, Greek temples, Swiss villas, and American cataracts were sometimes blended in the same landscape, while Indians beneath tropical palms were placed side by side with turbaned Turks or English ladies in large bonnets.

But the color of this old crockery—the blue! There is nothing like it in all Chinaland. Fortunately it cannot be reproduced and each bit of Staffordshire is a treasure in itself.

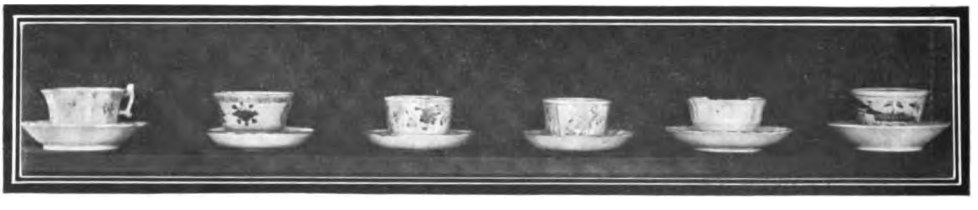
Between the years 1815 and 1830 a great deal of this deep blue crockery was made expressly for the American market, and was printed in designs relating to the history of our country. America was dependent on England for most of her tableware. Home factories were few and not very successful. English potters were quick to realize this, and to design the now famous "American Scenes." A teapot with an impressive view of Washington's tomb would surely appeal to a tea-loving and patriotic people more than a teapot, equally blue, with an English tomb depicted upon it. Teacups showing Lafayette's landing, or McDonough's victory, would surely be more acceptable on an American table than cups of similar shape portraying British heroes.

After the blue wave in Staffordshire came the mulberry, the pink, the green, and the brown. Then came the decline. Colors paled and designs lost their charm. The reign of the commonplace in china had begun.

A collection of teapots and all the things pertaining to tea-making is a pleasant thing to own and to dream over. Colonial cheer seems to cling to every cup and to lurk in every teapot. What romance surrounds that piece of willow-ware and that bit of silver lustre! This queer Delft teapot came from an old Dutch homestead on the Hudson and has the tradition of belonging to a patroon. That creamer of Spode was found in a little village in the Berkshire Hills and was once part of a wedding-set. The helmet pitcher, the Nankin cups and saucers, and the teapot of Canton were unearthed in Salem. That teapot of Royal Berlin with the portrait of Frederick the Great was presented to a colonial shipmaster. Later it came to grief and was broken in nine pieces. That unique handle of iron was added by the town blacksmith, who must have been the pioneer of the arts and crafts movement in America.

The charm of another age surrounds every piece of old china and makes a collection a never-failing source of pleasure.

VIRGINIA HUNTINGTON ROBIE.



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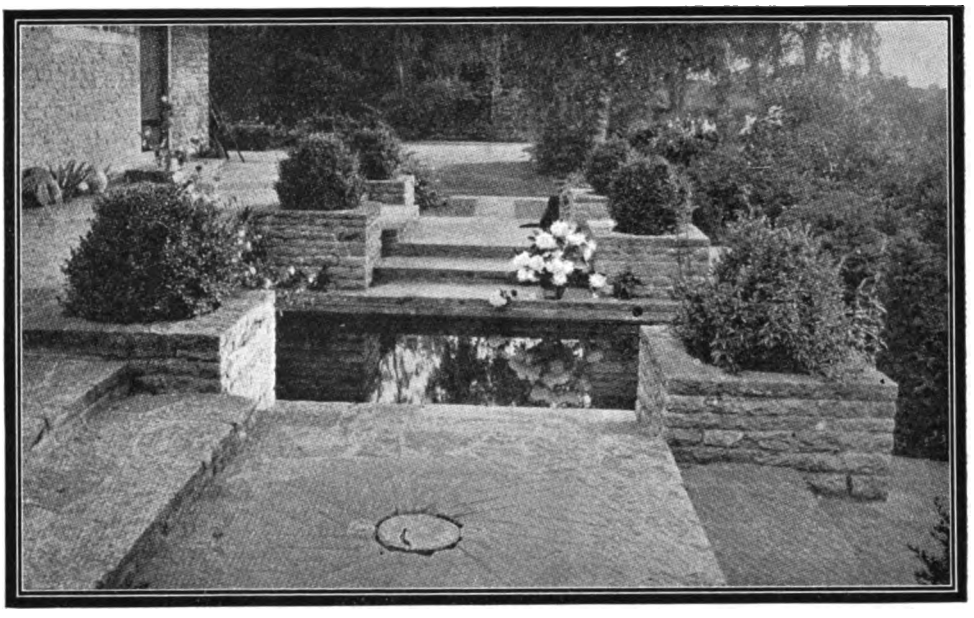
A BEAUTIFUL GRASS WALK

MUNSTEAD HOUSE

Reprinted from *Country Life*.

ATTRACTIVE as is Munstead House itself, it is much more remarkable for the garden that surrounds it than for its own dignified proportions. It is a fortunate fate for a place to secure an owner who is an expert in landscape design; and having written several able and beautiful books on gardening, Miss Jekyll manifestly knows what to do with her own. She has not attempted to "build stately," for stateliness would have been out of place with the site at her disposal, but she has certainly given the world an object-lesson in the manner of gardening finely. Climbing the hill toward Hascombe, on the way from Godalming, the wayfarer turns aside to the left, by a sandy track of the most unpretentious kind, with scrub trees and open land on his left, and a plain oak paling on his right. And then, after a while, he enters a little gate, not wide enough to admit a vehicle, and pursues a simple path, with grass and heather and bushes on either side, leading directly toward a grayish yellow stone wall, which looks as if it had stood for scores of years, although, as a matter of fact, it has stood but a very few years; and then, turning to his right, he is in the porch, if porch it be. No cottage could have an approach more humble or less ostentatious. Grand hydrangeas in simple tubs flank the entrance to the porch, and the door is of plain and solid oak. Indeed, substance, solidity, plainness, and the absence of pretense are the distin-

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THE TANK

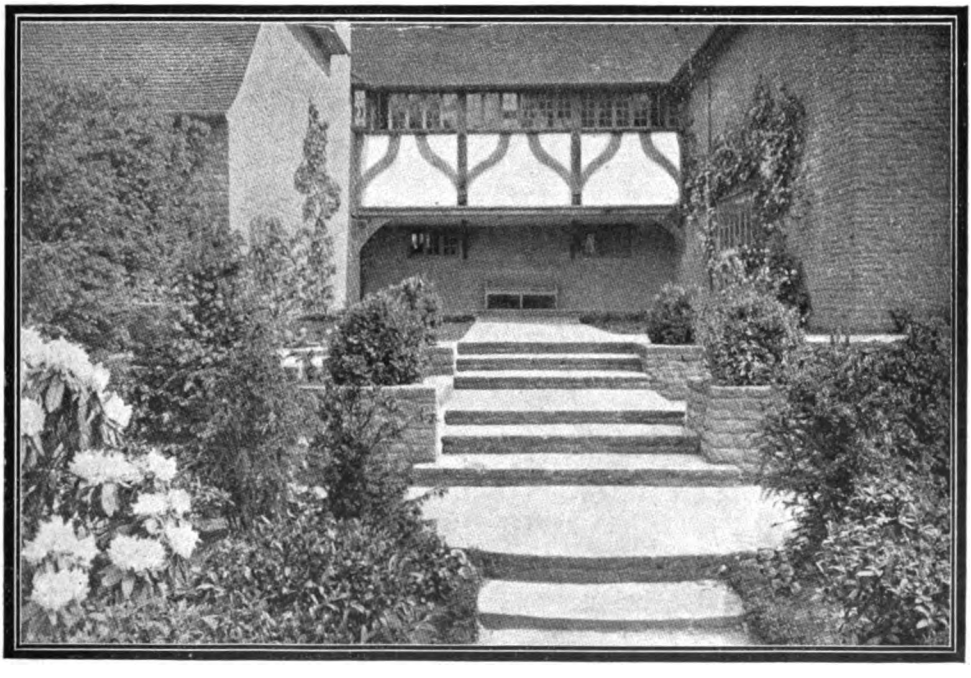


STEPS TO THE TANK

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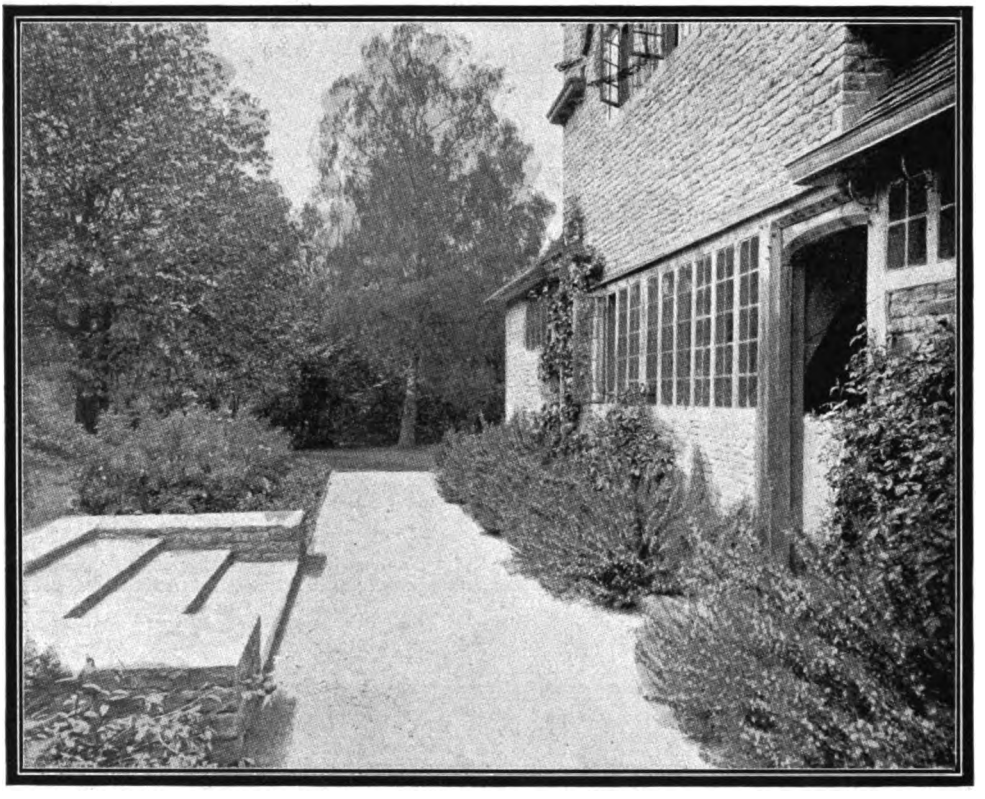


ENTRANCE TO KITCHEN GARDEN



THE GARDEN COURT

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THE GARDEN DOOR

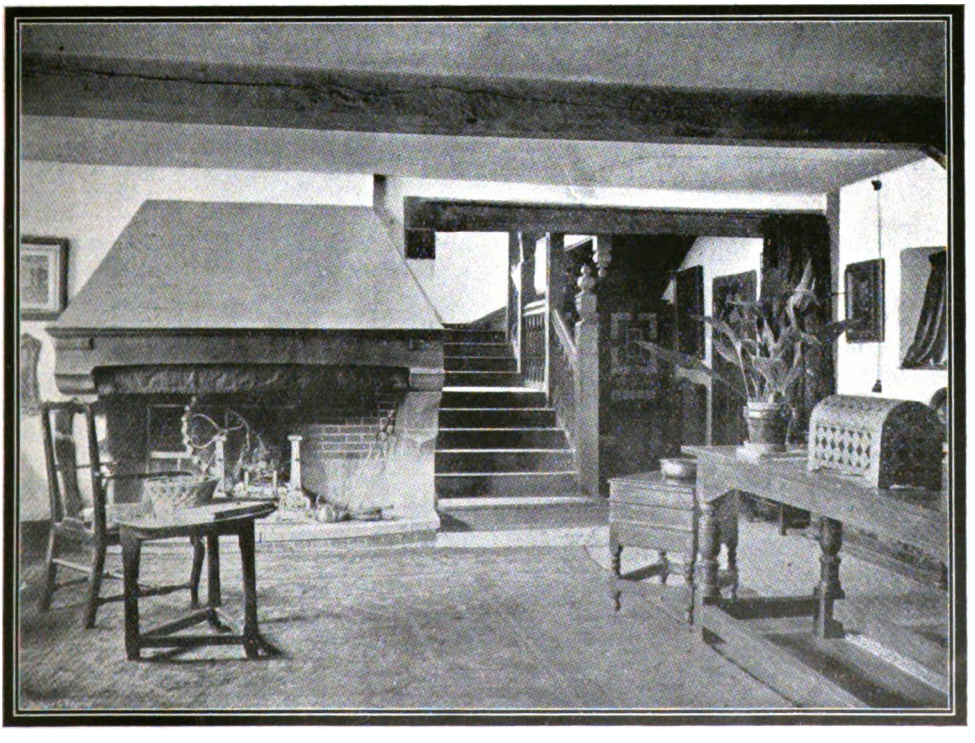
guishing marks of the whole house. Inside, again, there is little which flashes upon the visitor or astonishes him; all is beautifully plain and massive. At first he simply feels that everything is exactly as it should be. It is only little by little that he realizes the details that produce the feeling—the width of the hall, with its huge beams still bearing the adze marks, the fine proportions of the fireplace with its glowing fire of oaken billets, the noble array of ancient pewter in the dining-room, the massive simplicity of the staircase, the light and space of the gallery with its immemorial beams, the interest of the thousand and one "things" dear to a woman's heart, for many reasons, stored in the cupboards at the side.

From the window of the hall, the view is absolutely restful. The eye rests upon a little lawn, fringed with birches, the most graceful of English trees, with rhododendrons, glorious in due season, at their foot; and through them, and between scrub of Spanish chestnut later, runs a broad green path, at the end of which one sees the warm stems of a Scotch fir, which survived in the days of the great cutting. Even at this point it must be plain that these harmonies between house and environment, this fashion in which the house takes advantage of every view of the wood and garden, and the wood and garden miss no view of the house, must be the result of careful thought on the part of some person or persons.

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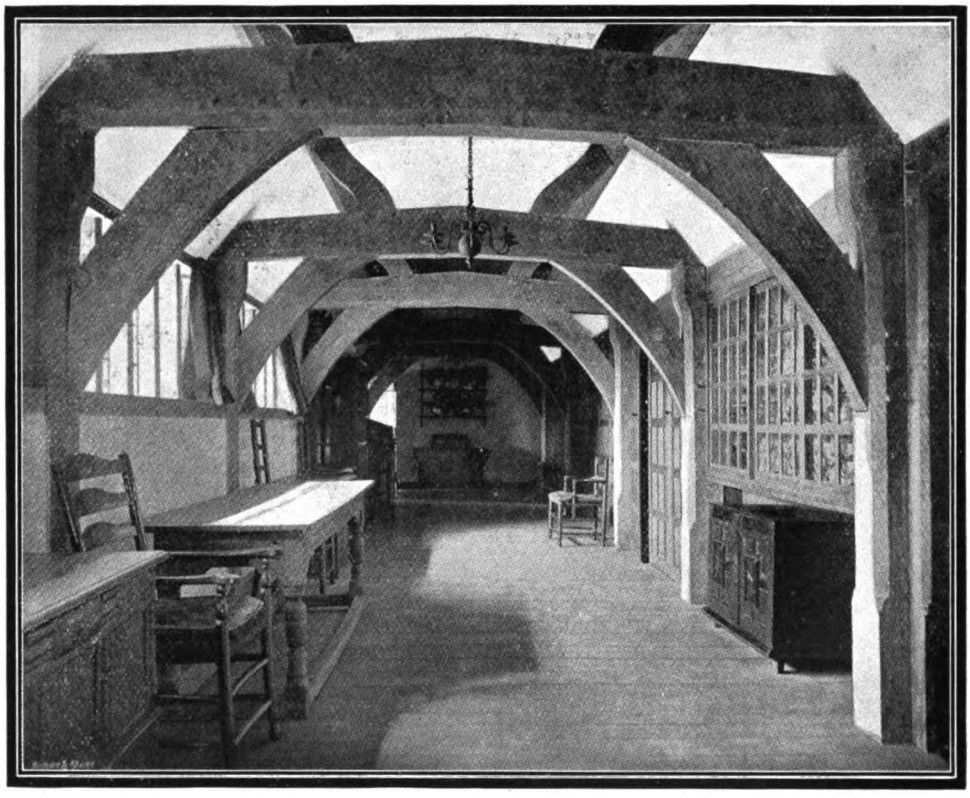


THE WORK-ROOM



THE SITTING-ROOM

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THE OAK GALLERY

Nature has been compelled, so to speak, to group the trees. There has been but little planting, but where the birches predominated their rivals have been removed; and so it has been with the other trees. The paths, or many of them, are broad and straight, and the sandy soil makes them springy and dry to the foot. Here in summer you come across groups of those giant lilies, ten feet high and more, the embodiment of stately purity and the pride of Munstead. There, near the cottage, are rampant and luxurious roses of the simpler kind. Here, alongside the birches, is a group of brilliant cistuses, and well placed elsewhere is azalea mollis. The purple of the autumnal leaves of the blackberry, the gorgeous hues of the autumnal fungi, are not forgotten. In fact, that wood is a perfect example of how much may be done to improve a wild spot without depriving it of its essential wildness.

The rule by which to produce such garden effects is simple in enunciation, difficult in the following. Group boldly with a thought of all the seasons and of all the colors; form many successive pictures in your mind, pictures which shall be harmonious in themselves and compatible one with another, and make them. That is the beginning and the end of the whole matter, but it is also where the imagination of the artist comes in. For the rest, the golden rules are two,—not to be a slave to tidiness, and not to attempt to grow plants which do not like your soil.

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ST. AUGUSTINE

ONE wonders sometimes whether Florida is more charming in reality or in retrospect. When compelled to spend a winter in the north with its alternate snow storms, rain storms, mud, slush, warm days, cold days, and then—the grippe, how longingly the memory lingers over past Florida days; the warmth, the golden sunshine, the flowers, the delicious, idle out-door life! The occasional cold days are quite forgotten—although when there how bitterly we resent them—we do not like to remember the vicious frost that tips the palmetto trees with brown and sears and blights the fresh young vegetation—those are the sad facts of reality, and when thinking of the past, is it not always the beautiful that lives longest in memory?



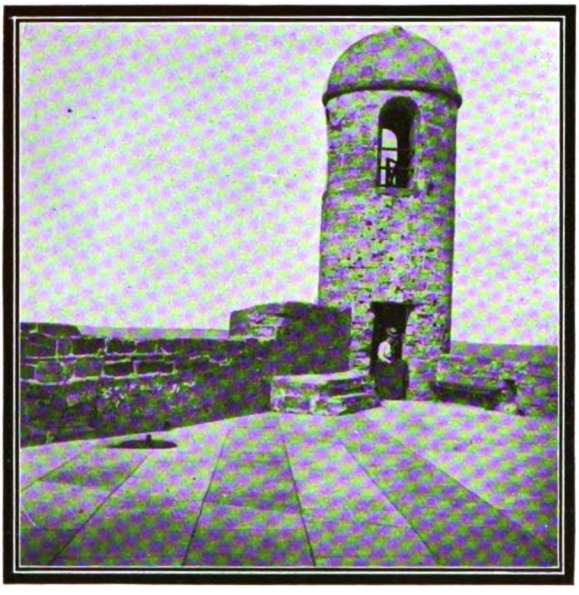
THE CITY GATES

It has often been said since the "great freeze" of 1895 that the climate of Florida will never again be the same, but history tells us that "during the night of January 2, 1766, the mercury fell to twenty degrees, and for the first time on record, lime, citron, and banana trees were killed in St. Augustine," and again, "In February, 1835, the mercury fell to seven degrees Fahrenheit, a point that has never been touched since. Even the wild orange trees were killed to the ground." So the disastrous frost of 1895 is not without precedent, and as Florida recovered before, so we believe it will again, and such is the beauty of changeableness, there is always the hope of a change for the better.

But however its climate may change for better or for worse, there is a fascination about St. Augustine, with its quaint old streets and magnificent hotels, that will always attract the tourist and the student, the dreamer and the worldling, and as the earliest permanent settlement of Europeans within the present territory of the United States, it will always be of peculiar interest to Americans.

The early navigators were lured to Florida by stories of wealth and magic, and it is curious that the fabled "Fountain of Youth" should have crossed the ocean in advance of the Spanish ships, and yet we have the testimony of Peter Martyr, in an address to the Pope to the effect that the existence of such a fountain was well attested and believed by the explorers themselves. Ponce de Leon undoubtedly believed in the legend. From something said by the Indians in Cuba, the Spaniards got the idea that

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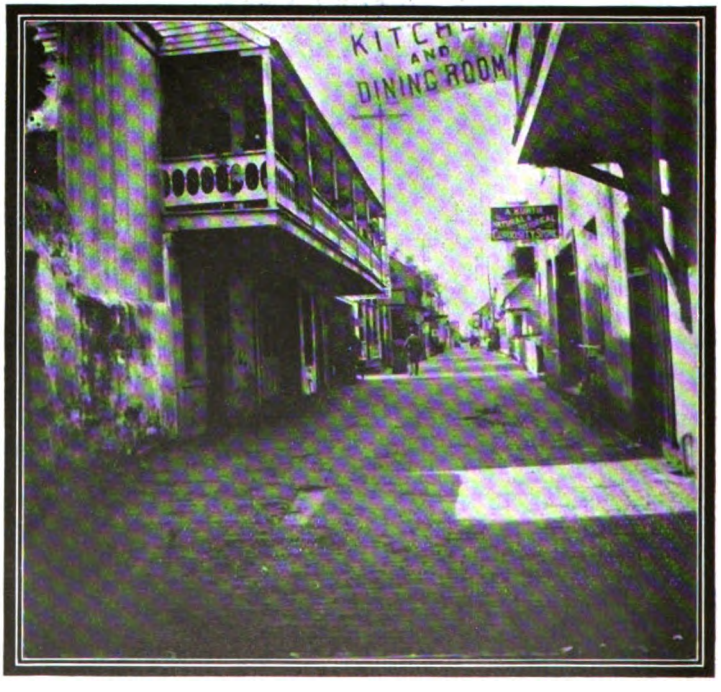


THE OLD WATCH-TOWER, FORT MARION

this fountain was situated a little north of that island, and Ponce de Leon with three caravels sailed from Porto Rico in search of it.

"On Easter Sunday, 1513, we came within sight of a coast which we called Land of Easter, or in Spanish, *Terra de Pascua Florida*, and claimed it for his most Catholic majesty, the king of Spain, landing a little north of the site of St. Augustine." Although the present-day tourist can be driven for a consideration to Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth, which tradition claims a mile or so north of the city, yet history tells us when he returned in 1521, taking a colony to the Land of Easter, his party was attacked by the Indians and instead of finding his Fountain of Youth, he received a wound which caused him to abandon the enterprise and retreat to Cuba, where he died after prolonged suffering.

Some French Huguenots attempted a settlement in 1562-4, but were driven out and slaughtered by the Spaniards, and it was in 1565 that St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States, was founded by Menendez. It remained under Spanish rule until 1763, when it passed into the hands of the English, and the cross of St. George took the place



ST. GEORGE STREET

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of the Spanish lion on the flagstaff of the castle. In 1783, after the Independence of the United States was recognized, the British government receded Florida to Spain. In June, 1784, the new Spanish governor, Zespedez, took possession, and again, after twenty years, the banner of Spain floated over the castle walls. Then began, we are told, "what was, perhaps, the most idyllic period of the city's history. The world went on fighting as usual, but St. Augustine had ceased to be a bone of contention. Music, dancing, civil and ecclesiastical feasts, and all the light amusements dear to the Latin heart, were celebrated during the genial winter months, and the city was a veritable bower of tropical vegetation, with narrow



THE OLD SLAVE MARKET



CHARLOTTE STREET

paved streets, lined with cool gray coquina-walled houses. Within the walls no hoof of horse ever sounded. Those who could afford to ride rode in palanquins." The second war between the United States and Great Britain (1812-14) indicated the manifest destiny of Florida, and in 1821 the Spanish flag was lowered and the Stars and Stripes rose in its place.

The old castle, now called Fort Marion, from whose flagstaff the banner of Spain floated for so many years, is the most important and interesting of the

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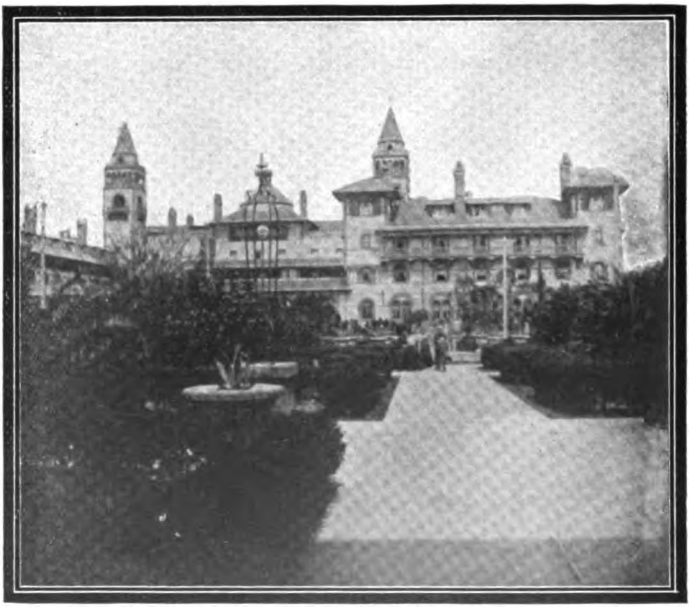
THE PONCE DE LEON, ENTRANCE THROUGH THE COURT

Spanish relics, and one visit leads to many others spent dreaming in and about its old walls. Upon the first visit the sergeant in charge will conduct you through the casements, first pointing out and reading impressively a translation of the half-obliterated Spanish inscriptions above the entrance.

At the head of old St. George Street, with its overhanging balconies and many curio shops, are the city gates flanked by a few yards of coquina wall, all that remains of the ancient defenses of St. Augustine. Old engravings of the city show it as a completely walled town. The present gateway was the principal entrance, was strongly guarded, and repeatedly saved the town from the sudden onslaught of savage or civilized foes.

The "Old Slave Market," on the plaza, is now used mainly as a lounging-place; the original structure was used as a provision-market until the city outgrew its accommodations. On quaint old Charlotte Street is found the oldest house in St. Augustine, dearly loved and frequently painted by artists. The Hotel Ponce de Leon is too well known to require extended description. The architecture is Spanish, not Moorish, and was designed by Messrs. Carrère and Hastings. St. Augustine is indeed like no other place, and we would that we could return to it again and again.

ELIZABETH E. GOLDSMITH.



THE PONCE DE LEON, FROM THE ALCAZAR

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1. TEMPLE VASES, CANDLESTICKS, AND A BRAZIER

JAPANESE BRONZES

BRONZE has a wonderful past. According to the Oriental belief it is beloved of gods and men. It has a place in ancient history and in all ages it has been the favorite material of craftsmen. It is also that in which art has achieved her first and highest triumphs.

This homely alloy of copper with tin, with lead, with zinc, is so fluid when molten that it is ideal for casting and so ductile that it is obedient to the hammer, the chisel, and the burin.

Its origin is unknown, but as the name given to it by Japanese metallurgists is "kara-kane," literally "Chinese metal," the inference is that it was introduced into Japan from China. The oldest prehistoric metal discoveries in Japan are bronze bells and arrow-heads, but the date of their actual manufacture is a matter of conjecture.

The Japanese are extremely skilful in the composition of bronzes. Besides their ordinary bell metals and mirror metals there are two alloys, called respectively shaku-do and shibu-ichi. The exact proportion of alloys in either is uncertain, but the first is known to be composed of copper and a small percentage of gold with traces of silver and other metals and the latter of copper, silver, etc.

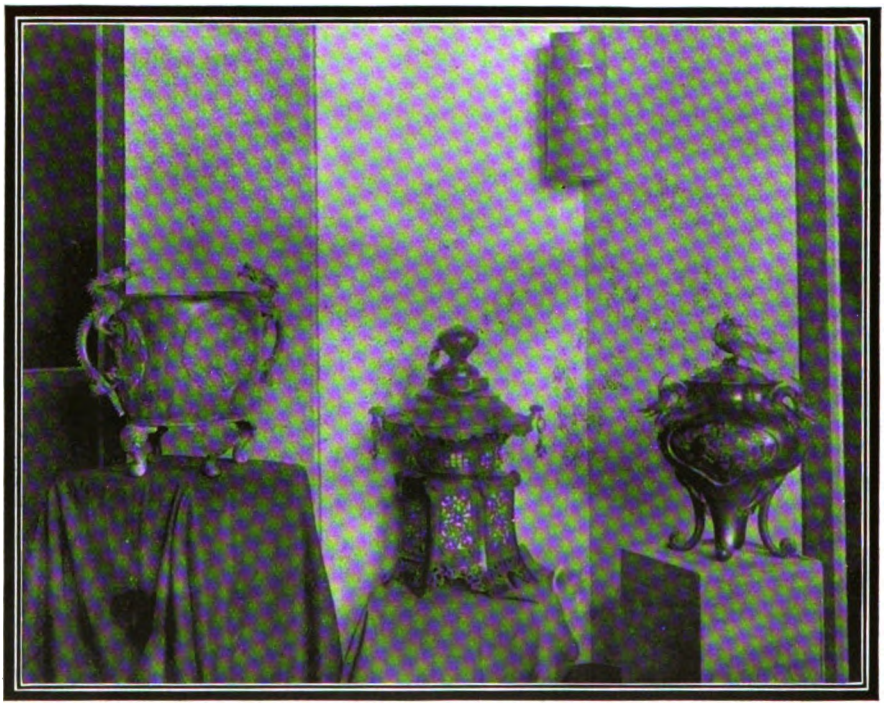
The Japanese bronzes excel not only in closeness, toughness and hardness, but in color and ornamentation. The

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colors range through all the shades of brown and gray from light yellow to the finest dead black. This black bronze because of its depth and softness has attracted the attention of the civilized world and been studied and imitated by the metallurgists of Paris. As Paris for three centuries has had the reputation of being "able to execute in bronze industry the best that Europe has to offer," there can be no question of Japan's supremacy in this one line.

Rein is authority for the statement that the Japanese bronze industry has reached its highest development since the opening of the country by Commodore Perry. This development he says is less in the better composition of the metals than in the tasteful arrangement of the colors and in a better sense of the right amount of ornamentation. The high reliefs do not play such a prominent part, while inlaying and incrustation are combined very effectively with chasing and engraving.

The Japanese metal-workers have attained great skill in imparting to metal grounds different textures. They avoid the polished or highly burnished surface so uniformly affected by our silversmiths. The Japanese use it only for special effects in combination with other varieties of treatment.



2. A BRAZIER, A LANTERN, AND AN INCENSE-BURNER

On this subject says Mr. Dresser, who is considered good authority: "We are too fond of bright surfaces and not unfrequently prefer glitter to repose, but to the Japanese glitter is vulgar. They tell a tale of a servant coming from the rural districts in Tokio, where she entered the service of a distinguished family. In her new abode she discovered a silver tea-pot which was beautifully oxidized and subdued in color; this she

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at once proceeded to brighten. To her employers the whole respectability of the article was removed by the process of polishing, and what was a work worthy of high appreciation had by her labor become an object of absolute vulgarity." This incident might point a moral for the artisan as well as adorn a tale for the general reader.

The ways in which the surface of metal is relieved by oxidizing, punching, corroding, dragging, and scratching are almost countless. Many of them may be seen in the illustrations accompanying this article. The preference for the artistic effects as produced clearly proves that the Japanese metal-worker values the material under his hand as a means to an end and not merely at its intrinsic value.

Mr. Dresser says, again: "I am sure that the Japanese are right in seeking to give to their works in metal such textures as will make the ornaments they bear prominent by contrast. Many of their works have a 'toothed' or gunpowder-like grain, and from this an ornament having a somewhat smooth surface frequently stands out.

"The Japanese are the only perfect metal-workers which the world has yet produced, because they are the only people who do not think of the material, and regard the effect produced as of far greater moment than the metal employed. To them iron, zinc, bismuth, gold, silver, and copper are only so many materials with which things of beauty may be produced, and the one is as acceptable as the other if perfect appropriateness is seen in the application of the material and if the result produced be satisfactory and beautiful."



3. A TEMPLE VASE

Oriental bronzes have a romantic no less than a picturesque side and an enchanting chapter might be written regarding them from this point of view. Consider the hanging temple bells of Japan and those wonderful and alluring creations, the magic mirrors. Their descriptions may be read in most of the books concerning the far East, but a

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4. LANTERN FROM THE TEMPLE AT NARA

woman who has seen much of the home life of the Japanese tells me of the loving regard in which the bells are held and of the superstitious reverence paid to them and the magic mirrors by the little brown people.

Though Japanese bronze art has found its highest expression in temple furnishing and decoration, especially in the various Buddhas and other idols, there is among us a widespread and intelligent interest in the useful bronze articles seen in the homes of the well-to-do Japanese. Among such articles are the flower-vases (hana-ike); the censers (ko-rô); braziers (hi-bachi); mirrors (kaga-mi); and basins (midza-bachi).

The illustrations for this article are chiefly of such articles and for them we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. J. S. Bradstreet of Minneapolis, Minnesota, who is a very successful collector of antiques. Naturally a lover and student of the people, arts and customs of the Orient, Mr. Bradstreet has been much in Japan, not only visiting the cities, but making leisurely journeys into the interior—into localities remote from the Japan of the guide-books. In these by-ways he has found many of his rarest and most valued possessions. The illustrations accompanying this article are from photographs of pieces selected from his importations and private collection.

In illustration No. 1 will be seen at the extreme left a large vase of the kind used at either side of the temple shrine. Note the handles, each in the form of an elephant's trunk, and the ornamentation on its bowl of a dragon in relief. On the table in the background is another pair of temple vases, very chaste in form and pure in color, also a candlestick and a brazier or hibachi. The brazier is used



5. A CANDLESTICK

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6. A GROUP OF HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS

for heating purposes. In the foreground at the right are a lantern of the kind used before house shrines and an incense burner or korô, the latter ornamented with a bronze lotus blossom and bud. The wind bells hung from the lantern sway and tinkle responsive to the slightest motion of the air about them, and the unique form and ornamentation of the incense-burner make it a desirable curio.

Plate No. 2. At the left is a brazier of great beauty and value. The dragons represented in the medallions and handles are of exquisite workmanship, while the texture and tint of the surface are fine. The middle piece is another style of lantern and the incense-burner at the right is a good example of the bronze casting at the beginning of the present century.

Plate No. 3 shows a temple vase of large size. It is, including the stand, four feet high. The bowl is used to hold water. Much of the beauty of this piece lies in the contrast displayed in the surfaces of the different parts; the polish of the stand, the incrusted surface of the dragon, and the dull finish of the bowl. It is a very attractive piece.

The candlestick shown in plate 5 is known to be of very old manufacture, and is correspondingly interesting and valuable, but its ornamentation is of a character that would distinguish it in any age. Note the representations of the crane on the bowl toward the base, the dragons in relief on the stem, and the filigree work in the bulb, midway.

It is stated in the history of Japan that art in its more impressive phases reached its zenith one thousand years

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ago in the bronzes of Nara. The lantern seen in plate 4 was brought from a temple in that ancient capitol. This lantern is of great beauty, and when lighted is quite resplendent. Worthy of note is the lace-like effect of the perforations in the walls of the globe and the subdued sheen of the surface about the top, above the bells.

In the collection there is also a water bowl for outside use, which is in gray bronze and already shows the patina or changed surface color which often converts a plain piece of bronze into something individual and distinguished. On a hanging shelf back of the bowl are some small garden pieces, but it is impossible to describe this remarkable collection in detail.

Plates 6 and 7 show a variety of interesting and beautifully formed and finished household utensils—candlesticks, trays, lanterns, vases, etc. The form and workmanship are sufficiently clear in the illustrations, but the exquisite coloring, showing in the different pieces so wide a range of tints, is of course lost in reproduction.

CHARLOTTE WHITCOMB.



7. HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS

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CANTERBURY KEYS

CANTERBURY KEYS AND ELIZABETHAN ARCHITECTURE

WHEN Alexander Pope wrote his Essay on Man—when he wrote "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien," he scarcely expected that posterity would find quite so many different abstract ideas, to which the useful aphorism could be applied with more or less propriety, as suggest themselves to the ingenious minds of our day. Just now, between vice and an alien type of architecture in America, the writer has discovered a rare analogy. For vice has not been assailed with greater bitterness of feeling than has the revival of the Elizabethan school. And more than that, Elizabethan architecture is frequently ridiculed or, at best, made the subject of many ill-natured imitations. In 1894, when the inoffensive dwelling-house illustrating these notes was erected on the main street at Wyoming, New Jersey, it at first stirred up such a fierce sentiment of hatred and malicious satire as an inanimate object is rarely capable of causing. I believe there were extreme cases where it was looked upon as something fit only to be quickly destroyed by dynamite. If its paneled shutters were "bowed" in Philadelphia fashion and tied with ribbons, this seemed to aggravate the animosity, and the ribbons would disappear during the night. But the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb, as is usual I believe, and the shutters suffered no injury. Even the Renaissance tilting shields over the doorway were in constant danger of being ruthlessly torn from their places, and impaled upon the nearest tree-bark —their safety, like the safety of the African explorer in the tree trying the power of the human eye upon the mind of the tiger beneath him, depending largely upon their splendid distance from the ground. All of which behavior was not very dignified nor was it very kind; to-day difficult of belief after the

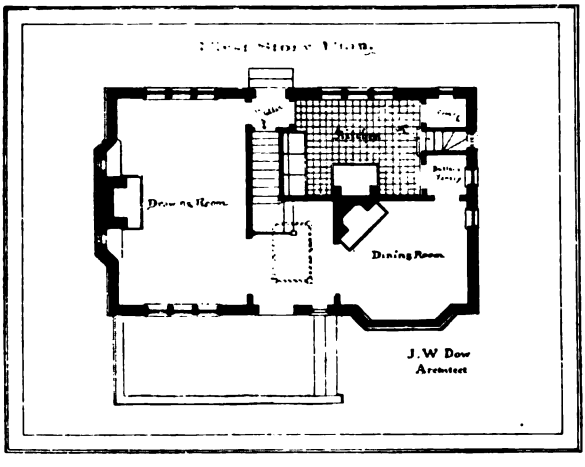
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endurance and pity stages have long since passed away, and a host of converted admirers stand ready to embrace all those principles of design of which this tiny building stands as a humble representative.

This has not been the experience of "Canterbury Keys" alone, but of nearly all as uncompromising examples of Elizabethan architecture. Even among architects it is often regarded as a highly heretical confession of faith, and the orthodox faculty of the Ecole des Beaux Arts at Paris—that manufactory of fine architects—would be scandalized for one whole academic term should a conspiracy among the pupils be discovered to exploit an Elizabethan design.



A VIEW FROM THE REAR



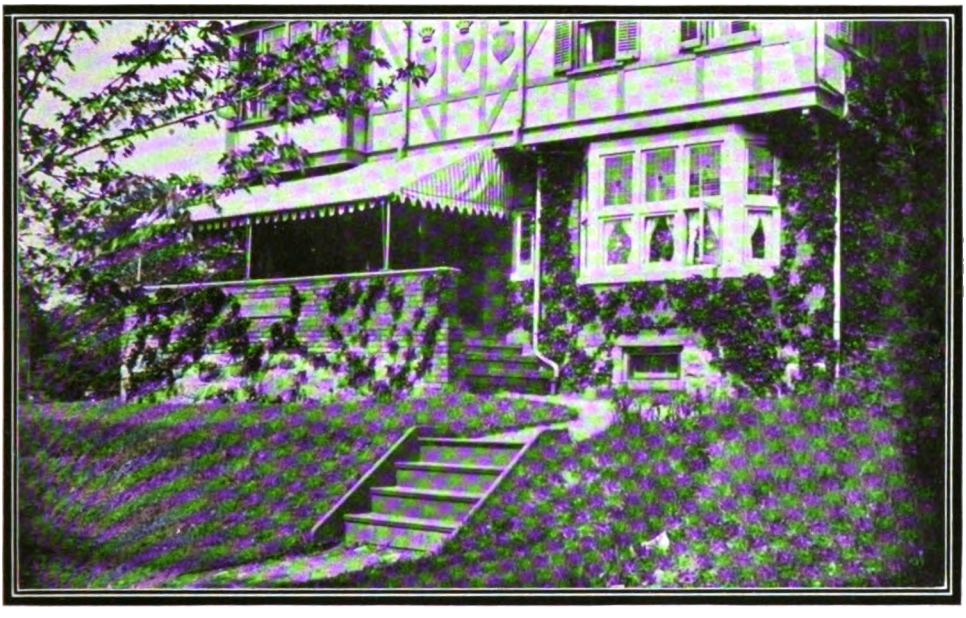
Of course I do not feel competent to undertake a disquisition on the subtle influence that vice exerts over the human mind to create its proselytes. Our doctors of divinity might attend to that. But I can undertake to declare the inherent quality that Elizabethan architecture possesses preëminently that "seen too oft" makes so many converts, that, in the end, it shall endure perhaps when classical formulæ are a dead letter—a quality that all its hasty and vindictive adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist because it is the greatest of all qualities and above all—charity!

When the Kate Greenaway books and pictures were published, now some years ago, the Elizabethan motives were chosen to give that touch of charity—of home, of gardens, of gentleness and love, that was so desirable for the delectation of the young. The consecutive assemblage of cunningly pointed gables, the red garden walls, the quaintest of windows and doorways were objects for endless domestic reminiscence and reflection. For modern purposes there is enough romantic history expressed in these without going further and delving into the real thing. As in all ages and places, even our own, there is that terrible friction taking place close to the tire of the social wheel which we deprecate and would lessen if we could, so that nothing is to be gained by looking too far behind the fair scenes in order to bring to light

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the less gracious side of the times of Elizabeth. We know the benighted side. We have read of the cruelty, the coarseness, the extortionate subsidy rolls. We have no market for such wares; but we can make use of every charitable and romantic souvenir.

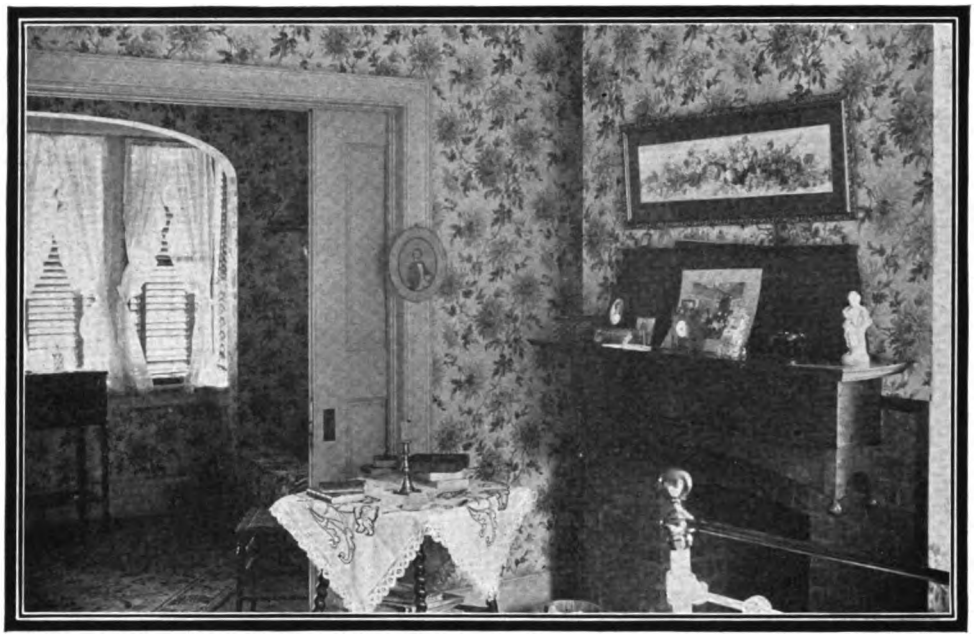
Because of this zeal in extracting only what is picturesque in Elizabethan architecture, the iconoclast tries to injure our idol by calling American adaptations "shams" in their constructive elements. But this will not serve him. For then a very large proportion of all our architectural devices in wood would be shams from that standpoint; and as the use of wood for colonial motives and classic detail has become legitimate and general he cannot now draw an invidious discrimination against our Elizabethan revival on that score. And really the only wooden construction to which he takes exception is the open-timbered work which, in America, is usually simulated by what is called "rough cast," a mixture of Portland cement applied by various methods to the wall surface prepared for it. The preparation means that the frame of the second and third stories is first sheathed with the usual diagonal planks, then covered with a patent iron lathing or a fiber-plaster composition, upon which are fitted the false braces according to the design shown in the drawing of the elevations. Lastly the "rough cast" is applied to the interstices, formed by the braces.



THE ENTRANCE

Never try to make shingles do for the first story of an Elizabethan house. That would be an architectural solecism. Your first story may be of stone, of brick, of concrete, or make-believe concrete, *i. e.*, plain "rough cast" without the false braces (see gables of "Canterbury Keys"). Nothing else will do "just as well," in fact, nothing else will do at all. And never, under any circumstances, attempt a piazza—a piazza in the American acceptance of the term. The architect does not live who could make

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CONNECTING BEDROOMS

one harmonize properly with unadulterated Elizabethan architecture. He would needs be the alchemist who could make oil forget its sometime antipathy to water. If the terraces and platforms prove too sunny in summer (you will want the sun in winter) procure awnings for them. If still too sunny, buy more awnings, and then, if you find them uncomfortably warm, you may rest assured that no American piazza will lower the temperature one particle. And the thing to do is to bundle a few belongings into a convenient portmanteau, and try the Isle of Shoals off Portsmouth, Nantucket, Block Island, Grand Manan, or some other immune spot of which our country has many where the statistics of the United States Signal Service furnish a guarantee that you will not be called upon to endure a greater maximum temperature than eighty degrees Fahrenheit.

In pursuing the study of the architecture of an Elizabethan house we shall find we have much to learn about the treatment of ceilings. I do not mean upon the plane of their decoration, for there the decorators have already done about everything imaginable, but in their construction. At present we have, ordinarily, in practice only two motives —the simple level ceiling and the level ribbed ceiling. Then there is a shameless anomaly called "the ceiling with a cove" which usurps the place and function of a legitimate and highly respectable architectural feature — the cornice. I do not know when nor how the cove ceiling started, but think it must have been evolved by some inventive draughtsman in quest of novelty. The germ was exceedingly contagious and virulent, till now its ravages are not to be exceeded by those of the gypsy moth or other perennial pest. It is true that the banquet hall at Mount Vernon has a cove ceiling. But this is a very different cove ceiling from the ugly, stilted affair that masquerades for it today. At Mount Vernon there is first and always a cornice, then the cove

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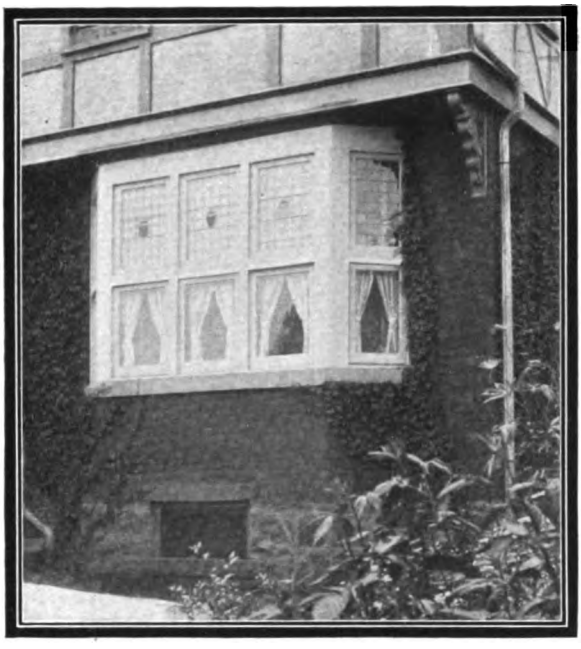


A VIEW IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

springs as a segment to a vaulted ceiling which is made to intersect a plane, the point of intersection accredited by some sort of band or molding to characterize what was intended. In Elizabethan domestic architecture there is a chance for some beautiful vaulted ceilings of either the segmental, semi-circular, elliptic or Tudor arch construction. The drawing-room at "Canterbury Keys" has a ceiling in the shape of a depressed Tudor arch which has proved itself quite satisfactory. The well-hole in the ceiling of the hall, which is surrounded by a railing on the second floor, was not so successful for lack of sufficient space for its proper mechanism. This effect should not be attempted on smaller dimensions than six feet by ten feet. It is a charming thing, however, with the right proportions. The kitchen, shown cross-hatched in the first story plan, has a floor of deep red, unglazed tiles. I believe there have been servants who objected to it, but with the use of mats in winter, this objection was greatly overcome, and for absolute cleanliness it has everything to recommend it. Another internal feature somewhat unusual is the pair of sliding doors between two bedrooms on the second story. I do not know why people do not oftener resort to this plan for space and a better circulation of air in the two sleeping apartments. I did it respectively at Eastover, Greylingham, and Bowmarchioness with unvarying success.

It is needless to say that an Elizabethan house should have specially milled trim, doors, sash, and moldings after the English models; and then, an Elizabethan house needs chimneys. You will say that most houses do. But it is possible to get along with fewer of them in the American plan. Every Elizabethan design, however modest, should have two good chimneys, at least; and they multiply at a high ratio to the size. Therefore this kind of a dwelling is by no means a cheap—I will not say economical—experiment, because I want to use that adjective in a broader sense. I

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THE DINING-ROOM WINDOW

want to say that, for my part, I would consider it economy to do without every interior fixture not absolutely indispensable, my third story bedrooms and my landscape gardening projects for a year or two, so long as the central idea was the true one upon which to work out my salvation in good time. For if this central idea be ill-chosen or mutilated in its essential parts, nothing we can afterward do will improve our condition the least bit, and by degrees the thing will resolve itself into the one permanent regret.

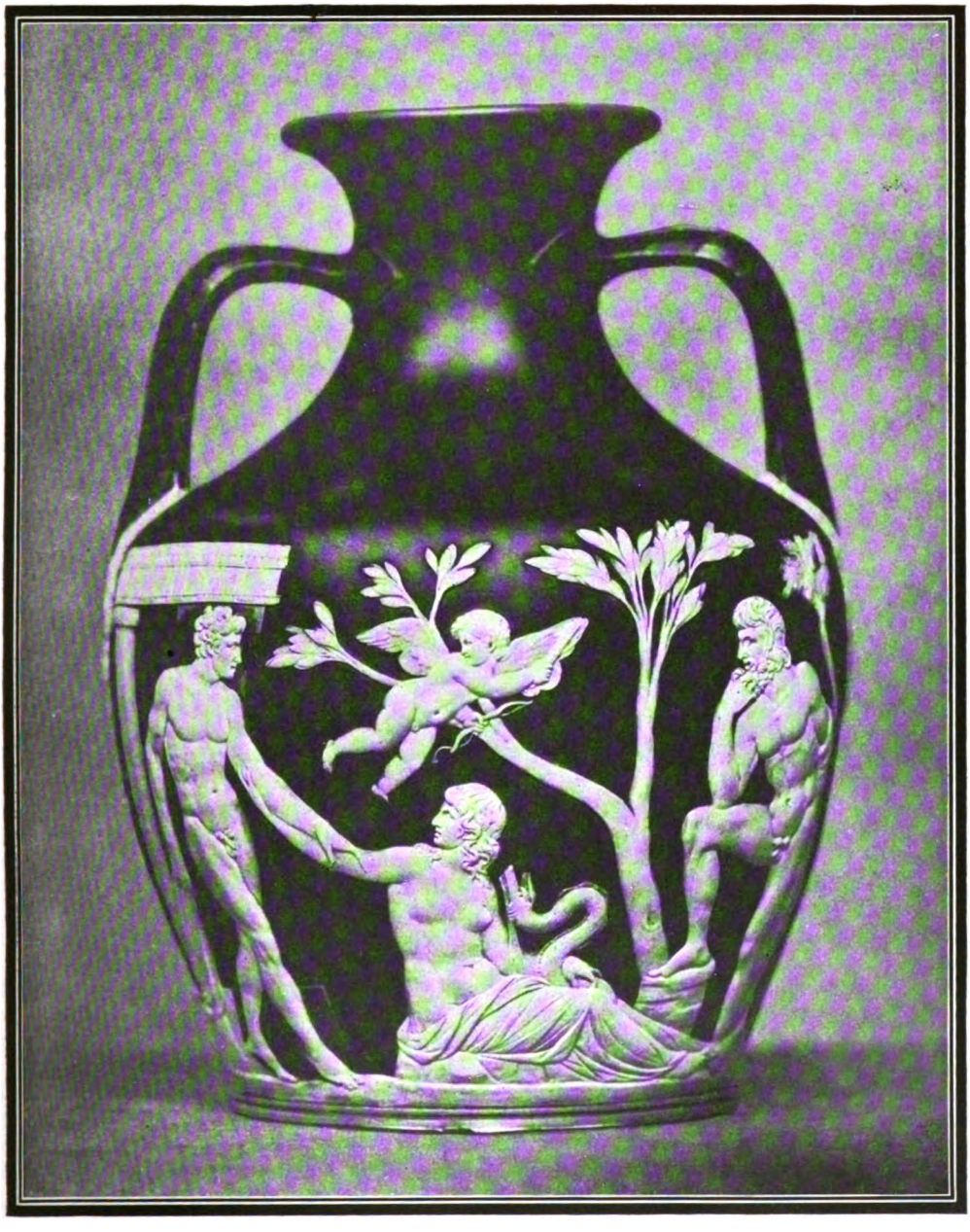
J. W. DOW.

THE PORTLAND VASE

THERE are only a few individual pieces of ornament that have achieved a fame sufficient to make for themselves a special name all their own. There are numerous wares which are world-famous as a class, but of which no individual specimen has much the better of its fellows in regard to its wide repute. Here is a piece of royal Sèvres, a piece of Dresden, a piece of Satsuma, but each is one of many. It has no distinctive existence, no name. The Portland vase has this almost unique distinction. Any one much versed in china lore knows the history of this vase, though it is not china; for not only is it mentioned in numerous books and articles, but several monographs have been written upon it; yet to a very large number of people it is still but a name, associated in their minds in some way with the name of Wedgwood, but conveying beyond that no distinct impression. Its known history is so very full of adventure and the vicissitudes of life as to give it a still greater claim upon human attention.

The origin of the vase has been fixed by experts to have been near the close of the Roman Republic, but by whom made and for whom, there is now no record. During the first half of the seventeenth century a sepulchre on the mound near Rome known as the Monte de Grano, was opened by order of the then Pope, Urban VIII. In this marble sarcophagus, dating from about 300 A. D., where it had lain safely buried for over thirteen hundred years, was found the vase. The sepulchre is now in Rome in the museum of the capitol. The reliefs on its faces represented stories from the life of Achilles. On the sides were pictured the "Sacrifice of Iphigenia" and "Priam

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THE PORTLAND VASE

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begging the body of Hector from Achilles," and on either end were groups of warriors. The vase itself was a glass cameo about ten and one-quarter inches high, the background and body a very dark blue glass, over which is a layer of opaque white glass. The cameo figures are cut out of this white layer in relief. The two scenes cut with such masterful skill upon the sides have been variously interpreted, but it is now believed that they represent episodes in the courtship of Peleus and Thetis.

Urban placed the vase in the Barberini Palace, his own home, as he was named Maffeo Barberini prior to his elevation to the pontificate, and for many years it was therefore known as the "Barberini Vase." It was purchased for £1,000 about the year 1782 by Sir William Hamilton, the husband of that Lady Hamilton whose name is always associated with Lord Nelson's otherwise splendid memory. Sir William sold it in 1785 to the Duchess of Portland, from which time it has been known by its present name. After the Duchess' death the new Duke attempted to buy it of the estate, but at the sale was much annoyed to find a determined competitor in Josiah Wedgwood. Upon learning that the potter wished it only for the purpose of a model, he is reported to have suggested a compromise, by the terms of which Wedgwood retired from the competition, allowing the Duke to bid in the vase on condition that he should be allowed to copy it in his own ware. This was the result in any event. The Duke secured the vase for £1,029, and Wedgwood has greatly enhanced its fame by the very beautiful copies he made of it. The fourth Duke of Portland deposited it as a loan and for safekeeping in the British Museum.

One would think that here an object such as this would have finally come into a quiet and honored old age, after all the dangers to which it had been exposed since before Christ; but in February, 1845, a scene-painter named William Lloyd, wantonly and without excuse, broke it into many fragments. It was carelessly mended, several parts being missing, and is still preserved in the museum.

Very fortunate, indeed, it was that Wedgwood had long before executed his splendid replicas, of one of which the illustration is a picture.

These replicas were made in blue-black jasper body, upon which, in accordance with Wedgwood's usual practice, the molded reliefs in white jasper were subsequently fastened. The edges were then carved and cut before the piece went to the fire. Wedgwood stated at one time his desire to make one hundred such reproductions, if such a word can be applied to a replica in another material, though in form and decoration the same. Nearly twenty of these "first editions" are now in public and private collections. Shortly after Wedgwood's death his firm made more copies, but they are hardly considered as equal to those made under the master-potter's own supervision. Still later the design has been much used in commercial "Wedgwood," especially in the ware with white figures on a dark blue background.

Wedgwood charged £50 for each of his perfect replicas, and the prices of such of these as have been subsequently sold have been much enhanced. In 1849 one was sold for £20. The copy sold from the Parnell collection brought £173 in 1872. In 1890 at Christie's a fine early copy went at £199 10s., while in 1892, during the sale of the collection of Mr. W. D. Holt, a copy of the vase was sold for £215 5s., a price in all probability far beyond what the original would now bring in its broken condition. Such is the history of the "Portland Vase," and it would seem that it indeed justifies the peculiar honor that has been done to this bit of glass which, reflecting the skill and artisanship of the Roman Republic, has come down to us in such perfect condition only at last to be shattered by a scoundrelly vandal.

PAUL STANHOPE.

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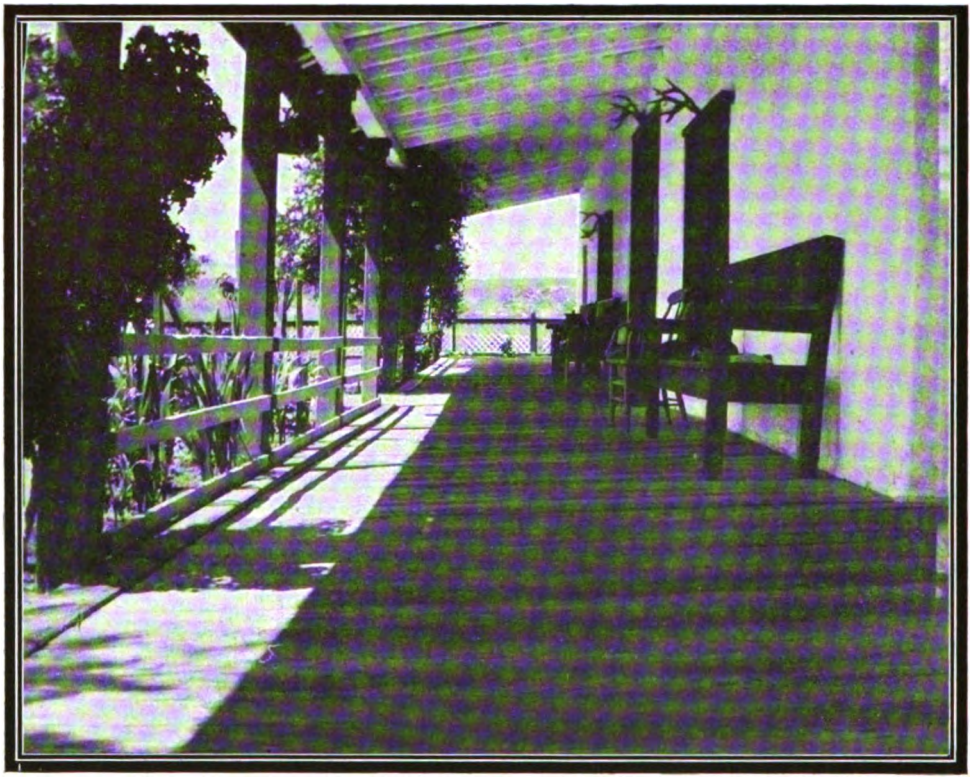
PATIO, FROM THE KITCHEN VERANDA

AN OLD CALIFORNIA RANCH-HOUSE

THE ranch-house typical of the old Southern California, the land of adventure and romance and roses and sunny skies, was very unlike the farm-house of stern New England.

The California ranch-house was built of sun-dried bricks of adobe mud, and its walls were from three to six feet thick—a dwelling-place that was refreshingly cool in the white glare of summer and warm in the chill rainy seasons. There were latticed windows, not many, and the roof was tiled. The more pretentious homesteads of Southern California, antedating the occupation by Americans, contained from thirty to fifty rooms (each room opening on a veranda) and built around a central court, in which were a fountain and a little garden of flowers and vines and orange trees. In one wing of the house were the living-rooms, in one the guest-rooms and sleeping apartments of the family, and in the rear wing were the servants' quarters. It was claimed that there was small need for fireplaces in such a balmy climate, as when it was chilly weather it was merely necessary to sit in the sun and, as the sun progressed westward, to follow the verandas in that direction. If there was no sun, it was explained that one could put on

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THE VERANDA

more clothes or that one could hover over a brazier. And so in the old-time houses a fireplace seems to have been the exception.

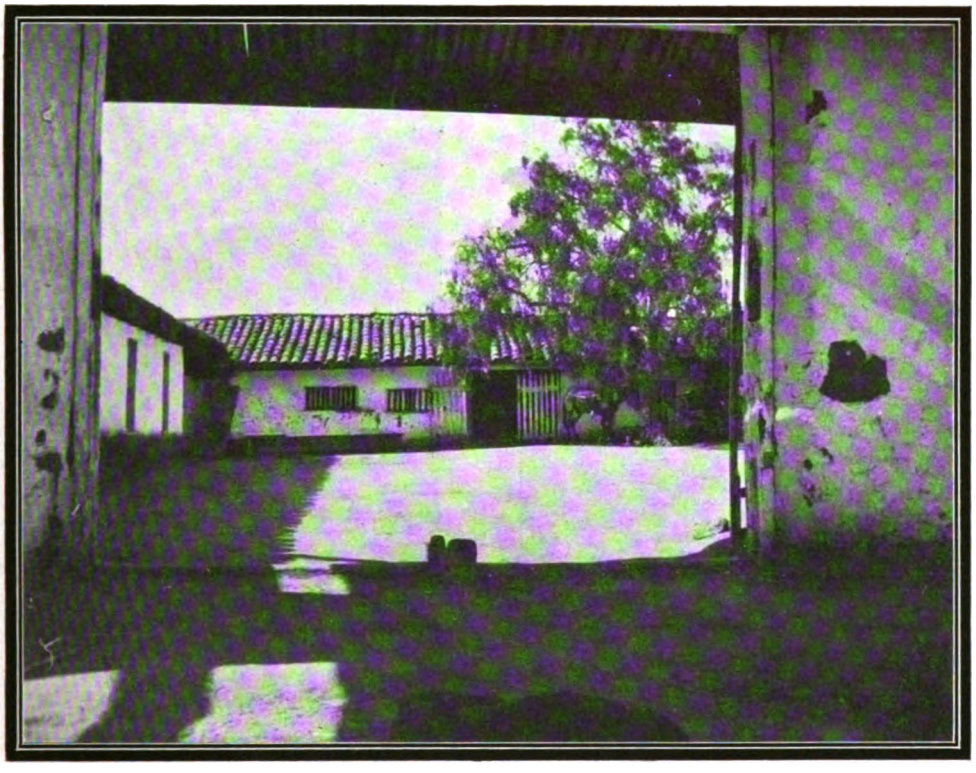
Nevertheless, these verandaed adobes were very livable and picturesque, especially the ranch-houses, under a burning sun and the bluest of skies, their white walls shimmering in the midst of the rich, dark green of orange-orchards and the yellow grain-fields that stretched away to the brown foot-hills and the encircling blue mountains.

In San Diego County, there still stands a very well-preserved ranch-house that may be accepted as typical of the old semi-feudal days. It dates back about seventy-five years and at one time was the property of Don Pio Pico, the last of the Mexican governors of the province of California. Pio Pico's life was a stirring romance, if not a melodrama. His hospitality was as magnificent as that of a prince, he lived and gave gifts like a king; yet he died in obscurity, old and poor, in one of the cities made beautiful and prosperous by the detested gringos.

In those days, already a mere legend, there were always many guests coming and going at the ranch-house. When one lived fifty or seventy-five miles away, it was generally agreeable and worth while to take several days or weeks for a little neighborly visit. There was no occasion then for hurrying and scrambling—life was an idyl. And so there was always a house-party in progress.

The afternoons were lounged away in the blue shadow of the verandas and in

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THE STABLE PATIO

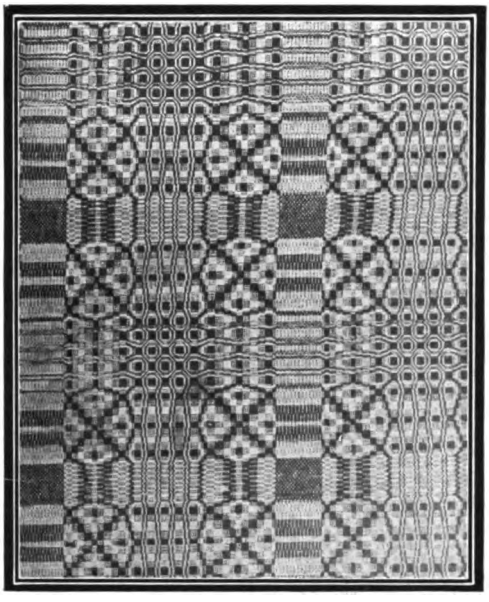
the evenings there was music and dancing in the large summer-house, a very delightful place down in the orange-orchard. It was festooned with purple passion-vines and on each side stretched pleasant, arbored walks, ninety feet long. All this made an effective background for the brilliantly garbed belles and beaus of the southern counties who dreamed there, and danced and coquetted away the slow perfumed hours with little thought of care or the needs of any to-morrow. The old Californians certainly lived in the eternal Now.

On Sundays, the people of this ranch recognized their church duties and rode nineteen miles to hear mass at the San Luis Rey Mission. None of them could have consistently grumbled at such a journey, accustomed as they were to magnificent distances.

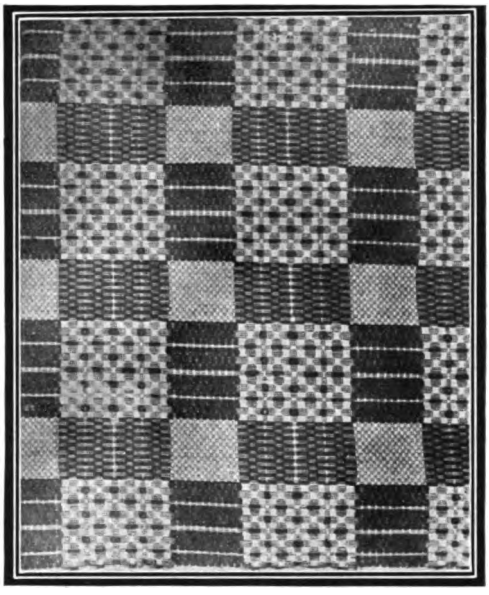
Within a few years this estate of two hundred and eighty-one thousand acres will have been divided and subdivided, towns will spring up, and this venerable old house will be vacated and vandalized, then, finally, pulled down by an irreverent hand. It will vanish as the many others have vanished and then one of the very last links between the romance of The Old California and the thrift of the New will have been lost to the children of this generation.

OLIVE PERCIVAL.

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AN OLD QUILT USED AS A RUG



USED AS DRAPERY

OLD-TIME NEW ENGLAND INDUSTRIES

ONE of my earliest memory pictures is of a tall, large-framed old man, with black, shaggy hair and eyebrows, sitting upon a wooden bench in my grandfather's big, old farm kitchen, and supported on a last before him is a boot into the sole of which he is hammering little wooden pegs. Every autumn this old man came with his bench and tools to make and repair the boots and shoes for the family. The leather he used was tanned at the village tannery, from skins taken from calves raised upon the farm. The sole-leather was made from cows' hides, also a product of the farm.

During the same season of the year a tailoress came to the home to cut and make the men's and boy's clothes, of cloth woven in hand looms, the wool for which had grown on the home herd of sheep, and had been carded, spun, and dyed by the women of the household. Some of the same rolls were spun into yarn to be knitted into warm mittens and stockings. Blankets were also woven from the finely spun yarn—blankets that were light, yet warm, and would wash without shrinking to the stiff, board-like consistency of those we buy nowadays. I possess one of the old blankets woven by my grandmother more than seventy years ago, and it is still white and soft, of a beautiful crêpey texture, though worn so thin that it is now exempt from duty and is preserved as a valuable treasure.

The old loom, stationed in an unfinished chamber, when not having on its beam the warp of homespun or blankets, bore the bright web of linsey-woolsey for the women's and little girls' winter gowns, or the intricate pattern of the linen and woolen bedspreads of our great-grandmothers' days. The flax for the linen was also raised on the farm, but before my remembrance. When I was a child, nearly fifty years ago, mother was still using the sheets, tablecloths, and towels that were entirely of

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home production from the sowing of the flaxseed to the dainty hemming of the linen. The little flax-wheel, the great spinning-wheel, and the loom were familiar objects in the attic, but I never saw the flax-wheel in operation, though the spinning-wheel and the loom were in frequent use all through my girlhood. Rag carpets were the latest production of the loom.

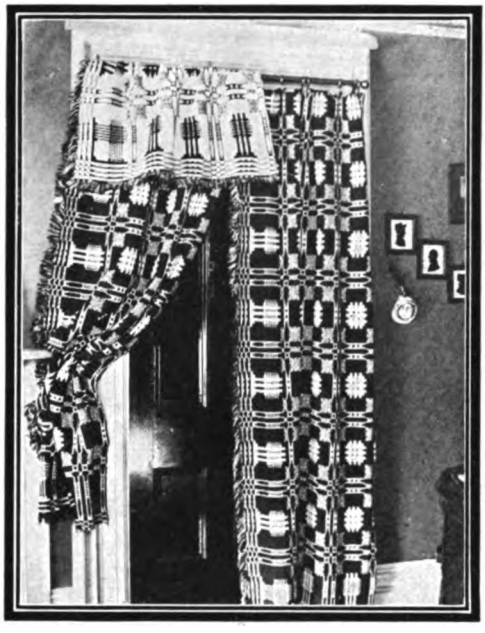
These are but few of the old home industries. We wonder how the mothers of those days found time to make the candles, boil the soap, pick the geese for the feathers to fill the voluminous beds and pillows, make the preserves and pickles, dry the pumpkins and apples for the winter's store; and though the men harvested the vegetables and fruit, and butchered the animals for the meat, the women had much to do with this work also. Then the little ones required care, taking much of the mother's time, as they do to-day, though in a somewhat different manner. As we look back it seems as though the farm supplied nearly all the home wants. Flour and meal for the bread were made from the farm-raised wheat, rye, and corn ground at the village mill, sugar and syrup were produced from the maples in the pastures and wood-lots, and these same wood-lots provided the fuel and even timber, boards, and shingles to build the houses and barns.

In central Maine last summer I saw a little girl of about eight years of age who sat by a window knitting a rug out of narrow strips of variously colored rags, sewed together in a continuous string wound in a large ball. The mother, a middle-aged woman, was knitting a man's woolen stocking, an art I had thought extinct, machine-manufactured hose are so cheaply procured. The grandmother, eighty-nine years old, was seated in a low, wooden rocker, and, without the aid of spectacles, was sewing with fine, even, "over and over" stitches the seam of a sheet. She proudly told me that she bore the distinction of being the oldest woman in her town.

I exclaimed about such a tiny girl having the strength in her puny hands to wield the big, clumsy needles weighted with the cumbersome work, and being contented to sit knitting rugs instead of wishing to be running about in the beautiful field of buttercups and daisies surrounding the little weather-worn dwelling. Thereupon the mother brought out other rugs the little one had knit, and patchwork quilts she had pieced, a marvelous quantity of work, considering the era in which we live and the age of the child. Children of eight years in our cities and large towns are barely out of the kindergarten, and would be considered unusually skilful with the needle could they assist in making their dolls' clothes. This little Maine girl seemed to belong to the period of our grandmothers when our mothers as children were made to sew or knit a "stent" every day. She smiled proudly and happily as we praised her work and asked her the names of the patterns in a large quilt having no two "squares" alike.

This quilt was a unique collection of more patchwork patterns than we had seen or heard of. Perhaps some reader who in early girlhood sat for hours piecing patchwork with carefully basted seam, requiring, when the art was being learned, to be sewed "over and over" with many takings out and resetting of the stitches, would be interested in the names of these "squares." There were forty-nine patterns in the quilt, and I can recall Jacob's ladder, state-house steps, wild goose chase, log cabin, pine tree, rising sun, blazing star, four stars, checker-board, monkey-wrench, lion's paw, bear's paw, four T's, twin sisters, orange peel, butterfly, basket square, button square, and diamond square. Some of the designs required many stitches, as the pieces of calico making up the "squares" were very small. Occasionally the design suggested the name, but oftener a fine imagination was necessary to perceive the reason for it. The grandmother told us that she once visited Augusta, and "the state house

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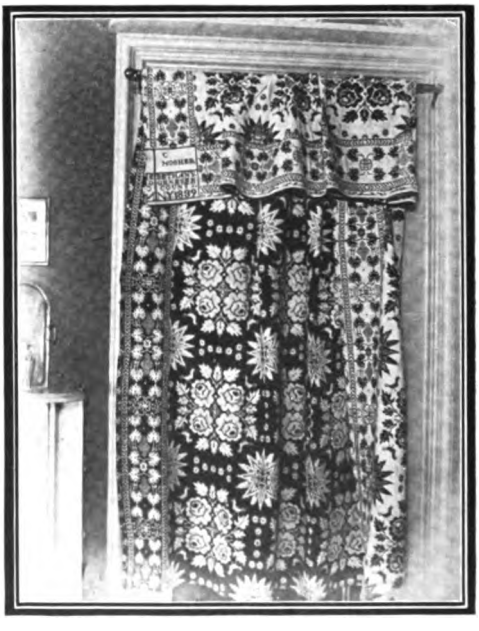


A QUILT ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD

steps looked just like that square of patchwork."

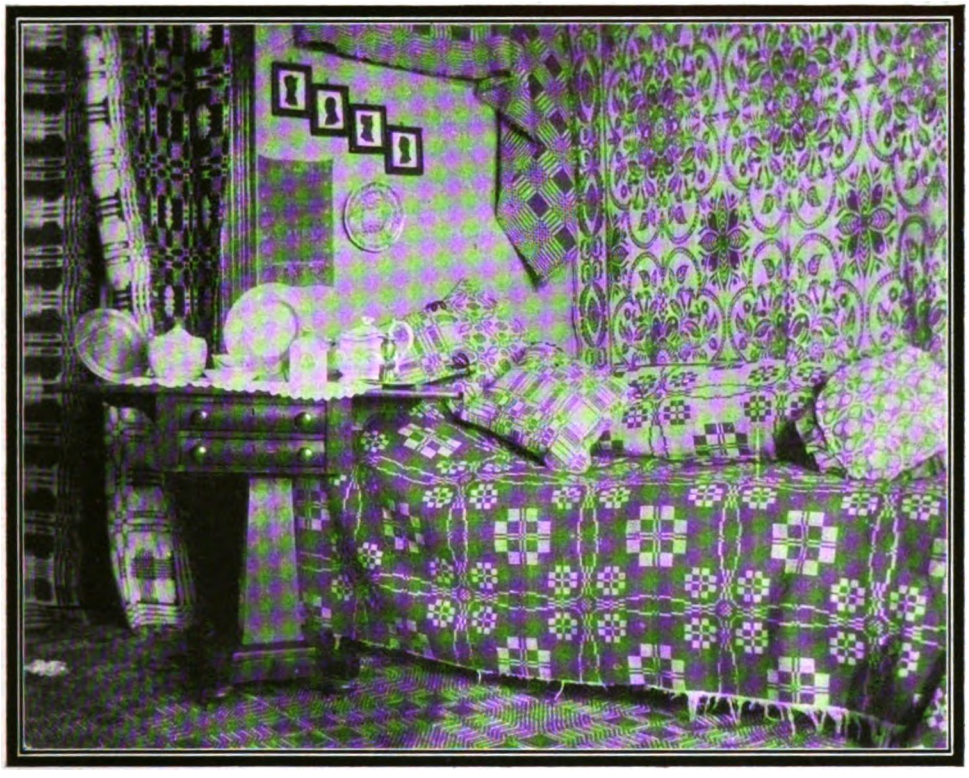
Our enthusiasm over the old-time patchwork led to talking about the hand-woven bedspreads, and we asked to see the two beautiful blue-and-white ones the grandmother said she wove in her girlhood and still possessed. She was as delighted as the little granddaughter to exhibit her treasures, and brought for our inspection, besides the bedspreads, huckabuck, diaper, and damask towels and tablecloths of her own weaving, also some odd pieces of old china, including some very pretty plates and a lovely cup and saucer decorated with the bright scarlet berries and green leaves of the strawberry plant.

I asked her to explain how the different patterns of the linen and bedspreads were woven, and in spite of her years and rheumatism she hastened to the next room again to bring out a roll of paper patterns much worn and yellow with age. They were simply strips of paper marked off in rectangular sections, containing numerals that represented the number of threads of the warp to be alternately lifted and depressed by the machinery of the loom to form a shed or space for the passage of the shuttle bearing the weft. The process seems very complicated to one who has never practiced the art of weaving, but the old lady spoke of the many ingenious arrangements of threads forming such a variety of designs as very simple indeed. In telling us of the care that must be given to counting the threads accurately to assure the correctness of the finished pattern, she informed us that similar care must be used in preparing the yarn for the web. She told us of a girl who spoiled a whole web by not counting the threads correctly when she reeled the yarn for the warp from the spinning-wheel. Each skein of yarn should have seven knots, and each knot forty threads; then the strands of the warp will be of equal length when wound upon the beam of the loom. In comparing the value of the woven quilts in the old time with



THE BORDER SHOWS THE "PINE TREE" DESIGN

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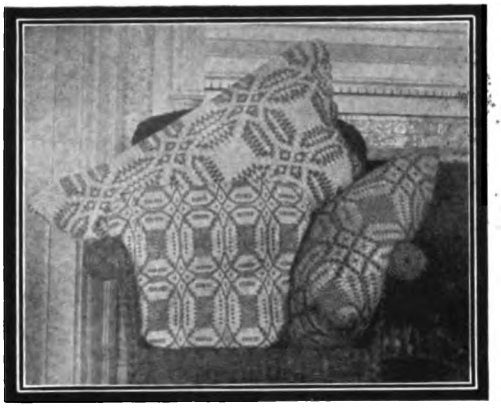
QUILTS OF MANY PATTERNS

their present value, we were told, by way of illustration, of a friend who "swapped the first coverlet she wove for a clock. The price of the clock was twenty-five dollars, and it had wooden wheels that ran on ivory. She gave her coverlet and a two-year-old heifer for it."

Each pattern had its name written upon it, and on some were the date of the design and the name of the designer. The name Ruth G. Farrar was attached to several of the patterns. Upon one was written, "This may certify that the new invented Draught, which is called the beautiful figure, belongs to Ruth G. Farrar, Windsor, December 31, 1830." Compass work, Washington's rings, royal beauty, rose in the wilderness, the beauty of Edinburgh, Jefferson's liberty, orange peel, fancy figure, cloves, etc., were among the names given to the "draughts." The dear old lady said that she considered "Jefferson's liberty," one of the most beautiful patterns, and many others of her contemporaries must have thought so too, for, upon making search in the country homes, I found more pieces of old quilts of this design than of any other. It would be very interesting to learn why the design was called "Jefferson's liberty." The reason for the name "Washington's rings" is quite apparent. The pattern of one of the pillows suggests rings, and as Washington was the greatest man of those days, it was very natural to honor things animate and inanimate with his name.

Before my departure from this home

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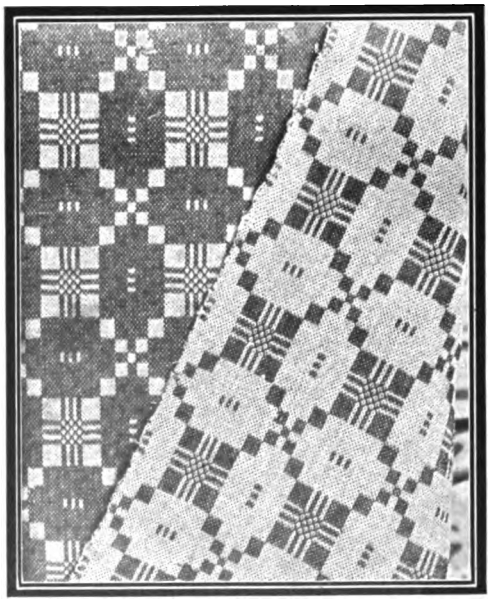


"JEFFERSON'S LIBERTY"

I was given a piece of one of the bed-quilts, and this possession gave me the collecting mania, so that before leaving Maine I had seen quite a large number of beautiful spreads, thirty of them of different designs, and had had several pieces given me. Most of these quilts were blue and white, but some were red and white, and a very few red, white, and green, the red usually being faded to a yellowish brown. The blues were, as a rule, very dark. The lighter blues were nearly always in quilts of coarser texture and looser weave, giving me the impression that the dye had been carelessly prepared.

The old country homes all possessed the perennial "blue dye pot," whose foul-smelling contents produced a lasting deep blue. Dyes for other colors were made when required by steeping the bark of trees, logwood, cochineal, madder, copperas, etc. The outer husks of butternuts gave a rich reddish brown known as "butternut color." It is more than probable that some of the richest red browns in the old quilts were dyed with butternut husks instead of being the faded results of some red dye. That maple bark gave a very pretty slate color I well remember, from the fact that an eccentric neighbor used to dye her baby's linen with maple bark, "to save washing," she said

My collection of antique bedspreads has as yet amounted to only eighteen specimens, ranging in size from a piece ten inches square to the covering of a large couch. They are so beautiful and durable I have utilized them also for pillow covers, table spreads, and hangings. The quilt, now a bookcase drapery, was used many years for a rug on the sitting-room floor of the old lady from whom I purchased it. On cleansing it the colors came out bright and clear, and it shows no signs of wear. It is very closely woven, of the deepest blue, white, and red, the latter color being that of the bricks in the fireplace near which it hangs. The white in all the quilts I have seen is the linen warp, while the colors are the woolen weft or filling. The three pillows grouped in another photograph are samples of the "Jefferson's liberty" pattern, the largest one being red, white, and blue. Must we consider these colors due to patriotism, or to the convenience of dyeing? The second in size is red, white, and green. The smallest one, red and white, displays the reverse side of



TWO SIDES OF A QUILT

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the pattern, and is woven of much finer yarn. As stated above these reds are faded to a pale yellow-brown.

The pattern of the small pillow placed above "Washington's rings" is a variation of "Jefferson's liberty." The pillow with the even plaid is red, white, and blue, and all the other samples in the photographs are blue and white with the exception of the quilt hanging as tapestry on the wall.

In this picture are four beautiful old quilts owned by a friend who kindly arranged them to be photographed—one as the tapestry, another as a portière, a third as a couch drapery, and the fourth as a rug. A piece of a quilt is draped over the silhouettes, and other pieces cover the pillows. The pillow at the head of the couch, and the one at the foot, show opposite sides of the same pattern, while the roll at the back presents the wrong side of the couch drapery. The portière was woven about a hundred years ago, and the silhouetted old lady hanging nearest to it, with the husband and children in line, spun and dyed the yarn of which it is made. The edge of the portière is thrown over to show the other side. The more ornate tapestry was woven in 1852. Perhaps it represents the art in its decadence.

An interesting old sampler and blue plate hang upon the wall, and on the antique table beneath is displayed an ancient tea-caddy, old Wedgwood sugar bowl, old china teapot and cup and saucer, an antique Mexican candlestick with extinguisher of beaten silver, pewter platter, and a plate decorated with fishes having a curious history.

Four of these plates were brought over from Holland in 1680 by an ancestor of the friend who owns the quilts represented in the picture. Each of the four branches of the family inherited one of the plates. There was a tradition that if one of the plates was broken the ruin of the family possessing it would follow. Three of the plates have been broken, with the predicted result to the three families. Though this is not a superstitious age, yet this friend keeps her plate wrapped in cotton wool, locked in a strong box, and, needless to say, she guarded it very carefully while the photograph was being taken.

When we consider the time, thought, and skill employed by our foremothers in the household industries, is it unnatural, now that factories and workshops have made such work unnecessary, that the women of to-day have to go outside the home to find employment for their superabundant energies? Our girls, instead of devising new arrangements of pieces of calico for quilts, or intricate blendings of warp and woof for the hand loom, are taught in schools of design to make beautiful, original patterns for calicoes, carpets, and wall-papers, and these patterns are used in the numerous factories throughout New England and elsewhere. It is pleasant to think that whatever success the designer may have, she possibly owes to the skill of her grandmother trained in the exigencies of the home.

CORA E. PEASE.

NEW YORK LETTER

WHY any one with taste and judgment should put up with the common stock "dinner set" nowadays, I cannot understand. To be sure the families with sufficient heirloom china to warrant its use for every-day service are few, and those who are able to buy one or more sets of the handsome new patterns or expensive reproductions are fortunate indeed. Many, however, love the old designs, but fear they cannot afford such luxuries, and so content themselves by using the nondescript, good-at-no-time designs that are sold so universally. As a matter of fact, not only for general

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A CHEAP LANDSCAPE PLATE

use, but for decorative effect, on sideboards and elsewhere in the dining-room, the most interesting reproductions can be obtained for mere songs. The modern Canton is rather expensive and very fragile, and there are many grades at about the same cost which hardly come into the present discussion. The blue willow ware can be obtained at several places in New York or in any of our large cities in full sets, at remarkably low figures. It is very effective, the color a good blue, and the design one not only in itself attractive, but surrounded by the certain glamour of long and ancient fame. I presume no china is mentioned so often in literature as "blue-and-white Canton" and "willow-ware." At many very large houses in the country this ware is now employed altogether for home use, in order to save the breakage of the more valuable other kinds incidental to every-day association with the dish-pan. Familiarity, indeed, breeds contempt between china and the hireling only anxious to "get out." I was immensely interested in some cheap reproductions I found in a five-and-ten-cent store in New York. They are certainly very well done and give all the decorative effect of real old plates now worth several dollars each. One was a dark-blue plate showing a bull-fight scene in center. The bull in the act of goring a horse has decidedly good action, and the attitude of the spectators is really well done. The border has six Spanish scenes, surrounded each by a scroll.

Another plate, also blue and white, and very large, has a landscape in center with a hill crowned by a castle in the background and sheep in the foreground. The work on this is remarkably good. The border is a scroll ornamented with flowers and four vignettes, two of sheep and two of goats. Without wishing to give way to undue levity, the scale is so small that one will have perhaps the Biblical difficulty in distinguishing the sheep from the goats. The plates are printed, as is easily detected by the poor joint in the upper right quarter of the border of the "sheep" plate.

A very interesting and attractive plate is printed in red and has an old-fashioned group as the center-piece. Three ladies are in a curious chaise with a colored postilion in livery astride the one horse. A gentleman is about mounting another horse in the foreground; near by are two well-executed greyhounds. In the background are a statue and palm trees. These palms together with the blackamoor servant seem to locate the scene in some Spanish colony, probably Cuba, and the carriage is undoubtedly a "Volante." The roses in the border are excellently well done, and the whole plate more than satisfactory. These plates were ten cents each. I secured some similar cups and saucers, and for five cents a breakfast sized plate of even better design, but in

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such a light blue that the photograph proved recreant and failed adequately to record the picture. Certainly with such attractive china to be had at bargain prices no one has valid excuse for using the namby-pamby, no-color, no-design china that is so universal.

* * * * *

To turn from what every one may have almost for the asking to that which Boni de Castellane himself could not even try to buy, the following from the Westminster *Gazette* makes a fitting anti-climax:

Connoisseurs of ceramic art had a treat at the Paris exhibition. In the Petit Palais, amid other collections of choice *faïence*, is a case of the rarest in the world—namely, the famous Henri Deux ware, of which only fifty-three specimens exist. Five of these may be seen in the South Kensington Museum; the rest are scattered in various museums and private collections, chiefly of France. Less beautiful and interesting than later triumphs of French potters, this sixteenth-century ware is yet a marvel of artistic ingenuity and finish, and now may be fitly appreciated.

Just as the discoverer of kaolin in France (the white clay used in the manufacture of porcelain) was a woman, so this inimitable ware owes its origin to a certain chatelaine, Hélène de Hangest, who sought consolation under domestic bereavements in artistic initiative and patronage. It was in 1524, at her château of Oiron, in Poitou, that Hélène de Hangest, herself an artist of no mean talent, opened the manufacture called Oiron or Henri Deux ware. The lady's collaborators were her librarian and another gentleman, equally skilful. On the death of all three the pottery fell into inexperienced hands, Oiron ware soon afterwards disappearing altogether. The name of Henri Deux, by which it is generally known, arose from the numerous pieces bearing the monogram of the Prince, to whom the lady's son was greatly attached.

* * * * *

Mr. Mumford's book on Oriental Rugs is out, and every one should see it.* Many who would love to own this book will be deterred by the price, which, after seeing the book, they will acknowledge, however, to be none too large. The reproductions in polychrome surpass anything in fidelity as to color and texture that I have ever seen. One could fancy the rug before one's eyes in miniature. Mr. Mumford is an amateur, a graduate of Princeton, who has engaged in this study through sheer love of the silky, alluring rugs themselves, and he approaches the subject in much the lover-like, poetic manner Mr. Ellwanger has made famous. The practical side of the rug question receives no less careful treatment and the advice to purchasers is valuable and instructive. The description of the various devices now resorted to in the manufacture of "antiques" is amusing, if at the same time rather unsettling, and causes one to look suspiciously at the heretofore thoroughly trusted antique Daghestan before the fireplace.



A DARK BLUE BULL-FIGHT PLATE

For example, Mr. Mumford, in describing the process, says:

It may have been treated with lemon juice and oxalic acid, for example, to change its flaming reds into old shades, or with coffee to give

* Oriental Rugs, by John Kimberly Mumford, Chas. Scribner's Sons, $7.50 net.

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it the yellow of years. Its luster may be born of glycerine. It may have been singed with hot irons. Its hues have perhaps been dulled by smoke. It may have been buried in the ground and then renovated, sandpapered back and front to give the thinness of old age; and for the sheer decrepitude of an almost sacred and invaluable antiquity, hammered and combed at the sides and ends and on spots over its surface."



A SPANISH VOLANTE IN RED

it paid to a mollah for prayers at the shrine of Mecca or Meshhad? Did it change hands in fair barter in the market place or did it pass over the dead body of its rightful owner to the keeping of the swarthy man who sold it to the dealers from Stamboul?

If you can afford this book you should not neglect to buy it, if not I advise immediate recourse to the nearest library.

* * * *

The book contains over two hundred and fifty pages of text with many illustrations, sixteen of which are in color by this remarkable new process,—made in Detroit by the way. Most of the specimens are reproductions of rugs belonging to private collections to which Mr. Mumford has had access, those of Messrs. W. C. Whitney and J. W. Ellsworth being especially complete.

The romantic and picturesque element of the oriental rug, as it appeals to the author, is exhibited by this quotation:

"It is hard not to put questions to an oriental rug when you are alone with it. What of this little web, which in its gay Eastern colorings seems so much more like a silent, smiling guest than a property? Was it born in a shepherd's hut in the pilloried mountains of Central Asia, with the snow whirling about the door and the sheep and camels huddled without? Or did the birds sing among the roses of a Persian village to the weaver as he tied the stitches in? From what far defile in Afghanistan did it journey on camel back to the sea, swept by the sand storms of the desert, scorched by the Orient heat? Was

From the London *News* we take the following:

Admirers of Chippendale furniture may be interested to know that the curiously carved stone doorway left temporarily standing at No. 60 St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross (the adjoining property having been demolished), was once the entrance to Chippendale's workshops and timber yard, which extended a considerable way to the rear, parallel with New Street, and were approached through a long entry. There also temporarily remains in St. Martin's Lane one of two classically carved pilasters of the front portion of the premises which were tenanted for many years by the late W. S. Johnson, a well-known printer, who established the Nassau *Press*, before he removed from Nassau Street, Soho, to No. 60 St. Martin's Lane. Chippendale came to London from Worcestershire before 1750. He was the author of a fine folio work, published in 1762, called "The Gentleman and Cabinet-Maker's Directory," which was "printed for the author, and sold at his house in St. Martin's Lane." It contains two hundred finely executed copper-plates of every superior article of domestic furniture then in vogue. Chippendale's great rival, Cobb, had workshops not far away from Chippendale, at the corner of St. Martin's Lane and what is now Garrick Street.

OLIVER COLEMAN.

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A PARTIAL LIST OF THE PUBLICATIONS

....OF....

Herbert S. Stone & Company

TO BE ISSUED DURING THE SPRING OF 1901

FICTION.

GRAUSTARK, The Story of a Love Behind a Throne. By GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON. 12mo, cloth, $1.50.

The story of Mr. Grenfell Lorry, who meets his fate upon the east-bound express from Denver, helps her out of a bad hole, loses her on an ocean greyhound, and follows her to the ends of the unknown earth. It is captivating romance that is made up of this and of the surprises that await him when he finds her, the entanglements from which he tries to release her, and the more dangerous difficulties into which he is thereby plunged.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON. By ANNA DE KOVEN. 12mo, cloth, $1.50.

A romance with the Hanging Gardens of Babylon for a background and picturesque ceremonies and feasts of Artaxerxes, King of Kings, his court, and his people for an accompaniment. The hero is one of the captive Jews, the friend of Themistocles, the Greek, and the action centers in the intrigues of the priests of Bel-Merodach and the King's love of a beautiful Jewess.

EZRA CAINE. By JOSEPH W. SHARTS. 12mo, cloth, $1.25.

The work of a new writer, the book yet gives the impression of masterful force. It is a weird bit of imaginative realism which clutches the mind as sharply as a story by Poe, and as hauntingly. Its mystery, its terror, its extraordinary realization of the dread of an unknown horror are not lightly forgotten.

THE INN OF THE SILVER MOON. By HERMAN K. VIELE. A new edition, illustrated by Cucuel. 16mo, cloth, $1.25.

"It is a fanciful bit of writing, full of charm and humor."—*The Bookman.*

"This is a delicious little extravaganza."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The story is told in a charming style and with touches that at times resemble Mr. Stockton's work. Its whimsical humor and quaint adventures are irresistible."—*Boston Transcript.*

"A piece of light comedy so thoroughly good that it ought to win for the writer a strong reputation."—*Baltimore Morning Herald.*

"Whoever misses reading this play-idyl will miss one real pleasure which it is possible for a book to give."—*Albany Times.*

DRAMA.

THREE PLAYS FOR PURITANS. By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. 12mo, cloth, $1.50.

This new volume includes "The Devil's Disciple," to which Mr. Richard Mansfield has so gracefully and skillfully given vitality in this country; "Cæsar and Cleopatra," and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." They make use of old devices in a new way, and their puppets are men and women with natural motives and human inconsistencies. Yet they are plays that no one else could write, so original are they in outlook, so new and personal in their point of view. There is a breadth as of the prairies about them and a freshness and vigor as of the wind in the woods. The distinction of his Cæsar in "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is an achievement. Shakespeare modeled the great commander in relief—a dignified and imposing figure; Mr. Shaw makes him human and approachable, yet behind his sympathy and tenderness one recognizes the conqueror.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHAPTERS FROM ILLINOIS HISTORY. By EDWARD G. MASON. 8vo, cloth, with portrait, $2.00. Also a limited edition of one hundred copies, printed on plate paper with extra illustrations on imperial Japanese vellum, in white vellum binding, $10.00 net.

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The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Whenever the address is given and stamps are inclosed, replies will be sent by mail within three weeks.

Our dining-room is fifteen feet six inches by twelve feet three inches, and our parlor sixteen feet eight inches by fifteen feet two inches, or very nearly that. The height of rooms is ten feet two inches. Our dining-room is northeast. Our first thought was to have the room in white (ivory) enameled paint, but if we had a chair-rail we were afraid it might be rather glaring. We prefer something in the way of papering that is not a fad. Have you had any experience in mahogany stain on pine after paint has been removed from it? Even if the stain should prove satisfactory, would it not darken our dining-room too much? We are to have mahogany furniture, and we have some antique rugs to use. Will you kindly tell us how to treat the room to make it look as artistic as possible? Of course we wish it to be in keeping with the rest of the house, which has been built forty-five years.

Our sitting-room, or library, opening into the dining-room, has a plain cartridge-paper, a warm shade, perhaps of light old-rose. We had thought green paper in our dining-room would harmonize with it. Front hall has a two-toned cartridge-paper, in terra-cotta or old-rose, of a darker shade than in library, with just a delicate design of the darker color. The parlor has a carpet with a light olive-green groundwork, with dark old-red and old-blue figures in it. May I ask if you would advise a plain paper, or two-toned effect? Our pictures are chiefly engravings in gilt frames and etchings in white and gold. The furniture is largely mahogany. Our parlor is a north room. Would you use a cornice or cone in both rooms, and will you kindly tell us width of frieze? Do you think favorably of dados for dining-rooms? If so, do you recommend lincrusta? The dining-room is much more difficult than the parlor, for we are anxious to make it as pleasant as any room in the house. Do you advise a plain paper or burlap there? Do you think buffets as satisfactory as side-boards for dining-rooms?

E. W. S.

We like your idea of ivory-white paint in the dark dining-room. The perplexing chair-rail would better be discarded altogether, and the paper you select cover the walls from baseboard to molding, which should be placed at the cornice-line. The room would be attractive and sunshiny in a yellow scheme of color, and this would make a beautiful setting for the mahogany furniture you are planning to purchase. We prefer a sideboard to a buffet; and as you live in a part of the country rich in fine old furniture, you will be able to secure one of admirable design. As you are to have new rugs, the carpet as described has not been considered. For the sitting-room green cartridge-paper is advised rather than old-rose, and for the hall, if you are contemplating a change, a heavy paper in which mahogany shades are combined with green. For the parlor, in white enamel paint, a burlap in a warm mulberry shade would be extremely effective. As you wish to hang many pictures here, a plain background is advised rather than a figured one. The grouping of your pictures is not advised. Engravings in gilt frames and etchings in white and gold ones would hardly look well against any paper. Gradually the frames should be changed, dark frames chosen for the engravings, and frames in brown tones for the etchings. These would better hang in the library-sitting-room, if you select green for that room, and the water-colors in the parlor. With walls the height indicated in your letter, a frieze is not required. The molding in all the rooms should be wide and placed at the cornice-line. We do not care especially for dados, and do not advise them in any of your rooms. Rugs instead of carpets are earnestly recommended; and as you seem to have a number of fine oriental ones, we hope that you will discard the carpets. Returning to the dining-room, as that room seems to cause you some misgivings, we would suggest that the yellow paper have a conventional design in two shades, and that the ceiling be a faint yellow. With the mulberry burlap, a pale tone of calcimine, in a cream-pink, would be desirable. The mahogany stain you speak of should be applied by a skilled workman, who will have no difficulty in treating the woodwork as you desire.

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

What would be a suitable floor-covering for a bedroom papered in blue and white? The room is 14 by 21, eight feet three-inch ceiling; faces west; has two windows, making it a very light room. The floor is maple, waxed; the woodwork painted white, and a cone molding in blue and white in the angle; ceiling paper is white, with small blue design; furniture is a set in plain and bird's-eye maple, very dainty, and the broad divan is now covered with a Bagdad rug. My idea is to have a rug of some kind, oriental preferred, but it seems a difficult matter to find one in which the coloring will not clash with the wallpapers. The room has recently been decorated, and is very effective. I can get a Wilton carpet made in rug shape, in a blue and white, exactly matching colors in the wallpaper, of a small dainty pattern, but I do not like carpets of any kind. I have choice rugs in other parts of my house, Persians, a modern India, and smaller ones in different oriental weaves, and for this room desire something which will be in keeping. The idea was for a room in white and blue, and I would like to carry it out. Also, what would be suitable for the bed-covering? I have seen India prints in size for hangings, also bed-coverings in white and blue, artistic and dainty, but they are figured in large patterns, and I am hesitating about putting them in the room, as wallpaper is so heavily figured. Will you also tell me how a window-seat should be built in a large parlor having a deep bow-window—i. e., no curve at all, just a recess about three feet deep? Should the front be wood and just a cushion for the top, or should a valance hang from the cushion to the floor? The cushion will be of deep green velour, figured, but self-colored. Woodwork in the parlor is painted ivory-white. E. M. T.

As you wish to keep your room a blue and white one, Japanese rugs would appear to be the only solution for the floor-covering. Some of your Persian rugs in dull colors, blue predominating, will be more effective in the room, and add a much needed touch of warmth. Many of the India prints make charming coverings, and if you introduce masses of plain color into the room you do not need to hesitate to combine a figured counterpane and a figured wallpaper. Portières of solid color will rest the eye, and would prevent what would otherwise be a confused effect. With old-pink in the rugs, this tone should be repeated in the furnishings. The bay-window seat should be finished with a valance.

Yours of October 3d regarding the finishing of walls in bedroom, also color scheme for room on ground-floor, received, for which many thanks. Should I trespass too much upon your kindness in asking two more questions? First, with the color scheme as you gave it, in what color would you finish the dining-room, when the carpet must be red and the wood cypress? Also, would Flemish oak be in good taste for all the furniture of the dining-room? This room connects with the other. Second, what would be good color scheme for three bed-

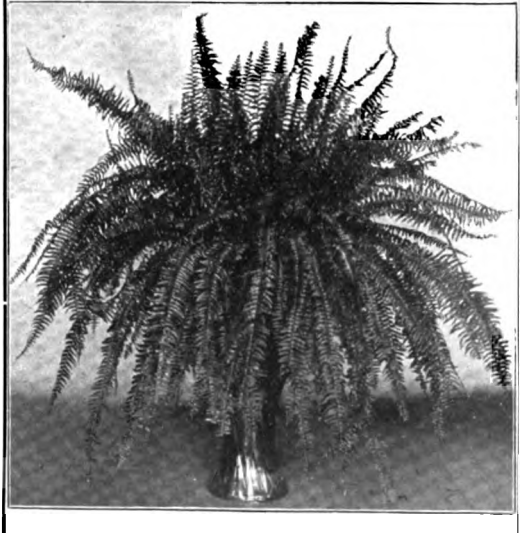
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rooms not connecting and sitting-room, the latter painted in white, with white mantel, the fireplace faced with dark red tiles? C. M. S.

In your dining-room, with a red carpet and cypress woodwork, red burlap is recommended for the walls—a reddish mulberry if the floor-covering will permit. Flemish oak furniture will be quite as suitable in the room as mahogany, and more so than natural oak. The sitting-room, with white woodwork and deep red tiles, is a bit perplexing. As the tiles cannot be changed, they should be made the keynote of the room, and the paper chosen accordingly. A red ground with a conventional design in ivory would be a wise selection, with a broad molding of white at the cornice-line. Choose a red that does not conflict with the red of the dining-room. You do not give the exposures of the bedrooms for which you desire color schemes. It is usually best to treat the rooms in relation to the hall, but as we are uninformed as to its coloring, we can only give a few general suggestions. If one of the rooms has a north light, it would be wise to make this a yellow room. Another would be effective in pink and sage-green, and the third, the room with the greatest amount of sunshine, would be quaint and unusual hung in a deep cream paper having a design in the old-fashion basket pattern—bright-colored flowers and intense green leaves. The paint in all three rooms would better be a dull green. Sash-curtains of swiss, with outer hangings in chintz, repeating the colors of the rooms, would be attractive.

Will you kindly make some suggestions as to the color and style for wallpaper in a house in a suburban town, for the dining-room and hall? The hall is twelve feet square, clear of the stair-case, lighted by a north window and a second on the landing. It has in it a low bookcase under the stairs, a mahogany tall clock, mahogany table and glass, and a rug, the predominating color of which is olive. The dining-room and parlor open out of the hall; the paper in the parlor is a plain green felt. The doorway into the dining-room is five feet wide, hung with velour portières, shades of dull red and blue, lined with blue on the dining-room side. The floor of the dining-room is bare, with a fur rug at the door and another in the bay. The furniture is ash, with the exception of an old tall mahogany bookcase, used as sideboard and china-closet, and an old mahogany table. The bay has a window-seat, cushioned. The bay lies to the south, and there is also a long window to the west, opening upon a little balcony. This room is never without sunshine. On top of the bookcase and coat-closet are old china sugar-bowls and teapots. Do you approve of using china as decoration for the walls? Do you think a dining-room should have a chair-rail? If so, how high should it be? Do you think it looks well to paper the walls above the rail and the ceiling alike with plain dark felt-paper? W. J. H.

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED.

A brocaded paper in which greens and blues are blended would be attractive in your hall, harmonizing with the color scheme of the parlor and leading up to the dining-room, which would be effective in plain blue burlap. As the room is never without sunshine, it would not seem cheerless, and old blue would combine well with the ash furniture. A chair-rail is sometimes an improvement in a dining-room. We do not advise a chair-rail if there is a plate-rail, nor do we care for a chair-rail if there is a low molding. In either case, the room has the appearance of being "lined off." Old china plates and teapots make charming bits of decoration, but a room may have too many pieces, and thus look like a china-shop. From a decorative standpoint, old china should be used as any other bric-a-brac, with a careful regard to the setting, color of walls, and color of the pieces. We especially like corner cupboards in a dining-room filled with old china, and a few bits placed outside where they are most effective. Most rooms would be ruined with a ceiling of dark felt-paper. We have seen one or two rooms which were very light, unusually high-studded, and finished in white paint, where an agreeable result was obtained by papering walls and ceiling with a strong green cartridge. The ceiling appeared to be much lower than it was in reality, and the solid expanse of green softened the glare.

Will you kindly inform me where I can get the rush bottoms for chairs often described by you? I wish to have some furniture made, and desire the rush bottoms—the removable sort.

W. S. W.

We know of no place in the west where rush bottoms for chairs are made. They may be ordered through several furniture dealers. We have seen old chairs that were repaired by J. A. Colby & Sons, Chicago, where the new rush seats were exceptionally well executed.

I am trying to find out something about the little sets of bells called temple bells, or gongs. I wish to know why they are called temple bells—were they originally used in temples? and are they Japanese or Chinese? and were they used for religious service to call the people to worship? I want a set to hang at bottom of my staircase to call the family down for morning prayers. Do you think this would be appropriate?

S. R. S.

The bells you ask about are Buddhist temple bells, and are found both in China and Japan. Those seen in the shops in this country are usually Japanese. They are not used to call people to worship, but are struck at intervals during the service. A complete set has seven bells, each bell representing a different note. While those of China are more unique in design, the Japanese ones are finer in tone. We think that they are entirely appropriate for your purpose.

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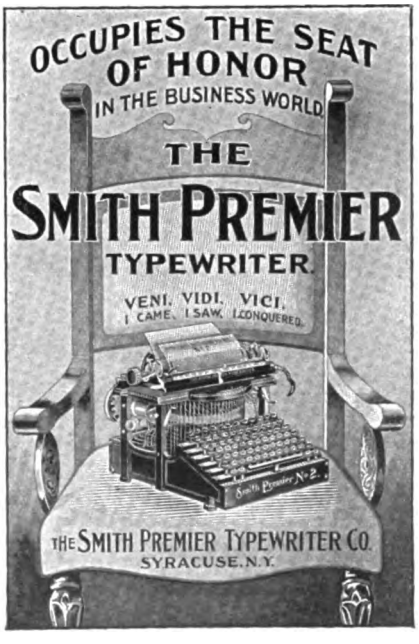


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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

Kindly let me know if you can give me the name of a good book on colonial house-furnishings (interior), and oblige yours truly,

M. H. F.

There are several books on colonial interiors that may be of service to you. "Colonial Furniture and Interiors," by Newton W. Sewell, published by George H. Polley & Co., Boston, is full of old New England interiors. The same firm has brought out other volumes; one devoted to southern interiors, another to mantels, doors, etc. Another good book is "A Collection of Colonial Furniture, Measured and Drawn from Antique Examples," by Alvan Crocker Nye, published by William Helburn, New York City, 1895. To one fitting up a modern colonial house these would be of great value. Now that the old wallpapers are so perfectly reproduced, it is a delight to plan a colonial room, providing, of course, that the architect has done his part in designing the mantel and other woodwork in the spirit of the period.

Is it permissible in the furniture of one room to use pieces of different sorts of wood? For example, antique oak and Flemish oak, or walnut and oak. Having some good pieces of each, can they be used together? Or can rattan be used with all of these with good effect? J. B. T.

It is permissible to use different woods in the furniture of one room, but the result is not so harmonious as when one wood is used exclusively. If your Flemish oak is stained, the other oak pieces could be treated in the same way, but if it is real, it would be a mistake to place imitations near it. Rattan should be used with discretion. Natural rattan is too light to combine well with dark woods, and stained rattan, while better in color, is out of place with heavy furniture.

I would like some suggestions for a bedroom I am furnishing. It is a north room, 14 by 14½ by 9 feet. The side-walls are papered with a rather dull darkish yellow, having fine lines of black and gold (an ingrain paper) and the ceiling a yellow rose design on cream brought down to the molding a few inches. Two windows on the north, cutting that wall into thirds, the door in the middle of the opposite wall. I have a Flemish oak desk, a single bed painted in the same tones (which is used as a couch in the daytime), a fine old Flemish chair. I think of getting a pier glass. Now will you please advise me as to the floor? I wish to paint it. I am also in great perplexity about a washstand and fittings. The room is my study as well as bedroom, so wish to make it attractive as possible with small expense. I think of having flowered chintz curtains instead of swiss. Would that be good? Please tell me what color would be good for contrast. I have two couch-covers, one a good rich red, the other a blue Arabian design. Which would be best?

M. H. D.

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED.

With so much Flemish oak furniture, the floor should be stained that color and well covered with rugs in which strong yellows and dull blues predominate. In deciding between the two couch-covers, choose the one most in harmony with the room, which would seem to be the blue Arabian one. Your idea of the chintz curtains is a good one, but we do not advise the pier glass which is both ugly and expensive. Instead of an ordinary washstand, use a broad shelf covered with some washable stuff in yellows and blues. A bowl and pitcher of copper would be very unique, and while they would cost more in the beginning than the usual ones, they would last a lifetime. These cannot be found in the conventional shops, but must be hunted up in out-of-the-way corners. They are usually of Russian make, hand-made, and beautiful in color. They will give a touch of individuality to the entire room.

I very much desire the advice of your correspondence department in the furnishing of two or three rooms in a new house to which I shall remove in a few days. G. B. R.

Your letter is difficult to answer satisfactorily, as no details are given in regard to the two or three rooms for which advice is asked. On a venture, we will take for granted that the rooms are living-room, dining-room, and reception-hall. Two color schemes are suggested. With Flemish oak woodwork, mulberry burlap for hall, strong green for the living-room, and for the dining-room a hand-made Chelsea paper in deep chrome, with conventional design in blue. Another: With ivory-white woodwork, gobelin-blue burlap for hall, a Morris paper for living-room, in which blue and green are blended, and for the dining-room, plain deep yellow, walls and ceiling alike. With the first scheme the furniture should be Flemish oak, and with the second, mahogany.

I would like to know what to do with the picture-molding. Should it be calcimined like the ceiling, or should it be painted the color and shade of the ceiling?

Your inquiry about moldings is before me. They may be washed over with the same preparation used on walls and ceilings. When these are papered, calcimine may be used to correspond to the colors in paper. The moldings should be considerably darker, however, to produce a rich harmonious whole, and two shades look better than one. This coloring of the moldings brings walls and ceiling well together, and repays the extra trouble and slight expense.

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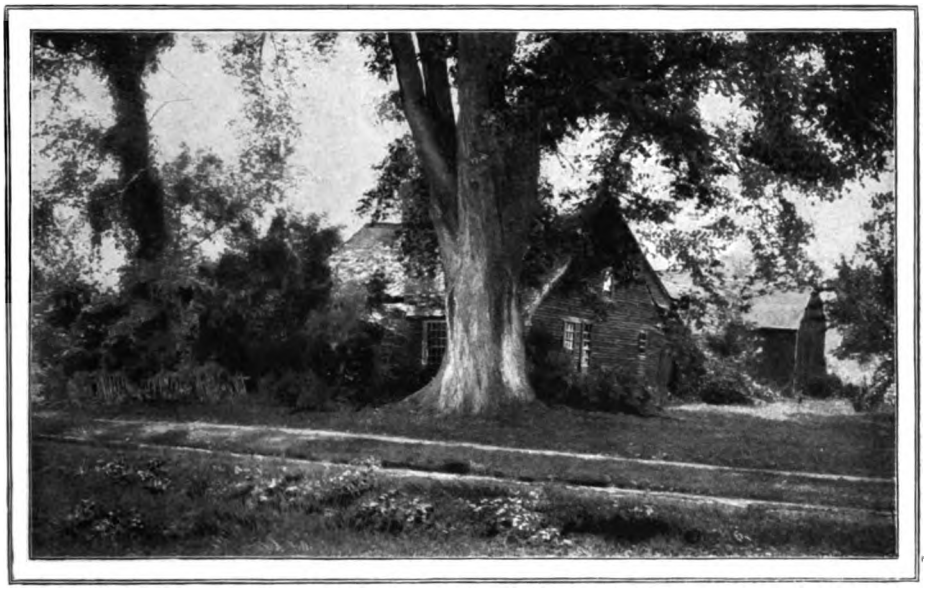
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The House Beautiful

THE AMERICAN AUTHORITY ON HOUSEHOLD ART

VOL. IX. No. 5. APRIL, 1901

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HOUSEKEEPING MADE EASY

A TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD discouraged housekeeper is a sorry sight. She ought to be full of life and courage. I was not! And after a long illness I struggled back to a husband who resolutely gave up our pleasant house as being too great a burden, and took a small sunny flat, where we lived comfortably enough with our two babies for three years. At the end of that time I found myself deliberately planning to return, longing for the large attic nursery and our own front door, trying to think how the burden of housekeeping with a moderate capital of health and dollars could be lessened.

After thinking it over by myself, reading various books dealing with household problems and furnishings, chief among them THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, I talked it out with my husband, and we went back to our dear old colonial house.

Now, after three years of comfort and enjoyment, I wish to tell my sisters how my outlook upon the world of housekeeping has brightened.

We could not afford to make many changes at once, but by degrees my bugbears have turned into good fairies and my mountains into molehills. First came the question of floors. Our drawing-room, or living-room, had a hardwood floor and a large rug, and the rest of the house had carpets which had been let with the house since we left it. These had to be cleaned, and before they

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went down were made into large squares which were spread upon bare painted floors or straw mattings. Exit bugbear number one—the annual taking up in a cloud of dust, cleaning, and hammering down again. Every week two or three are taken up, swept in the yard, and put back when the rooms are swept.

We had one hardwood floor put down in the study. That was enough for one year. Next came the furniture question, with moths as a natural accompaniment. My husband and I talked over our chairs and sofas and made up our minds as to which we should like "to live up to," as most comfortable, good-looking, and durable. We decided upon one large leather-covered arm divan and sofa, with some old English oak and leather deep-seated chairs, all of which were in the living-room.

With moths before my mind's eye—why do we always speak of our mind as having but one eye—I had a long window box-seat made across one broad alcove window, and cushioned it with crimson corduroy to match the leather. From every upholstered chair I took its wool or velvet or plush or tapestry cover and made all these materials into sofa-pillows, for which we had much use, covering the chairs by degrees with corduroy or silk or leather. My curtains were taken down and made into cushions, which enlivened sofas and window-seats all over the house, and the new curtains were of crimson "satin sheeting," I think it was called. The room is full of sunshine, and we have a very large open fireplace for our evening log fire, and the woodwork is white, so that the crimson is well lighted up.

The few table-covers are of silk, and there are two or three wicker arm-chairs with gay cushions. In this way we went through the house, and to-day we have but one nailed-down carpet, and that on the hall and stairs, which are waiting for hardwood.

Now, when we go away from the house for the summer, my heart does not sink at the thought of putting to rights. Our few valuable oil-paintings are turned to the wall, while all with glass over them, photographs, water-colors, engravings, and etchings, are left, and washed on our return. Winter clothing is brushed, sewed up in cotton, and deposited in the window-seat boxes all over the house.

Sometimes we go to a seashore house, in which case our rugs and sofa-pillows go with us. We seldom close our city house. There is always some dressmaker, teacher, or young couple whom we know, and one or another of these is glad to live in the large rooms through the hot weather and keep the house aired by way of rent. We never have had any reason to regret this, I think partly because we make sure of the kind of person who takes the responsibility. We cannot afford to pay a "caretaker," and we take no one who feels that she wishes for any pay beyond the comfort and freedom of the large, airy house, with its large piazza and yard.

It takes about two days to put the house in order to be left. We hire our furnace man to see that the great cellar is neat, and that the rugs are tied up, either for the seashore or to go to the upholsterers, where they are cleaned and lodged all summer.

The servants do not look forward to the moving with disfavor. They go with us, or else I find places for them till our return. You can always find good places for good servants, and I seldom have any others. My house at the seashore is all stone and wood without and denim and wood within, and is swept from garret to cellar when we go to it, and when we leave it, and one day's washing of windows and one of washing china and glass makes it ready for the summer.

Two days make our city house ready for the winter. Of course we have new covers oftener than we did when plush or tapestry was the order of the day, but cleanliness and mothlessness make up for that, and silk and cotton are cheap to buy and easy to put on.

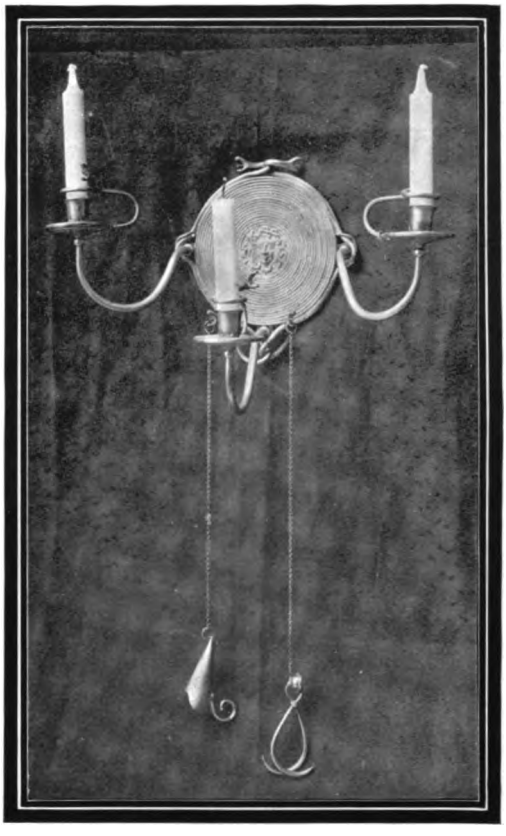
My housekeeping is easy now, and my house is much praised.

MARGARET WOODBURY.

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ABNAKEE RUG
BY WOMEN OF PEQUAKET



A SCONCE BY GEORGE BARR

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION IN MINNEAPOLIS

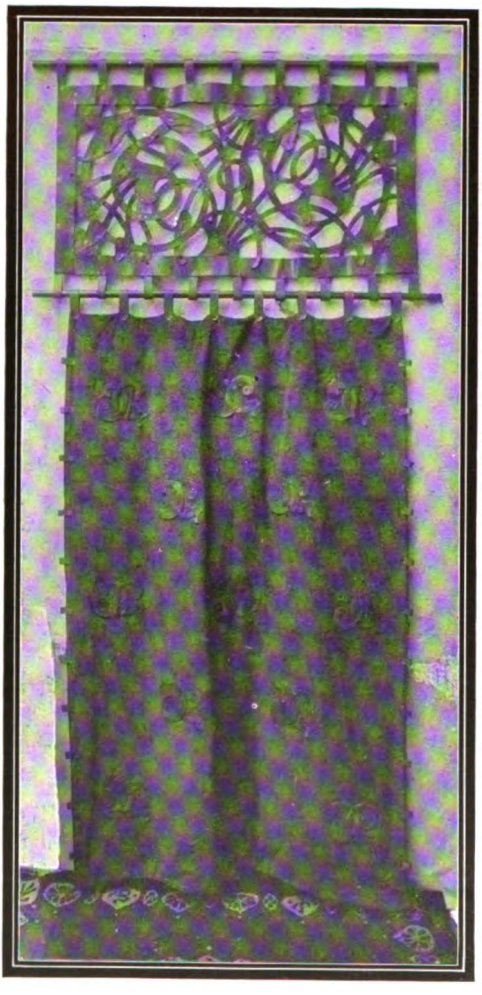
THE general interest that is taken in artistic handicraft as shown in the large attendance at the arts and crafts exhibitions must be most gratifying to those who have been instrumental in the revival of handwork. The Minneapolis Arts and Crafts Society recently held its second exhibition, and the marked increase in both interest and attendance was very noticeable. It was to be regretted that the local craftsmen made so small a showing, and the members of the society rather sacrificed their own work in their efforts to secure exhibitions from abroad. What they did show was good and compared very favorably with that of the eastern craftsmen.

The Minneapolis society is the oldest arts and crafts society in the United States, counting from its first organization in 1895 under the name of the Chalk and Chisel Club. The original plan was to form a club of wood-carvers and designers, but the widespread interest in art handicraft soon led the group to broaden its aims and to include in its membership workers in various crafts. The name was changed to the Arts and Crafts Society shortly after the first exhibition, two years ago. It is a small society, with not more than fifteen active members and one non-resident member from Duluth, but it has played no small part in rousing intelligent interest in

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what can be done with the hands. It has also introduced to notice some workers who were practically unknown, which is one of the primary objects of such an organization.

The book-binding and leather-work



LEATHER GRILL AND CURTAIN
BY MRS. CENTER

were especially attractive. Among the books were several examples from famous old presses and binders, an Elziver, an Aldus, and a Kelmscott, while the modern presses represented by good pieces of work were the Mosher, Philosopher, Roycroft, Vale, Hahn, and Harmon, with bindings by Zaehnsdorf, Tout, Zahn, Riviere, Seymour, and Miss Starr.

The leather-work of Mrs. Amelia Hyde Center was delightful in color and design. A grill of green and brown leather was put together with copper rivets, and the curtain of green velour was appliqued with a conventionalized pattern of leather and rivets. Mrs. Center also sent wall-coverings, desk-fittings, cushions, and magazine-covers. Miss Heal had a dictionary-cover and Miss Hammer a sermon-cover, showing how the metal rivets may be used to accentuate and enrich a pattern. Other leather-work, all of it strong and attractive, was by the Nordhoff bindery, Miss Bulkley, Miss Fenn, and Miss Reade.

The collection of wood-carving and cabinet-work was comprehensive, and ranged from the mahogany boxes and cabinets, simple in workmanship and line, of George S. Dole to the more ornate stained wood of Arthur Dodds. John S. Bradstreet sent a door for a clothespress in two colors of natural wood. Each panel has a Japanese decoration in subdued but rich tones, and the bronze finishings are in a pattern of flying birds. The wood is finished after a Japanese process that raises the grain and gives a satin shimmer. Mr. Bradstreet also showed a Celtic chair and a frame.

Two pieces of delicate wood-carving, a crucifix and a child and hen, were by A. A. Gewont. William Yungbauer sent an empire side-table. A. A. Anderson had an odd piece of illumination on wood and Mrs. Wang and Miss Heisser decorated wooden screens. Smaller articles were exhibited by Miss Eddy, Miss Leonard, Miss Harrison, Miss Ellis, Miss Fenn, Miss Cook, Miss Loring, Mrs. Helmick, Mrs. Koehler, Frederick Sargent, Thomas Fisher, Wallace R. Clarke.

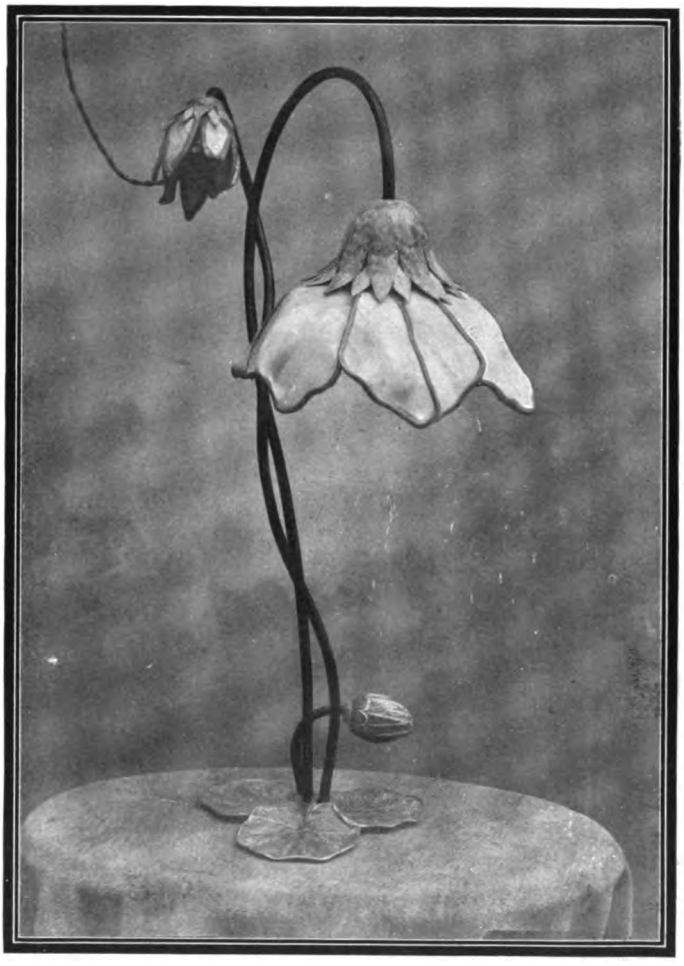
Interest in the pottery centered around the Rookwood. The manufacturers sent the Paris Exposition exhibition, which has not been shown in this country before, and the shapes and colors were

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exquisite. The Tiger Eye and Gold Stone, accidental pottery freaks, were most interesting for their strange coloring. Specimens of Grueby, Dedham, Newcomb, and of the work of William Bulger completed the pottery exhibition.

The metal-work was a delight. It roused the most enthusiastic admiration. Hammered silver, copper, and lead with or without enameling and jewels were in dazzling array. The bowls of copper were eaten by acids into an iridescence of glowing color. Mrs. Klapp had a representative collection of her stunning buckles, brooches, and pins, and Mrs. Wynne and Mr. Yale sent their silver tankards, spoons, and bowls. Walter Hudson had a unique pin, an irregular star, set with Mississippi River pearls, among which are interlaced the slender bodies of green gold snakes. A tiny pewter hand mirror, by Miss Heisser, was a notable piece. Miss Heisser made the design and the mold, cast the pewter, and worked up the design with a penknife. A novel leaden casket was the work of Miss Mary Colter. Portia's description of the leaden casket was on the cover in raised letters, and the fastenings were in monogram, with the frame of heavy steel bands. Miss Colter also sent a copper bowl and buckles. George Barr showed a sconce with a Medusa head for the center panel, and the three candle-sockets are intertwined serpents in brass. The snuffer and extinguisher hang from brass chains. A tea-caddy with two measuring-spoons and a silver skull-ring were other examples of Mr. Barr's work.

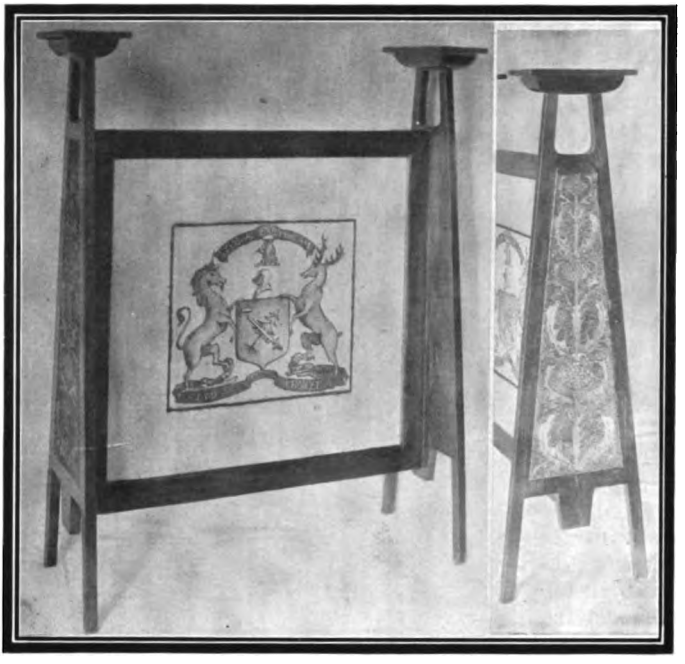
Miss Reade, Miss Holden, Miss Preston, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Koehler, Mrs. Taylor, and R. R. Jarvie were represented by attractive pieces of metal-work.



AN ELECTRIC LIGHT STAND BY MR. BARR—(See page 244)

The embroideries and textiles included the hand-woven coverlets and floor-mats from Berea College, a bedspread made by the North Carolina mountaineers, a

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FIRE-SCREEN BY MISS HEISSER



THE WORK OF MINNEAPOLIS SCHOOL CHILDREN

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large collection of the famous Deerfield work, some thirty or more pieces from the art needlework class at Pratt Institute, and the "hooked rugs" made by the women of Pequaket, New Hampshire. Miss Chant had a wall-hanging in poster fashion, and several Chicago artists sent pieces.

The glass exhibit was very small. There were a few pieces of Tiffany favrile glass, and a stained-glass window by Leo S. Remington.

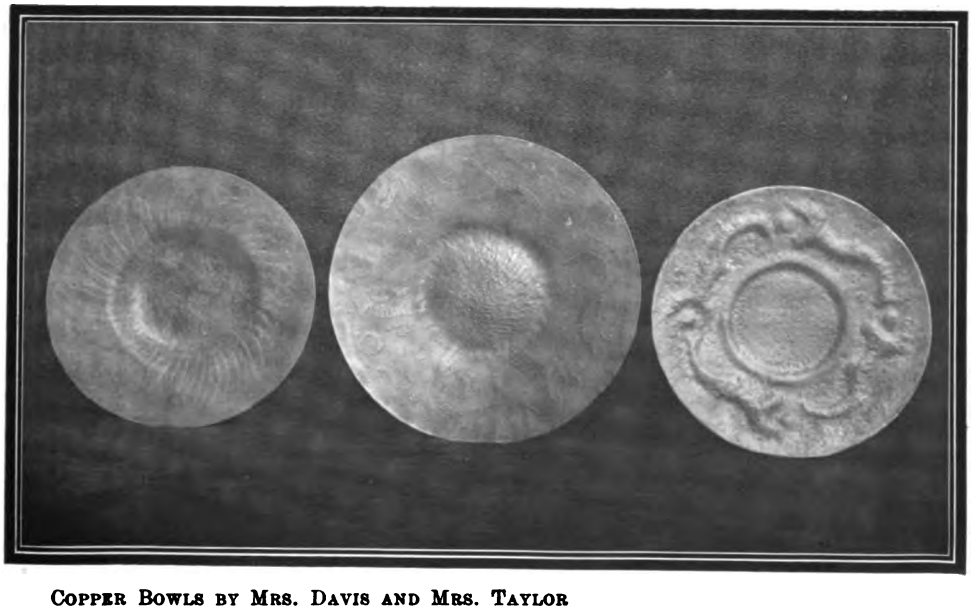
A portrait panel by Mrs. George Backus was the gem of the decorative modeling.



PEWTER MIRROR BY MISS HEISSER

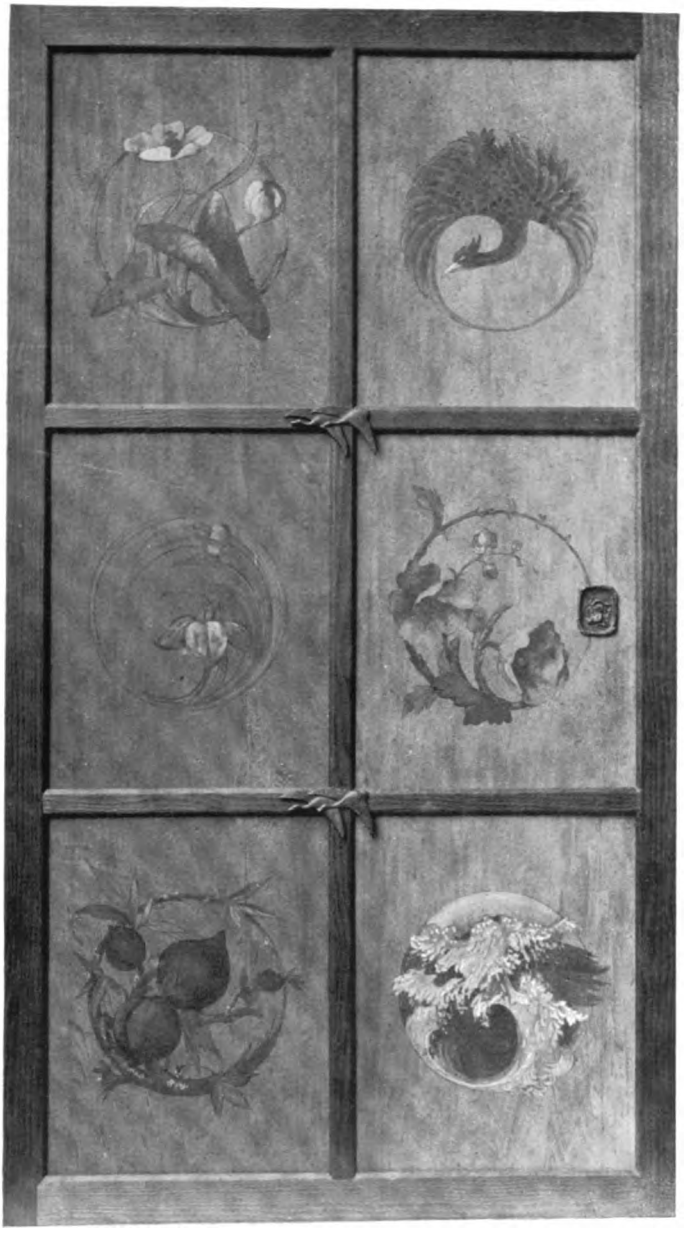
Mrs. Backus also sent a sconce holding three candles. Both pieces were in a delicate green, and the modeling is strong and full of feeling. Henry Stinehause sent a cornice, and Richard W. Bock two interesting statuettes, a shepherd and a reclining Indian.

The book-plates formed an exhibit in themselves. Among the designers represented were Edwin Davis French, Gardiner Teall, Mary Moulton Cheney, Mary Colter, Walter J. Enright, Amy Sacker, Margarethe Heisser, Mabel Key, and Olive Lathrop.



COPPER BOWLS BY MRS. DAVIS AND MRS. TAYLOR

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DOOR FOR CLOTHES-PRESS BY MR. BRADSTREET

There were designs for stained glass, book-covers, and other decorative bits, but they did not receive the attention that the made-up designs obtained.

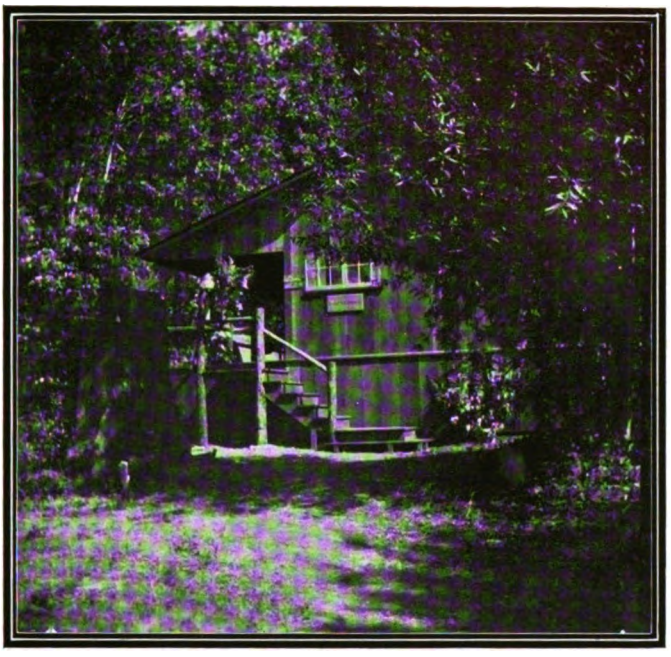
From a local point of view the exhibit of the Minneapolis school children was the most attractive, particularly for its promise of the future. The collection represented the hand-work of the children from the first to the fifth grades, and included woven rugs original in color and design, baskets and mats from rafia and rattan. The children had woven dyed rafia into the rafia baskets with excellent results. Taste in color and form, as well as skill with the fingers, was a feature of the work of the little craftsmen.

The artistic cover of the catalogue was the work of Miss Cheney. It gave evidence of a knowledge of appropriateness in design.

The exhibit as a whole showed a strong advance over the previous one. The sales were quite numerous, although no effort was made to secure a collection for that purpose. Many more candlesticks and copper bowls could have been disposed of. The general interest evinced in the exhibition by the public, from the smallest school children to the gray-haired grandfathers, proved the appreciation that is felt for hand-work.

FRANCES R. STERRETT.

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LAZYCROFT

A CHEAP SUMMER COTTAGE

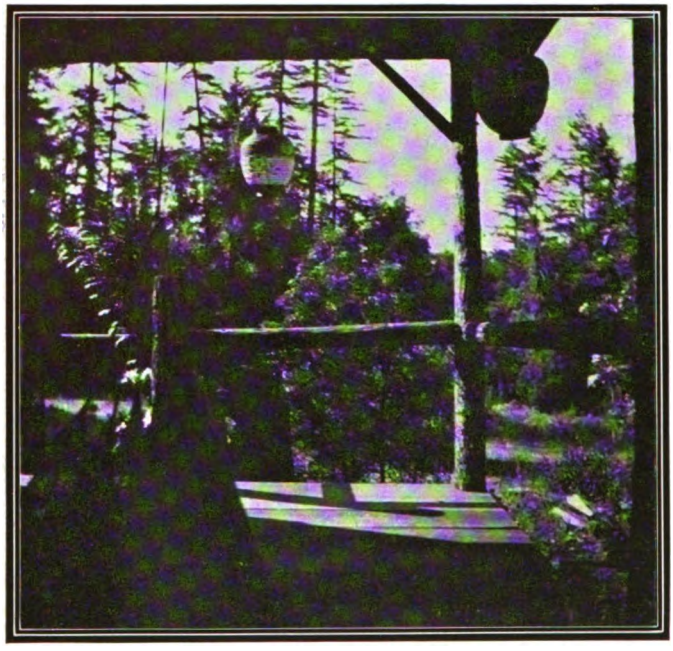
A GREAT many persons whose continuous mental activity through ten months of the year has demanded a complete rest for two months have longed for a home in the mountains where they might find freedom from all mental strain. Many of these have felt that such a longing was a dream never to be realized, because the cost of the simplest country home seemed beyond the possibilities of even a comfortable income, when the future must be considered, and the acquaintance of savings banks cultivated. For the sake of those to whom the "resort" offers no attractions, and who have found the "private farm-house" totally unsatisfactory as a summer home, the following description of a cabin in the wilderness is written.

Lazycroft is the name by which it was christened. It was built for a busy woman musician, who occupied it last summer with her parents, Ichabod, wisest of cats, and an occasional choice guest. It is in the Santa Cruz Mountains, only four hours' ride by rail from San Francisco.

A piece of ground on a steep and thickly wooded hillside, unavailable for agricultural purposes, and therefore for sale cheap, was secured. Such bits are to be found in many localities in the United States, and frequently for a much lower price than in California.

The house was built by "day's work" by a carpenter whose sturdy honesty, capable good sense, and lack of prejudice against the unconventional would canonize him in countries where saints are made! It is of tongued and grooved redwood boards six inches wide, surfaced on the inside, rough on the outside. There is no ceiling, the rooms being open to the rafters and the roof. The living-room is twenty by sixteen feet, and its

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A CORNER OF THE PORCH

boast and pride is a good-sized fireplace, built of second-hand bricks, and which extends uncovered to the roof. Here often in the deliciously sharp mornings and evenings of last summer a fire blazed merrily. The hillside is prolific of "chips" and logs, and the fascinating task of bringing these to the house was one of the day's amusements.

Opening off the living-room are two bedrooms, each half the size of the living-room. A kitchen of convenient size connects with the living-room at the back.

The porch is a delightful feature, being twenty by twelve feet, and it as well as the house itself has an excellent shingled roof. The supports of the porch-roof are young and not too slender redwood trees, their branches cut off to within a few inches of the trunk, leaving convenient pegs for hats and sunbonnets.

On the porch all the meals were taken, and the zest which hitherto jaded appetites brought to the simple feasts flavored every viand.

The windows of the cabin are the ordinary six-paned sashes to be found in stock at the mills, and instead of being set in the usual manner, the sashes are placed side by side, and made to slide in the frankest way upon runners. Under one pair of windows a long bench with a hinged lid makes a capital place for storing extra bedding, and by the addition of plenty of pillows becomes a comfortable seat.

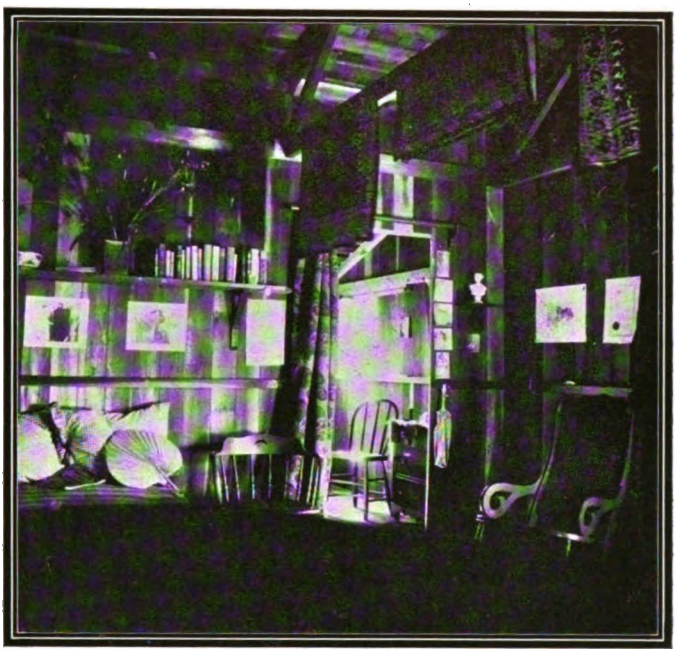
As to furnishings, few things except beds had to be bought for Lazycroft. The attic and cellar in one's town home are sure to contain discarded furniture which can be made to present an amazingly elegant appearance by means of sage-green paint and a brush borrowed from the good-humored painter. Print of pleasing color (it is all blue-and-white at Lazycroft) gives the needed touch of cheeriness to cushions and couches; and it is positively marvelous what an amount of blue-and-white china may be bought for five dollars, and how altogether attractive it is set upon shelves in a corner of the living-room, near the chimney. Please to consider how impressive it is to eat off one's bric-a-brac! For there are those among the readers of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL who believe that only the useful is ornamental, and that useless things have no place anywhere in the world.

Across the way from Lazycroft a beautiful granite-bordered creek sings and tumbles jovially, reflecting in all its path the tender, green things which grow so luxuriantly in the rich, black loam among

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the boulders. Nothing could be more satisfying to the artistic sense than the play of light and shade on the wooded upland at six o'clock in the morning. At that hour the crickets, the birds, the trees, and the creek played many a pastoral, and sometimes it turned out to be a fugue, and sometimes a bewitching scherzo, for according to the mood of the entranced listener so was the music interpreted.

At that hour the butcher was wont to come, clanging a dissonant gong merrily, and selling juicy steaks at next to nothing a pound, likewise presenting nice bits to Ichabod, who received them with characteristic majesty and condescension.



AN EFFECT IN REDWOOD,—SHELVES AND RAFTERS



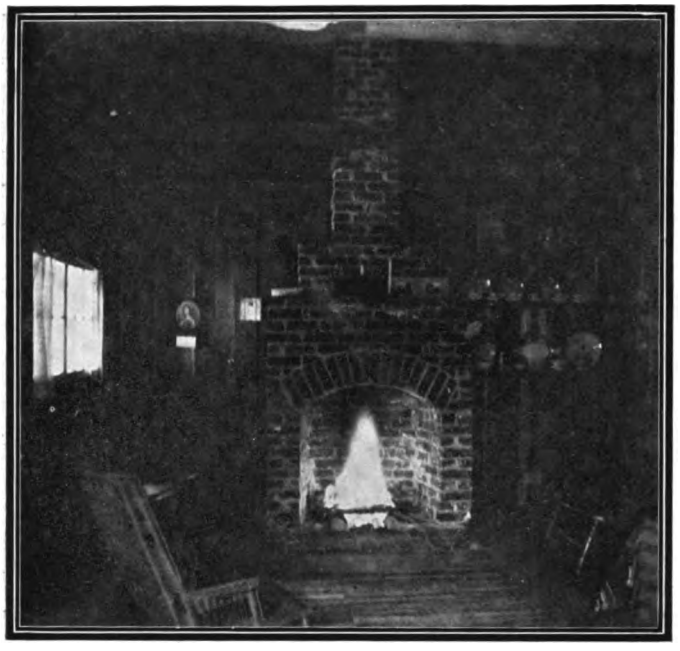
A BIT OF THE LIVING-ROOM

Lest Lazycroft seem only the vision of a dream, after all, the actual cost is here given.

The little piece of land has fifty feet frontage, and extends up the hillside to its summit. Here, by climbing the easy, winding foot-trail, cut at an expense of four dollars for two days' labor, one obtains a thrilling view. The cost of the land was seventy-five dollars, and would be less in many places.

The cost of the material and labor in building the cabin was two hundred and ninety dollars. The lumber was

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THE FIREPLACE

twenty-two dollars a thousand feet, shingles one dollar and fifty cents a thousand, bricks one dollar and fifty cents a hundred, carpenter thirty-one days at three dollars a day. These figures will give a basis for comparative estimates in different parts of the country.

Next year there will be no expense, except the small item of railroad fare, connected with the summer outing. And fancy, you tired people, what delight it will be to fit the key into the padlock on one's own matched-board door; to spread one's own rag-carpet and rugs upon one's own planed redwood floor; to hang one's own pongee and muslin curtains at one's own windows; to sling one's own hammocks from one's own trees; to make the acquaintance of one's own family and one's self through the halcyon days; to be lulled to sleep by the murmur of the creek; to be awakened by the linnet singing on the gable-end; to tramp the woods in the green, early morning; to do nothing throughout the long, warm day; to remember, and better still, to forget! For one must live simply and sincerely, and therefore blessedly, in the country which God hath made.

ELIZABETH WESTGATE.



A SIDE OF THE LIVING-ROOM

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INDIAN OLLA MAKER, LAGUNA, NEW MEXICO

INDIAN POTTERY.

ALL matters pertaining to the North American aborigine are gaining more and more the interest of the cultured and refined of the American people. North American scientists have done as much as, and perhaps more, for the science of ethnology than those of any other nation on earth. And it has been found that a study of all matters that have, in any way whatever, touched the lives of the men and women of the past has a humanizing and broadening effect upon the student. We can come into sympathy with an extinct people when we stand by the side of the great temples and monuments they have erected. The men of ancient Greece have influenced the wisest and best of moderns almost as much through the architectural and other memorials they have left as through their literature, oratory, and statesmanship.

Egypt, Babylon, Palmyra, Baalbec, are names that orators have used to conjure with for centuries, on account of the imposing monuments of stone their people left behind them. Later peoples naturally have been appealed to by these vast and glorious structures. They were and are impressive and stupendous, compelling the attention.

But it has been left for the patient science of later days to penetrate the inner secrets of the lives of the men and women of the past, by the wise and persistent study of their household utensils—their simple and unpretending memorials. These seem insignificant to the casual observer, and even the scientist, until lately, has deemed them beneath his notice. He could give attention only to the grand, the stupendous, the majestic, the splendid.

Modern ethnology has changed all this. The great memorials tell us less by far of the real life of a people than the lesser things. A complete set of the furniture, kitchen utensils, musical instruments,

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and the like, of a modern American household would give a far better conception of the life of the American people of to-day than a study, no matter how exhaustive and complete, of the Capitol at Washington, Faneuil Hall in Boston, or the new post-office in Chicago. So nothing is too small to notice; and indeed, the smaller and less significant, apparently, the object may be, the more of information it is often found to contain. That distinguished and patient investigator, Stewart Culin, of the University of Pennsylvania, has written a wonderful book on some of the games of the aboriginal world. Dr. Wilson has written most fascinatingly upon the use of the Swastika—the Hindoo Cross—in universal decoration, and opened up a large amount of the hitherto hidden life of many peoples connected with the symbol.

And Frank Hamilton Cushing and James Stevenson and William H. Holmes and Hoffman and J. Walter Fewkes and others have found an equally fascinating field in a study of the various relationships pottery held to the North American aborigine. It is to Indian pottery, then, that this article is to be devoted; Indian pottery as related to the modern house beautiful and its intelligent and questioning occupants.

For, as I have elsewhere shown, that house only is intelligently furnished that provides in its decorations and embellishments, food for thought—æsthetic, scientific, emotional, spiritual.

The house beautiful is to help in the furnishing of the minds and hearts of its dwellers; hence, a small curio corner, a museum room, a mineral cabinet, a few drawers or shelves or cupboards devoted to "hobbies," are an absolute essential to its complete equipment. The Lord save me from ever being compelled to remain for more than an hour in one of those exceedingly proper and rigidly conformable houses, that are like a thousand other equally proper and conformable houses, and that show not the least particle of any individual thought or study or "hobby" of its inmates. I'd far rather have a house turned upside down, with the minerals and rock-rubbish of one son in one room; the bugs and beetles of another in my clothes-closet; the nests and eggs of the birds in my linen-drawers; the stuffed bodies of the feathered songsters in my library; Indian baskets in my dining-room, and Indian pottery in the drawing-room and bedrooms, than have the house of model conventionality which shows no other thought than that of the paid upholsterer, cabinet-maker, and house-decorator.

And Indian pottery has many just and powerful claims to recognition as one of the humanizing and heart-broadening "hobbies" of the new century. Indeed, in the limits of this short article I feel myself utterly unable to even suggest, in barest outline, the many attractive, interesting, and instructive features it presents.

Indian pottery has a distinct connection with Indian basketry. How many people are there who are aware that the one art is a natural outcome of the other? And yet I have seen among several of the Indian tribes of Arizona and California what Lieutenant Cushing saw among the Havasupais of Arizona, viz., the lining of a basket-bowl with clay, into which a large portion of sand was kneaded, to prevent contraction and consequent cracking from drying. While in a plastic condition, this clay was pressed with the fingers to fit the shape of the basket and then put out in the sun to dry. When quite dry, the seeds to be roasted and parched are placed inside this clay-lined basket, together with a quantity of glowing wood coals. And then follows a sight of great interest to the novice. With great dexterity, the operator, generally, of course, a woman, spirally moves her basket up and down, making the coals and seeds dance a lively dance after and upon each other, the while keeping the coals glowing by blowing upon them. One by one the seeds crack or carbonize on the outside, and then, with equally dexterous movements, she separates coals from seeds,

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TSNEHEY'S WIFE MAKING POTTERY AT ZUNI

places the latter in a receptacle and throws the former back upon her campfire.

It is a natural supposition—even if it were not borne out by observation—that ere long the clay, hardened by this constant burning, would soon separate from its basket matrix, and the Indian would find, all ready made to her hands, a new vessel, impervious to heat and capable of carrying water.

Thus was born the art of pottery.

And another illustration of this same natural transition from basketry to pottery is found in the Havasupai boiling-basket, several of which I have in my modest collection in Pasadena, California. The boiling-pots of the Zuni, Navajo, and other tribes are made exactly in shape like the baskets, and the names of their various parts and decorations clearly indicate that they were molded after the basketry patterns.

Now watch two Indian women. One of them is making coiled basketry and the other coiled pottery. It is self-evident that the latter is the imitation of the former. A member of the Yokut tribe in California will produce a coiled basket by wrapping several splints around with an outside splint, and making a wisp for commencing her basket. This she then coils around a common center, and keeps on adding to the wisp and coiling it until the basket is the shape and size she requires.

So with the Zuni pottery-maker, who is pictured in one of the illustrations. She is one of the best pottery-makers of that accomplished nation of workers in clay. Kneading her clay to the proper consistency, she makes a long fillet or rope of it, coiling it around a common center to form the bottom, then spirally upon itself for the belly of the bowl, widening or contracting the diameter of the ascending coil to form the shape desired. As the clay is adhesive, she presses each added coil upon the one below, shaping and smoothing the inside and outside of her growing vessel with a small spatula of bone, stone, or gourd.

In the National Museum in Washington, the Museum of Natural History in New York City, and the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago, large collections of

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ancient pottery are to be found. Many of the pieces in all these collections were gathered from the ruins and graves of the ancient Pueblo peoples, who once occupied all the area embraced from southwestern Colorado to the California line, and down into the table-lands of Chihuahua and Sonora in Mexico. Arizona, New Mexico, southwestern Colorado, and southern Utah are full of the ruined structures of these people. Scores, hundreds, have been discovered and explored, but there are doubtless as many more yet to be discovered by the patient investigator. I make this statement thoughtfully, because a self-styled "expert," who edits a "magazine of the Southwest," recently asserted that all the ruins of the Southwest had been discovered, platted, and explored by the experts of the United States government. This is a statement too patently ridiculous to need refutation among those who are at work in the field; but as that statement may have been read by some who might be deterred from making investigations by it, I deem it proper to state that "discoveries" of importance and interest are of frequent occurrence.

Pottery has occupied an important place in all the discoveries hitherto made. Possibly the most ancient ware yet found is the coiled ware, in which the coils still remain, instead of being smoothed down as in the modern ware I have just described. The skill with which this work was accomplished is evident from the fact that no other tool than the operator's nimble fingers was used. There were no wheels, no grooving-tools, or modern machinery. Everything that was done had to be accomplsihed with the crudest possible appliances, and these were nothing more than the fingers, a piece of smooth stone, or a curved piece of gourd-skin.

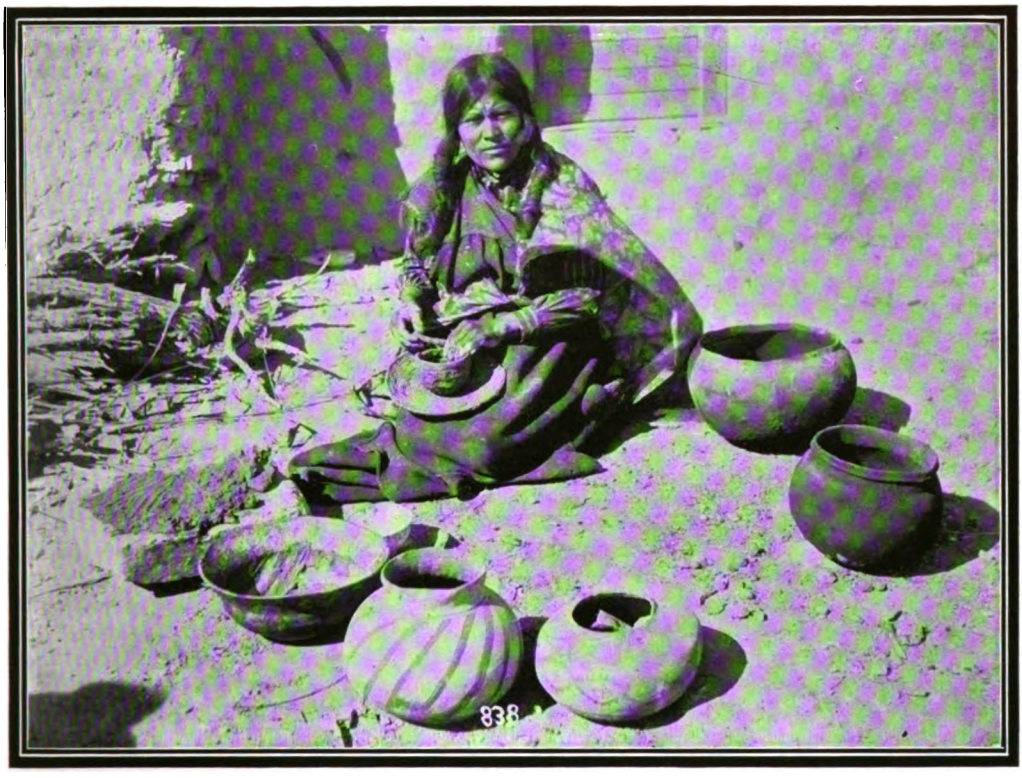
In fastening the coil to that of the preceding turn, "internal support would be necessary, as otherwise the strain would warp the walls. A curved trowel or a rounded pebble could be used as long as the aperture would admit the hand, but no support excepting the fingers, or an implement shaped for the purpose, could be used beyond this stage. The whole process was a most delicate one, requiring patience and skill. In this respect it contrasted strongly with the coiling of other peoples. As indicated by numerous specimens, the coil was sometimes laid on the inside of a shallow basket or bowl, the surface of the vessel showing a combination of basket-markings and nearly obliterated spiral creases. This device served a good purpose in starting the vessel, the upper part being completed by free-hand coiling." The simple process of this coil work is shown in the photograph, which represents a Hopi woman at Oribi engaged in making a small food-bowl.

It would scarcely seem possible that this coil could be made to contribute to the natural desire for ornamentation which early in the art asserted itself, and yet such was the case. In one form of ancient pottery that has been discovered, the coil is made to alternate with a plain surface; again, to have a ribbed-like appearance, and later, the thumb was pressed into the soft clay, as each coil was placed upon its predecessor, and effective indentations made. This style once introduced, soon led to others, and wave-like indentations were produced and rude geometrical designs suggested by pressing the edge of a sharpened blade of wood or stone into the soft clay.

Then followed incised lines and applied fillets, and when once relief ornamentations began, the quickening intelligence of the artist led to speedy growth in this style of decoration. Coils representing worms were pressed on the sides of the completed vessels; acorns, nuts, seeds of all kinds, acorn-cups, imitations of human attributes, the wriggling snake, its ugly head, and a thousand and one other natural objects were used.

To follow up this phase of the subject—the development of the artistic faculty—is most fascinating. It considers the various shapes of the vessel found and leads one to the inquiry, whence and how were they obtained? We have bowls, wide and narrow necked bottle-

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HOPI WOMAN MAKING COILED POTTERY

like vases, vases shaped like the heart of the deer and other animals, cups of an infinite variety of forms, mugs, handled vases shaped something like the human foot, dippers, globular vases, and scores of eccentric forms which seem to have had no other source of origin than the fantastic thoughts of their creators. Then cups and vases are found shaped like birds and animals, crude owls and ducks and horses and deer, but these are of far less interest than the bowls of more ordinary and useful shapes.

Among the Zuni, a common form of water-bottle is that shaped after the breast of the human female; and in connection with this a singular fact exists. I have found it in a number of similar cases. When the woman who is engaged in making the water-bottle has shaped the breast portion, she leaves an aperture at the base. If this opening were allowed to remain, however, in the completed vessel, it would be useless for the purpose of holding water, hence it must be closed. But the simple-hearted woman believes that if she carelessly closes this aperture, which to her is the sign or symbol of her own maternal fount, she will close up the original fount and render herself incapable of the joys of maternity. Therefore, she takes a pinch of clay, breathes several prayers over it, appeals to the evil powers of all the cardinal points, and then, breathlessly and with a sense of awesome fear, she closes her eyes, turns her head away, and as rapidly as possible closes the aperture.

It is largely owing, however, to the burial customs of the ancient aboriginal peoples that we have so many excellent

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specimens of their pottery handed down to our day. Wherever graves of any kind are found, there one is almost certain to find pottery. In 1876, Professor Holmes found on the Santa Clara River, a tributary of the Rio Virgen, about three miles from the Mormon town of Saint George, in southern Utah, a low mound, "which," says he, "I suppose to have been a sort of village-site tumulus. The outline was irregular, but had originally been approximately circular. It was less than ten feet in height, and covered about half an acre. One side had been undermined and carried away by the stream. The work of inhumation was most successfully accomplished by means of water; a small stream was made to play upon the soft alluvium of which the mound was chiefly composed. The sensations of the collector as skeleton after skeleton and vase after vase appeared were highly pleasurable.

The Hopi people of to-day bury their dead in clefts in the rocks of their mesa homes. The bodies are then covered with large and small bowlders, prayer-sticks ceremonially deposited at appointed places, and baskets and bowls filled with food are placed upon or near the grave.

In addition to the ancient coiled ware before described, there are various styles of plain pottery, generally known by the color of the ware and its decorations. For instance, there is the "black-and-white," which in reality is white ware with black line decorations. There is the "yellow ware," which is a peculiarity of the true Hopi ruins. Another is the "red ware" with black and white decorations. The expert can generally tell broadly the locality from which pottery comes by its shape, color, and decorative designs. Illustrative of this subject, Dr. Fewkes thus briefly writes:

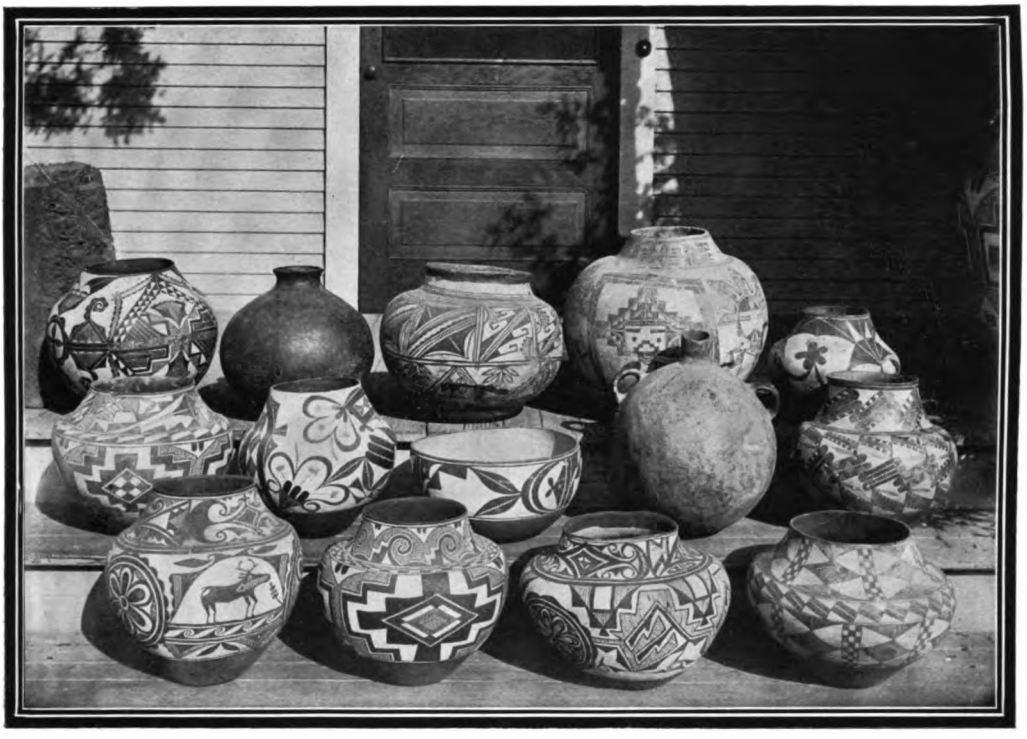
"In examining large collections of ancient pottery made at Sikyatki, Awatobi, Chevlon, Four-Mile Ruin, and Pinedale, one can trace step by step the gradual modifications in the character of ceramic ware over one hundred and twenty miles of that distance. The beautiful yellow potterv of Sikyatki, with sporadic examples of red, black, and white, gradually loses its predominance and is replaced by red ware, which is most abundant in the Little Colorado ruins. Bowls made of a rough coiled ware with a glossy black inner surface, unknown at Sikyatki, begin to appear, and increase in relative numbers as we go south. Last of all, as we ascend the northern slope of the hills fringing the White Mountains, while still on the banks of tributaries of the Little Colorado, a singular kind of pottery, typical of the Gila basin, appears for the first time."

The pottery made by the modern pueblo Indians is very different from the ancient ware, and it cannot be said that there has been any marked advance shown in its manufacture. There are a number of pottery-makers at Acoma, Laguna, Isleta, Santa Domingo, Zuni, and the various Hopi villages. The styles of the ware of Laguna and the latter are shown in two of the photographs. As a rule, that of the Hopis is very poor ware, both in form, texture, and decoration.

There is but one good pottery-maker in the whole of the seven pueblos of the Hopi, and she is Nam-pe-i, who lives at the head of the Hano trail on the eastern mesa; and strange to say, she is not a true Hopi, but a member of the Tewa family, who founded the town of Hano nearly a couple of centuries ago. She makes beautiful ware, that more nearly approximates to the ancient ware than that of any other living pottery-maker. In my own collection I have one remarkable piece of Nam-pe-i's work. It stands eighteen inches high and is fifty-three inches around, and is decorated with four Katcina masks of the Hopi pantheon. (See illustration.)

To see the work of the decorating of one of these ollas is a revelation of aboriginal ability and artistic skill. With rude colors ground in a stone mortar of home construction, brushes made of yucca fiber or horsehair, without any sketched-out design or rude outline

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MODERN PUEBLO POTTERY, COLLECTION OF MR. JAMES

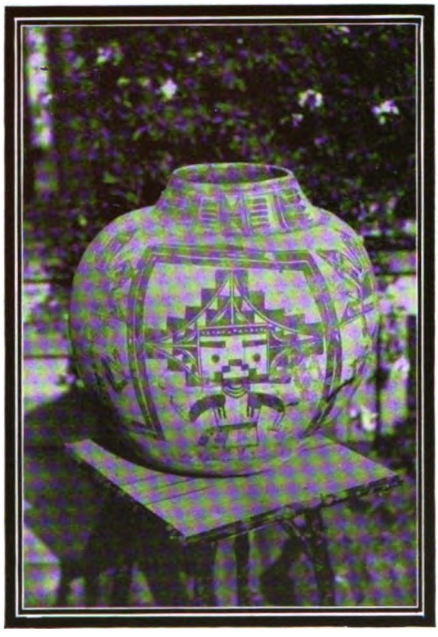
placed upon the vessel, the work is done, the pattern evolving itself line by line, or curve by curve, from the busy brain of the decorator. This is the method generally followed by other modern pueblo pottery-makers.

It is a common sight to the transatlantic traveler on the Santa Fe railway to see at Albuquerque, Santa Domingo, Isleta, Laguna, Gallup, and other stations, women and girls who bring specimens of their pottery-ware for sale. This is all made at the pueblos near by, and some of it, for aboriginal work, is more than usually artistic.

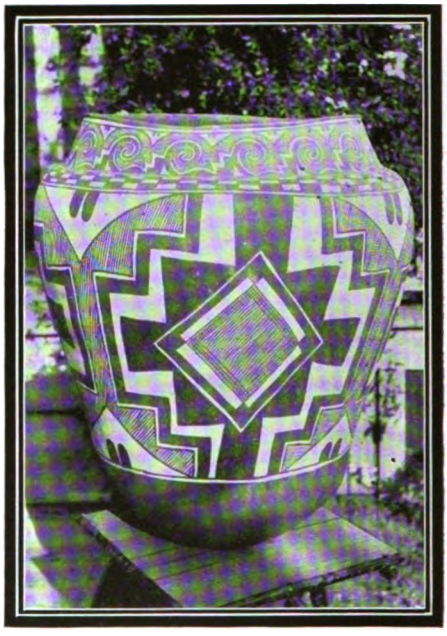
Some years ago I discovered a singular fact in regard to the maker of this pottery. At Zuni I had gained an intimation that there was a certain sacred shrine in most of the pueblos, whose "priestesses" were men dressed in the garb of women, who for purely religious reasons had foresworn their manhood, and who henceforth lived and dressed as women. In conversation with this Laguna "woman," I found that "she" was the "priestess" of the shrine of that village, and on my taxing "her" with the change of sex, "she" acknowledged that "she" was a man, but would enter into no further explanation. I have not been able to follow up the subject further, though some day I hope to be able to secure an intelligent explanation of this remarkable self-abnegation.

Dr. J. Walter Fewkes has been most successful in his explorations, and he has placed many thousands of fine pieces of pottery in the National Museum. To him is largely owing the systematic and thorough endeavor to trace out the ideographic and symbolic meanings of the designs found upon the more highly decorated ancient ware. At a ruined pueblo on one of the tributaries of the Little Colorado River, in Arizona, Dr.

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NAM-PE-I'S LARGE KATANA VASE



A LARGE MEAL-JAR

Fewkes found two bowls which "were ornamented with human figures, and which are strikingly different from any that have yet been found on ancient Arizona pottery. On the head of one of these there was represented a radiating crown of feathers, recalling certain head-dresses worn in ceremonial dances among the modern pueblos. There was represented on each elbow of another figure a conventionalized feather, which I have also seen in figures on bowls from Sikyatki.

"One of the best reptilian figures was drawn on a food-bowl of chestnut color, almost indentical with the pottery from Chevlon Ruin, excavated in 1896."

On this subject of symbolism many pages might be written, for the symbolism opens up the whole field of the mythology of the aborigine, his worship and religious conceptions. For instance, on one food-bowl found at the ancient pueblo of Homolobi, near Winslow, on the line of the Santa Fe, in Arizona, there was pictured a spider. It had the clearly defined legs and antennæ of the spider common in this part of Arizona.

In the duo-annual ceremony of the snake dance—the prayer for rain of the Hopi people—the chief of the Antelope brotherhood, or clan, goes to the shrine of the spider woman and prays to and propitiates her with his offerings. She it is who weaves the clouds from which the rain comes, and therefore, unless she is first willing to weave the clouds, the subsequent dance (which is the rain-prayer) cannot, necessarily, be of any effect.

A decoration often used in pottery represented a couple of mythical birds over which are the rain-cloud symbols. This may indicate the thunder-bird, who to the Hopi mind is naturally connected with the rain; and the terraced steps of the clouds, with the descending rain, are used in the pottery and sand paintings of the Hopi Indians at the present day.

Of a very singular and interesting, though crude, decoration found on a bowl

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discovered by Dr. Fewkes at Sikyatki, in the Hopi country, he says: "In the elaborate ceremonial system of both Pueblo and Navajoes, the rite of stick-swallowing is introduced, in which a stick is forced down the esophagus. In recent times, although sometimes attempted, this repulsive performance has degenerated into a clever deception on the part of the performer. If I am right in my interpretation of the decoration of one of the food-vessels from Sikyatki, the habit is of great antiquity, for we have a figure represented on it of a person engaged in this revolting act, thus verifying a widely spread tradition that in old times the rite was practiced as a part of the Tusayan ritual. It is no longer performed at Walpi, but is reported from Zuni and elsewhere. I have seen it done by the Navajoes."

From these few illustrations it will be seen how instructive a study of the decorations of Indian pottery may become, and I shall be happy to continue this branch of the subject in the pages of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL if opportunity occurs.

The uses of this pottery are many, and the maidens at Acoma often descend the steep trail of that wonderful "city of the cliffs" to fill their ollas in the valley below. Outlined against a sky as pure and cloudless as that of Egypt or the Mediterranean, the women dressed in a costume different from our own, the water-jars upon their heads carried with an ease, a grace, and a dignity that cannot be surpassed, these water-carriers form a picture as striking as it is picturesque, and as instructive as it is interesting; for one naturally asks the question, Has not the carrying of heavy loads of water upon the head much to do with the stalwart, muscular physique, lithe and active movements, and easy and graceful carriage for which these pueblo women are noted?

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

NEW YORK LETTER.

THE seventh annual exhibition of the Architectural League was held during the latter part of February and the first week of March. Much space was devoted to drawings and plaster-cast models of buildings and statuary for the Buffalo fair, which I am informed on good authority will be the finest thing yet accomplished from the technical architectural standpoint. Like most architectural exhibits, the influence of the school was too apparent, and purely scholastic drawings occupied much of the space. Nevertheless, there were many exhibits of drawings of accomplished work, besides cartoons for decorative panels and for colored-glass windows, which made the exhibition of a more popular character than is usually the case.

Among these decorative designs several by Maitland and Helen M. Armstrong and John La Farge were prominent. Designs for decorating music-rooms, dining-rooms, and libraries were not at all uncommon, besides so many studies for frescoes and ceiling decorations as to indicate a very welcome revival of this alliance of the arts, which for many years have been too often divorced. Mr. Will Low has an article in the March International Monthly, which it is the duty and will be the pleasure of every one to read who is at all interested in American art. He takes very broad grounds in favor of frescoes as the more noble, public-spirited, and charitable form of art expression when compared to easel pictures, which are selfish and for the few. That so many projects and schemes are exhibited is surely a tendency in the right direction.

There were a distressing number of pieces of "burnt-wood" furniture, in flimsy or clumsy impossible shapes, and in strangely bilious coloring; for which

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one can only hope that the good work, so nobly commenced, may continue until they are completely consumed.

Mr. Baumgarten exhibits several of his American-made tapestries (his factories are at Williamsbridge, New York). These are extremely satisfactory in all respects, design, color, and workmanship. Several of his pieces are hung in the same room with the unhappy productions above referred to, and the juxtaposition is not a fortunate one for the latter. Mr. Baumgarten deserves all possible applause and encouragement.



CHAIR IN THE STYLE OF L'ART NOUVEAU
DESIGNED BY BODENSTEIN & KUEMMERLE, PHILADELPHIA

Among the purely architectural exhibits that deserve especial mention were several views of a house, by Little & Brown of Boston, for Mrs. Malcomb Spaulding, at Pride's Crossing, Massachusetts. This is an ideal house of its kind. There was also a small sketch of "A Garden for a City House," by Wilson Eyre, Jr., of Philadelphia, which has the wonderful charm which everything he does exhibits. I can remember being much disappointed, in driving down the supposedly finest avenue of one of the largest of southern cities, to find so few attractive houses. I had expected to see many of the fine old southern colonial type, and with possibly two exceptions, the house that attracted my admiration to the greatest extent was a modern; this proved later to be by Mr. Eyre.

In connection with the exhibition there were shown the competitive models for the

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Henry O. Avery prize this year for a "portable electric-light stand." The prize design, that of Mrs. David Crownfield, was of three female figures in green bronze holding with outstretched arms a large glass globe; at their feet crouched some sort of prehistoric animals. The faces of the women were also prehistoric, somewhat after Rodin, but hiding much and suggesting nothing. Rodin may not be imitated with impunity. Personally I preferred the design of Mr. Charles H. Barr, of Rhode Island, which is reproduced on page 227 in connection with the Minneapolis exhibition. The stems are bronze and brown in color; the calix of the blossom is green bronze, as are the buds and the leaves forming the base. The petals are opaque glass. It is really charming in color and finish; the design is natural and graceful, and the utility of one socket shaded for a reading-lamp and another socket for an unshaded lamp, so as to give a bright light when desired, is extremely practical. We have all been driven to desperation in attempting to find a certain volume on the upper shelf when the lamp was designed only for throwing the light downward upon the table. If the design calls for any criticism, it is that the leaves forming the base appear hardly large enough to make a stable foundation for the tall structure.

* * *

Referring to the discussion of "Grain in Wood," and the suggestive remarks on the subject in the February HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, by Mr. Charles Rohlfs, it would seem that this is a subject which would bear closer attention by all decorative artists, and especially those whose medium is wood. Cabinet-workers have always paid considerable attention to the grain, and it is surprising what interesting effects are obtainable by purely natural means.

I have recently seen a bedroom set of Circassian chestnut which illustrated very forcibly this idea. The wood is imported from Circassia, where it grows on both sides of the mountains. The trees cut in the valleys have a very straight and uninteresting grain, while the higher up one goes the finer and more varied are the grain effects. This I believe to be universally the case with walnut, mahogany, and all the fine cabinet lumber, and is caused, doubtless, by the variety and force of the winds to which the young trees are subjected, which strains and twists the fibre of the wood until these curious effects are produced. The images of foliage, animals, and flowers are frequently startling in the same way as those produced at times by frost, and might in fact lead to some philosophical investigation. Opponents of the Darwinian theory of evolution make a great point of the impossibility of explaining the reason for the initial departure in structure of one species from a parent type. I suggest that if the outline of a fox or a rose can "just happen" in the grain of a tree or upon a window-pane, why can not the infinitesimal variation necessary to form the starting-point of evolution also just happen in the progeny of some now extinct animal?

The chestnut wood of which I am speaking is a species of gray in color, with a slight suggestion of a greenish tinge in places. The grain is very pronounced and the variations are from almost black to the lightest shade of gray. In the set in question the head-board of one of the bedsteads had a very distinct image of a fox's head with an attachment which might easily be taken as the pelt; this is, of course, only a freak, and I am assured a rare one, but has been utilized by the clever cabinet-maker to enhance the design. Less unusual, I was told, but more attractive, according to my standards, was the foot-board, which had an extremely distinct and large rose in the grain. This was, perhaps, double the size of a full-blown American Beauty, and of the same luxurious character. The plank containing this figure had been sawn in two, and each half was then incorporated in the foot-board and arranged symmetrically on either side of the center. The furniture

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was in design a very strict replica of Louis XIV., with the graceful curves and restrained carvings of the period. The edge of the foot-board had a small carving in the center representing a bunch of roses, which seemed to me to make the accidental rose in the grain exceedingly appropriate.

* * *

Some months ago I mentioned the revival of horsehair covering for upholstered furniture; at that time I had only heard of it in plain shades, which might, as I said, be made extremely attractive. Since then I have seen chairs upholstered in woven horsehair, in which a quaint "all-over" pattern has been incorporated. The effect is very old-fashioned where the design and coloring is of that character, and one can imagine many places in houses affecting colonial inspiration in which this material can be used to the very highest advantage. It is seldom that art and utility are in such perfect unison.

* * *

Lovers of beautiful printing and bookmaking will welcome the news of the birth of "The Doves Press." When William Morris died, there were many who felt the loss more in the end of his printing activities, than in that of any other of the many forms of art in all of which he was a guiding star. Now come Mr. Cobden-Sanderson and Mr. Emery Walker, both of whom were constant companions and friends of Morris, who have set up a press and are already carrying on the work Morris laid down. I am assured that it is on the same general lines as that of the Kelmscott Press.

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's influence on book-binding is well known, and now he proposes to make the book also. In fact, he also writes one of their first publications, "The Ideal Book or Book Beautiful." This is an essay on printing and illustrating. It is now ready and selling for 12s. 6d.

Mr. Emery Walker is an old friend and adviser of Morris's, and being a practical printer, was perhaps the influence which first impelled Morris to devote his attention to that line of art work.

While this is developing in England, the same powerful influence is likewise showing its vitality in America.

In Cornhill, Boston, there is work of a similar character being done by the Craftsman's Guild, which is trying to restore the book to its ancient position as an individual creation and not as a unit of mechanical manufacture. Mr. Herbert Gregson has been lettering by hand an edition of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." This includes thirty initials, title-page, borders, and tail and head pieces. The book is printed on hand-made paper from engraved plates and illuminated by Miss Emelie Whitten, in colors and gold leaf.

There have been no serious attempts before in America to use gold leaf in place of gold paint as it offers many difficulties and is extremely slow and laborious. The difference in result may be well imagined, however.

* * *

In the February number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL Mr. Russell Sturgis has written a very able and just criticism of "L'Art Nouveau," so called. It is certainly time that all the forces of sane and truthful art should be marshaled against the virulent expression of the bizarre, fanciful, and morbid. Any one at all familiar with the tendency of the modern designing, and of furniture designing in particular, as evinced in the illustrations of French and German periodicals, must for some time have seen the remarkable decadence of all true restraint or sense. Up to the time of the Paris exhibition, the disease was of only passing interest, affecting only those who came in immediate contact with it, and appealing to us in this country somewhat as stories and pictures of the cholera in India do—very pitiful, but very far off. But the commingling of all nations at Paris seems to have spread the disease to all quarters of the globe, and in all seriousness it is a grave

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menace to the better taste and judgment in things artistic and utilitarian upon which we who care for such things were congratulating the country but yesterday.

The stores, great and small, are beginning to show examples of this new art furniture, and I find that there are now four or five large factories that are reproducing it, with such variations and "improvements" as the American imagination can superimpose upon the already weird design. At the risk of being flippant, much of this work can only be characterized as a concrete "pipe-dream." If a man of excellent ability as a draughtsman sits down deliberately and sets himself the task of doing something different, something bearing no resemblance to any other thing that ever happened, and he further decides that there shall be no straight lines, and then labels the result a chair, what can one expect? Now there is only one fault I have to find in Mr. Sturgis' article, and that is that it is not illustrated, so as to the better enforce his meaning and warn all comers to be on their guard. Yet there are few things in this world, as there are few men, wholly and utterly bad, and I have seen here in New York some furniture labeled "L'Art Nouveau," being exact replicas of some model chairs imported from France, which are really charming. It is a dangerous charm, I grant you; it does not give the satisfaction one gets from the solid old pieces which time has only made more beautiful. It is a charm that one may tire of and at last come to dislike.

These pieces are in outline very simple. For example, a good firm, comfortable chair, in every way worthy of our respect. There are no unnecessary curves. It is true the legs and the rungs are twisted, but the effect is rather pleasing. These slight twists do not detract from the strength, but add an appearance of care and workmanship which is not objectionable. What I particularly admire, however, is the inlaying and the possibilities it suggests to me. The plain rib of mahogany sets off the back, which is of light cedar, and the design, which varies in each chair, is cleverly inlaid in different woods in their natural colors—as every one knows, there are various shades of red in mahogany and cedar, blacks and dark maroons in ebony and rosewood, violet in amaranth, yellow and buff in maple and sandal-wood. I am creditably informed that there are in Cuba many woods of extraordinary colors, none of which have been brought to this country yet, and probably are not available in large enough quantities, except for such purposes as these.

In the chair illustrated, the inlay is dull, having no shellac or varnish, and securing its entire effect from the natural contrasting shades and grain. Its effect is, of course, very different from marquetry, in which the inlay is more profuse and of a more conventional design. These imported pieces and their replicas are certainly worth some attention. How easily, however, the whole art lends itself to abuse is seen in the pieces which have departed from the imported models, and which, besides using more inlay in poorer designs, use stained woods, covered with a universal glossy finish. These, in conjunction with the weird shapes and erratic curved lines, are what Mr. Sturgis so properly condemns. To my fancy the case is analogous to that of stained glass. In the hands of the uneducated its use was so abused in every cottage in the country that it has come to be a reproach.

About twenty years ago, there was a great revival of decorative art interest, and I remember seeing a great deal of inlay rather suggestive of this present venture. It went by the name of "Sorrento," I believe, but seemed to be confined mainly to small picture-frames. It is just possible one would tire of living continuously year after year in constant sight of these inlaid pictures, but I have conceived an adaptation of such inlay in connection with better and more thoroughly tried shapes which appeals to me strongly; some day that may be another story.

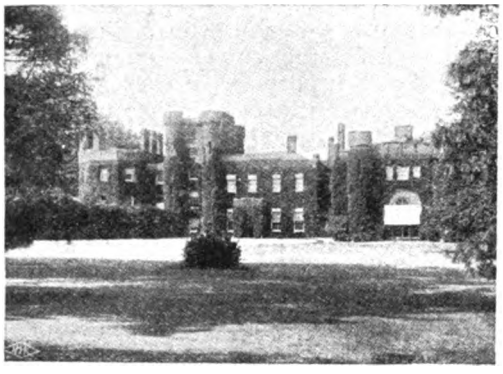
OLIVER COLEMAN.

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ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSES FOR RENT

At this time of year many of our readers are trying to rent a country house for the summer, but are discovering that as a rule high rentals are being asked for even the conventional frame dwellings. It is therefore interesting to look over the real estate advertisements in the English magazines, and see what is being offered for rent across the water.

The advertisements which follow are typical, and were taken at random from the current publications. To the average American the idea of renting an "ancient castle in perfect order" seems something beyond comprehension, but when he finds that the annual rental is less than $2,000, his suburban villa becomes an unwarranted extravagance.



SURREY.—A fine old castellated MANSION, as above, seated amidst its gloriously timbered park lands of about 200 acres, and within three miles of a station, from whence London is reached in thirty minutes. The Residence is replete with every comfort and convenience, and contains twenty bed and dressing rooms, billiard and six entertaining rooms; stabling for ten horses, farmery, and matured grounds, the whole forming a perfect country home.—Price and all details of Messrs. TROLLOPE, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.



WILTSHIRE (near Devizes). Sweetly pretty detached thatched COTTAGE RESIDENCE, containing eight bed and dressing rooms, four reception rooms, and excellent offices on the ground floor. Nicely laid out grounds with croquet and tennis lawns. Stabling for four horses and usual out-buildings. Woodbridge station four miles. Further particulars of Mr. PENNINGTON, as above. (F. 800.)



500ft. above Sea Level, commanding extensive Views.

SURREY HILLS (in the picturesque district of Warlingham, within easy access of City and West End, near two stations and golf links).—To be SOLD, at a low price, the above well-built attractive Freehold RESIDENCE, replete with the latest sanitary and other appliances, and containing entrance hall and corridor, with mosaic pavement, billiard and three reception rooms, conservatory, eight bedrooms, and good domestic offices, etc. The grounds are about two acres in extent, and include tennis lawn.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON & SONS, 1, Cockspur Street, S.W.



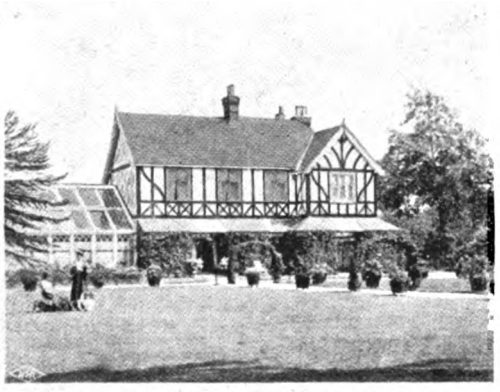
DEVONSHIRE.—The above beautiful RESIDENCE, to be LET Furnished, for a long or short term together with very good shooting over about 2,000 acres, and some trout fishing. It is situated amidst very picturesque scenery, with excellent social and sporting advantages, and is altogether a unique place. The accommodation includes two spacious halls, five reception rooms, billiard room, 22 bedrooms, etc. There are magnificent old grounds, ample stabling and every requisite.—Mr. F. PERKS, 13, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W.

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HANDSOMELY-FURNISHED MANSION IN FINE PARK



IN A FAVOURITE PART OF KENT (under 50 minutes from London).—To be LET, Furnished, for the summer or by the year, the above beautiful Country MANSION, standing perfectly secluded in its own extensive park, through which runs a river. The House is reached by a long drive with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises large hall, drawing room, dining room, library, billiard room, and about 20 bedrooms; stabling for twelve horses, coach-houses, etc. The gardens and grounds are beautifully timbered and secluded, arranged in extensive lawns, glasshouses, etc. The river affords capital boating and fishing.—Personally inspected and recommended by CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.



Picturesque House. Lodge. Stabling for Seven.
Lovely Grounds of Seventeen Acres. Station 1¾ miles.

SIX MILES FROM NORWICH.—To be SOLD by AUCTION on July 10th next, the picturesque property known as the "Woodlands," Bracon Ash. Accommodation: Four reception, bathroom, ten bed and dressing rooms. Stabling for seven. Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers, Messrs KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 9 & 10 Conduit Street, W.



ANCIENT CASTLE IN PERFECT ORDER.

TO be LET or SOLD.—This historically interesting CASTLE is situated 500ft. above sea level, and approached through a battlemented gateway. Accommodation: Entrance hall, 25ft. 3in. by 12ft. 9in.; dining room, 25ft. 6in. by 15ft. 6in.; drawing room, 25ft. by 19ft., opening into fernery; conservatory, billiard room, 28ft. by 18ft. 6in.; library, 24ft. by 16ft.; circular morning room, 19ft. 8in. diameter and 11ft. high; gallery, 36ft. by 10ft.; eleven bedrooms, four dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), chapel, museum, and extensive domestic offices; small stabling. Beautiful old gardens and grounds; gas and water laid on; every modern convenience. Station four minutes. Rent, Unfurnished, for the whole, £400 per annum; or with ten acres only, £325. Price on application.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, as below.



ON THE BRIGHTON LINE, one hour from London.—Unfurnished on lease; this attractive moderate-sized MANSION, in a grandly-timbered park with avenue approach and lodge, lovely pleasure grounds, most productive kitchen garden and glass, golf ground and about 200 acres of lovely woodlands, affording first-class pheasant shooting. There are about twelve bedrooms (more easily added), four reception rooms, billiard room, fine conservatory and good offices. Splendid stabling and cottages. The property is in a favourite and picturesque neighbourhood, 400ft. above sea, and a short drive from a principal station.—GARVEY & GOOK, 19, Regent Street, S.W.

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HUNTING with the Queen's Stag Hounds (standing high in a beautifully-wooded neighbourhood).—To be LET, Furnished, a charming old-fashioned FARM-HOUSE, suitable for a hunting lodge, containing three reception, seven bed and dressing rooms, and offices; good stabling of two stalls, kitchen garden. Rent 3 guineas a week.—Agents, HAMPTON & SONS, 1, Cockspur Street, S.W.



SUSSEX.—The above modern MANSION, erected regardless of cost, to be SOLD with 233 acres. It is situated in a favourite neighbourhood, close to good golf links, and shooting can be rented in the immediate vicinity for next season. The Mansion contains six noble reception rooms, billiard room, and 25 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for ten.—Photographs of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, as below.



BOURNEMOUTH (in the best and most fashionable part near sea).—For SALE, a substantially-built Freehold RESIDENCE, standing in its beautiful grounds of about an acre. Contains five reception rooms, large conservatory, billiard room, boudoir, nine bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms, servants' hall, and usual offices. Electric light throughout; ample stabling for four, coachman's cottage; well laid-out garden, vinery, etc.



"MUCKROSS HOUSE."

TO BE LET, at an exceptionally moderate rent, until end of next June, this far-famed ESTATE, occupied in 1861 by Her Majesty the Queen, and world-renowned as the choicest corner of the Emerald Isle. The Estate abounds with features of romantic interest, prominent among which are the spacious Elizabethan Mansion, handsomely Furnished and replete with modern conveniences; three deer forests (the finest in Ireland); a portion of the Killarney Lakes (the Devil's Punch Bowl, O'Sullivan's Cascade, Dinish Island, the Old Weir Bridge, the Meeting of the Waters, the Torc Waterfall, Purple Mountain, etc.). There is splendid all-round shooting over 14,000 acres, of which the woodcock shooting is considered the best in the United Kingdom. Also excellent snipe and duck shooting. Hares, wild geese and plover are plentiful, and a tenant will be allowed to shoot 10 Japanese deer.

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HOME COUNTIES.—The above BARONIAL MANSION in a beautifully timbered and undulating old park, under four miles from express station, 25 minutes from Town, with home farm, 1,500 acres shooting (bag: 1,627 pheasants, 430 partridges, 98 hares, 1,383 rabbits, 252 various), and one mile trout fishing. The Mansion, fitted with electric light, has five good entertaining rooms, noble saloon, and ample bedroom and servants' accommodation, with private stabling for twelve horses, and lodges and cottages for outdoor servants. Lease to be transferred.—For all details apply to the Sole Agents, Messrs. JOHN D. WOOD & CO., as above, who have intimate knowledge of the place. (4502)



TO BE SOLD, in a most picturesque and favourite neighbourhood, a compact moderate-sized property, extending to 120 acres, and offering special attractions to anyone desirous of residing in the country and yet within daily access of Town. The accommodation comprises eleven or twelve bedrooms, three reception rooms, and capital offices. Inexpensive grounds and ornamental water. Ample stabling, model farmery, cottages, etc. Very moderate price.



BUCKS (on the Chiltern Hills, in a magnificent position 650ft. above sea, and within two-and-a-half miles of a market town and station).—An attractive RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 183 or 17 acres, comprising the above imposing brick-built Residence, which enjoys a south-west aspect, and commands glorious views for many miles. It is approached by a carriage drive, and contains fourteen bedrooms, four reception rooms, excellent domestic offices, first-class stabling for eight horses, with men's rooms and all necessary outbuildings. The tastefully laid out pleasure grounds are inexpensive to maintain, and include productive kitchen garden, etc., cottages for coachman and gardener. The farm of 163 acres has an excellent House and first-rate buildings; included are also two smaller Residences; capital shooting, first-class hunting, and good social advantages.—Price for Mansion, with seventeen acres and two cottages, or for the whole property, on application to Messrs. TROLLOPE, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W., who have personally inspected.



IN A WESTERN COUNTY.—This charmingly attractive MODERN RESIDENCE to be LET, Furnished, together with the shooting over some 1,500 acres, only a quarter-of-a-mile from a railway station, with fast service of trains to town; its situation being one of extreme beauty, well sheltered in the centre of a well-wooded park, and containing sixteen bed and dressing rooms, handsome reception and entertaining rooms, and commodious offices; stabling for five horses; beautiful pleasure gardens of ten acres. The shooting affords some excellent sport, and has been well kept up.—Further particulars of Messrs. TROLLOPE, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

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CURVED FRONT WALK AND SHADE TREES

PLANTING THE HOME GROUNDS

ATTRACTIVE homesteads are not overwhelmingly plentiful despite the fact that almost any builder may demand an artistic house of his architect with a reasonable chance of having the demand speedily gratified. Unfortunately, many a home becomes an incongruous assemblage, owing to the owner's persistence in believing that the words "artistic" and "expensive," or "elaborate," are synonymous.

And in the matter of home grounds the case is similar, except that here the failures are more pronounced and far more frequent.

Indeed, well-planned home grounds are so rare as to be, when found, more conspicuous than even the most attractive or costly of houses. The aim of the present article is to show what can be done along this line, in a humble, inexpensive, but practical manner.

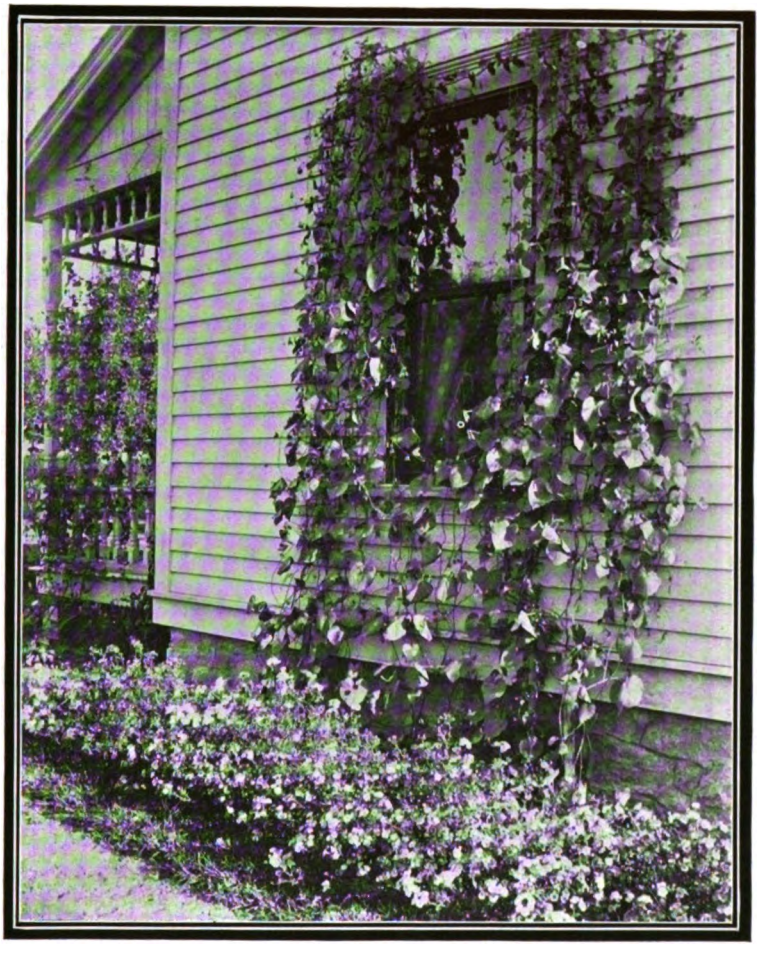
The photographic illustrations speak for themselves; they show the results achieved on a small place by a man of little means and less leisure. His name and occupation are immaterial to the purpose of this article, but the place itself is called Brookdale, probably because there is no running water near.

Four years ago the owner of Brookdale did not know a petunia from a sunflower. Three years ago the one-third acre of yard surrounding the simple, newly erected cottage was a wilderness of sand, mortar, and rubbish; not a vine, hardly a spear of grass, nothing but desolation, sentineled by two or three

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lonely apple-trees at front and rear—altogether a discouraging outlook.

The service or advice of a practical gardener or landscape artist was out of the question on account of expense. Plainly, the ambitious but inexperienced owner must decide all knotty points himself, do nearly everything himself, and—most difficult of all—evolve his own plan. Half a day each week, with occasional odd hours "between times," represented the sum total of available time in which to accomplish the desired result.



MORNING-GLORIES AND PHLOX

It is not essential here to enter into particulars regarding the manner in which the necessary knowledge was acquired. It came largely from the horticultural and landscape information to be found in books, magazines, and papers, and from an enthusiastic determination to master the subject as far as an amateur might.

Then came the planning. By degrees a rough sketch appeared on paper, showing the general outline of the proposed yard arrangement—the walks, drives, flower-beds, trees, shrubs, etc. Nearly a year elapsed before the owner was ready to begin actual work. But it was a year well spent.

Fortunately, the land was naturally high and well drained; also, fairly even, and with a slight slope from house to street. So but little grading or filling was required. In the fall the ground was plowed, harrowed, and raked. Then walks, drives, and beds were outlined with strips of sod laid on the level surface of the soil; a mixture of blue grass and white clover seed was sown where the lawn was to be, and a few loads of fine gravel were hauled from the lake.

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THE PORCH

Grass and clover seed, after being sown, was lightly raked into the soil and then covered with a winter overcoat of strawy stable manure. Flower and shrub beds were also treated to a coat of the same material. The total cost of hired labor, hauling, and manure was about fifteen dollars, the owner doing much of the lighter work himself.

Nursery catalogues were plentiful in that cottage the following winter, and wife and children soon caught the enthusiasm of creating a home out of raw material. Here is a copy of the nursery list which was finally evolved from the chaos of printed pages, price lists, and bewildering illustrations.

SHRUBS AND BEDDING ROSES.—Althea, white, pink, one each; Deutzia, Pride of Rochester, one; Flowering Almond, white, pink, one each; Hydrangea, Paniculata Grand, three; Lilac, white, purple, two each; Syringa, Philadelphus, one; Spirea, Van Houttei, three; Snowball, Japan, one; Weigelia, Rosea, one; Roses—American Beauty, Baroness Rothschild, General Washington, John Hopper, Mrs. John Laing, Mrs. Crawford, Mabel Morrison, Marshall P. Wilder, Paul Neyron, Ulrich Brunner, Margaret Dickson, La France, one each.

CLIMBING ROSES AND VINES.—Roses, Crimson Rambler, Yellow Rambler, Queen of Prairie, Baltimore Belle, one each; Clematis, Jackmani, Paniculata, one each; Honeysuckle, Monthly (red), and Hall's (white), one each: Wistaria, Chinese blue, one.

TREES.—Birch, cut-leaved, white, one; Catalpa, Speciosa, one; Norway Spruce, Arbor Vitæ, two each.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Grapes, Concord, Niagara, Brighton, Delaware, one each; Peonies, assorted colors, six.

FLOWER-SEEDS.—Phlox, Drummondi, one package; Petunias, single, assorted colors, one package; Pansies, one package; Morning-Glories, one package; Castor Beans, one package.

The total expense of the above was $13.85, with express charges extra. "Mail-order size plants" had very wisely been ignored, and the larger "express

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THE SIDE YARD

sizes'' selected instead. The idea was: First, to get large, well-rooted stock which would give the best effect in the shortest possible time; second, to select hardy perennial varieties requiring the least care, and which, once started, would increase in size and beauty each succeeding year; third, especially to include varieties flowering in late summer and fall when the average house-yard is bare of bloom; and fourth, to exclude all doubtful or expensive items. The idea in the matter of seeds was to give particular attention to a few long-blossoming, reliable varieties, rather than to attempt a little of everything.

In the spring, each plant and tree was carefully set out in accordance with the plan, and the litter was raked from the lawn. The flower-seeds were started early in shallow boxes in the house, and when two or three inches high, the resulting plants were transplanted to their own special beds outdoors. All through the summer the soil was kept mellow around each plant or tree, for modern horticulturists have found that constant cultivation will largely take the place of irrigation.

The elements from which these attractive results were derived are: First, gracefully curved walks with neatly trimmed edges; second, an abundance of flowering vines around porches and house; third, large masses of bloom in distinctive beds; fourth, massing the shrubs and larger growing things to the rear and sides of the grounds, leaving as far as possible unbroken expanses of lawn; and fifth, a back yard neatly planted and kept.

WALTER EDWIN ANDREWS.

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OAK CRADLE FROM AN OLD WORCESTERSHIRE MANOR, ABOUT 1660

THE FURNITURE OF OUR FOREFATHERS—A REVIEW

IN commenting upon the early announcement of this work I ventured to prophesy that this was to be a work of real importance, the "last word" on the subject. The "last word" being used in its broad significance as the "best word, nothing left to say," not literally last, as I hope to write more or less on the subject for some time to come myself, and hope others will do so also. There were many years during which the publications of Chippendale were the indispensable adjunct of any cabinet-shop. It seems to me that these volumes are, from now on, quite as indispensable to every cabinet-maker and furniture factory. Their wealth of illustrations and description is a mine of suggestions to the quick-witted. We have reproductions of all kinds of colonial furniture, or thought we had until now; but here are new shapes, new designs, and attractive variations. While so much that is irresistibly charming and unquestionably good is still at our service, rejuvenated, or capable of being rejuvenated, the question is, Why try anything new, why the "art nouveau" elsewhere treated of in this number?

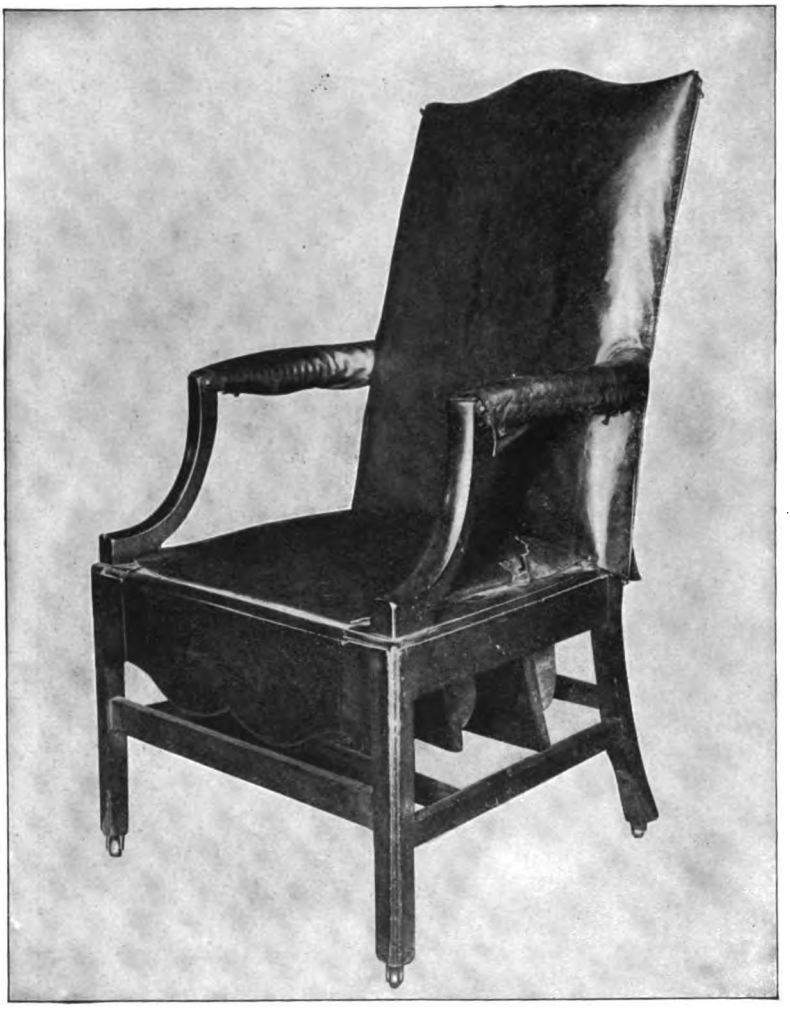
These publications become, as it were, the Shakespeare and the Bible of furniture. Still, though we have a constant

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SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CHAIRS. CHAIR SAID TO HAVE BEEN USED BY CHARLES II. ON LEFT: ONE UPON RIGHT USED BY ROBERT PROUD, HISTORIAN

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LIBRARY CHAIR OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. NOW USED AS CHAIR FOR PRESIDENT OF AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

standard in these landmarks of literature, we may now and then while away a few moments—not entirely without "profit," shall I say?—better, perhaps, "amusement"—over the Yellow Book and Aubrey Beardsley. *L'Art Nouveau* is the Aubrey Beardsley of furniture design. Yet, just as Beardsley revealed the possibilities of line-work and the massing of black and white to such an extent that no future illustrator or decorative artist may ignore his influence, so here and there in this new art may be found inspirations and suggestions of real value. The designer will very properly reject all that is morbid, fantastic, and revolting in both.

In architecture we have the great classical period of Greece from which to view all succeeding epochs, and to say "good" or "bad," but the civilization of that day did not demand the creation of much furniture. The period of which "The Furniture of our Forefathers" treats stands, and I believe always must stand, toward the cabinet-maker's art in the same light as the classical period does toward architecture; it is the surely good and beautiful, to which by intelligent, not servile, comparison all future furniture must be compared.

This is the furniture of the renaissance period; and as painting, the highest form of art, is still judged by the standards then set up, so furniture will be judged by such designs as these for many generations to come.

If the book is of value to those in the

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FRANKLIN'S CHAIR, WITH SEAT TURNED UP TO FORM A STEP-LADDER

trade, it appeals no less strongly to several other classes: to the collector, for here are new types and valuable data; to the antiquarian, for here is information, gleaned with much labor from old deeds, letters, and wills, showing the prices of various household belongings in our younger colonial period, and indicating very conclusively the way our forbears were wont to live in those strenuous days of old. No less appealing are the books to the mere dilettante, for here are many stray bits of information which readily may be used to point a moral or adorn a tale, and to the arts and crafts workers, for the new designs in wood-carvings so clearly indicated by the surprisingly clear illustrations.

It is first of all a magnificent picture-book. I spent an hour in turning over the pages with a child of six, and she was interested all the time. I fear picture-books very often are the most appealing to the general public; certainly when treating wholly of these subjects. THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL itself is much used merely as a picture-book, so much so that doubtless many good folks will even fail to read this review, thereby missing the opportunity of learning of this much more voluminous feast for eyes that see but ears that hear not.

Fearing this still strong delight in hieroglyphics, or picture-writing, I have secured permission to reproduce several illustrations as a bait to the class in question, and shall only mention a few of the noteworthy statements and quote

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one or two quaint paragraphs which may assist the few who deign to read to gather some idea of the scope of the work.

The furniture of our forefathers could not help but be very much modified and affected by the historical action of the time, so the book touches very lightly upon the condition of each colony, and the social state in which the colonist lived. The most legible records of the times are found in wills and inventories of the day, from which, among other things, we find that Justinian Snow, of St. Mary's, Maryland, left in May, 1639, a bed, which was described as standing in her parlor, valued at five hundred pounds of tobacco, or equivalent to about five hundred dollars of our money. This one entry will indicate many things to the antiquarian. There are few even among our most luxurious houses to-day that possess a five hundred-dollar-bed, and here was one on the frontier in Maryland in 1639. The bed stood in the parlor also, and was evidently the *pièce de resistance* of the whole house. It must be remembered that ancient usages made of the bedroom a sort of audience-chamber, in which numerous ceremonies habitually took place. We know of these as late as the time of Marie Antoinette in France, and cannot wonder that the same ideas were still in existence in lower circles of society. The gorgeousness of the beds and bed-chambers was one of the features of feudal times.

"The widow of the Black Prince leaves 'to my dear son, the King' (Richard I.) 'my new bed of red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves issuing out of their mouths; to my dear son Thomas, Earl of Kent, my bed of red camak, paied with red and rays of gold; to my dear son John Holland, a bed of red camak.'" It is a slight typographical error to substitute "him of the lion's heart" for that poor degenerate Richard II.; a substitution, had it taken place in real life, would surely have changed the map of Europe and the histories of France and England.

Further on, Sir Walter Manney is quoted without comment as bequeathing in 1371 "all my beds and dossers in my wardrobe, excepting my folding bed, paly of blue and red." Here is news, indeed; a folding bed in 1371! There are frequent excerpts given of old wills which but enforce the idea already given of the great beauty and luxury of the beds of the Middle Ages, including embroideries of roses, coats of arms, lions, and butterflies. It is also interesting to note that during the Tudor period it was customary to name beds, and Wolsey had one called "Infantilege" and another called "The Sun," just as our early locomotives were named, and children still coast with sleds named "Dexter" and "Maud S." The frontispiece of Part I is a bed of carved oak of English origin, and dated 1593, which seems to have been made for men of the heroic age, being seven feet four inches high, seven feet eleven inches long, and five feet eight inches wide. I once was shown in a department store a folding-bed which was called "a family bed"; perhaps this was one also. Surely the "great bed of Ware" was intended for more than one generation, for it was, or is, for it is still preserved, seven feet six inches high by ten feet nine inches long and ten feet nine inches wide. No, these are not notes on "how to furnish a small city flat."

Part II commences with Pennsylvania, though its frontispiece is a charming photogravеur of Washington's room at Mount Vernon, the epitome of what a bedroom should be, I shall maintain against the world.

"Even prior to 1700 the house of the well-to-do planter in Pennsylvania was by no means bare or lacking in comfort, but we miss the army of chairs and the china that were to be found in the colonies farther south. There is an atmosphere of greater reserve and less liberal hospitality in the household goods of Penn's followers than we find in Virginia, Maryland, and Carolina. The furniture, however, is evidently the same, both in style and material, and

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most of it comes from England." This is the old complaint, now almost a platitude, about the liberality and hospitality of the southern colonies. It is doubtless founded upon the facts, as indeed we may see to this day. Yet the explanation has always seemed to me rather simple. The New England and Pennsylvania colonists were a serious and sober-minded folk, intent upon worshiping their God devoutly and fighting the devil at every turn. Such creeds as they professed were not of the kind to develop mellow social intercourse, nor convivial friendships. I have always noted that two men who as strangers have passed together a "night of crime" are henceforth the most intimate of friends—boon companions. The southern colonists had few scruples. Money came easily, time was light upon their hands, and they were a roystering and gaming crew. Every one who could sing a "good," or rather a bad, song, who could drink his friends under the table and be up betimes the next morning none the worse for his potions, was a good fellow indeed. It is hard to be hospitable with people who drink pop and betake themselves to bed with the chickens.

The story about Baron Manheim on page 90 shows the continuity of human nature, and we should celebrate the Baron as the first to establish "a slum settlement" in this country, as he was accustomed to have the employees of his great glass factory come to his house at regular intervals, where he taught them music. It is said that in Philadelphia carpets were not in common use until the middle of the eighteenth century; "we are told the floors were sanded" (as they are in New Orleans to-day in many of the restaurants) "and that the sand man went his rounds regularly, and that the housewives or servants sprinkled the sand on the floor through a sieve or arranged it in patterns with deft turns of the broom. The walls were white-washed until about 1745, when we find one Charles Hargrave advertising wall-paper, and a little later Peter Fleeson manufacturing paper-hangings and papier-maché moldings at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets."

It is pleasant to find on page 103 a confirmation of one of my favorite arguments. I have always contended that the good taste and fitness of things colonial were due to deliberate judgment on the part of our forefathers, and not, as has been frequently asserted by lovers of profuse ornamentation, due to their lack of opportunities.

Miss Sarah Eve entered in her journal in 1773: "Feb. 10th we stept into Mrs. Parish's for a moment and then went to Mrs. Stretch's. We were much pleased with our visit and her new house; the neatness and proportions of the furniture corresponding so well with the size of the house that here one may see elegance in miniature. I don't mean the elegance of a palace, but of *simplicity which is preferable*—the one pleases the eye but flatters the vanity, the other pleases the judgment and cherishes nature. As I walked through this home I could not help saying this surely might be taken for the habitation of Happiness." The italics are mine, and I wish amateur photography had been invented before 1773, and that Miss Eve had preserved some pictures of this small but appropriately furnished colonial house, "the habitation of Happiness."

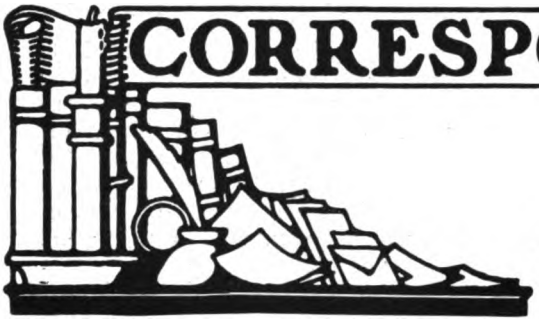
The versatile Benjamin Franklin again turns up in the guise of a house-decorator. We know he invented the open stove that passes yet by his name, and we have here a picture of a comfortable library chair upholstered in leather, of which one has only to raise the seat which folds up against the back to have a convenient step-ladder.

Miss Singleton makes one statement the historical accuracy of which is doubtful. At the very end of Part II, page 151, she says: "New Orleans, at first a penal settlement," etc. Though there were doubtless many men and women who were forcibly deported from France to be sent out to the colonies, New Orleans was no more a penal settlement than other early colonial cities to which criminals were exiled as bond-servants.

OLIVER COLEMAN.

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CORRESPONDENCE



The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Whenever the address is given and stamps are inclosed, replies will be sent by mail within three weeks.

I am building a country-house, and would like to ask your advice regarding colors for three rooms on the first floor. My living-room is 24 by 40 feet; billiard-room, 15 by 20 feet, not including a bay-window, which is four feet deep; dining room, 20 by 25 feet; all with twelve-foot six-inch ceilings, and with beams across ceilings eighteen inches deep and seven feet apart; laths and rough plaster between beams and on side-walls.

Windows open out, and are leaded diamond-shaped glass; the windows in living-room open to floor, and are seven feet high, with three-foot stationary window above. I would like to stain all woodwork in this room, except floors, in imitation of weathered oak. All rooms connect by open archways. Oil-finished Georgia pine floors are laid throughout house.

There is an old-fashioned brick fireplace for four-foot logs in living-room, and a stairway leading up to a balcony on the same side of room as fireplace, and extending across room to it, balcony being between living-room and billiard-room. From the end of balcony there are stairs up to second floor.

To get to billiard-room or dining-room you have to go under balcony and through an arch. I thought of painting walls in this room (living-room) a dark moss-green, and the plaster between beams a Chinese yellow. All furniture in room will be old-fashioned heavy weathered oak.

Billiard-room opens off of living-room and dining-room, and woodwork is Georgia pine. There is a buffet built in at side of brick fireplace and grille-work in one of the openings under balcony. I am thinking of staining all woodwork in this room, except floors, Flemish, and painting walls a cardinal red, and ceiling between beams an ivory—or would you suggest a lighter shade of red between the beams? There is no wainscoting in this room—in fact, in none of the rooms; only an eight-inch base-board. I will treat it as a "den," using Turkish goods for draperies, Venetian lanterns, and make the bay-window a cozy corner.

Dining-room has an old-fashioned brick fireplace on one side of room, and sideboard built in on other. There is a shelf, seven feet from floor, around entire room. I would like to finish this room in Flemish, except floors, with walls a Delft blue, and white ceiling between beams, or some brighter color on ceiling if possible. I wish to make this room a Dutch room, and will use (photogravure) copies of Rembrandts, with wide Flemish frames, and on shelf will have steins, Delft plates, etc., and all furniture in room will be antique Dutch, Flemish finish. Am I all right, or all wrong? If my color scheme is right for the rooms, I will see that rugs and draperies harmonize.

J.

The color scheme you have in mind for your country-house seems to us particularly good. We have but one change to make, and that is in the treatment of the billiard-room. With Flemish oak woodwork and deep red side-walls, we would advise red between the beams of the ceiling rather than ivory-white, that the room be kept severely Dutch, that no Turkish draperies enter the room, and that Mr. Jarvis's horn lanterns be substituted for the Venetian ones. We have a special dislike for such cozy corners as your description suggests. The floors should be stained Flemish in both billiard-room and the dining-room, and that they be liberally covered with rugs to prevent what would otherwise be too black an effect.

Will you give me some help in furnishing my house. It is new and the rooms are small, but it is cozy and well lighted.

The parlor is 13 by 15; is papered with light paper of a rather nondescript kind; the woodwork is white. I do not care to change the paper at present. I have two easy and two straight-back mahogany chairs upholstered in red silk plush. The floor is a very poor one, but I do not wish to cover it with a carpet. What kind of lace or muslin curtains shall I buy? How shall I dress the windows? I have a few oil-paintings of small size, and I have two or three very good photographs I could use on the wall—which would be best? What color and

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

material shall I use for portières? My dining-room is terra-cotta, with a red figure in the pattern; the woodwork is cypress; the floor has a hardwood border. The hall is 8 by 10, the paper is blue, and the woodwork is a light, cheap-looking oak or pine. I have one Turkish rug, size about one and one-quarter by one and three-quarters yards for this place.

The upper rooms are for chambers, and I know pretty well how I want these. We have many books, but I do not know where to put them. We have four of Prang's reproductions of paintings. I do not fancy them, as they are large, but I suppose I must use them. Can you suggest where? I have several pieces of old-blue china and two pewter porringers. Would these be available for decorative purposes with my terra-cotta dining-room?

L. B.

Until the paper on your parlor walls is renewed it will be impossible for your room to be satisfactory. We are unable to advise you in regard to the carpet and furnishings, as you tell us nothing about the coloring of the paper beyond the fact that it is nondescript. We imagine that it may be pale ecru, with gilt or some other combination equally hopeless. We think that it is a waste of time and money to labor over the small belongings of a room when the foundation is frankly bad.

As you wish to make changes slowly, and at as small an expense as possible, we advise you to begin with the paper, choosing a cartridge of plain, strong tone, and gradually bring the rest of the room into line with it. The manogany chairs will look well with many schemes of color, but the red plush upholstery should be removed. With green cartridge-paper, the chairs could be temporarily covered with green denim, and later give place to a more lasting fabric. Oliver Coleman, in the December HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, speaks of a floor-covering that would be very suitable for your room. You could use it as a big rug, having the floor stained mahogany. Curtains of sheer muslin would be effective here, and more in keeping with the room than lace ones. The dining-room paper of terra-cotta and red seems a harsh combination, but possibly the paper has the effect of two shades of terra-cotta. Your plan for the alcove is very good. The curtains should be simple—white or cream net, with outer hangings of terra-cotta denim. The floors throughout the lower part of the house should be stained alike. The hall seems to us a little difficult to treat until the paper has been changed. A strong, plain color would help immensely.

You are fortunate to have so many books. They should be placed in low bookcases lining the wall, and as you live in a clean country the shelves should not be covered. Use the screen where you have a decided use for one. If you do not care for the Prang reproductions, do not use them. Many houses would be vastly improved if all the pictures were banished. A few good pictures add much to the attractiveness of a room, but they must be well framed and hung

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judiciously. The photographs should be framed without mats, in simple dark bands of wood, and should not be placed near the oils. The old-blue china and pewter will look well in a corner cupboard in your dining room.

Please suggest the cheapest way that we could finish living-room and dining-room. If calcimine is used, would it be better to have walls rough-plastered?

Furniture in living-room is old mahogany sofa, three chairs, and ottoman, covered with blue corduroy like inclosed sample. I have one oriental rug about 5 by 9, mixture of old-blue, red, green, and brown, and shall use either terry or matting on floors. If terry, what color would you suggest?

Dining-room furniture is walnut; large rug, with red and blue predominating. I have a red Navajo blanket which I wish to use on dining-room wall, if possible. What should I use for portières between the rooms?

The sample of corduroy inclosed is an excellent shade, and if you can reproduce it in calcimine on rough plaster the effect will be pleasing and unusual. If, however, the calcimine is cold and lacks depth, it would be wise to discard blue altogether and use a strong, deep green on both rooms. Blue and green, when carefully handled, make a very artistic combination. The portières between the rooms should be of a solid color like the walls. If the Navajo blanket is one of the old ones, colored with vegetable dyes, it will doubtless be effective against your green background. The modern Navajos, with their crude aniline dyes, seem to us out of the question in any room, and only suitable for rugs on a summer piazza.

Will you kindly tell me what is the value of a plate in deep blue and bluish white marked on the back J. Wedgwood. The name is written in a circle on a sort of belt design. The plate has very little decoration, except the deep blue border, and the glaze is very fine. Can you recommend to me a book which would be a guide in buying old china? Is there any real value in old luster of a dull copper color with bands having raised butterflies and baskets of flowers highly colored? Can you tell me the name of a service of china which is seventy-five or a hundred years old, if not much older? The ground is clear white; the decoration consists of a basket filled with flowers in the center of each piece and with butterflies and flowers around this. On the edge of the pieces is an open decoration (I do not mean that the ware is pierced), but the decoration is in thin, fine lines in a set pattern. At intervals this is broken by little medallions with roses in them. All the decoration is in grass-green and a very brilliant gold.

H. R.

Your plate is undoubtedly one of the early Josiah Wedgwood pieces. It is difficult to place a price on it, or in fact on any bit of old china,

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED.

as association is such an important consideration in its value. New York antique dealers sell similar plates, ten inches in diameter, from eight dollars to twenty dollars apiece, according to their state of preservation. There are many books that would be a guide to you in purchasing china. Alice Morse Earle's delightful "China Collecting in America" is very helpful, and so is Barber's "Anglo-American Pottery"—the latter devoted exclusively to historical blue Staffordshire. Jewett is a standard English authority, and should be studied. His opinions regarding the origin of the so-called Lowestoft ware are of great value to the student, and the fact that there are differences as to the place of its manufacture only adds to the charm of this fascinating china. Another volume, now out of print, is "The China Hunter's Club." The Barber book is becoming rare, and has doubled in price since its publication a year ago. It is printed by The Clay Worker, of Indianapolis.

Your old tea-set is either French or English. It is hard to determine which without seeing a piece of it. French potters used gold long before English potters adopted it. The color of the paste, whether pure white or ivory, would denote the age. Brilliant gold with green is an unusual combination. The decoration is not especially rare. The basket motive originated in Holland, and is found on many early bits of Delft. Later English potters used it, and it became a favorite and much abused design. Copper luster is always interesting to the collector. The many imitations, some of them surprisingly good, have injured the commercial value of the ware.

Will you be kind enough to tell me the best way to care for hardwood floors, finished with varnish and rubbed down? Is it enough to wipe them up with cool water once a week? We go over them every day with canton flannel. I have read of wiping them up with kerosene, but I do not wish to use it. How often do you think the floors need refinishing? I want to keep them up well. I would be very grateful for your advice. B. W.

Hardwood floors should be rubbed with "Bucher's" polish once in three months, and if they have been properly filled and waxed in the first place, no other cleaning or polishing is necessary. They will keep in order for years and have a beautiful, soft finish. Water should never be used on a waxed floor, and kerosene under no conditions. The oil in the latter imparts only a temporary gloss and is injurious to the floor. Bucher's polish should be applied with a weighted brush; further directions accompany each box. Floors should be wiped each day with a soft cloth.

Mr. French's articles on "Old New England Furniture" have been very interesting and instructive. There are, however, two or three points I should like more fully explained.

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED

Of what period does the glass knob indicate furniture to be? Is a glass knob as desirable as a brass one? Is the best mahogany furniture very dark—wine color in fact—or a yellow-brown, much lighter? Is one hundred and fifteen dollars an exorbitant price for an old mahogany secretary? It is severe in style, with small glass panes in the doors, and the original brass handles, excepting two. Could you give additional advice in regard to old desks and secretaries? We found one—a desk, I mean—said to be two hundred years old. It is of dark mahogany, with the original handles, and very fine; claw and ball foot. Ought or can an old slope-top desk have the claw and ball design? We are anxious to buy a good desk or secretary. The two best desks cost eighty-five and ninety dollars, and we have visited every store in New York. These prices seem high, as desks are not rare.

We wish to furnish a house in old mahogany, but fear we do not know enough about the subject. We have studied Nye, Lyon, and other authorities, yet find ourselves in the dark in regard to many details. It is difficult to know just how much a thing is worth.

A. O. N.

The glass knobs you ask about belong to an early period. The pear-shaped ones of milky glass are contemporary with the earliest brass knobs, a picture of which may be found in Mr. French's third article on furniture. Many of the glass knobs were made in this country, and are quite out of place on Sheraton and Chippendale designs. Their proper place is on heavy colonial pieces, though one often finds them in shops on furniture of an English and later period. They are beautiful in color, and when held to the light have the fire of an opal. The round knobs of clear glass, having sometimes an escalloped edge, belonged to a later day, and survived until the middle of the present century. They were almost as large as door-knobs, and about as interesting. Many old bureaus have mahogany knobs, and a word should be said in their favor. They were in vogue eighty years ago, and are now coming in again. Collectors are learning the wisdom of retaining them rather than ruthlessly replacing them with new brass knobs or handles.

Mahogany having the rich coloring of a ripe horse chestnut is the most desirable. Crotch mahogany shows these tones. Much that is old and exceedingly good is lighter, but the very red mahogany should be avoided. It is usually new. In regard to prices, we do not consider one hundred and fifteen dollars exorbitant for a really fine secretary, if desirable, and by desirable we mean, not a patched article, but one which is genuinely old all the way through, beautiful in color, exceptional in design, and still having the original knobs or handles. It is not too much. From your letter we imagine the desk in question answers this description. You can, however, find much that is desirable outside of New York at lower figures. There are many places in New England and the South where New York prices are unknown.

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CORRESPONDENCE—CONTINUED.

Many old desks with sloping lids have ball and claw feet. These desks are usually very high, the lid being regulated for a stool rather than a chair. This fact should be taken into consideration when one contemplates a purchase, otherwise one may become the possessor of a fine piece of old furniture, but an utterly useless writing-desk. The desks without the claw feet are lower, and therefore more convenient.

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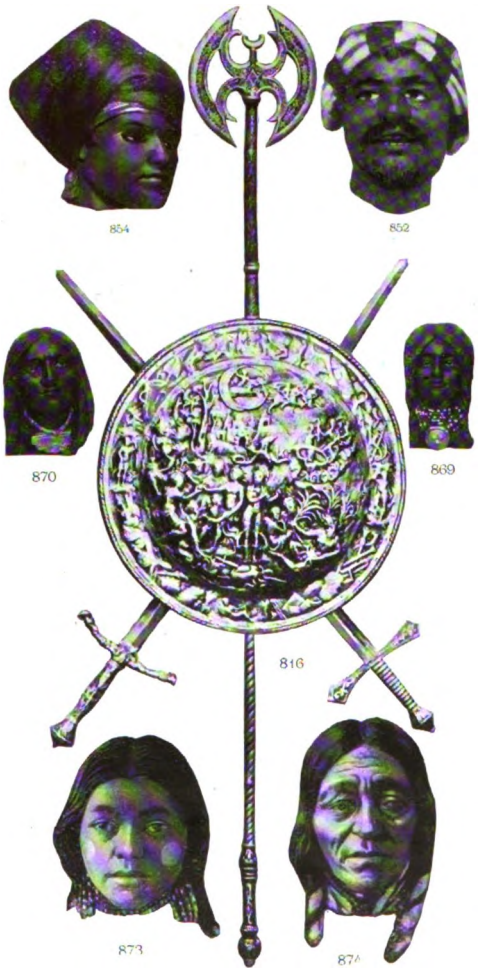
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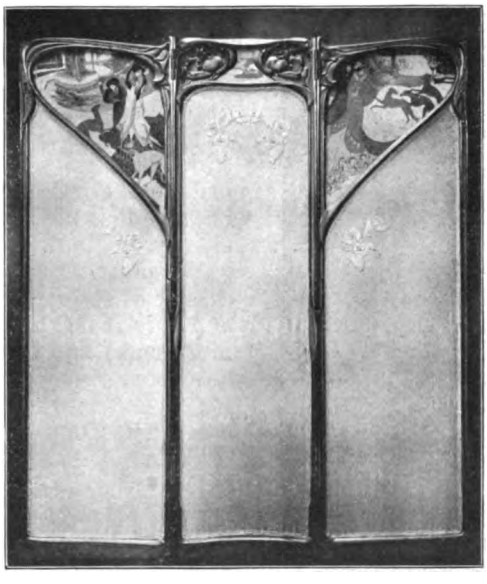
THE AMERICAN AUTHORITY ON HOUSEHOLD ART

VOL. IX. No. 6. MAY, 1901
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THE NEW ART FURNITURE IN FRANCE

BY JEAN SCHOPFER.

NEW art in France has made great progress during the last few years. If the work of regeneration was begun in England, we must admit that France since then has made up for lost time. A pleiades of artists, both sculptors and painters, has rushed toward the new domain of decorative art. Certain sculptors, Alexandre Charpentier, for instance, who formerly modeled little busts and groups in the solitude of his studio, now directs a dozen carpenters and wood-sculptors. There is still a demand for busts and portraits, but an equally large one for tables and chairs, wood-panels, mantel-shelves, and the like. So has it been with numerous other artists. The painters' and sculptors' salon has been obliged to make a place for decorative art furniture and bric-à-brac. Who could have predicted such a state of things ten years ago?



SCREEN DESIGNED BY G. DE FEURE

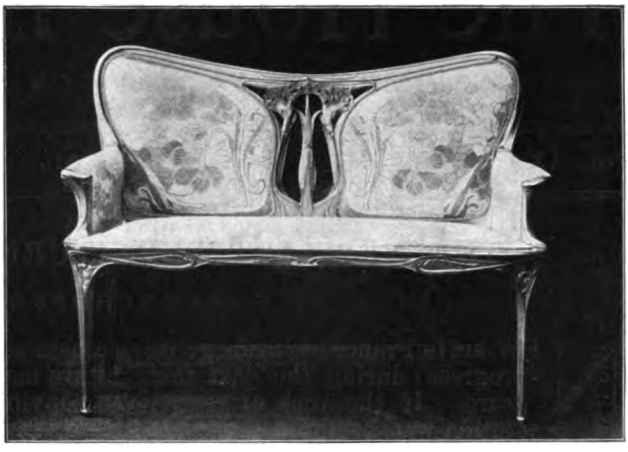
We are at last able to abandon the imitations to which we have so long been accustomed. For many years our furniture-makers had limited their efforts to copying ancient styles. There were copies for all tastes and prices. Workmen, fearfully skilful, copied Riesener cabinets and Louis XVI. commodes so cleverly that they might almost have been taken for the originals, while, on the other hand, great dry-goods stores sold Henry II. dining-room furniture, a sideboard, table, and ten chairs, for fifty dollars the set. Meanwhile we had no art of our own.

The artists who promised us a new style were enthusiastically encouraged. We awaited their productions. There was — there is — a certain disappointment. Much has been produced, but somewhat at hazard; and we have been offered so many things of little interest, grotesque even, that the public is evidently already weary of "new art."

We must admit, however, the difficulties of the task and stop a moment to realize the conditions in which a work of art is produced.

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I have always thought that there are as few chances of creating a real work of art in turning only to the absolutely original as there are in merely copying ancient things. History shows us that the transition was slow from the Louis XIV. style to that of the Regency, from the Regency to the Louis XV., to the Louis XVI., and then to the Empire. Why should it be different with us? Do we believe that we can create everything, coming as we do after so many centuries which have all originated excellent models of decorative art. I know of some designers who cannot resign themselves to make chairs that are really chairs, true sofas, or beds which can only serve as beds, because this has already been done, because it is old, because it is not sufficiently original.



SOFA, WITH GILDED WOOD, BY G. DE FEURE



BOUDOIR CHAIR, BY G. DE FEURE

We must, however, appreciate the necessity of showing a little common sense, and it is from the point of view of common sense and taste that we will criticise from time to time, for THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, recent productions of modern art in France.

The reader must not consider the furniture we show here as models, but rather as interesting experiments of more or less happy result, which will help us to praise and criticise.

The first illustrations are of some furniture designed by Mr. G. de Feure and Mr. Gaillard, and executed in the work-rooms of Mr. Bing's "Art Nouveau"—shall we call it shop or museum? In the Paris exhibition they were placed in rooms papered, carpeted, and arranged especially for them. We have chosen the best examples from each room.

The screen is of satisfactory design and color scheme. The pale gray cloth, with small hand-embroidered motives, and the corners finely embroidered in

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artistic panels, are beautiful in tone. The wood is carved in low relief, and gilded in tarnished gold; the whole effect is elegant and very original. Seen as it is in the photograph, the screen appears rather heavily laden on top, and plain in comparison at the lower part. This defect, however, becomes a quality when we remember that such a screen is usually placed as background for little tables and chairs or a sofa, so that when in place the base would have no reason to be embroidered, would be hidden, and its decoration appear out of place.

Other examples are given by the same designer, G. de Feure; they form part of the boudoir furniture. The tapestries were worked by Madame Favre. This is one of the rare attempts we have witnessed to gild new art furniture. The effect is more elegant for boudoir and drawing-room, especially as here the gold assumes dim tones, and presents nothing of the garish effect of the gilding of nowadays. The designs are graceful and well proportioned, the tapestry is of wonderful workmanship, finely embroidered in all colors of the palest shades. With the many merits of this set of furniture, it seems to me that the



TABLE OF GILDED WOOD, BY G. DE FEURE

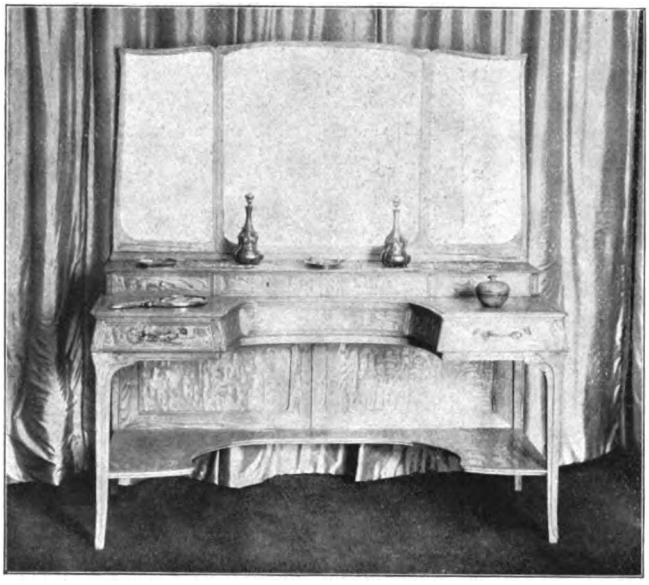


CHAIR, BY E. COLONUA

designer must have felt the charm of the old Louis XVI. style; in general aspect these productions very slightly resemble them. However, this is not a fault, and every detail is new. A characteristic feature is the length of the table-legs. In this there is nothing of the eighteenth century.

A really solid dining-room chair is this by Gaillard, of walnut and embossed leather. Its legs are well braced, a little awkwardly in front, for the brace vaguely reminds one of a wishbone. The side brace is original and novel in its sweeping curve. The chair's evident strength would fill the amphytrion's heart with tranquillity, and he would not fear to

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DRESSING-TABLE. DESIGNED BY G. DE FEURE

see the stoutest of his guests seated upon it.

The chair and table in two other illustrations are from Mr. Bing's also, but were not exhibited in the Parisian World's Fair. The two former are of lemon-tree wood in its natural color, and were designed by Mr. Colonua. The chair-seat is covered with velvet, and the top of the table inlaid in different colored woods. They are destined for sitting-room use.

A dressing-room table of another set shown in the exhibition is also reproduced. It is of beautiful Hungarian ash-tree wood; the side mirrors are hinged and may be turned at will.

A bedroom set also formed a part of the exhibition suite. The bed is of ash-tree wood and walnut, the fibers of the wood forming natural designs. The embroidery at the back and the bed-cover are worked on gray tinted cloth in a pale pink and green rose design in relief. The wardrobe is in the same woods, and its interior separations are plainly visible from the exterior, which is a certain quality, not only in furniture, but in the design of houses as well. These two articles of furniture are harmonious, and met with a merited success in the Invalides Section.

Such are the principal examples of artistic furniture exhibited last year by Mr. Bing. Their proportions are not always good, the architectonic value of the ornaments not always comprehended, but the workmanship is excellent, the design of each piece carefully studied, with its particular use in view. The copper applications are charming, the wood magnificent, and the general forms graceful.

These qualities render them worthy of being placed before the eyes of the readers of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.



DINING-ROOM CHAIR, BY E. GAILLARD

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After we have examined together some new examples shown in the exhibitions of 1901, we can develop these few general ideas on the movement of new art in France, and form some rules on modern decoration. What an interesting and useful article might be written on comfort in the furniture of our time.



CHERRY TABLE, BY E. COLONUA

WHERE THE ARBUTUS GROWS.

About this time of the year in certain nooks of the woods the little arbutus begins to raise its delicate head above the dead leaves and twigs, says the New York Tribune. Although it is so fragile, a pink and white beauty, it is not afraid of the chill winds of even a late spring. It is a wise little flower. It knows that people love it because it is the first flower of spring, and that, were it to invite comparison with the violets and crocuses, it might not rank in the popular affection as it now does. So in order to be universally beloved it is willing to stand a little chill, and perhaps even a frost. Being especially a New England flower, it is canny and prudent, and knows how to make the most of its advantages.

But, although the flower is identified especially with New England, it does not follow that New Yorkers fail to appreciate and love it. They have loved it so much, in fact, that they have practically exterminated it in the Bronx region. Some years ago amateur botanists could go up north of Manhattan with some hope of finding the arbutus. But now let them tramp as long as they will in the April winds, they will find no arbutus. The so-called "flower lovers" have killed it. The searcher will have to take a train and go thirty miles or so from the city into the pine belts of New Jersey and Long Island before he can secure it. It can be found at Atlantic Highlands and about South Amboy, especially, in some profusion. In short, the pine and arbutus go together. The same holds good, of course, on Long Island. About such places as Hicksville, for instance, the flower may readily be found. Any well-wooded spot carpeted with leaves or pine needles may conceal the dainty petals.

It may interest amateur and unscientific botanists to know that the mayflower is not really an arbutus. The name is properly applied only to those members of the family of Ericaclæ which bear fleshy fruit. The mayflower, miscalled arbutus, belongs to this family, but bears its seeds in dry capsules. The popular name, however, is retained even by botanists. The blossom is too dearly loved as a symbol of hope to care for what the scientists may decree. Arbutus it always has been, and presumably it always will be, to those who love it most.

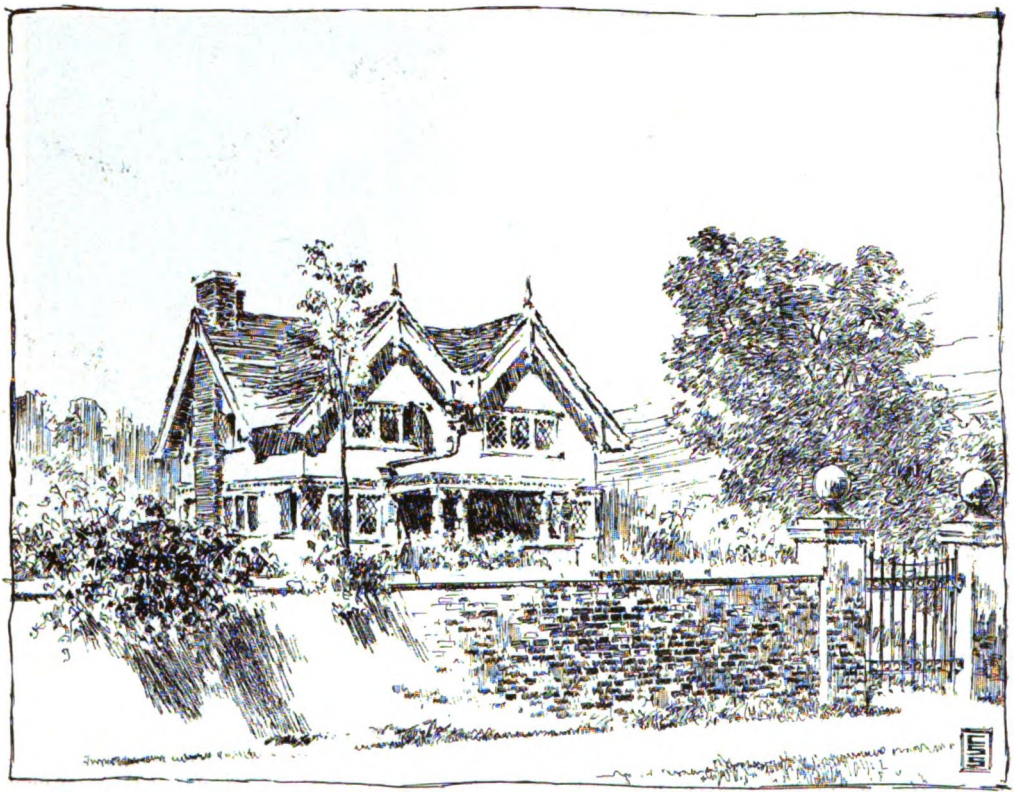
IN A POET'S GARDEN.

Opinions may differ as to how much Mr. Alfred Austin knows about poetry, but his eminent fitness for the post of first gardener of a country famous for its gardens no one has questioned. Shakespeare gardens, in which every plant, herb and flower mentioned in the poet's works is planted, are, if not numerous, at least not yet novelties nowadays, but credit is given Mr. Austin for planting the first parterre of rosemary and rue, pansies, roses, cowslips and other Shakespeare-immortalized blooms. The poet laureate started his garden with mementos of various places where he had stayed. He had sprigs from the Salisbury gardens and flowers from the queen's own parterre, and the fragrant lavender which grows in rows in his kitchen garden originated in a root which once grew at Anne Hathaway's cottage door.

The herbaceous border adapted to a bed probably had its first inspiration in Mr. Austin's garden, where he has a very striking one, beginning with blue and white delphiniums and larkspurs, and graduated down to blue lobelia. Then he has a bed of pale tea-roses imported especially from Lyons, and pegged down over a thick carpeting of purple and yellow violas.

A brilliant effect was obtained last year in a small garden, in which vegetables and flowers hobnob amicably, by bordering a straight pathway between two archways with pink mallows. If planted closely they grow with great luxuriance late in August, and are most useful for decorative purposes.

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THE HOUSE, FROM A PEN-AND-INK DRAWING BY C. S. SCHNEIDER

A HOUSEKEEPER'S HOUSE PLAN—VIII

BY NINA C. KINNEY.

FOR four years Robert Sterling and Elisabeth Forbes had built modest castles in the air, biding the time when they might build a house of their own on earth. These castles were always out in the free country, under the blue sky and stars, in the full sunshine and the sweetness of flowers and breezes, but near the shadows of majestic trees, where innumerable birds built their nests and furnished music the sweetest to Robert and Elisabeth.

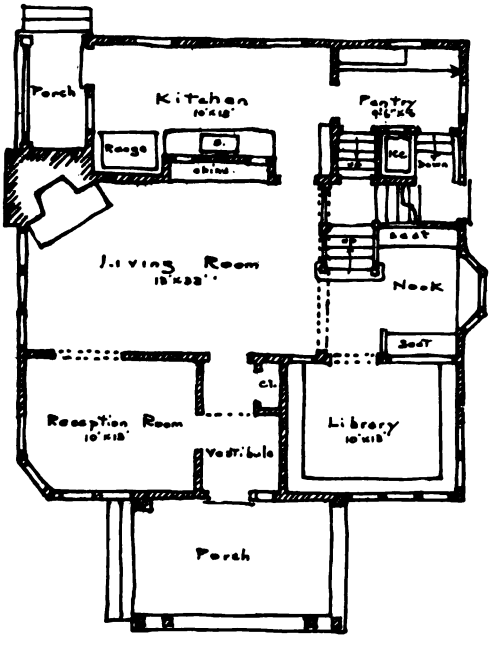
But as it neared the end of the four years, and they were really to be "married and a'," they meekly built their nest in—a flat. Robert took possession of his tithe of the back lot belonging to the house, and did wonders in growing lettuce, radishes, parsley, string-beans, and peas. Elisabeth had deep window-boxes outside each window, and deeper ones outside the balustrade to their back piazza, where she grew morning-glories, nasturtiums, sweet peas, mignonette, and—roses! But though their peas were delicious and their flowers beautiful, they could not stop the twanging of too near pianos or the roar and rattle of street-cars, and for relief from these they still built dream-castles within sound of the rustling leaves of great trees, where was the music of birds and the silence of the evening sky.

As the years went by, springs, sum-

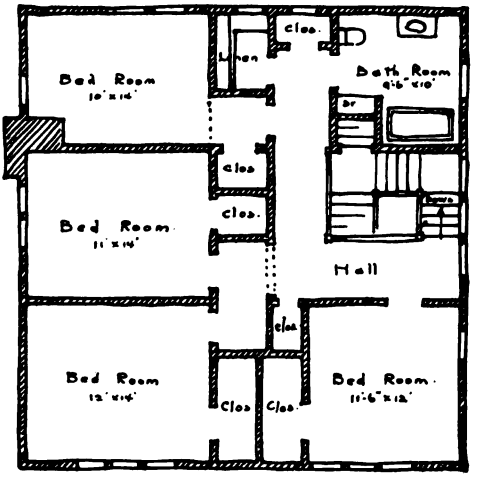
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mers, autumns, and winters, they took the children to the country, until there were six little Sterlings building castles with Papa and Mamma Sterling, and all their children's pennies went into castle banks, and together all eight of the Sterlings plotted and planned, until one day Henry followed his father into the great manufactory, and his sister Elisabeth went into the office as a designer. Then they counted up their joint savings and their four salaries, and reckoned on the gifts at gardening that the twins, Robert and Peggy, had developed, and made an excursion to the spot they had all loved for years. They bought it. When they received the deed to their paradise, it was nesting-time and music-time with the birds in the great trees, and fruit-forming time in the orchard.

Two years before, they had, from among their house-plans, settled upon the one by which they would build. They had held many delightful conferences with their friend the architect, who happened to be an artist. They had selected their builders, including



First Floor Plan.



Second Floor Plan.

their nearest neighbor at The Acres, who was a mason. He was one who could not only lay a true, durable wall of stone or brick, but could also make it beautiful.

The day they took possession of their land they also bought a gentle horse and a spring wagon, and that very day the children picked up from the stone-quarry on one corner of their acres their first load of stone, and dumped it in the evening where the mason directed. The workmen and teams who had scraped off the rich loamy top soil from the building-plat were just going away as they drove up. The next morning the excavating for the cellar began.

Through July and August the whole family camped out on the edge of their orchard, using an old shed for a shelter. They picked up and hauled all the stone for their house foundation, and for the wall separating their domain from the public highway. Morning and evening father and Henry lent helping hands. They trimmed and cleaned the orchard, they laid out and planted a late garden, and oh, the delight of watching the house grow.

It was a modest, homely little house, measuring only thirty-four by thirty-six

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THE HALL, FROM A DRAWING BY C. S. SCHNEIDER

feet on the ground. It was planned just for themselves and their own simple, wholesome living. On the first floor were three tiers of rooms. In the front tier were a roomy vestibule, a reception-room, and a library. In the second was just one large family-room, occupying the whole center of the house. At meal-time the cloth was spread on the table, and when the meal was done it was folded and put away. The china-closet and sink arrangement between this room and the kitchen is similar to that described in former plans. In the third or rear tier were kitchen porch, kitchen, and a roomy pantry, storeroom and pastry-room combined. The glass pastry-slab is set in the center of the long stationary table. The ice-box is filled from the basement entry, but it is used from the pantry. The ice-box is a "built-in" refrigerator with solid porcelain compartments. In the basement, two cold-storage rooms, one for fruit and one for vegetables, are under the library, vestibule, and the reception-room. The entire space under the living-room, excepting that occupied by the stairs, is a drying-room for drying the laundry wash in bad weather. This room also, of course, serves as a passage between the other basement rooms. Windows at either end of the drying-room give light and a free passage of outdoor air. Under the porch and the left end of the kitchen is the laundry proper, and under the greater part of the kitchen and the pantry are the room for furnace and the fuel-bins. On the second floor they wanted a guest-room, and it was hard to give it up, but they finally concluded that they could manage to vacate one room for the luxury of a guest until Henry, who had learned carpentry in the manual-training school, and who was decidedly handy with his tools, could finish off a guest-room in the garret. When he had finished it, however, he begged it for himself and James. So the corner room over the library was converted into the guest-room proper. But that was a year after they moved in.

The house was not planned for keeping a servant. They would do their own work, and live their own life unsupervised in their own nest under the trees.

That first autumn, strong plants of climbing-roses, wistaria, honeysuckle, clematis, trumpet creeper, ivy, and ampelopsis veitchii were planted in deep, rich beds around the house and along the stone wall, and by August of the next summer these ran riot and covered the place with color, while the birds sang and the Sterlings rejoiced and gave thanks in their castle.

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CHINA COLLECTING IN OUR CATHAY

BY OLIVE PERCIVAL

Author of "Mexico City: An Idler's Note-Book."

IT is a pretty experience to shop in the regulation way for Chinese curios and bric-à-brac, but it is another and a distinctly difficult matter to acquire the china and crockery imported to this country for the domestic use of the Chinese themselves. Yet the artistic value of the crockery used by those subjects of the Changeless Empire on our side of the Pacific is, in this wearied and refined century, usually sufficient to thrill even the most blasé of collectors and to make enthusiasts of dull novices.

China claims to have made good pottery at least two thousand years B. C. The export of her beautiful porcelains was noted by the intrepid Marco Polo, but they seem to have been unknown in Europe until about the time of Elizabeth; among her treasures were listed a "poringer of white porselyn and a cup of green porselyn." It was of a later English queen that a Mr. Macaulay wrote unsympathetically thus: "Mary had acquired a taste for the porcelains of China and amused herself by forming a vast collection of hideous images and vases on which houses, trees, bridges, and mandarins were depicted in outrageous defiance of all the laws of perspective. The fashion, a frivolous and inelegant fashion, . . . spread fast and wide; . . . even statesmen and generals were not ashamed to be renowned as judges of teapots and dragons."



IN BROWNS AND REDS

The porcelain now in common use among the Chinese seems to have changed but little since those old days. For countless ages, the sons of a people who possibly originated such things as the patriarchal system and ancestor worship have been pleased and content with that which has pleased the parent, and originality of thought is therefore little cultivated or desired.

While the ignorant and pagan Chinaman in California might fitly serve to illustrate beautiful Christian texts on Kindness and Long Suffering and Soft Answers, nevertheless to the china collector he is often a very formidable person. Even more formidable than the Miss Betseys and the Miss Lavinas who guard whole sets of old Chelsea or mulberry or willow.

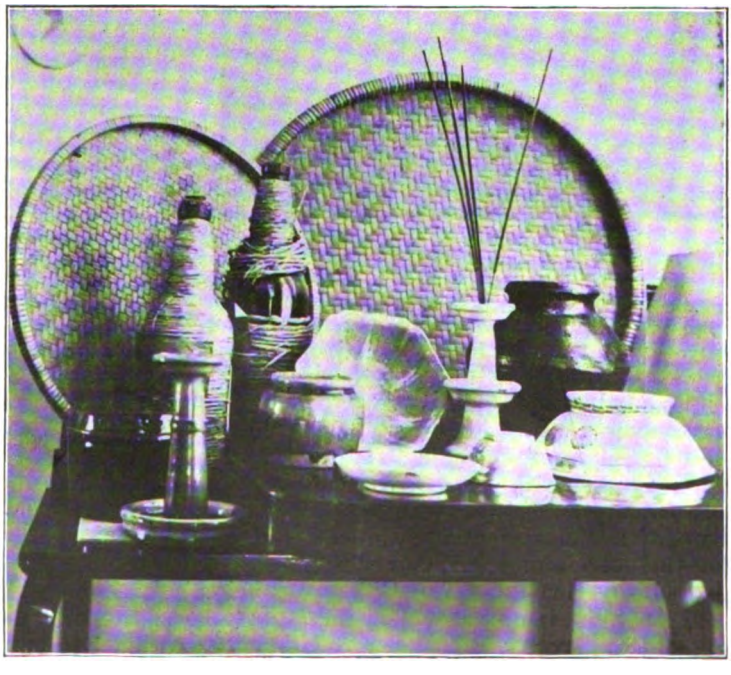
The Chinaman, being the essence of conservatism, doubts the sanity or sincerity of any citizen who wishes to buy anything out of the prescribed line, the things that were made in his country for

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his use and not yours. Extremely sensitive to American ridicule, he sometimes concludes that you are trying to make him "lose face" and cheapening his dignity. So he turns his brocaded back upon you, assuming the rôle of a haughty deaf-mute, or he quite dispassionately sets a price upon the article you covet which only the sinfully rich among us could contemplate with calmness.

When one who is wise decides to accumulate Chinese crockery, he manages to conceal for a time any rampant superiority and to make himself less obnoxious than the average American in Chinatown. He does not address each Celestial familiarly by the detested name of "John," and he does not laugh contemptuously at the way the Chinese children do their hair. Nor does he point in derision at the merchandise of the apothecary or the grocer as he stands in their doorways. He is soon enabled, therefore, to discover in the ignorant coolie element from China not only distinct personalities, but noble and generous qualities. And so, with the years, he accumulates much crockery and very many inspiring friendships.

It is possible for the collector to unearth treasures in almost any Chinatown restaurant. There are always desirable studio properties in the way of brown chow-chow jars and whisky and syrup jugs, and brass pans and bowls. Sometimes one finds huge covered jars of a splendid Wedgwood-blue, and old incense-burners, crackled and intensely green. All are unmistakably and delightfully oriental, and have an adorable way of holding the high-lights. Among numerous others, there is always the teapot with a straight spout, a twisted handle, and a knob of berries on the lid. Not a line of the model has changed since the period when "Lowestoft" china was a new thing and imported at great expense, via England, for the happiness and the tea-tables of the original colonial dames. It is an admirable teapot shape, and contented therewith, the Chinese potter has never yet twisted and tortured the lines of it, nor applied any Louis XVI. ornament. Then, too, there are always Lowestofty-looking brandy-pots, with ladies in pink and blue court dresses and quotations in black from the writings of Confucius; there are rice-bowls and little handle-less teacups of jade-color.

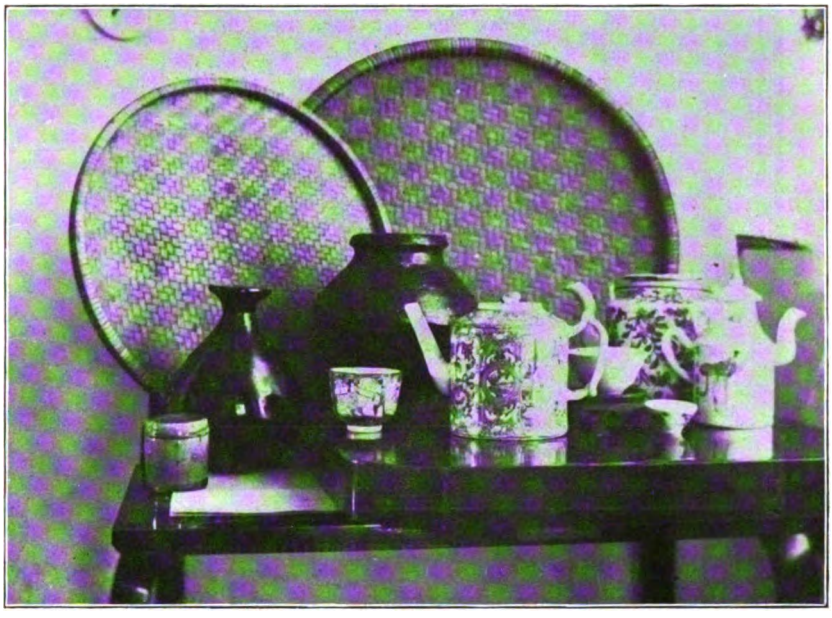


NECESSARY TO A CHINESE RESTAURANT

In the kitchen of a certain particularly dirty little eating-house in Chinatown, Los Angeles (the street number is with-

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held in accordance with the Eugene Field precedent in the case of that "lovely curio-shop on Royal Street, near Conti"), there are two long shelves, a detail in the black interior that can not escape the keen eye of the prowling china collector and that promptly brings him to a halt.



FOR BREWING TEA

Directly opposite the shelves are the wood-pile and many large cages of melancholy hens and ducks. At the end of the long red-hot range is a shrine. It is to the god who is gracious enough to preside over cooking and who does prevent from burning all the roasts and biscuits and stews, in exchange for such little attentions as a joss-stick or two and a small jade-colored bowl of tea.

Uninvited, you finally venture in at the back-door of this wonderful kitchen, and with your bravest smile, you bow at once to the bossee-man, whose dignity would become any Romanoff or Hohenzollern. He snubs you dreadfully, so you gaze absorbedly and admiringly at the busy cooks and chat timidly with the lean, bare-ankled waiters, and assume a profound interest in the work of the weary-eyed dishwashers. The bossee-man having surveyed you, coldly remarks, "What-you-want?" and you state with much sweetness: "China boy very good cook. Little dishes very pretty. I come to look, please." He stands unsmiling, inexorable, but eventually turns his back upon you. Then the intruder takes a mental inventory of all the open cupboards and shelves.

The two shelves that magnetized you from the street are greasy and sooty, yet their burden is a strangely beautiful one—scores and scores of the most charming imaginable bowls. None in any of the elegant uptown shops ever seem half so attractive and desirable. Each bowl is an individual in form, in color, in decoration, and each is ablaze with color combinations of the far east. And the landscapes, with tortuous rivers and extremely decorative bridges and pagodas and ladies and prehistoric flowers, know the same charm that the world without perspective ever must. Then, moreover, each dish has the personality that eludes all except the one that, taken as a lump of clay, is shaped and decorated and fired by one potter only. They are not fashioned of china as thin as paper-of-rice, nor do they cry out when smitten as did some of the fashionable porcelains in the reign of a certain magnifi-

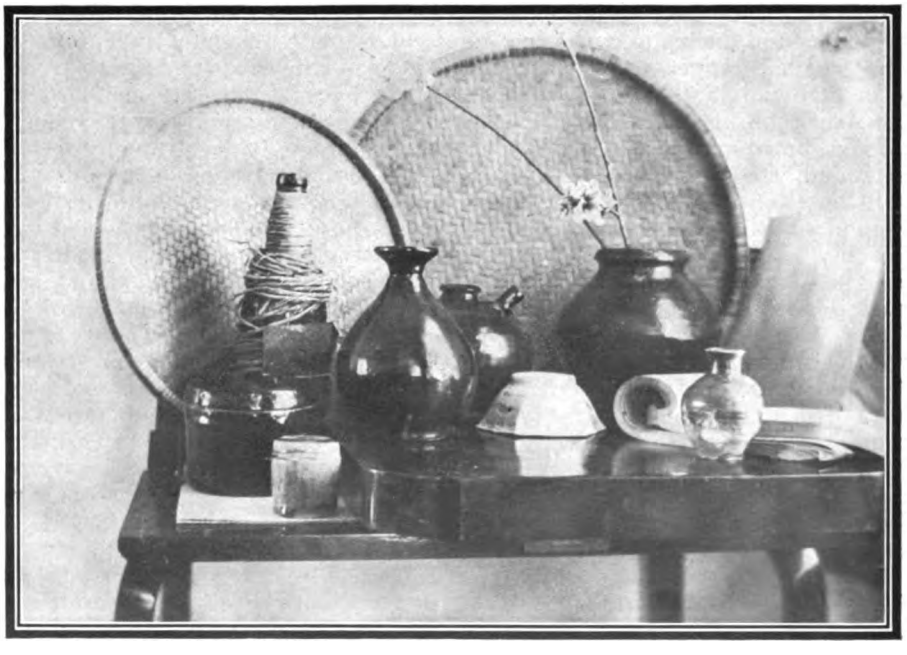
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A STUDY IN BRILLIANT COLOR

cent emperor; but each bowl looks quite old and unique enough to have been made by the hand of the porcelain deity himself, before his supreme test and final godhood.

Some of them are very suggestive



JARS AND JUGS IN COMMON USE

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indeed of Lowestoft, with their blue-white ground and small stemless posies in dull colors. Some show crowing cocks and crests, and suggest the source of ornament on many pieces of early English pottery; and others are decorated with one or more of the Eight Buddhist Symbols and the Seven Precious Things.

this restaurant was one day discovered a very, very desirable bowl. It showed a conventional design (akin to early Egyptian spirals) in white and black and chrome-yellow, on a background of cobalt-blue. It was quadrangular in shape and heaped high with red vermicelli, but not so high as to wholly conceal the invariable lining of cobalt-green.



IN BLUE AND COPPER

It was beautiful to watch the cooks serve steaming messes in brilliant high-art bowls to lavender-frocked merchants and little browned laborers in sky-blue denim.

To eat soup every day from a many-sided dish of mustard-yellow, with a lining of cobalt-green and decorations of pink and black and cobalt-blue, must be a lesson in æsthetics, and when one's ancestors for countless generations have eaten from such brightly beautiful dishes, even a scavenger could have an appreciation of pure, rich color.

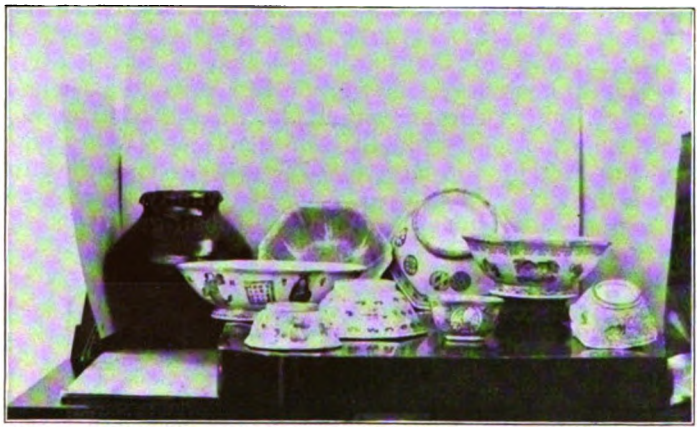
On a New Year altar in a side-room of

Color combinations similar to these quite successfully enliven even the windowless, sunless living-rooms of the Chinese as we know them.

From an artistic standpoint, even the cheapest dishes of the Chinese are good; the commonest are of the color of their most precious gem, "the heavenly jade," which is thought to resemble green grass seen through melting snow.

It is unfortunate that the taste of the collector and the bossee-man of that restaurant should be parallel, that all the dishes you have mentally grabbed are reserved by him for the use of his

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DECORATED BOWLS

favored patrons. That is the principal reason why those dear and clumsy old bowls are still piled high on the shelves in that quite unlovely place; that is why they do not at this time adorn the den of a certain appreciative "foreign devil," who counts it a distinct pleasure to journey to see those bowls and a torture to have to return home innumerable times without even one as a trophy. How extremely ridiculous that such quaint and jolly-looking old dishes should be designed for the use of Chinese butchers and vegetable-peddlers and fish-mongers! Their taste does not seem to be a studied one, but a glorious inheritance, while we of the west patiently, laboriously cultivate a taste for color.

In the course of time, if sufficiently admiring and unobtrusive, your social standing with this eating-house will be all that you can desire, and your appearance will always be greeted with a weak-toned, high-pitched chorus, illumined by friendly little smiles. Yet to the very last that bossee-man will remain an irresponsive listener to your most engaging remarks, and whenever the subject of buying a bowl is introduced, he will straightway forget his monosyllabic English and talk to you only through an interpreter. He may even take the bowls from your reverent hands and slam them back on the shelves, while all his retainers cluster about him and titter at your failure. You shudder at the clatter of the bowls. But not even a man-servant, or a maid-servant, however wicked, would have the heart really to break one of those adorable dishes. Hardly the strength, either, for they were made to endure to the end of time.

If you are patient, you call frequently at this eating-house as the years drag by. Your persistence is bound to amuse the cooks and the dishwashers—and it may win you a bowl.



PURPLE AND BLUE

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ON GROWING BAMBOOS AND GRASSES*

BY IDA D. BENNETT

Author of "An American Book of Gardening"

ONE wonders why it is that so little originality is shown in the adornment of our grounds; especially those within or adjacent to the larger towns and cities. With an adaptible, versatile population like ours, one would naturally look for a certain individuality, or at least appreciation, of the best features of the tropical or sub-tropical bedding in our parks and public grounds and their adaptation to the more limited requirements of private grounds.

Instead, one sees an almost uniform procession of cannas and caladiums, ricinus and coleus, in a hopelessly dull "follow-my-leader" style that is depressing in the extreme to any artistic feeling. Do not for a moment understand me as depreciating in any way the fine scenic qualities of any of the above plants. They occupy an important field in the scheme of ornamental gardening —one which it would be difficult to fill as acceptably with any other easily available plants; though as our relations with our new possessions grow more intimate, bringing their flora to our doors, we may see many fine subtropical plants acclimatized, or at least induced to flourish through the brief summer seasons of our northern states, that may possibly supersede the canna and caladium, especially should they happen to be easily wintered, the chief objection to the canna being the difficulty of carrying them through from fall to spring.

As I have said, these plants occupy a large and important position in landscape gardening, but they do not cover, by any means, the entire field, and have a formidable rival, once their merits are recognized, in the hardy reeds and grasses, which are their equal in artistic value, though not in utility, being more tender in the various bamboos and arundinarias.

I think, possibly, the idea that they are not entirely hardy until of some age, together with the first cost of purchasing strong clumps for immediate effect, which must be shipped by freight or express, adding not a little to the expense, accounts in a measure for the slowness of their adoption. Anything that may be ordered by mail, and proves immediately effective, appeals more strongly to the average gardener.

If, however, one is willing to take time, and exercise a little patience, many fine varieties of grasses may be raised from seed, some even giving fine effects the first season. There are also various annual grasses good for edgings, bouquets, etc.

One of the showiest and loveliest of the perennial grasses is gynerium argentium, or pampas grass, whose large silvery white plumes are too well known to need description, but a fine clump is rarely seen outside the public parks or grounds of some public institutions. This grass makes, when well established, a rank growth of several feet, the beautiful silvery grayish green leaves rising from the root several feet and curving gracefully down to the ground in a perfect fountain of exquisite foliage, the tall white plumes rising some eight or ten feet in the air.

Care must be used in handling the foliage, as the stiff leaves have a finely serrated edge which cuts like glass when rubbed the wrong way.

For clumps on the lawn, or in combination with other grasses for subtropical bedding, there is nothing finer.

* A chapter from "An American Book of Gardening," by Ida D. Bennett. Illustrated, 8vo, cloth, $2.00. This is a practical volume for amateur gardeners, and contains many new and useful features, giving information about the designing of gardens, the care of common plants, and advice about planting, window-boxes, and the care of house-plants. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers, Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

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Well-established clumps, that is from three to five years old, are hardy in the open ground west of the Rocky Mountains and south of the Ohio River. With good protection, they will stand the winters farther north and east, though where the winters are very severe and changeable it would be safer to winter them in a cellar or green-house. When, however, it is decided to winter them in the open ground, the earth should be drawn up around the roots so as to shed water thoroughly, adding more earth if necessary. Over the plant a barrel filled loosely with dry leaves should be placed and more earth heaped around the bottom. If exposed to rough winds, the barrel should have three or four stakes driven into the ground beside it; there will then be no danger of its being blown over in a storm and the contents exposed to the cold. Where the clump is a very large one, a hogshead may be used. Barrels do not form the most sightly protection, but they do form the most effective, which is the main point to be considered in the protection of valuable plants, unless one can afford to have regular covers, similar to those used on fountains, constructed and conveniences for storing them when not in use.

This protection will bring most of the ornamental grasses through the winter safely. Seedlings would need to be lifted, bedded in boxes of soil, and wintered in cellar or cool greenhouse, and this should be done early enough to allow the plants to become established in their new quarters, and begin new root-growth before being taken into the cellar, being left in the open air during that time and protected at night, if necessary. Plants lifted close to the approach of cold weather and put at once in the cellar usually succumb to the changed conditions and die.

Erianthus ravennæ is another fine grass closely resembling gynerium, but with smaller, grayer plumes. The leaves are darker, and have a white midrib. The manner of growth is similar, but the fountain effect somewhat less pronounced. It is readily grown from seed, which should be started early in the hotbed, the seed germinating in from ten to twelve days. When they are of sufficient size, they should be planted out in the open ground in rich, mellow soil and not allowed to dry out or become crowded. A part of them may be wintered in the cellar, the remainder well protected in the open ground. In this way one may insure the survival of some of the plants and determine their hardiness in their particular locality.

It is utterly impossible to predict that any plant will stand the winter in any given locality unless all the conditions of drainage, varying weather-exposure, etc., are known. Often a tender plant will be found alive in the spring in some sheltered nook, while on the same grounds some strong perennial will have succumbed.

The presence of a fence or bit of shrubbery will often make all the difference in the world. It is not the cold that gets into the ground so much as the rough winds, repeated thawing, and the presence of water around the roots of plants that does the mischief. One must study intelligently the topography of the grounds and notice the effects of the winters as they come and go on different portions and different plants; especially will this be valuable in the case of the same variety of plants grown in different exposures.

Eulalia zebrina is a very striking grass, with dark green foliage barred with cream color. It has an erect growth, with flat spike-shaped plumes. This is one of the hardiest and handsomest varieties, and forms a fine contrast with the plain and striped grasses. It may be grown from seed, like erianthus, and given a retired position until of a size to be effective. Every gardener would find a plant nursery a very valuable adjunct to his garden, as well as an interesting one; and once established, the garden would be the richer, as many things would be undertaken that in the haste for effect are not usually

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attempted in the garden proper. Such a nursery would more than pay for itself the first season, as a hundred plants may be raised from seed for the cost of one well-grown plant from the florist's.

The arundo danax, both plain and variegated, are more effective, I think, grown in mixed beds than in single clumps. Both are hardy with good protection, or they may be wintered in the cellar. If the canes can be protected from freezing, the growth will be much larger than if entirely from the roots. A barrel with both ends removed slipped over the canes, and another with a bottom on top of that, the whole filled with dry leaves, and wrapped with sacking or old carpet nailed to the barrel to secure their remaining together, and further protected by stakes driven into the ground at the sides of the barrel, should be secure. Most of the grasses die down to the ground, springing up from the roots rather late in the spring.

Eulalia gracillema is a very graceful grass of slender growth with a distinct white midrib. It is the hardiest of the grasses, and makes a fairly rapid growth. Protected with a barrel as directed, it has stood the most severe and trying winters for me, increasing in size and beauty each year.

Among the grasses that may give good results the first year from seed, nothing finer than pennisetum rupellianum could be desired. In manner of growth it closely resembles gynerium argentium, having the same fountain-like manner of growth. The plumes, borne well above the foliage and slightly drooping, are of a soft purple, about a foot in length, and slender.

Seed started in the hotbed in April will give plants that will come into bloom in August, and continue in bloom until cut down by frost. It is a very tender perennial, the foliage easily injured by frost, and should not be planted out until all danger of frost is past in spring. In planting, it is better to set several plants in a circle, half a dozen or more; they will then have all the effect of old-established clumps. Several large clumps grown in my bed of bamboos the past summer attracted the greatest interest and admiration. By many they were considered the finest thing on the grounds, and in my own estimation stood second only to the pampas grasses.

The bed of mixed grasses, to be effective, should be at least twelve feet in diameter, and twenty would be still better, providing, of course, that the grounds are spacious enough to admit of beds of this size. Nothing could more thoroughly defeat the aim of ornamental planting than any appearance of crowding. There should always be sufficient expanse of sward surrounding any bed of ornamental foliage to make the bed appear small by comparison.

A twenty-foot bed, if round, will give an area of 314 square feet, and a twelve-foot bed of 113 square feet, which will afford room for no inconsiderable number of plants. In such a bed, on my own grounds, grew during the past summer several large clumps of bamboos, large clumps of erianthus ravennæ, gynerium argentium, eulalia Japonica zebrina, arundo danax, pennisetum rupellianum, with caladiums at intervals around the bed, and a border of scarlet and white phlox. The effect of the latter gleaming out under the waving grasses was very good indeed.

The soil for this bed was composed of good loam, marsh earth, or mulch, heavily enriched with well-rotted manure three years old placed a foot below the surface to prevent the germination of any seeds it might contain. Water was piped into a receptacle in the center of the bed, which allowed it to escape into irrigating channels which conveyed it first to the bamboos, then to the grasses, and finally around the circumference of the bed to the phlox, so that all water received by the bed was applied directly to the roots of the plants and not a drop of it wasted, and an evenly moist condition was thus

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maintained. And the growth of the bamboos and certain of the grasses was quite remarkable.

Bamboos, though seldom seen outside large palm-houses or the grounds of a few Florida florists, make desirable summer bedders, but must be lifted at the approach of cold weather and wintered in a greenhouse, conservatory, or warm, light cellar. As they make a root-growth in proportion to their size, it is no small amount of work. Large plant-tubs will be required, or the tubs in which lard is shipped will answer every purpose, as they are only for temporary service; and if desired they may be given a coat of Venetian red, which will improve their appearance.

If the plants are to winter in a greenhouse, they need not be lifted until there is danger of hard frost, but if they are to go in the cellar it will be well to lift them early enough to allow new root-growth to begin. In potting, see that the earth is packed firmly around the roots and that they receive a thorough watering at once. Failure in these two items will probably result in the loss of all the foliage, especially if taken at once into a warm room. Most varieties of the bamboos and arundinarias require some heat and moisture; given these and rich soil, the rapidity of their growth is really remarkable. Of the taller varieties, suitable for summer bedding at the north, B. violescense is one of the most distinct in characteristics, the stems being larger and stiffer than any other variety I have grown, and the growth distinctly upright. The stems are dark green, much blackened as though with mildew; the branches springing from each joint encircle the cane instead of drawing to one side as in most of the other varieties. The leaves are somewhat large, long, and pointed. In foliage the bamboos much resemble the willows, but the likeness ceases there—green on the surface and bluish green beneath. This is a variety I much admire, but it has not done as well for me as some of the other kinds.

B. verticillata, a beautiful species, makes a vigorous and rapid growth. The leaves are long and narrow, bluish green beneath. The stems are yellow, beautifully striped with green, and on the young growth beautifully flushed with rose-color. Like all bamboos, the manner of the new growth is very curious and interesting, the young shoots much resembling asparagus shoots; these grow into tall canes, bearing at each joint a brown husk or shield, which protects the tender leaves and is pushed off by their growth. The canes are huddled together at the base, but spread outward into a distinct fan-shape which is very attractive. It was on the tips of this bamboo that the humming-birds most loved to alight in summer, and it was difficult to decide which seemed the more airily graceful.

B. argentia, a quite hardy Japanese variety of vigorous growth, resembles B. verticillata in general characteristics. The new growth, however, is dark green, relieved by the light brown husks at the trunk. The canes spread into a beautiful fan, the branches drooping gracefully at the tips—a very distinct and lovely kind. This and the preceding one grow from thirty-five to forty feet under favorable conditions; that is, where they can remain in the ground the entire year.

B. metake, a dwarf variety, growing eight or ten feet, makes a very handsome tub-plant for reception-halls, porches, corridors, etc., wherever a palm or similar plant would be desirable. The foliage is the largest of any bamboo with which I am acquainted—seven to nine inches long, of a dark glossy green color. It is one of the freest growers of all.

Arundinaria falcata, another dwarf variety, growing eight or ten feet, makes a graceful fan-shaped clump, covered with an exquisite growth of leaves set closely together on the stems which surround the canes.

Of course none of the bamboos attain their full size at the north, where they must be lifted and wintered indoors,

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but they become large enough to make them a very desirable acquisition to our subtropical garden, and their rarity—probably not one person in a hundred has ever seen one growing—makes them objects of very general interest. The canes furnish the bamboos of commerce. B. vulgaris, the common bamboo of India, reaches the enormous height of from seventy to eighty feet, the new shoots making a height of seventy feet in less than two months—twelve to fifteen inches a day—with a diameter of four and five inches at the base.

Our northern summers from May to September are very favorable to the growth of the bamboo, and if it could be suitably housed during the winter, magnificent specimens could be produced. An ideal arrangement would be a palm-house that could be taken down and removed during the summer and replaced during the winter, so that the roots need not be disturbed. As the temperature through the winter is not especially arbitrary, the building would answer every purpose of a greenhouse for the growing of blossoming plants for winter. Large plants, suitable for immediate effect, may be procured from some southern florists by express, or freight if the distance is not too great. Five or six days will not hurt them, if they are carefully packed and the weather is not so warm that there is danger of heating; but much greater delay is apt seriously to injure the plants so that recovery will be slow. Express is much safer, but of course adds greatly to the expense.

A few bamboos, at least, should be given a trial, and as many grasses and reeds as possible. The old-fashioned ribbon-grass makes a permanent and attractive border for the bed of hardy grasses, especially if kept trimmed back to encourage the new growth, which is most finely marked.

Where bamboos are grown in a bed by themselves, a carpet of bright flowers greatly increases the attractiveness of the bed. Dwarf phlox, scarlet and white verbenas, geraniums, or a few clumps of lobelia cardinalis may be interspersed among the plants, their tall spikes of flame-colored flowers gleaming like torches among the feathery green of the bamboos; or the tritunas may be massed in clumps. But such tall flowers as are used should be vivid in color and slender in growth.

ALTERATIONS AT THE BURNS COTTAGE.

Visitors to the birthplace of the poet Robert Burns, at Alloway, near Ayr, of whom there were 50,000 last year, will in future find the condition of things there greatly changed from that obtaining in past years. Alterations have been made, having for their chief object the restoration of the buildings which formed the dwelling-place of the Burns family as nearly as possible to the condition in which they are believed to have been when the poet was born. The actual cottage and its attached buildings as they then existed, and as they certainly were at the beginning of the last century, appear to have been—the cottage itself, consisting of a kitchen and a room, or a "but and ben," then a byre, or cow-house, and lastly a barn, all under a continuous roof and running parallel to the present public road. Subsequently, between 1805 and 1819, an addition the length of a small room and the width of the original buildings was made to the south end.

At a much later date a hall running behind the cottage at right angles was added. This hall has now been cleared away, provision having been made for its contents at another part of the grounds. Along with the hall have gone various outhouses, and the site has been sown with grass. Some important internal modifications have been made on the original structure. Chief among these has been the clearing out of the turnstiles at the front entrance, through which visitors used to be admitted to the cottage, and through the cottage to the grounds at the back. Admission is now direct to the grounds, and from the grounds to the cottage by a back and entirely new entrance. It has been decided to discontinue the sale of refreshments in any form within the precincts. The cottage and its environs have now an air of neatness and cleanliness which it was not possible to maintain under the old regime.

A single set of spoons lately brought 1,000 guineas in London. They were spoons of the historic James I., "Apostle" pattern, dated 1617. Only two such other sets are known—one at Corpus College, Cambridge, the other at the Goldsmiths' Hall. The figureheads are Christ (the master-spoon), St. James the Greater, St. James the Less, St. Bartholomew, St. Peter, St. Jude, St. Philip, St. John, St. Thomas, St. Matthew, St. Matthias, St. Simon, and St. Andrew.

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HOW TO MAKE A SUCCESSFUL HOUSE

BY J. W. DOW

THE title has suggested itself to me as the one I am looking for to christen these notes, because of a highly prized recipe there is in my scrap-book, once lovingly bequeathed to me by my mother, entitled:

"How to Make 4 Pompion Pies."

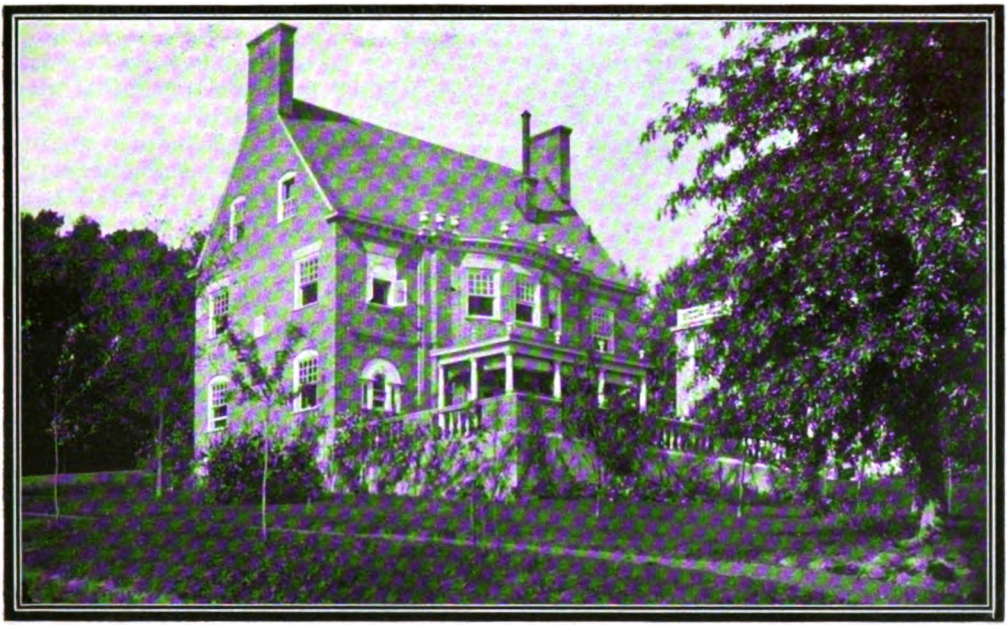
This recipe was not taken from any cookery book. It was one of those family formulæ of tradition handed down from generations before, and as mine stood in imminent danger of losing the "trick of it" — as Pinero says in "Trelawney of the Wells" — I one day thoughtfully wrote it out from my mother's dictation, so nearly at least as the proportions of the ingredients would express it. My mother was often consulted; sometimes she would be sent for by a relative or friend to assist at the Thanksgiving baking with her advice. I can see the manner of impatience now, when she returned, if there had been any disappointment; and throwing down her muff, she would exclaim: "Oh, they began wrong—they had gotten in the ginger, and I could do nothing for them!"

The making of a successful house is a somewhat longer and more complicated operation than the making of a "pompion pie," to be sure; but as I am frequently called upon to help clients out after the work has progressed too far—after they have gotten in the "ginger," not to say "ginger-bread" — and the difficulties are incurable, a few general observations from my own experience at this time may not be wholly unavail-



PRINCESSGATE

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Eastover. Garden Front

ing to a great number of perplexed and anxious house-builders in the future.

In a very excellent book upon Westminster Abbey, which is not now convenient to hand, Canon Farrar says something like this: "The outward impressions are as meaningless without the inward susceptibilities as are colors to the blind." No inconsiderable amount of the inward susceptibility is presupposed to exist in the mind of the reader, for otherwise he cannot, truthfully speaking, be interested in this or kindred subjects. And more, the inward susceptibility must be reinforced by a conviction that it is necessary to our happiness, and second in importance only to actual bread and butter, fuel and clothing; not a mere superfluity to be effected after most other demands of a useful existence are satisfied. It constitutes, too, that subtle line of demarcation that defines where barbarism ends and where refinement begins, becoming an unfailing touchstone whereby we may discern the truly charitable nature from the cruel and selfish one. If once sure of the requisite amount of this sort of capital at the start, the question of architecture is easily stated.

Out of the contemporary work erected during the last five centuries all over the globe, we can find no models so suitable to our purposes as those furnished by England, and nothing farther removed from them than that which is Egyptian and Moresque. No nation has studied home-building so persistently and long as the English, and consequently none has arrived at anything like such general excellence. The Egyptian style of architecture may be good for jails and sepulchres, and the Moresque or oriental good for concert-halls, bar-rooms, and men's smoking quarters; but neither style embodies a single suggestion of the Anglo-Saxon home, and without that no architecture could be of the slightest use to us. Being largely descendants of English colonists, and speaking the English language, our traditions and associations cannot get along half so well with

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any other architecture. From these models our sympathies may wander to Holland, to Switzerland, to France and to Italy, even to such incompletely civilized places as Japan—indeed, anywhere we may discover a motive that will lend any enchantment to this predominant idea of life in the Anglo-Saxon nature. But this idea must determine the utmost limit of our architectural commerce, for from it springs the incentive of successful house-building. No doubt the kind of houses that the inhabitants of the planet Mars are busily engaged in constructing, if there be inhabitants, are as appropriate and convenient to the Martians as must be their magnificent system of canals recently discovered; but the "inward susceptibility" again assures us that we could feel but little reconciled to regarding them as homes. And any strange, newly invented feature that we attempt in architecture, which is another name for history expressed in blocks, means that much discord and failure.

If there be still a man who insists upon originality in his house, that kind of originality which expresses no part of his history, then that man deceives himself about the "inward susceptibility," and he will not understand what we are talking about. Yet he may wish to understand very much; although he knows he could enjoy his breakfast served upon an overturned soap-box improvised for a table, and in an ill-lighted, ill-furnished apartment quite as well as amid the conditions and surroundings I have tried to indicate in a description of "Princessgate" in an earlier number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. If I had the exquisite tact of Chopin, I might know what to say to such an one. The reader perhaps remembers the inimitable reply of the master to the solicitude that was shown concerning the progress made by his opulent pupil, Gutman, who was



GREYLINGHAM

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trying to grasp the "inward susceptibility" with all his might. It was so gentle and characteristic of Chopin—"Oh, he is getting on prodigiously; he makes very good chocolate!"

The science of historical development should now be taken up. Never copy your neighbor's house, nor his stable, nor his grounds, nor any thing architectural that is his. His house is supposed to be a complete architectural development up to and including this year of grace 1901, and cannot be further amplified at this time, no matter how faulty a development it is conceded to be. Or it may be a very successful one, in which case it should inspire you with the ambition to acquit yourself as creditably upon other lines of thought. Remember that you are a chosen historian about to publish a little history in blocks. Consult modern work, as it may serve to suggest to you the course of study to be pursued, as it may establish a standard of merit you are to attain, as it illustrates the *modus operandi* of the house-builder's craft, and lastly, as it shows you the mistakes you are to avoid; but do not copy it—that is architectural plagiarism, as reprehensible in practice as copying whole paragraphs out of printed books. Find the historic materials from the works of the generations of builders who have preceded you. Examine the original documents and memoirs for yourself; that is the way to do. Then select the things that charity approves of—that the love for your fellow-beings compels you to admire in the work of an age that has completely gone by, and is, therefore, susceptible of reincarnation through modern expression.



The Warner House, Portsmouth, N. H. Built by Captain McPhædris in 1723

We know that as the Lord has ordered the affairs of men, he cannot be merciful to everybody from the human standpoint; but we should be. We should rise superior to the obstacles he has placed in front of us, and build houses expressive of that ineffable destination of our species that every good man hopes will be one day realized. This is the spirit that actuates true architectural development. All the talent in the world—all academic formulæ, classic purity and artistic cunning cannot entirely overcome the lack of charity. The architects of the Valois kings have never been surpassed in everything else that goes to make good architecture, yet an atmosphere of cruelty pervades all their work which even a lapse of three centuries cannot dispel.

If the idea appeals that the development should be American development, then the thirteen original states furnish numerous Meccas for devoted pilgrimage. Better than this, the camera and the periodicals will bring to your study-lamp all the authorities you need without your stepping out of doors. And pictures are oftener productive of inspiration than would be actual acquaintance with the subjects themselves. (See "Carlyle House and an Adaptation" in the July number of The House Beautiful.) One may in this easy fashion obtain suggestions for a dozen successful houses in a month's time, so that it may become difficult to decide between them;

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but in the dominant motive we should be faithful to one. Should you fall in love with an enchanted ancient dwelling that is built of stone, you must, on no account, do what Theodore Roosevelt tells us in his history of Cromwell that the Stuart king did, namely, "flinch." It was fatal to Charles, and it will be fatal to any successful house scheme. Draw the stone and carry it up to the very peak. (See Greylingham.) If the authority you have selected calls for bricks to be laid in the Flemish bond, as would be the case had you lost your heart to such a rare old charmer as the Warner house at Portsmouth, do not think you may throw in a couple of Palladian windows, and use weatherboards. That will not do. Never have two Palladian windows, anyway. It would be no worse form to order two courses of soup served for dinner. It is true that the great Italian architect strung these favorite openings along in charming sequence in the Basilica at Vicenza, but that masterpiece in monumental design pretends to nothing of the Anglo-Saxon home feeling. In the language of the stage, always procure what the play calls for; do not fake it. Build the house smaller, but use brick. If you cannot afford brick—if it is quite out of the question—you will have to select some historical model that is built of wood, preferably of shingles, which have a most interesting history associated with nearly every one's American ancestors. (See "House of the Burgomaster." There is, however, one still more inexpensive and legitimate treatment; and should it come to a ground hard case of so many dollars and cents (the reader will please regard this part as strictly confidential between the writer and himself), why, Danvers, Salem, and Ipswich can supply you "witch-colonial" models *ad lib.*, with plain or beaded weatherboards as preferred, idealized by silver tones and gray upon a texture which, alas, great age alone will impart for us—the texture that artists rave about, caused by long exposure to the sea air and the adhesion of fine lichens. (See "Topsfield.") But these are the lowest priced studies to be found in the curriculum of the romantic school; and while the estimate may again exceed your resources, yet an unsuccessful house would never afford you the least satisfaction. In this ungrateful state of affairs, I would not wish to discourage by quoting the old advice once given in *Punch* to the young man contemplating matrimony, which was "Don't!" No, better sign another year's lease with your present landlord, and patiently await the fortuitous event which peradventure shall devise "a happy issue out of all your afflictions."



DINING-ROOM OF THE OLD WARNER HOUSE

One of the first and gravest errors we are likely to commit when starting out to adapt a good historical model is to furnish it with a piazza. The American piazza is a makeshift that will answer for makeshift cottages at the seaside; but architecturally it has no standing. It has an ephemeral kind of history, dating from a time when American taste was at its lowest ebb. It has

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House of the Burgomaster, Maplewood, New Jersey

no antecedents. There is no excuse for its use to-day, except in the most temporary contrivances of habitation. I read in "Richard Carvel," not long since, that the house-builders of the American colonies did not understand the character of the climate—after a residence in it, too, of a century or so—or they would have had piazzas; that they took their models mostly from England, where piazzas are unnecessary, presumably because it is usually too damp and cold there to sit out of doors. This is fiction, and what the children would call a "back-handed swap" for England. The sense agrees perfectly, however, with all the rest of the stilted observations that occur in the typical historical novels which unscrupulous advertisers commend as faithful pictures of society in the eighteenth century, and which a too credulous public unhesitatingly accepts.

Now, Wren and Inigo Jones were as fond of affecting Palladio and the Italian renaissance as the colonial builders were fond of affecting *them*. So that through English architects we were supplied, indirectly, with Italian architecture. As the latitude of Italy is approximately the same as our own, here one might naturally expect to find a piazza; and so we do—a large open esplanade surrounded by imposing façades. This is the Italian piazza. And when it came to protection from the sun, the Italians had loggie, balconies, and terraces shielded by awnings, roofed peristyles, summer houses, and pavilions, all within the easy reach of the opulent proprietors of America, and still within the reach of every self-respecting American builder who had the advancement of his countrymen at heart.

Never begin with some favorite floor plan and try to rear elevations to accommodate it. I know that this is the usual method of procedure, but it is heresy of the worst kind, nevertheless, opposed to all true development. It is the single idea for the exterior compo-

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sition that we want first. The Japanese are quite right in considering the idea the art principle, and judging all work accordingly. So far as sentiment is concerned, the most erratic quantity with which we have to reckon, any excellent floor plan will do that will accommodate itself to the chosen exterior scheme. (See plan of "Bow-Marchioness.") It matters not whether we turn to the right or to the left upon entering our dwelling, nor whether the drawing-room is directly in front of us or to the side. Neither is it of the slightest importance whether the kitchen is situated, as is usual, at the back of the house; or, which is unusual, in the front, so called. (See "A Wyoming Cottage" in the November number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.) Nor does the shape of a room count for anything so long as the shape is one that is historically correct, with respectable antecedents for its proportions. But it does make all the difference in the world where the sun is, the best outlook, and upon which side we may expect to have our nearest neighbors; whether the house expresses the single good idea or whether it is a conglomeration of discordant elements so put together as to express nothing, unless it be profanity.

Beware of the room without features; a room without some legitimate features has no right to be, and we should not rest until we have gotten rid of it. Remember the edict of our faith in an analogous case: "It is better to enter the kingdom of heaven having one eye," etc. Measure to see that your window-sills, other than those belonging to casement-sashes opening quite or nearly to the floor, are at the rational height of two feet and, say, five inches, except for pantries, monumental windows, and other specially designed apertures in the walls. Avoid the lower sills of the transitional period, which were the outgrowth of cheaper glass, whose history is contemporary with that of the piazza, and avoid as you would the plague those transom windows that are "skied" to accommodate the backs of sideboards, bureaus, and hat-racks, quite beyond the reach of every one, which have no history at all, and whose associates are all vicious and evil. Never use a French renaissance window with a transom, unless you are adapting one of the chateaus of the Loire. Here they are appropriate and truly beautiful, in strange contrast to the awful anachronism they produce in the American colonial design.

There is an art which writers of historical fiction study assiduously—"thinking in the vernacular," I call it. It is most difficult of all in writing. There is no novelist who has attained more than mediocre excellence, which is readily apparent by contrast with genuine memoirs, diaries, or the bundle of old letters that most families have secreted among their archives. For here the past speaks to us as no one seems to be able to make it speak in modern literature. It is not so difficult for the architect, because the *mise en scène* is all he has to do with, and his clients are at liberty to think their own thoughts, using their own diction, though they live in what he and they like to pretend is an inherited abode. Nevertheless, I do not see how any one can build "successful houses" unless he master this "thinking in the vernacular" to a material degree; as in order to master French it is necessary to think in French.

It must be acknowledged there is one substantial advantage that an indifferent house has over a "successful" one. You may alter and enlarge the former with impunity, as much as you please, and nobody will care; but it is almost certain to be disastrous to meddle with a "successful" design. In a way, it implies the same vandalism that would not hesitate to alter the notation of a nocturne by Chopin or retouch the canvas of a Raphael. It is doubtful whether either of these geniuses would have dared to violate an inspiration of his own after it was once complete. Thackeray used to say that he never rewrote a chapter but he spoiled it. When it becomes necessary to enlarge one's accommodations, it is the best plan to build anew;

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House of the Burgomaster. Rear View

or else enlarge upon the princely scale that succeeding generations enlarge castles in England, where an intricate scheme of assembled harmony and contrast furnishes absorbing interest for the architect in wholly or semi-detached wings and pavilions which must never interfere in the slightest degree with the work of an inspired predecessor. This kind of expansion is proportionately expensive with national expansion, and its desirability is quite as problematical in most cases. Even in such a tiny affair as is shown in the Harriot house extension, I can assure you that an entire new cottage could have been erected at no greater expense.

Never submit to the false doctrine that your new house needs a back—an avowed and uncompromising back, to which all the sins that have been committed throughout the plan find their way at last, to be marshaled up in grand array, and summarily dealt with in one hideous makeshift. A house is not like an upright piano, intended to stand against a wall; and the tone of this instrument would be greatly improved if its manufacturers would only make it so presentable upon all sides that it could stand fairly out into the room space clear of reflecting surfaces. The rear of a house is sure to be seen sometime, and we have no right to shock the senses of our friends after making the pretension to refinement we do in the other elevations. It is discourteous deliberately to turn the back upon any one, and there is no excuse for it in architecture except selfishness and slovenliness. Therefore, discard any scheme that does not provide four well-considered elevations. It then matters not which of them faces the highway. It is generally most expedient that the main entrance should; but for reasons of privacy, sentiment, or the view, the plan may be so completely reversed that the actual rear of the house masquerades as its front. And in such cases as at Mount Vernon in Virginia, and "Eastover" in Wyoming, New Jersey, where the rear elevations

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are by far the most imposing, these become justly celebrated as fronts, to be distinguished from the real fronts by some such compound term as "garden-front" or by the points of the compass they approximate.

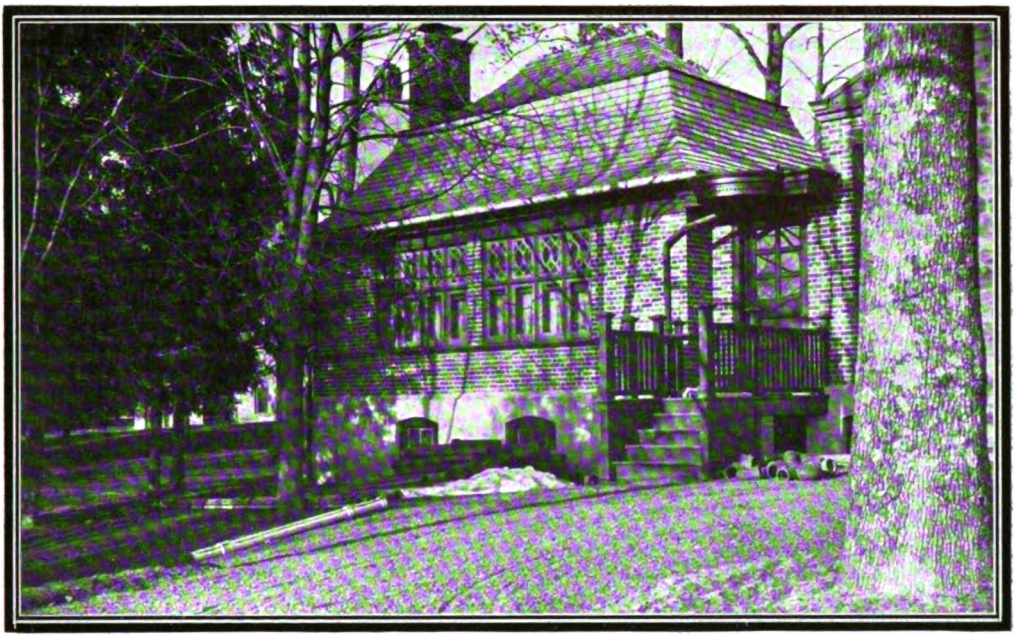
In the ancient houses to which we are looking for inspiration and technique there were some faults and shortcomings; but they are seldom perpetuated. Either they are too palpably faults to commend themselves to anybody, or we have no necessity which deals with those problems that were imperfectly solved in the old work, so that no fear need arise about receiving our chosen model unreservedly into our hearts and affections. Their doors and windows in general may not have been exactly of the best shapes and sizes; their ceilings may have been too high in some cases, too low in others. Our ancestors may have been too prodigal of space in plan to suit an age of economy and concentration like ours; but they rarely offended good taste. Their staircases have never been excelled, and rarely equaled; their wainscots and cornices are marvels of good workmanship and design; their chimney-pieces make pictures to frame, and their wood-carving by hand is utterly beyond the resources of most modern pocketbooks in its wealth of exquisite detail. No one should dismiss the subject of his best stairs until he has learned something of those delightful creations where a landing is never cut diagonally in two; where rheumatic joints are never compelled to step higher than seven inches at a time—oftener less; where the first tread is made invitingly broad, and the handrail placed at exactly the right height for one's ease and security.

No, there is not very much of a chance of your learning one bad habit from too intimate an acquaintance with any respectable model of your choosing so well constructed as to have withstood the ravages of a century's vicissitudes; on the other hand, starting out with every



TWO COTTAGES AT MAPLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY. TOPSFIELD ON THE RIGHT

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Harriot House, Short Hills, New Jersey. Ball-Room Extension

architectural disease there is prevalent about you, and working backward in search of remedies for their cure, seems to me a benighted and hopeless undertaking, leading so far into the quagmire of that chaotic class of architecture which might be called the "school of American degeneracy," that no architect, however great a genius he might be, could then extricate you with credit.

RENOVATIONS AT WINDSOR.

The rooms at Windsor Castle are to be completely rearranged to meet the wishes of the king and queen, says the London Chronicle. All the furniture is to be thoroughly overhauled and brought up to date, and it is expected that the palace will be in the hands of the Office of Works for nearly a year. During this time the king and court will take up their residence at Frogmore when in Windsor. The king and queen are to occupy rooms used by the Duchess of Kent at Frogmore House, which, by command of her majesty Queen Victoria, have been kept almost sacredly private since the demise of the duchess, in 1861. The furniture in these rooms has been replaced by some very handsome suites. This is not the first time that the king and queen have resided in Frogmore, for it was here that the late Duke of Clarence was born, in 1864. Some of their majesties' attendants will be quartered in Frogmore House, and others in the adjoining cottages, one of which is still occupied by the Munshi Hafiz Abdul Karim and his wife, who are shortly returning to India.

Readers of the memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff may recall the young woman with whom she was always measuring herself in Julien's atelier, whose skill drove her to despair, concerning whom she also permitted herself not a few ungenerous remarks. The rival's name was Louise Breslau. Miss Breslau has just received the prize of a Cross of the Legion of Honor for her work in painting. She is a Swiss from Zurich, and in the Swiss department of the Exposition of 1900 exhibited a series of pictures of women and children. She is said to be the first foreign woman to obtain the cross for art.

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WHEN ONE GOES A-MOVING.

HINTS FOR PREPARATION IN THE OLD HOUSE AND THE TRANSFERENCE OF THE FAMILY GOODS INTO THE NEW.

The old days have passed, says the New York Tribune, when the annual hegira called "moving day" was as much an established custom with unstable New Yorkers as Thanksgiving and Fourth of July, but the fact remains that the best choice of houses and fine apartments can be had in the spring, and that not only their landlords but tenants usually prefer leases bearing the date May 1st. With persons who rent smaller apartments, on the contrary, it is becoming more and more the custom to store the household effects during the summer months, while their families are at seaside and mountain, and select their winter abiding-places upon their return. The absence of the outward and visible sign of inward and awful upheavals evidenced in the unhandsome heaps of household lares and penates which were of old trundled through the streets in open drays on May Day has done much to rob the season of its character. The gayly painted movable store-houses called vans that have taken their places have a festive appearance out of keeping with the real nature of the occasion.

Like most circumstances of life, under favorable conditions and with wise planning, moving need not to be the *bete noir* it is painted. In fact, there are housekeepers who openly profess to prefer it to housecleaning. Perhaps the most desirable of all conditions is to have plenty of time for redecorating and cleaning the new house before the arrival there of the goods, and woe betide the family that has to undergo these operations after "getting in." If the house has been unoccupied for a time, fires should be kept for a couple of days before the moving, and all the drains and waste-pipes in the house should be flushed thoroughly with hot water and disinfectants.

With sufficient help there is no need of beginning ostentatious preparations for the ordeal weeks beforehand, and keeping the family in a state of unrest in the mean time. The living-room in the old house, indeed, can be kept in a reasonable state of homelike comfort until the very morning of departure, although time and confusion later will be saved if all the carpets are sent to the cleaner in time to have them returned and laid in the new home before the entrance of the other furniture. If the new house is not to be redecorated, a corps of cleaners should be employed to finish the work before moving day and before the carpets are put down. The new shades, too, can be put up, for the more accomplished beforehand the shorter will be the period of confusion. For the packing of china, glass, and bric-a-brac, professional packers should be employed. Regarding the care of pictures and mirrors, it will be well to have a talk with the superintendent of the moving company, because some movers may see exactly what they are handling, and may better judge of their proper treatment. Padded vans and heavy wrappings will be supplied by the van men for such articles. The most important safeguard in all the preparations is, by the way, the selection of a reliable company to do the work, and it is well, especially in a hurried time, to have it understood that nothing but covered vans shall be employed for the work.

All the kitchen utensils and dishes should be stowed in barrels with the care appropriate to their various degrees of fragility. For the removal of the contents of linen-closets and storerooms, packing-cases will be needed, and if the bedding of each room is kept separate and marked plainly with the room for which it is intended, much future labor will be saved. Window draperies, hangings, and portieres will not, of course, be put up again until fall, and these should be packed away, secure from dust and moths. It is well to protect the backs, arms, and legs of the choicest chairs and sofas and the exposed woodwork of other pieces with burlap, for, although all sorts of promises may be made by the transporting company regarding their safe carriage, marrings and scratches are sure to be found unless this is done.

Some thought is due the laborers who carry the goods to and from the wagons, for any one who has watched such work must realize its difficulties. Books, for instance, can be put into small instead of large boxes, and marble slabs and other heavy weights can be left separate, and not tied into unwieldy, back-breaking bundles. Soap-boxes and shoe-cases make excellent receptacles for books, and should be thoroughly lined with paper, and not packed closely, unless the distance to be traversed is long. These boxes should be covered. All choice books should be wrapped separately, and the corners should be secured with the stiff protectors that come for the purpose.

As soon as the first van leaves for the new abode some one who knows in what room each piece of furniture is to be placed should start for the house, and should stand in the door to direct the men. If there is no one who can do this, a tag with directions should be tied on every separate piece.

As the contents of the bedrooms arrive, the first thing to do is to put up the bedsteads and make the beds. This will relieve some of the pandemonium as well as prepare for regular living. Have the kitchen things all go in the first load, and send the cook, with a helper, to settle her quarters. The first meals will probably have to be taken in kitchen-ware, unless the family "takes its meals out" for a time. The dining and living rooms are the first to be settled, because upon their condition depends much of the atmosphere of peace and cheer in the house. Then will follow the sleeping rooms, the parlor and library.

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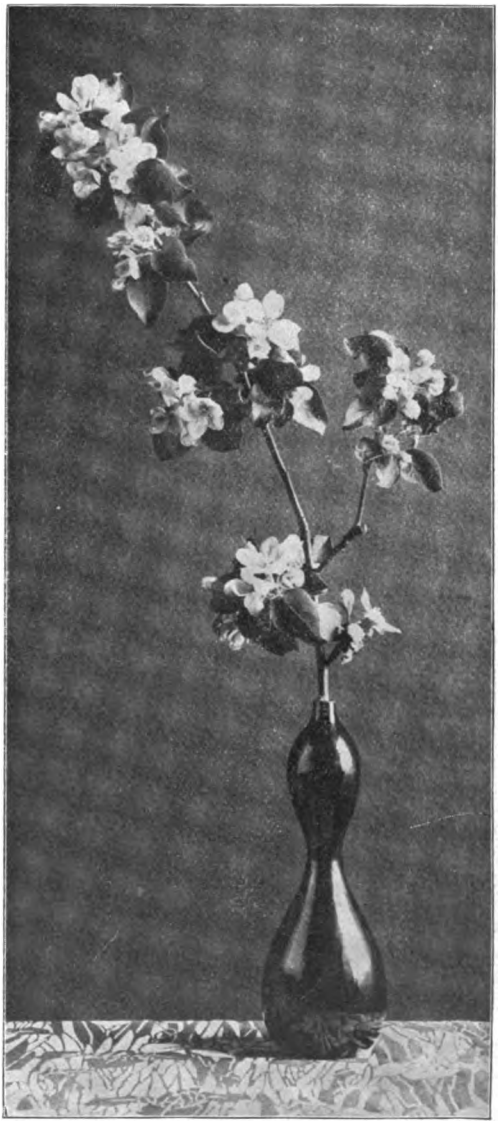
FRUIT BLOSSOMS IN VASES

BY CLARENCE MOORES WEED

THE feature that lends most enchantment to our May landscapes is that of the blossoming fruit-trees, both wild and cultivated. The pageant of bloom commences in the leafing woods where the whitened branches of the shad-bush stand out clearly against the gray-green background. It is continued along the borders of the roads and forests by the glory of the wild plum thickets, with snowy bloom upon the bare, brown twigs, and about the home grounds by the pink flush of the peach-blossoms and the white beauty of the cherry, plum, and pear, touched here and there to deeper color by the great round flowers of the cultivated quince and the flaming fire of its Japanese cousin. But the climax is reached when upon the hillsides the apple orchards become a glorious vision of pink and white against the green background of the unfolding leaves.

In all this floral display there is abundant material for the adornment of our homes with decorations that shall not only render them more beautiful, but shall also increase our appreciation of the lavish beauty of the outer world. When such flowers are available for the gathering, it is a pity not to utilize them, and thus, as Richard Jefferies would say, take to our souls some of the greatness and the beauty of the spring.

The lack of appropriate and harmonious receptacles is probably one of the chief reasons why fruit-blossoms are not more generally used for interior decorations. Yet this lack is easily supplied if one can visit one of the better class Japanese shops and buy a few simple, harmoniously colored jars, part of them, at any rate, of cylindrical form. For no other form of jar can be used to advantage for holding so great a variety of flowers as these cylindrical ones. These Japanese jars are not expensive luxuries; for the price of a single cut-glass vase—which can seldom be used to advantage for flowers—you can get several of them. And when you gather the branches



A BRANCH OF APPLE-BLOSSOMS IN A JAPANESE JAR

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be content with a few well-selected ones, remembering the dictum of Puvis de Chavannes, "Decoration exists only through sacrifice." A few branches discerningly displayed are better than an armful crowded together in an indiscriminate huddle.

As to the particular sorts of tree-blossoms little need be said. One should utilize the kind at hand at each particular season, In the first flush of spring the plume like petals of the shad-bush are unique and pretty, while the species is so common and widely distributed that nearly every one can find it. At about the same time the thickets of wild plum trees so abundant over a large part of the United States furnish splendid material for indoor decorations. The leafless branches, with their rich burden of white and exquisite bloom, may be gathered in abundance and utilized for a display that is all the lovelier for the briefness of its existence. A few twigs placed in a good-sized cylindrical jar, like the gray and black Ceto porcelain shown in the accompanying picture, cannot fail to awaken the admiration of every discerning beholder. Give the jar and blossom room to speak for themselves; do not crowd them into a corner with other things, but let them have for their brief existence such a place of honor as their beauty deserves, and see if the lesson of simplicity that they teach does not have its effect in purifying and ennobling the æsthetic sense of the beholder.



WILD PLUM-BLOSSOMS IN A CETO PORCELAIN JAR

The exquisite beauty of the apple-blossoms is too precious not to utilize during the fortnight of their existence. There is a great variation in the depth of coloring of these flowers; some are almost pure white from the first, while others are a deep and glorious pink. The wild crab-apple trees are particularly beautiful, having a depth of

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coloring and a richness of charm that is seldom equaled by the cultivated kinds. And these may be gathered with a clear conscience by the most utilitarian person, for the fruit that succeeds the flowers is worthless except to the boys who wage with it their mimic wars.

In gathering the apple-blossoms care should be taken to select the twigs that are likely to be useful with the particular receptacle in which they are to be displayed. A little discrimination while taking them from the trees will save a useless waste. It often happens that a single branch can be used to better advantage than a much greater number.

For a brilliant display of color nothing in the spring season can equal the blossoms of the Japanese quince. It is not difficult to arrange these satisfactorily, and a few twigs may be used indoors to great advantage.

THE MODERN AWNING.

IT IS A THING OF BEAUTY AND IN EVERY WAY BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE.

"Awnings," said an awning-maker to a New York Sun reporter, "were once considered a luxury, and are now a necessity. The number in use has been multiplied in very recent years, and it is still increasing.

"In this city, within the last two years, awnings have been put on tenement-houses. They are, of course, a common and expected part of the equipment of flat-houses; and in very many streets of the city they now contribute greatly, in the season of their use, to the picturesqueness of the prospect. In fact you take a great flat or apartment house with many windows and adorn it with handsome awnings, and you have in effect a great flower garden standing on edge and covered with gigantic blossoms waving and fluttering in the wind, for many of the present-day awning stripes make up into awnings that are nothing less than beautiful, and people nowadays seek awnings that are appropriate to the building. An awning is an awning, to be sure, but in these days people take the material and color of a building into account, and buy awnings that are appropriate to it, producing in many instances most felicitous effects, that are highly attractive and pleasing to the eye.

"Though there are many styles of awning stripes already, new styles are brought out every year. Tan in some shade or form of stripe or stripes, or combination with white or with other colors, is now the prevailing color in use, as standing wear well, not showing iron rust, and being generally well adapted to city use, and being, withal, sightly in appearance. Green, within recent years, has come to be distinctly a favored color in awning stripes; either in solid uniform stripes alternating with white, or in stripes of different widths and in combinations with other colors. Some of these later green effects are very handsome. And then, of course, there are blue stripes and reds and yellows, stripes of all sorts of width and weaves and combinations, varying in price more or less, some being considerably higher in cost than others, but they are being made up at prices lower than were asked for awnings of corresponding colors and grades a few years ago.

"In fact, awnings were never before so cheap as they are now, what with the competition among those supplying them, these including nowadays the big department stores as well as the awning-makers, and awnings were never so good as now. They are not made in these days haphazard or clumsily, anyhow so that they will serve the purpose of shutting off the sun when required, but they are made to fit, to hang true, to look trim and shipshape and all right, and people won't have them, nowadays, unless they are all right. So that in these days awnings are not only cheaper, but handsomer and better than ever. Indeed, though I say it that am in the business, it is a fact nevertheless that there's nothing that has kept up with the procession any better in the march of modern progress than the now everywhere familiar awning; once a luxury, now a necessity, and never so perfect and beautiful as now in the day of its widespread, common use."

RUGS FROM RAGS.

From the London Telegraph.

His Majesty's Consul for Hiogo and Osaka in a recent report says that the variety of floor covering other than matting made and exported from the Hiogo-Osaka district, Sakai rugs and carpets, cotton, hemp, and woolen, shows a slight decrease in 1899—about £71,000 worth, as against £84,000 in 1898. The bulk of this article, consisting of the cheapest grades, was formerly made mostly from old gunny-bags from India, but last year this supply was nearly stopped altogether, owing to the prevalence of the plague at Bombay, and the manufacturers are now falling back on the canvas wrappers of American bales of cotton. The goods are getting into disrepute in America, so a guild was formed to frame precautions against the inferior trash being produced in future. London now seems to take more than three-fourths of the outturn. The profits, however, of the industry at Sakai are so small that the capital is being put to other uses.

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ENGRAVINGS BY WOMEN.

UNIQUE EXHIBITION OF BLACK AND WHITE IN NEW YORK.

The walls of the Grolier Club's gallery are clothed high up, even to the skyline, with a collection of engravings on steel, mezzotints, stipples, etchings, and wood-engravings, the like of which in all probability does not exist elsewhere. It is part of a great hoard of prints begun before the middle of the last century by Miss Henrietta Koenen, who married Philip van der Kellen. On her death, says the New York Times, the husband continued to collect black-and-white work by women, and in 1876 became director of the print room at Amsterdam, before the national treasures were transferred to the Rijks Museum. Some sixteen years ago he offered the collection for sale, and it was bought by Mr. S. P. Avery and presented to the Lenox Library, with the understanding that it should be at the orders of the Grolier Club if the club desired to exhibit it.

The number of women who are represented in the collection is surprising, and occasionally the quality of the work is admirable. Mynheer van der Kellen and his wife did not collect for the merit of the prints alone; they were equally attracted by a name that sounds sonorously through the trumpet of fame. Both seem to have succumbed to that inevitable, perhaps that really useful, foible of the collector, which consists in gathering everything that can be made to fit into the frame of their hobby. If the print was by a woman—in it went! The result of which is, on the one hand a somewhat low average of excellence, but on the other an escape from the tyranny of the collector's prejudice in favor of certain schools and certain methods of working, as well as the inclusion in the collection of many curious and historically interesting pieces.

The great bulk of the prints were struck off between the years 1675 and 1825, or about a century and a half, and they can be roughly separated into two camps, so far as their makers are concerned, namely, on the one side ladies of exalted rank, including two empresses, a number of queens, and various archduchesses, and countesses galore, and on the other side the female members of families of engravers, the daughters or wives of professional workmen. These are the divisions of the amateur and the professional. It need not be said that most of the fine pieces belong to the latter camp. No one will think it necessary to class Queen Victoria, Empress of India, among the brilliant etchers, nor expect that Marie de Medicis, Queen of Henri Quatre, should have rivaled a skilled wood-engraver at the age of fourteen. These two queens are represented by a woodcut of 1587, and an etching of 1844.

Between lie prints by many celebrated and many skilful women. An etching signed Alexandra Christina Regina Suecorum is by Queen Christina of Sweden, who died in 1689. A fine mezzotint, after the portrait of Mlle. Blancheau by Santerre, with a poetical address to the painter underneath, is "scraped" by Catherine Duchesne, of Paris. It is a charming, sympathetic likeness of a lady with palette and brush. A line-engraving shows the solid skill of Catherine Haussard, daughter of the engraver of that name, in reproducing the portrait of Sauveur Francois Morand, a Paris surgeon. No. 370 is a line-engraving by the famous Mme. de Pompadour.

With an etching we come to the wife of Frederick the Great, who had plenty of time during the years she passed away from her husband to devote herself to etching.

One woman who takes a front rank as etcher is Marie Ellenrieder, a Swiss painter, who died in 1863. There are lithographs by Rosa Bonheur, and an etching by Emilie Miethe (Mme. O'Connell), representing a chevalier of the time of Louis XIII. There is an etching, dated 1881, by Miss Clara Montalba, whose work appears now and then in the Century Magazine, and a color dry point by Miss Mary Cassatt (No. 73), an American living in Paris, whose pastels and color prints are well known, together with a lithograph, dated 1891, "early and only attempt at lithography," and a dry point, "Mother and Baby."

The Grolier Club is to be congratulated on this exhibition of a collection that probably can be found nowhere else. It shows that women can attain excellence in such difficult and laborious work as line-engraving, as they do in painting and sculpture. Although line-engraving and wood-engraving are temporarily at an ebb, and even etching has lost the vogue it had twenty years ago, this exhibit may do something to suggest to women artists that there is a field which at present is little worked, but may become again the fashion. The Grolier Club stands for the sumptuous and beautiful book, and that means reproductive processes like these; for every one with taste must feel that splendid paper, print, and binding do not belong with cheap processes like half-tones, or other methods into which photography enters. There are waves in these, as in other matters. Who knows? Perhaps we shall have a return of what is best in these methods of printing pictures for illustrations and for framing.

THE PAPAL PALACE AT AVIGNON.

The process of restoration of the famous Palace of the Popes at Avignon is actively proceeding. The battlemented tower of the chief wing is almost entirely repaired, and now exhibits the imposing frontage which characterized it in the fourteenth century. At present the old citadel of the popes is occupied by a regiment of infantry, but the latter are about to evacuate the building, which will then be, probably, utilized by the municipality of Avignon as a museum.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS*

BY OLIVER COLEMAN

Author of "Successful Houses"

SEVERAL months ago we were visited by a young Englishman, Mr. C. R. Ashbee, who came to this country to enlist American sympathy, and incidentally dollars, in a society in England whose object is the preservation of historic landmarks in the United Kingdom. Mr. Ashbee was very enthusiastic on the subject, and in addresses given in most of our large cities tried to incite a similar ardor in his American audiences.

* * * *

THE BEGINNING OF AMERICAN HISTORY

I heard him before the National Arts Club, where, I am sorry to say, he met with rather a chilly reception. Mr. Ashbee's main point was that we, as an Anglo-Saxon people, were as much interested in the preservation of these landmarks in the Old Country as those who might now be living under their shadow. Several members of the club tried to differentiate American interest into that pertaining to political landmarks, in which they claimed we had no more interest than in similar monuments of French or German history, and to literary landmarks, in which, of course, our part was quite as great as that of any other English-speaking race. Needless to say, most of these speakers have names of French or German extraction. Mr. Ashbee claimed that American history really began with the landing of Cæsar upon the coast of Albion, while he complained that we were accustomed to look upon it as springing suddenly to life on July 4, 1776. As our common law is the same as England's, and all our ideas and practices of court and legislation are founded on English precedent, for my part I am inclined to side with Mr. Ashbee, and feel that, be our name O'Hara or Rubenstein, La Guerre or Oleson, we are quite as much interested in preserving for posterity the site of Runnymede, or the hall in which Charles I. was forced to abrogate the divine right of kings, as any one in England. The greatest difficulty, however, is that we are very busy, or should be, in preserving our own landmarks. With our magical growth and accustomed iconoclasm, the halls and buildings in which were made our most momentous history have been ruthlessly destroyed in the advancing tread of "progress," the American synonym of which is "money-getting."

* * * *

AMERICAN LANDMARKS

The historical societies fortunately are awakening to the situation while there is yet time. There is here in New York a very flourishing association which is just at present agitating the purchase of the old Fraunces Tavern, which still stands on Broad and Pearl streets. In the upper room of this old tavern, even now used as a saloon and eating-house, Washington took leave of his officers and made his memorable address. There are many buildings in various parts of the city also which have been marked with tablets, stating that here was the site of such and such an event, all of which is certainly very commendable. We owe it to posterity. So with so much to do at home, where the danger of a cataclysm of all landmarks is always imminent, we may not do much for equally precious records abroad, where the conservatism of the public is much more to be trusted. Of course Massachusetts and New England

* SUCCESSFUL HOUSES, by Oliver Coleman. A book of suggestions on the furnishing of homes, with over one hundred illustrations from photographs of actual rooms. The most complete book on the subject to be had. Price, $1.50. Sent postpaid, on receipt of price by the publishers, Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

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are leaders in this movement, and Connecticut has just taken over the "old stone house" of Guildford, said to be the oldest house in the state.

* * * *

STORY OF "THE OLD STONE HOUSE"

It was built in 1640 by the Rev. Henry Whitfield. The ground upon which it stands was purchased from the Indians as "that part of Menuncatuck which had not already been purchased by Mr. Fenwick as part of the Saybrook Plantation." As most of the company of settlers came from Surrey, the capital of which is Guildford, the town was named in memory of the old place, though the spelling has been corrupted. Mr. Whitfield's house was built of stone, and was designed partly as a fortress, against the need of it. It was situated so as to command a wide view, and the walls were of great thickness, in places as much as three feet, while the joists were of square hewn oak. So it stands to-day. It was purchased by an appropriation from the state, an equal one from the town, and a voluntary subscription from the Colonial Dames of Connecticut; these also are associated in its management.

It will be used as a museum for the preservation of antiquities, and upon it is placed the following tablet:



THE OLD STONE HOUSE AT GUILDFORD

THIS HOUSE BUILT
A. D. 1639
BY
REV. HENRY WHITFIELD, B. D.
FIRST MINISTER
AND
THE LEADER OF THE FOUNDERS OF
GUILFORD,
IN HONOR OF WHOM THIS TABLET IS
HERE PLACED ON THE OLDEST STONE
HOUSE IN NEW-ENGLAND BY THE CONNECTICUT SOCIETY OF THE COLONIAL
DAMES OF AMERICA.
1897.

There is probably no part of the country where some of these old landmarks are not to be found, and in many cases a very small exercise of public-spirited generosity will suffice to purchase and preserve an old house or mill. We must look to the patriotic societies to take the initiative in this work.

* * * *

A LEAF DECORATION

In decorating I have often wanted a strong leaf effect, either for ceilings or on the walls of a country house, where the out-of-doors feeling is to be much impressed; but no leaves were to be found—that is, none except associated with flowers of one color or another. I have just seen in a New York shop the very thing for which I have so often longed and searched. The background was cream, and upon it was a big graceful leaf design, all in green; it was strong, cool, and dignified, and very unusual. The same design came in a rich brown-red, which against the cream background was also surprisingly effective. I fancy a large

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ANOTHER VIEW OF THE OLD STONE HOUSE

country dining-room opening on a sunny garden, the walls should be paneled with white woodwork for about five feet from the floor, and above that either of these papers might be hung. The green is similar to that of a grape-leaf, though the shape is very different, and the effect very like the green and white of Dresden china. It seems to me one could live longer with this paper without tiring of it than with most others. Nature is a very wise designer, and one can scarcely contemplate the weariness we should feel were the meadows and forests all red or all blue.

* * * *

ODD CHINA

There is a little shop in a side-street in New York where they make a specialty of all kinds of odd china. They do not keep old china, nor do they keep the standard makes which one may procure almost anywhere; but they have many varieties of odd and fascinating wares, modern, in the sense that they are made to-day, but archaic in design and color. These plates and pitchers are made in out of the way potteries for provincial and peasant markets, and have been brought together in this little shop frequently by the merest chance. I recently saw there some plates of a very distinctive pattern which I had run across only once before, while in an unfrequented town in Cuba called Guines, which lies about forty miles from Havana in the interior, I was skirmishing about for articles of interest. In Cuba the grocery-store not only does duty as saloon, but as crockery-store as well, and so on the top shelf of one of these groceries I found a cup, covered with dust, which I at once purchased for eight cents. It had upon its side the gayest and boldest of chanticleers and bore marks of having been there for many years. Later, in Havana, I discovered in a side-street one store where they had some very good bowls, in various sizes, with the same bold type of decoration, and much to my surprise more cups with more cocks; but they were evidently modern reproductions of my old cup. This interesting ware comes from Belgium and Holland, and in some way appeals to the Spanish taste, perhaps as it much resembles in coloring the well-



MUGS DECORATED IN PINKS AND GREENS

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known crude Spanish faience, but I have never seen any of it here excepting these plates in the little shop of which I am writing.

Like the very attractive peasant china of Brittany, the designs are never changed, but come down intact as they were made one hundred years ago. Such plates are to be bought very cheaply, and may be used with good effect not only for decorative purposes, but to vary the monotony of service.

* * * *

DRIFTWOOD FURNITURE

The cardinal doctrine of this magazine—simplicity—was never better illustrated than in some furniture now on exhibition in a window on Fourth Avenue. The shop is one of the most magnificent in New York, and the articles usually on sale are the finest and most elaborate of the colonial epoch. I would not use the word showy in referring to anything of that period, but everything that carving, polishing, and inlaying can do to elaborate a piece of mahogany has been done in the case of most of the furniture in this store.



A BOWL

The furniture which I admire is called "drift-wood." We of the east all know that silver-gray that the bleaching of a hundred suns gives to the plank adrift upon the sea—indescribably silver, the impress of the sun; somberly gray, in record of some ghastly shipwreck, and of the bleak and dreary nights it has been tossed and spattered by the combing wave. The soaking in salt-water and the bleaching in the sun shrivel the softer parts away and leave the grain embossed, as it were, in low relief.

This effect is counterfeited in the furniture in question. It has the color and grain of drift-wood and the lines are all as simple and direct as one could well devise. For a country house anywhere, but especially by the sea, this is a most charming set.

Quite the opposite from the much discussed "new art," there are no curves at all, all straight lines, uncarved, unpainted, and without brass or decoration; even the knobs used for drawer-pulls are of wood. The whole dependence is upon the simple, well-proportioned outline and the shimmer of the gray.

In a room with gayly flowered walls or chintz hangings, with sun-flooded windows, through which the boom of the surf comes in regular cadence, what could be more charming or appropriate?

* * * *

AUCTION SALES

The space allowed to this letter will not afford even the briefest mention of the sales at auction now taking place. Apparently from all over the country collections of antique furniture, rugs, porcelains, and Japanese articles are being sent here to be dispersed under the hammer. It is truly wonderful what an insatiable maw the town has for these valuable and often historic pieces; for they sell day after day at very fair prices. The market seems never to be oversold, and real bargains are quite rare.

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MR. BARR'S SCONCE

The unusual sconce designed and shown in the recent exhibition at Minneapolis by Mr. Charles H. Barr was credited in the April number to Mr. George Barr. This is, of course, a mistake. The same Mr. Barr designed the movable electric-light stand, so favorably commented upon in this letter last month, and the sconce in question. Incidentally Mr. Barr, in acknowledging my criticism of the small base on the former, writes that the matter had already worried him, so that he has constructed a new base with larger leaves. This should make the stand quite beyond criticism.

PLEASURES OF A GARDEN.

Older society women are continually adding to their various occupations nowadays, says the New York Tribune. That they are only as old as they seem is an adage that they have for some time proven the truth of in outdoor sports and recreations, while in variety of other pursuits and interests they have as many facets as a diamond. Just now, mingling with bridge whist, tea, and gossip, there seems to be a newly awakened, or rather revival (for milady is still very much behind her grandmother in such matters) of, interest in subjects appertaining to floriculture and gardening.

"Are you going to join the ——— Club this season?" asked one cottage owner of another, referring to one of the social clubs in the neighborhood of their respective country houses.

"No. I have concluded to take the money it would cost and put it in manure," was the unexpected reply. "Only think how many loads it will buy, and what lovely results it will make possible! My husband says we cannot afford to keep up our clubs and a garden, and we have both concluded that the latter will give us more pleasure."

"People who have never tried it cannot realize how delightful it is to see seeds that they have planted with their own hands come up and blossom," remarked a fashionable matron who had always spent her summers at watering-place hotels, and who recently "discovered" gardening through owning a tiny place out of town. "I feel that I want to interest every one I know in the subject, and give my advice. Now, about starting your annuals early," she continued, mounting her hobby and setting him off on a canter. "I have found out the most splendid way. An old farmer's wife, who had the prettiest window-garden I ever saw, told me about it, and I have never seen the idea published. 'The very best way to start annuals early,' she said to me (and I have found since by experience that she was right), 'is to take a dozen large potatoes, cut them in two lengthwise, and with a spoon scoop out the inside, leaving only enough to hold the rind firmly. There is no waste in this, for you can use the potatoes, you know, for the table,' said my thrifty housewife. 'When you have them all scooped out,' she continued, 'fill the shells with very fine soil. If you start your seeds in town, you can get a basket of the right kind from the florist. If you are in the country, mix it yourself of leaf-mold or any ordinary rich soil and a third of sand, to insure drainage. Remember the first sustenance of your baby plant is as all important as healthy nourishment for infants. Then sow your seeds according to directions, and stick a tag with its name on each potato with a pin. The potatoes should be kept in plates with a little water on them. Now place your seeds on a table in front of a sunny window in a warm room. For a day or two keep them covered with a wet square of muslin. After that keep the wet muslin on them only at night, and if they look dry spray them with an atomizer. You will be surprised to see how quickly they will come up. Leave them in the potatoes until they are quite strong, then transplant to boxes or pots, or, if it is late enough, to the open border. I think there is some virtue in the potato itself, or perhaps it is only because the rind keeps the earth moist, but I have found seeds come up quicker and are stronger in that way than in any other.' Well, I took her advice, and planted twelve potato-shells full of different kinds of seeds on April 4th. On April 9th, they were nearly all up, and the others followed in rapid succession. I have never had seeds come up so soon or had stronger little plants."

SHE REPAIRS BRIC-A-BRAC.

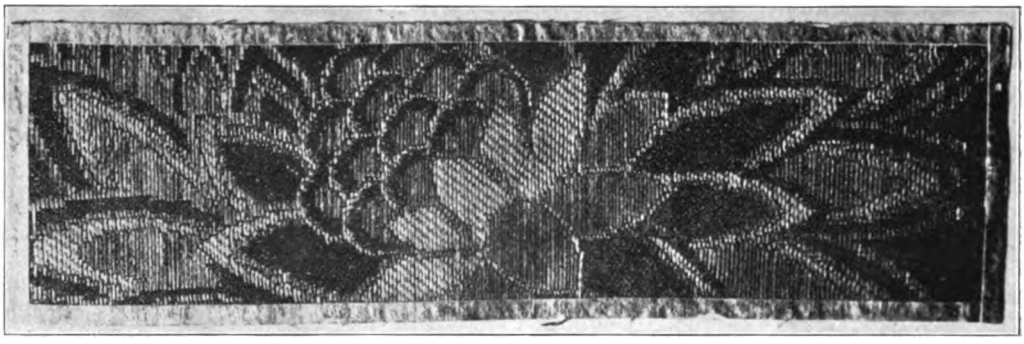
ODD OCCUPATION WHICH A YOUNG WOMAN FINDS REMUNERATIVE.

A young woman has set up in business in Sixth Avenue, says the New York Sun, as a repairer of bric-a-brac. She has a modest establishment on the second floor of an old building, and hangs out her shingle in the window.

The place is almost inconspicuous, but one customer sends her another, and after a very few months of work she is reputed to make an excellent living. The field is limited, so she has practically no competitors, but if she had she has made so great a reputation as a skilful patcher of broken vases, antique furniture, and articles of virtu that she would hardly need to fear the test.

She is said to have mended a vase which had been broken into 700 pieces.

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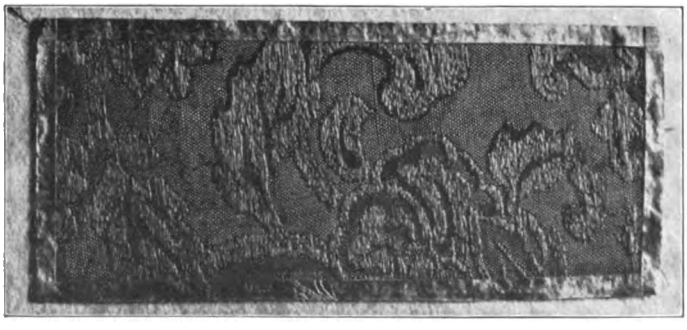
VIOLET, GOLD, AND PALE GREEN

JAPANESE BROCADES

BY ELIZABETH EMERY

NO Japanese art has a more interesting history than silk-weaving, and no legends are more fascinating than those that cluster about the cocoon and the mulberry-tree. The story of the silk industry is the story of Japan. Into the warp and woof was woven the life of the people. The glory of the shoguns, the power of the priesthood, and the rise and fall of dynasties were all depicted in the products of the loom. Each bit of silk and gold thread tells a tale, and were one versed in oriental lore, he would need no books in order to trace the real and imaginary history of old Japan. The valor of her daimios, the courage of her warriors, the fame of her scholars are faithfully recorded. The myths of the dragon and the sacred phœnix, the legends of the cuckoo and the moon, of the sparrow and the bamboo, of the fox and the chrysanthemum, and the fêtes of the plum and cherry blossom, of the maple-leaf and wistaria are all revealed in the glittering textiles. A collection of old brocades is an illustrated book, and he who runs may read.

Information regarding silk-weaving is fragmentary and very unsatisfactory. Volumes have been written on porcelains, lacquers, and bronzes, but one must search diligently, and often in vain, to learn the barest facts of Japan's oldest industry. The key to the study lies in the fabrics themselves, and in time the different epochs in art and the various schools of design are recognized.



PALE BLUE AND GOLD, SHOWING ITALIAN INFLUENCE

To China belongs the honor of originating silk-weaving, and for centuries the knowledge was confined to that nation. The Empress Selingshe, according to tradition, invented the

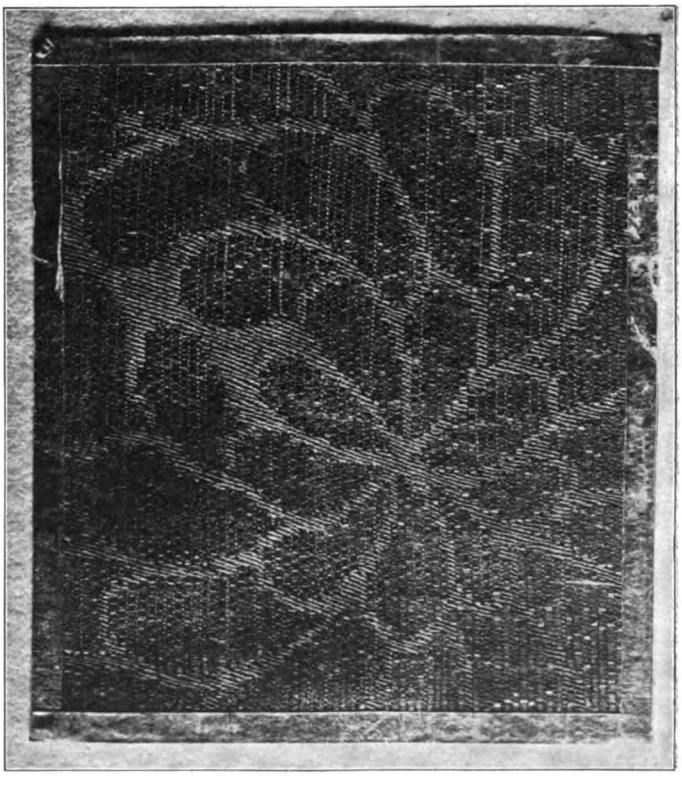
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hand-loom in 2640 B. C., and cultivated the first mulberry-tree. From China the secret of the loom was carried into Korea and from Korea into Japan. Although the art of spinning plain materials was known in the province of Kozuki five hundred years before the Christian era, figured textiles were not introduced until the third century. Under the patronage of the court, pattern-weaving made rapid progress, and native spinners soon surpassed their Chinese neighbors.

The silk industry advanced and declined according to the nation's prosperity. When Japan was at peace, the happy condition of the people was reflected in her textiles, and when she was at war the art of the loom languished, and on several occasions was nearly exterminated. Briefly stated, silk-weaving reached a high degree of excellence in the fifth century, and steadily increased in importance until the year 1000, deteriorated from the eleventh to the twelfth century, regained its prestige during the Fujiwara period from 1225 to 1333, suffered during the Ashigaga dynasty from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, and surpassed all former splendor during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries under the Togugawa shoguns.

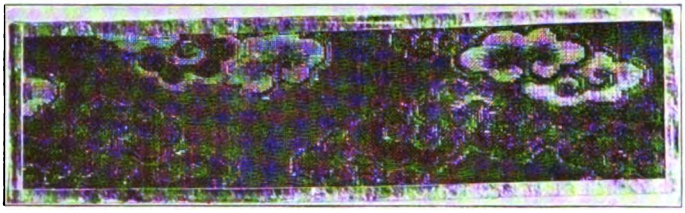
The oldest brocades are preserved in the temple of Todai-yi at Nara, and are in the form of vestments and sacerdotal cloths. The date of their manufacture is placed at the twelfth century, but many distinguished writers on Japanese art doubt the age of these venerated fragments and attribute them to a later period. The designs show a European influence, and are striking examples of oriental cleverness in adapting foreign motives.

Early silk-weaving is a matter of conjecture. It is a tradition that patterns were small and that intricate effects were gained by unique methods of weaving rather than by complicated designs. A simple geometrical figure was wrought on a plain ground. With every repeat the colors of the warp and woof were exchanged, and this process was continued through the length of the silk. This gave to the brocades a shimmering quality, especially noticeable when the threads were of the same scale. Yellow and gold, silver and gray, purple and violet, produced this result. Natural flower forms did not appeal to early weavers. Floral motives were severely



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM. YELLOW AND GOLD

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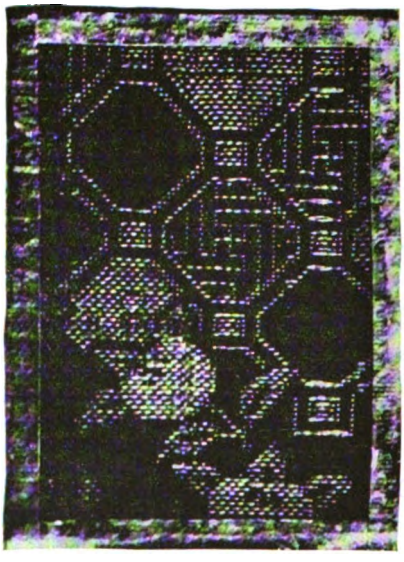
CHINESE MOTIVE. SILVER ON CRIMSON

conventional, and were combined with triangles, circles, and squares. The imperial chrysanthemum, with its sixteen petals, the crest of the present emperor, is drawn by rule, and is a survival of ancient art. The first flowers depicted by the loom were the plum and cherry blossoms, and to-day there are few silks more attractive to occidental eyes than those that show the graceful boughs of white and pink.

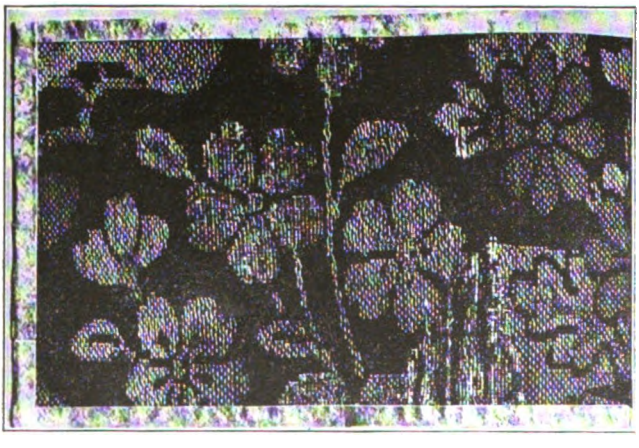
During the sixteenth century, when Japan was in communication with Italy, silk-weaving was temporarily influenced by Florentine designs. But the Japanese were too artistic to retain anything but the best of whatever came to their hands, and as they had learned from China and Korea, they now profited by Italy. In Kyoto may be seen some of these textiles, and it is interesting to note what the Japs discarded and what they made their own.

In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, brocades were marvels of beauty. It was the golden age of silk-weaving. Gold thread was used in great quantities, and designing reached a high state of perfection.

It was the custom for each daimio to have his own loom and to employ skilful weavers to execute special patterns for his use. Ceremonial robes were woven with the family crest, and were heavy with gold and silver. The men who fashioned these regal costumes were important members of the household, and their work was jealously guarded.



PURPLE, GREEN, AND GOLD



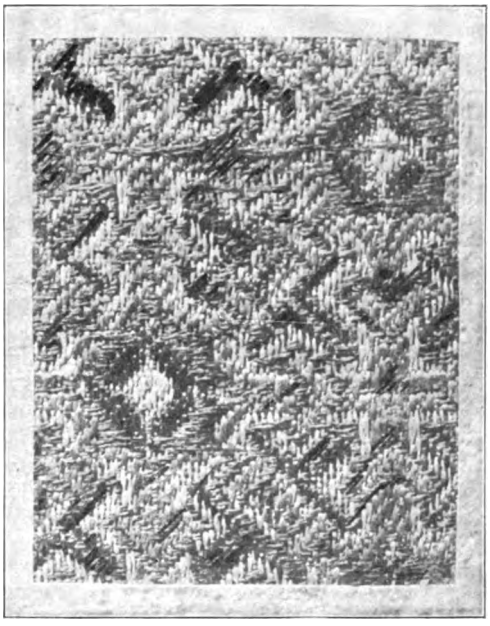
GOLD CHERRY-BLOSSOMS ON SCARLET

There is a legend of a weaver who took his revenge for some grievance by depicting in a court costume his master's downfall, and by adding the crest of a rival house. The tale is a long one, but

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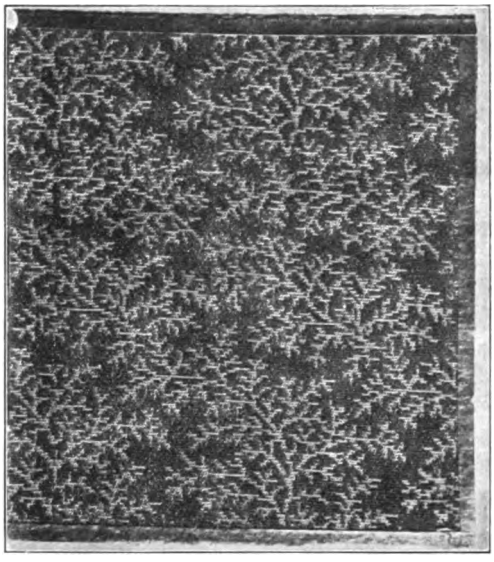
in the end the artist of the loom lost his position and his head.

Many bits of old brocade handed down from one generation to another are carefully preserved in the private collections of Japan, and find a place beside the rarest porcelains. These pieces of early handicraft are seldom found to-day in the shops of the empire, and are growing more precious every year. While many

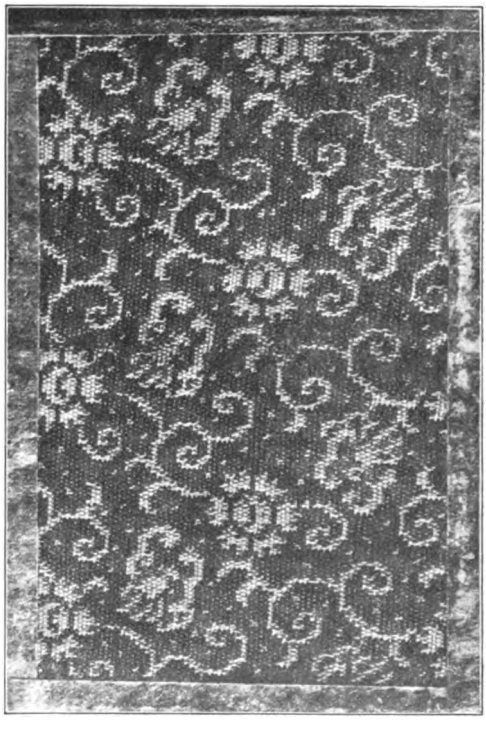


GREEN, BLUE, AND RED, SHOWING KOREAN INFLUENCE

of the new silks are rich in color and varied in design, they lack the beauty of the old. The silvery sheen, the soft luster of the early textiles are not reproduced in modern fabrics. This quality is not due alone to age, but to a more subdued color scheme and to primitive methods of weaving. Slowly western inventions are replacing oriental implements, and with the introduction of modern ideas much of the charm of Japanese art is vanishing. Bronzes, lacquers, wood-carvings, and embroideries have deteriorated under the influence of the foreigner, and the change is no less



SILVER AND ROYAL PURPLE

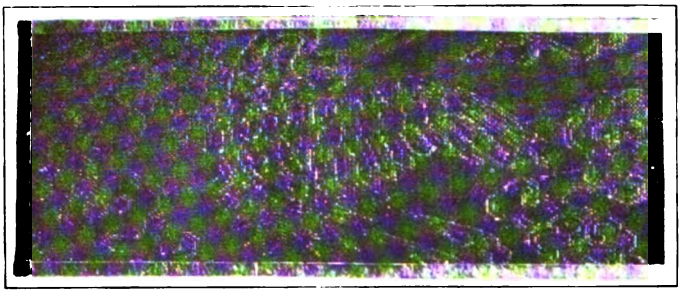


SILVER AND GRAY

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apparent in brocades. The difference between old Satsuma and the new ware of that name is not greater than between the silks of the seventeenth century and the silks of to-day.

The accompanying illustrations are taken from a book of old brocades bound in folding or orihon manner. The covers are of deep blue,



SACRED HOO, OR PHŒNIX. WHITE, GRAY, AND SILVER

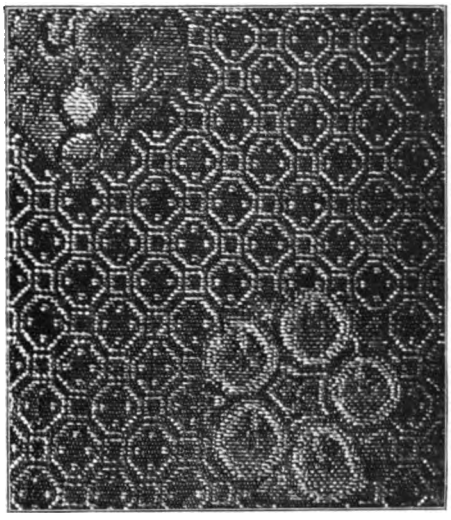


SILK-WEAVING. FROM AN OLD PRINT

embroidered in silver, and each square of brocade is framed in a narrow band of gold. They were gathered in Kyoto and Tokyo years ago, when specimens of court weaving and bits of rare vestments could be secured. Many date back to the seventeenth century, and all are more than a hundred years old. Some are brilliant in color, scarlet and gold, silver and purple, orange and green; others are low in tone, and show a wonderful blending of soft grays, dull blues, and pale yellows. A few are so thin with age that only in a strong light are the designs revealed. All suffer in reproduction, as their beauty is too elusive to be photographed.

In the Josho district north of Tokyo, and in the Nishijin quarter of Kyoto, are the great centers of modern silk-weaving. But to the lover of Japanese art there is more charm in one scrap of

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RED, WHITE, AND GOLD. VERY OLD

old brocade than in yards of modern fabrics. Somehow there is a thinness about the newer colors that is not atoned for by any novel dexterity of design. The old weavers were not afraid of rich combinations, but they understood the subtle art of harmony, and they were sure, with an instinctive certainty, of what they did.



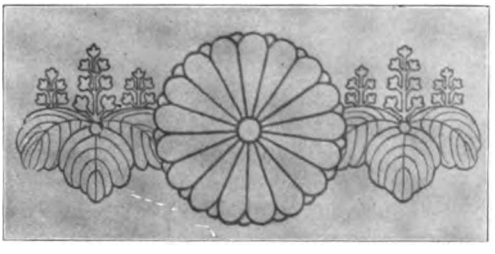
GOLD DRAGONS ON BLACK

CONCERNING MINIATURES.

In view of the revival of this most exquisite art, a few gossipy notes may be interesting. Miniatures have always been most closely associated with all that is interesting and romantic in life. They strike all the chords of romance, of pathos, of passionate love and cruel neglect, and there is something so beautiful, so winning, and so secretive about a miniature in its small dainty setting that it is above all things a lover's gift.

"Here in her hair
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men."

If some of these old miniatures could speak, of what life histories could they not tell—of tragedies, comedies, longings never satisfied, and of love satiated? The Memoirs of a Miniature have yet to be written, and they would illumine for us many a secret page of history. Cromwell lost his head through a miniature. Holbein was dispatched by Cromwell on a mis-



THE IMPERIAL CHRYSANTHEMUM

sion to Flanders to paint a miniature of Anne of Cleves for her suitor, Henry VIII., and so beautiful was the miniature that Henry was content to wed her. But when he saw Lady Anne, and found her so far inferior to the painting, the storm burst on the minister, Cromwell, and not on the painter. As Walpole says, "Cromwell lost his head because Anne was a Flanders mare and not a Venus as Holbein painted her." A charming keepsake is a miniature, and so easily worn on the person. Lady Ayres in the sixteenth century wore a "lymning" (as they were then called) over her heart of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, painted by Oliver, and one day was lying in bed, dwelling with tender thoughts on her lover, and drew the miniature from its soft and delicate hiding-place to look again upon his handsome features, when suddenly she was surprised by her husband, Sir John, who demanded to see it. This indiscretion nearly cost Lord Herbert his life, for he was set upon in Whitehall and nearly killed by Sir John Ayres. The Comte de Guiche owed his life to wearing a snuffbox over his heart, for the box turned aside a bullet

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while in battle. In the center of the snuffbox was a miniature of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, a daughter of Charles I.

Once a miniature was the cause of a suicide. Charles I. so admired a miniature painted by Gibson that he particularly requested "his servaunt" Vanderdort, a Dutchman whom he had made keeper of the cabinet and to assist in the "mynt," to take the greatest care of it. The zealous man overdid it, for when one day his majesty desired to see it again it could not be found. This so preyed on the servant's mind that he hanged himself.

A very charming anecdote is told in connection with a noted painter, Sir Robert Strange, who fought on the losing side at Culloden. Being pursued off the field, he sought refuge in a house where a lady, Miss Lumsden, was seated at her spinning-wheel, whom he implored to save him. Miss Lumsden's skirts were the old-fashioned hoops. "Get under my hoops and keep still," she said. The soldiers, dashing into the room and seeing only a lady spinning, rushed out to take up the pursuit. Miss Lumsden afterward became Lady Strange.

Charles II., hearing that many of the miniatures his father prized had got back into the hands of the widow of Oliver, the miniature painter, went to see her, and Mrs. Oliver relinquished them for an annuity of £300 a year. Presently the gay ladies of the court obtained most of these miniatures, wearing them for their personal adornment, and Mrs. Oliver, who was a bit of a prude, hearing of it, remarked that had she known that the king was going to give them to his mistresses he should not have had them. Unfortunately, some busybody repeated this at court, and Mrs. Oliver's annuity was stopped. What tender and pathetic memories cling to the miniature of the beautiful Lady Hamilton, which was taken from Nelson's neck after his death. Certainly stories of life and death, of romance and of love, cling around these silent witnesses of thrilling and tender scenes.

ESME COLLINGS.

AN OLD ENGLISH MANSION

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

SO long as the magnificent old country mansions remain England will always be worth living in. The princely hospitality that has made them famous the world over will endure, no doubt, long after they have fallen into decay, but one can hardly conceive of preserving all its charm without the surroundings that lend it so much of history and romance. The mullioned windows with the coat of arms breaking their latticed monotony, the castellated wing just held together by ropes of ivy, the generous staircase, where the royalists of the household made their last stand against Cromwell—so history and the battered banisters attest—the library, yellow gold and fragrant with faded tomes, the walled-in garden, bursting upon the passer-by with a rush of old-world scents, and perhaps most distinctive of all, the unrivaled English park with its avenues of chestnuts planted by generation after generation, its inevitable lake where a three-pound trout may reward a skilful angler; its coverts laid down by a master sportsman, and stretch after stretch of green field, dotted with cows and sheep to greet one in the morning as the eye sweeps over the luxurious pasture and on to the keeper's cottage, a thin streak of smoke in the mid-distance, and beyond to the rising uplands where the farm begins. It is such a house I write from, good luck having included me in as pleasant a party as ever sought to escape from London and the bank holiday crowd.

Three hundred years of English history are before me as I look out of the window at the gray ivy-grown wing, all that now remains of the original castle built when Edward VI. was king. The main portion of the house dates from the early Georgian period, a period, to many minds, of much quiet fascination for its architecture, furniture, and excellent silver-work. The Georgians built their houses unpretentiously, but with a careful eye to spaciousness. The outside is of red brick, toned down to a tawny shade, four stories high, and giving that appearance of being "thoroughly substantial" that Englishmen demand. It is the inside that most takes one—the long, cool succession of lofty opulent rooms,

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not one of which but could at a pinch serve as a ballroom, all of them oak-paneled and glowing with the ancestral portraits. The entrance-hall warms one's heart to the munificent character that could alone have planned it—a hearty, hospitable soul beyond a doubt, a man who liked to have his friends about him and kept open house for the chance passers-by, as became a good squire in the old patriarchal days. Nothing mean or niggardly in this early eighteenth century architect or his employer, none of your dexterous builder's economies for either of them. They worked on a large scale and knew where comfort lay, and accordingly handed down to posterity a mansion that is good for another couple of hundred years, and is not only a mansion but a home.

My host is a five-year tenant of the place. The owner is the descendant of an old country family never very conspicuous in history, but always living on the same three thousand acres and keeping up the proper state of "the first families." The church that stands in a corner of the park was built by them, and for the past three hundred years its vicars have borne their name. Memorial tablets of the many generations that have sat in the huge square pew adorn the walls, and the incumbent of to-day must have the consciousness of two audiences—the actual one in front of him and the larger one made up of the manes of his ancestors. Like all the old families, their means have dwindled and their estate has had to be let out to tenants tempted by the fine shooting. My host is the first of these tenants, but I suspect he will not be the last.

One conceives that the early Victorian age will always pass into history as "the dastardly age of British art. The things our grandfathers did and lived among were things it makes one weep to think of. Perhaps the most curious mania they had was for staining oak. Here, for instance, in this house practically everything is of oak, the chairs, the great four-poster beds, the staircases, the doors, ceilings, and panels. Some barbarian of, say 1815-30, looking upon this oak saw to his horror that age had turned it black. Wherever his eyes wandered the same deep, luscious, glowing black oak—such as the good American of to-day would sell her soul to have round her dining-room. It roused his heathen instincts, and calling in the painters he ordered every bit of it scraped and stained and polished up till it now looks exactly like the imitation oak that decorates the drawing-rooms of the infidel masses. It is a sickly pale yellow color, just as spick and span and fresh as though it had come from Tottenham Court Road. And the odd thing is that this frenzy of vandalism was all but universal through England about eighty years ago. Only the remote outlying country houses escaped the contagion and preserved their old oak unspoiled.

The charm of English hospitality is that there is never the slightest strain put upon either host or guest. The American hostess, like the French hostess, feels that she must be continually "entertaining her guest; she considers it a reflection on her hospitality if the guest is left a moment alone; she looks upon it as her duty to be continually providing fresh amusements, and is constantly troubled by doubts as to whether the guest is really "enjoying" himself. In an English country house only one thing is expected of a visitor—to be in time for dinner. Breakfast is a movable meal where you forage informally for yourself. Luncheon you may be present at or not, just as suits your convenience. Afternoon tea is equally optional, though the wise man will contrive not to miss it, for it is the most delightful as well as the most distinctive of all English meals. There is a vague discussion of plans for the day over the breakfast-table. A walk, a fishing or shooting party, a visit to the nearest cathedral town, a drive over the hills, or just "pottering about"—you make your choice as a free man and under no sort of compulsion. All the resources of the house are unreservedly at your service to put to what use you please, and if you

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don't have precisely the kind of time you want it is your own fault. A good many Americans are chilled by the English hospitality and feel neglected. The difference between the two styles is the difference between a man who thrusts a handful of bank-notes upon you, telling you to spend them any way you like, and a man who makes you a multitude of little gifts, each costing him an infinity of anxious thought and yourself a repeated embarrassment of thanks. To my mind the English way of doing things, once you have got their standpoint, is both fairer to the host and hostess and easier for the guest. It converts hospitality into a pleasure instead of a burden; it makes freer demands upon the time of those who dispense it, and it adds to the guest's enjoyment by relieving him of the uncomfortable feeling that he is rather in the way.

Homme House, near Gloucester.

EUGENIE'S SHIFTING DINING-ROOM.

The ex-Empress Eugenie clings pathetically to many of the traditions of the Tuileries, says the New York Sun, among them one which was due to a whim of Napoleon III.

The emperor detested the conventional dining-room and flatly refused to eat in one. He insisted that he couldn't see any reason why the room where one took one's meals should be paneled, leather-hung, dark and gloomy as a mortuary chamber, and that he would not eat solemnly and classically.

The Salon Louis XIV., one of the brightest and gayest rooms in the Tuileries, was used for the emperor's dining-room. Gay screens were brought in at meal-time to hide the doors and serving-tables. These serving-tables were also brought in for each occasion. After the meal was finished all of its appurtenances were carried away and the room bore no hint of a dining-room. Of course, all this made endless trouble and inconvenience for the servants, but that doesn't enter into royal calculations.

The empress follows the old plan, and has her meals served wherever she happens to want them—on the veranda, the terrace, in the salon, in her boudoir. The servants of an ex-empress, not being so humble as the servants of an emperor, do a deal of grumbling, but their mistress has always followed her own whims, save when fate interfered, and fate seems to place no embargo on the shifting of dining-rooms.

HOW TO CHOOSE WOOD-CUTS AND LITHOGRAPHS

BY ALFRED WHITMAN

THOUGH it may not be the fashion just now to collect woodcuts, there are still not a few connoisseurs who devote much time and care to their study. The art boasts of great antiquity; and besides crude devotional figures and similar *incunabula*, the earliest playing-cards are believed to have been roughly cut on blocks of wood. Before the invention of movable types for book-printing, blocks were cut which, besides a primitive illustration of a biblical subject, included a short explanatory text cut in relief upon the wood. These examples of the art are known as "block-books," and the "Biblia Pauperum," or Bible of the poor, of about the year 1470, is a notable example. The earliest books printed with movable types were frequently embellished with woodcut illustrations; but as these specimens engage the attention of the book rather than the print collector, we will pass them by, and come to wood-engraving as a separate art, practiced by important and well-known artists.

To explain the craft of the woodcutter, Mr. Hamerton gives a simple but very effective illustration. He tells us that if we take a sheet of white paper, and with a pen write a letter upon it, we are really making a pen-and-ink sketch upon the white paper. This part would correspond with the work of the draughtsman upon the block of wood. Then if we take a brush charged with a water-color, say vermilion, and carefully paint over the surface of the white paper, leaving only the pen-strokes untouched, we shall have the pen-and-ink sketch upon apparently vermilion paper. This vermilion brush-work would correspond with the work performed by the wood-cutter. After the subject has been drawn upon the wood, it is the business of the engraver to cut and plow away the wood to an appreciable depth from

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all the blank portions between and around the lines of the subject, and by so doing to leave these lines standing in relief. In the early period of the art the cutting was done with a knife upon rather thin pieces of apple, pear, lime, or some other soft wood, cut the plank way of the grain; but from the days of Bewick, that is from about 1785, it has been done with the graver on blocks of boxwood cut transversely, and of a thickness equal to the diameter of a shilling, which is the gauge for the height of type.

In saying a word as to the printing of woodcuts, and of copper and steel plates, it must be remembered that in wood-engraving, as just explained, the lines of the subject stand up in relief, while in metal-plate engraving they are cut or bitten into the surface of the metal. A wood block is printed in the same press that is used for printing from type, and the pressure is brought down vertically upon the block. In steel or copper plate printing, after the plate has been well inked with a dabber, and the ink has been rubbed off again from its surface with canvas, so that it only remains in the sunken lines, a sheet of damp paper is laid upon the plate, then a piece of special blanket, and then the plate is made to pass between steel cylinders, when the crushing force exerted is so great that the damp paper is forced into the sunken lines of the engraved plate and takes out the ink they contain.

The great early epoch of wood-engraving was during the first half of the sixteenth century, and the art chiefly flourished in Germany, though the Low Countries hold an honorable second place. When woodcuts are ascribed to such artists as Dürer, Burgkmair, Holbein, etc., it must be understood that these men did not do the actual knife-work, but simply drew the designs upon the wood, and then handed over the cutting to dexterous craftsmen, whose work they carefully supervised. The principal artists of this period were Dürer, the greatest exponent; Lucas Cranach, the friend of Luther and artist of the Reformation; Michael Wolgemuth, the master of Dürer; Holbein, the designer of the incomparable series known as "The Dance of Death," which was cut by Hans Lützelburger; Hans Burgkmair, the designer of the Triumphal Procession of Maximilian; Altdorfer, Brosamer, Grün, Lucas van Leyden, and some others.

It was at the beginning of the sixteenth century that Emperor Maximilian gave an impetus to the art by commissioning several great woodcut undertakings to immortalize his achievements. The two most important of these were a triumphal arch and a triumphal procession. The arch was designed chiefly, if not entirely, by Dürer, and it was cut upon ninety-two blocks of wood, which, when pieced together, measured ten and one-half feet by nine and one-half feet. There are three gateways, and the decoration includes portraits of Roman emperors and of Maximilian's ancestors, as well as representations of the principal events of the emperor's reign. The work was begun in 1515, and was not finished until several years after Maximilian's death in 1519. The purpose of the triumphal procession was "to convey to posterity a pictorial representation of the splendor of Maximilian's court, his victories, and the extent of his possessions." This work, like the preceding, was unfinished when the emperor died, but, unlike it, it was never completed. Only 135 cuts were finished out of a contemplated 218, Burgkmair being the artist who designed most of the sections, on pear-tree blocks.

Perhaps the most highly finished work of this early period is to be found in Holbein's famous "Dance of Death," first published at Lyons in 1538. The forty cuts, each measuring but two and one-half inches by two inches, require a careful study.

Italy, except perhaps in the north, did not in so active a manner practice woodcutting; but the country is chiefly associated with that branch of the art known by the name of chiaroscuro. The effects of chiaroscuro prints are produced by printing the several portions of a subject

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in different tints (each tint from a separate block) upon the same piece of paper. The process is, to all intents and purposes, the same as that used for relief color-printing at the present day.

Between the years 1630 and 1770 the art of the woodcutter was overshadowed by that of the metal-engraver, declined, and almost disappeared; and it was revived mainly by the genius and under the influence of Thomas Bewick of Newcastle. One of his earliest and most important engravings is "The Chillingham Bull," dated 1789, for an impression of which as much as two hundred and fifty dollars was once paid. Bewick introduced the graver as the cutting-tool, instead of the knife, and he was also the great exponent of the "white-line" method of wood engraving. In all the work of the early cutters, it was the interstices between the lines that were cut away, so as to produce (in the printed impression) black lines upon a white ground; but Bewick, in many parts of his blocks, reversed the process, and cut the lines of his subject upon the blocks (instead of cutting away the wood between them), and thus, in the finished result, produced white lines upon a black ground. The work of the woodcutters from Bewick's time onward, though worth the collector's care, has been almost exclusively done for book illustration; so we will not now consider it.

During recent years there has been, for large and bold work, a return to the old method of cutting with a knife on planks of soft wood; and pleasing have frequently been the results. Probably the first important example of this revival (and the first occasion on which a prominent artist devoted his talents to such a purpose) was the poster, designed by Fred Walker, that advertised the dramatized version of "The Woman in White," at the Olympic Theater, nearly thirty years ago. And some ten years later, when Professor Herkomer was engaged upon the design for his immensely popular poster for the *Magazine of Art*, a search was made for the engraver whose initials—W. H. H.—appeared upon Fred Walker's poster. The craftsman, Mr. W. H. Hooper, was found, and he accepted the commission to engrave the design, though he had to make his own cutting tools, as suitable ones could not then be bought. This advertisement was to be seen upon most of the London hoardings about twenty years ago, and it was commented upon by *Punch*.

Lithography, which (as no cutting or engraving tools are employed) is, strictly speaking, not a process of engraving, is based upon the elementary fact that grease and water, being strongly opposed to each other, will not combine or associate. The almost accidental discovery of the art, rather more than a century ago, by Alois Senefelder, the Bavarian, must be passed over here, on account of space; but we may say that Senefelder's claim to the invention, or discovery, is unassailable, and the art as he practiced it is practically the same as that practiced to-day.

Briefly, the process may be described as follows: Upon a piece of a special kind of limestone (to which an even surface has been given by rubbing it on a similar stone) a drawing is made with a greasy chalk. The stone is next submitted to the action of a weak acid, after which, when it is wetted and the printer passes over it his roller charged with printing-ink, it is found that only the parts of the stone covered by the chalk-drawing retain the ink, the other parts rejecting it absolutely. Finally, a piece of damp paper is pressed upon the stone, and the result is a lithographic print. Instead of drawing direct upon the stone, the artist may make his design in lithographic chalk upon a "transfer paper," which can be transferred to the stone and treated as though drawn direct.

As time passed by and the simplicity and cheapness of lithography came to be understood, the art degenerated into a commercial business, and became the vehicle for the feeble work of inartistic draughtsmen; but for many years it was widely employed by most of the best

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artists of the Continent and of England, who fully appreciated its capabilities, and brought it into deserved repute. A reason for this speedy popularity is to be found in the fact that in lithography, as in etching, the artist has a process he can work himself without much technical training, and therefore he and his public can come into direct communication with each other. By this it is not meant that the effects of lithography can vie with those of etching, but the personal element, the exhibition of the artist's work, first hand and without the intervention of an interpreter, should and must count for much in the eyes of the collector. In a woodcut we have the artist's original drawing more or less weakened by the woodcutter; but in a lithograph we have his autographic chalk-drawing unimpaired.

From about 1820 lithography became popular in England, and among the artists who worked upon the stone, and whose prints deserve the care and attention of the collector, are James Ward, R. A., the mezzotinter and animal painter; Samuel Prout, whose rich architectural subjects have a wide repute; George Cattermole, known chiefly by his historical subjects; the veteran Sidney Cooper, of landscape and cattle fame; Bonington, who though English born worked chiefly in France; Harding, Lane, and many others.

Two famous English lithographs are a masterly portrait of Wellington's famous charger, Copenhagen, drawn upon the stone by James Ward, R. A., in May, 1824, and a "Distant View of Canterbury Cathedral," drawn on the stone by Mr. Thomas Sidney Cooper as long back as the year 1833. Even sixty-six years ago Mr. Cooper was able to produce works in lithography worthy of the art, and to-day, though his age is within three years of three figures, he can still paint without wearing glasses.

Lithography was practiced in France with greater enthusiasm than in England, and the rapidity with which it could be worked doubtless helped to commend it to the temperament of the artists of that country. Moreover, the cheapness of production enabled it to be employed in the lighter veins of satire and current events, and it is in these branches that we find most of the specimens of the art—the principal exponents being Daumier and Gavarni. But lithography was by no means overlooked by the more serious of French artists, and Eugène Isabey made some remarkable prints in this way.

By about 1875, lithography had almost ceased to exist as a medium of artistic expression; but during the last few years a powerful and important revival has taken place, which the collector must watch with care. Artists, like engineers, take pleasure in experiments, and any one of them would be pleased to discover a new system of artistic engraving. Therefore not a few have turned their attention to the lithographic revival in the hope of achieving new effects, and they have tried their skill at the process, with modified details of their own. As a result much accomplished work has been done by a number of skilful hands. Whether or no the movement is but a passing wave of experimental enthusiasm time will prove. The question, however, need not harass the collector, for if he believes modern specimens from the stone worth acquiring (and he certainly should think so) then let him possess specimens of the work of Messrs. Whistler, Short, Shannon, Strang, Rothenstein, and the rest of the modern practitioners, as opportunities offer.

The Countess of Warwick has the most charming garden in England, filled not so much with the fashionable flowers of to-day as with the old-fashioned favorites of long ago, that are allowed to grow in untrammeled luxuriance. One corner of this delightful garden she calls her Garden of Friendship, and there she plants all the flowers that are associated in her mind with friends and near ones, each blossom being fragrant with a memory. It may be a sentimental idea, but it is certainly a pretty one.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Whenever the address is given and stamps are inclosed, replies will be sent by mail within three weeks.

Curtains and Burlap

Will you kindly make suggestions for papering the following rooms in a new house? Reception-hall, fourteen feet wide by twelve feet long; the door and window face north; this is finished in hard maple. For this room I have green stained-oak furniture and some good oriental rugs for hard-maple floor; paper and furniture for small drawing-room finished in white enamel, with three windows facing east. How shall I drape these windows? The dining-room has Flemish oak furniture; two east windows. Will you kindly give me ideas for wall decoration and for curtaining these windows? Would like something novel for the windows. G. P. C.

The following color scheme is suggested for your house: Copper-colored burlap for the reception-hall furnished in oak, stained green; gobelin-blue grass-cloth, or jute, for the drawing-room finished in white enamel paint and furnished in mahogany; a hand-blocked Chelsea paper in two shades of yellow for the Flemish dining-room. In the drawing-room curtains of gobelin-blue brocade with a design in old pink would be effective, with cream-colored net or sheer muslin next the glass. The furniture had better be upholstered in blue, with touches of pink in the sofa-pillows, and possibly in the portières. Two old mirrors in gilt frames would be attractive in this room. If any pictures are hung here, they should be framed in narrow bands of gold.

Curtains in the yellow dining-room with its setting of Flemish woodwork would better be of figured muslin in yellows and dull greens. These should hang from brass rods and be as simple as possible. We cannot tell you how to make any of your windows very novel, and would hesitate to do so if we could.

Casement Windows

I am building a four-thousand-dollar gambrel-roofed cottage, extremely pretty, yet not fine. The whole interior woodwork is cypress, the floors hard maple, the walls rough buff, sand finish. The dining-room is fourteen feet square, is lighted on the east only, the effect from the inside, and more especially on the outside, is very pretty. But how shall I curtain the smaller ones? I understand they are to open on hinges. I intend to have full simple white curtains at all windows. If the broad center window has double curtains looped to either side, how shall I hang full ones on these smaller ones to allow for window opening? also, how have shades hung? It seems to me they must be on casing and rolled out of the way when necessary.

Electric fixtures are also beginning to exercise my mind. In December HOUSE BEAUTIFUL you advise one correspondent to have wrought iron. Does that advice apply generally and throughout a house and for all time, where one will never expect to have them changed? How do prices compare between wrought iron and brass? One more question, Would it be outré to use a very old patchwork quilt, without beauty but full of interest, on a very handsome mahogany—a reproduction of a Duxbury—bedstead?

L. F.

The picturesque casement windows opening with hinges are difficult to curtain satisfactorily. Where they have small panes and are grouped together, we prefer them without draperies. Where they are built after the manner of the old Dutch houses, they are usually set high in the wall, so curtains for protection from passers-by are not necessary. Shades should never be used, as they mar the simplicity and are much in the way. If curtains are desired, the best method is to have a small rod fastened to the door of the window and from that hang a simple sash-curtain, drawn back. Only the glass should be covered, leaving the woodwork exposed. The Dutch custom was to place a deep valance high over the line of windows, with a similar one stretched across the chimney-breast.

Wrought-iron fixtures are a little higher in price than brass ones. They are simpler in design, and simplicity in machine-made articles seems to be expensive. We do not always advise iron. There are many rooms where brass would be more suitable. In the rooms to which you refer, mentioned in the December HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, iron seemed to us the better metal for fixtures and door-knobs.

The old quilt of patchwork would be very appropriate on the mahogany bed.

Berea Quilts

In your January number I notice a picture of a counterpane from Berea College, Kentucky. Can you tell me if these are still made, and where? I am told that there is a place in North Carolina where one can get them; do you know the address? D. B. N.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The counterpanes referred to in the January HOUSE BEAUTIFUL are now being made at Berea College, Kentucky. Miss Josephine A. Robinson has charge of the industry, and will be glad to furnish you with particulars. Her address is Berea College, Berea, Kentucky.

A Guest-Chamber

I am going to paint, paper, and get new rug for guest-chamber. I have a handsome light oak set of three pieces which I wish to use. There are three windows, and the floor is light wood. Will you advise me as to the paper, paint, and rug? I have wicker chairs, rocker, and large easy-chair in white and gold. I prefer yellows or greens, but do not mind other color combinations, if better. E. M. W.

Green paint and a paper combining green and pink in a quaint old-fashioned design would be appropriate for your bedroom. Several medium-sized rugs or one large one in soft colors, pink predominating, would be effective on the oak floor. These colors may be found in Smyrna rugs, and occasionally in Japanese ones. The Japanese rugs are much to be preferred, as the Smyrnas are least desirable of oriental rugs.

Harmony from Discord

I wish to ask your opinion about my room. It is 13 by 13 feet; has a double east window and single south window. It has an alcove opening from it which is 9 by 12, with one east window. The large room I have tried to fit up as a study, but cannot get it so that it does not seem to lack something in the way of tone or color to give it character. It is papered in what was when new an olive-green plain paper; it has faded to a soft gray-green. It has matting on the floor, fairly well covered with two fine oriental rugs in tones of red. The woodwork is painted a dark olive-green. There are velour hangings in the doors of olive-green. The furniture is all mahogany—three fine bookcases, a writing-desk, study-table, and four chairs. I have two or three good water-colors and some Braun's photographs, and yet my room lacks the right tone to give it the rich color effect that I think it ought to have. Will you tell me what it needs? I. F.

The difficulty with your room lies in the matting, which is too light for the strong color of walls and woodwork. Painting the floor the green of the woodwork or covering it with a terry the shade of the paper would bind floor and walls together and add tone to the room. If there is a decided mixture of red in the rugs, this should be repeated in sofa cushions, pillows, etc. If the red is on the mahogany tones, this would be very effective. Bright red and green are a harsh combination, notwithstanding the fact that one is the complement of the other. But the red of the orient is seldom bright, and by making the change in the floor you will doubtless gain the desired result. If the water-

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

colors are framed in light mats, they are possibly out of harmony, and would better be hung elsewhere.

A Dining-Room in Green and Yellow

Will you kindly give me suggestions about the decoration of two rooms, a dining-room and a reception-hall, without changing the woodwork, which is of good white quartered oak?

First, the dining-room faces west, and is 15 by 19, with two large corner windows, with a fireplace between. The ceiling is nine feet six inches high, with a cove finish. The floors are of oak, and the furnishings are of rather light oak.

This room is just back of the reception-hall, and is connected with wide sliding-doors, and also opens into a reception-room which is finished in light green. This room has only the ordinary eight-inch baseboard.

Second, the reception-hall is 20 by 14, with nine-foot six-inch ceiling, cove finish. This has an oak fireplace to the left of front door as one enters, and has wainscoting, a large double window to the right with deep window-seat, and a large stained-glass window on stair-landing facing the west. While the front window faces the south, the room is shaded somewhat by a veranda in front. The woodwork and floors are in white oak, also the furnishings. This opens into a large library which is done in dark blue tapestry-paper. The tiling in the fireplace is a deep wine and cream, so I do not exactly like red for this room. R.

The dining-room in your house which opens into a reception-room hung in green would be attractive if papered in one of the Chiswick designs in green and yellow. We do not care for the Chiswick reds or the purple blues so much affected by these English paper-makers, but some of the combinations of dull greens, deep yellows, and copper browns are beautiful beyond description. It is difficult to form an idea of the charm of these designs without seeing the papers. All decorators carry the Chiswick sample-books, and from them orders may be given.

For the reception-hall a mulberry burlap harmonizing with the wine-colored tiles of the fireplace would be, we think, the wisest choice.

Church Decoration

Will you give me some suggestions about the papering and painting of a church? H. J.

Our advice in regard to the church would be not to paper the walls, but to sand-finish the plaster, and stain side-walls, cove, and ceiling a yellow brown, using a slightly lighter tone for the ceiling; covering the floor with a carpet of the deepest shade in the color scheme, and repeating this in the cushions of the pews. All the woodwork, including rafters, should be stained a dark brown. Windows of stained glass in yellows and golden browns would be exceedingly harmonious. The windows we have in mind are not expensive, the glass being in sim-

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

ple panes, varying in color from an amber to a deep brown.

The class-room, which we see by the plan is connected with the main part of the church would better be treated in like manner.

Rag Rugs

Will you please tell me, by mail or in your columns, where I may obtain a colonial rug for my dining-room, 9 by 12 feet. I cannot find one either in Minneapolis or in St. Paul. H.

Rugs made from rag carpet are sometimes called colonial, although the name is somewhat of a misnomer. They are quaint and effective in a bedroom, but have not the thickness, unless nailed to the floor, to be used with comfort in either hall or sitting-room. The rugs are made in strips one yard wide, and are most durable when woven with cotton. Three breadths would have to be sewed together to make a rug of the dimensions you desire. The difficulty with rag carpeting is that you can seldom find it in good colors. The usual "hit or miss" effect is not agreeable. Sometimes artistic results are gained by dyeing the breadths after they are woven. We have seen several charming green rugs that were made in this fashion, the original carpeting having been picked up in a New England farm-house.

Rag rugs are made in the Roycroft shop, East Aurora, New York, and by the Blue and White Society of Deerfield, Massachusetts. Possibly you could choose your color scheme and have a rug made to order.

A Dutch Dining-Room

I would like some suggestions in regard to decorating my dining-room. It is 16 by 18 feet, ceiling twelve feet; has north exposure, but is very light. The furniture, consisting of leather-seated chairs, table, console, and china-closet, are of Flemish oak, and I desire to have a Dutch room. I have some old blue plates, cups, and saucers which could be used for decorating. The woodwork is hard cypress, and the floor hard pine. What would you suggest for the walls, and what kind of a rug shall I buy? Do you think a blue burlap for the walls would be too somber with the Flemish oak? Any suggestions that you may give me for carrying out the Dutch effect will be very gratefully received. What do you think of having the blue burlap as a wainscoting about five feet, and above that some large-figured design in wall-paper in bright yellow, that would give life to the room?

M. M. G.

If you have a number of blue plates which you wish to use in your dining-room, deep yellow would be more effective on the walls than blue. The August number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL for 1900 contains a description of a Flemish dining-room which may be of service to you. The walls of this room were hung in a hand-blocked Chelsea paper of chrome yellow with a design in dark, dull blue. If you prefer burlap,

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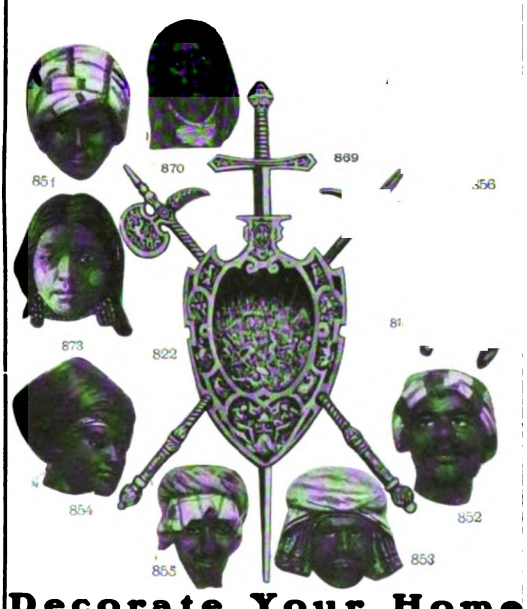
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

a rich appearance would be gained by using a russet shade in that material, and covering the side-walls with it from baseboard to cornice-line. Dutch windows and a Dutch fireplace seem to us essential in a Dutch room. Your letter gives us no clew to the fireplace, but we imagine that you have the windows. These windows are small, with leaded panes, and open on hinges. They usually form a continuous line on one side of the room and are set so high in the wall that curtains are unnecessary. In old Dutch houses there was a valance extending over the top of the windows, and this valance was repeated on a shelf placed across the chimney-breast. In a modern Dutch room the valance is not an addition, certainly not on the chimney. The shelf below the windows where the *goede vrouw* placed her tulip-pots in a precise row is a picturesque touch that should not be overlooked. Pots of tulips are not always obtainable, but there are many other stiffly growing plants that will impart the Dutch flavor. The plant-shelf could be continued between the windows and doors and serve as a convenient place for blue china and pewter. We would wish that the old blue might be Delft and the pewter the real Dutch article. Old English china, no matter how attractive, is hardly in line in such a room.

To Stain "Weathered Oak"

Will THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL kindly tell an amateur wood-worker how to wax-finish hardwood furniture and suggest a combination of stain and filler that will resemble "weathered oak"? H. M. S.

We regret that we are unable to give you a formula for the stain called "weathered oak." Furniture men, if they know the secret, will not divulge it, and cabinet-makers and men who "do over" old furniture will give only hazy directions. A strong solution of potash will give oak a dull gray look, and we have seen several tables treated in this manner that were fairly successful. But the surface of the wood lacks life and could not compare favorably with the finish displayed in the professionally made articles. We have always been an advocate of strong, simple shapes in oak, stained outside of the shop if they could not be procured as desired from the shopkeeper. But of late excellent designs have appeared on the market, stained Flemish, Belgian, and "weathered," and as they are reasonable in price, we recommend them to the amateur woodworker.

In Oliver Coleman's book, "Successful Houses," there is a chapter devoted to the treatment of floors that will help you about hardwood furniture, as much of the advice regarding stains and filling applies in a general way to your especial need.

Colors for the Main Floor

I would like a few general suggestions for my parlor floor. The house is a new one in the country and has light color hardwood floors. The three rooms are separated only by square

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

arches. The living-room has green paint for the bookcase, window-seat, and all trim. It has rafters showing in ceiling and a huge stone fireplace extending to the ceiling. I have an old-fashioned cherry bookcase and a large old-fashioned settle, a mahogany center-table, very old, and two modern green wicker chairs. The rest of the furniture is old mahogany. The window-curtains are of fish-net. Can you give me suggestions for the color of carpet, seat-cushion, bookcase-hangings, and pillows? The wall has a rough finish of very soft gray. I am at a loss about portières.

I had thought of golden brown for carpet and seat-cushion in the parlor and rose-color for the hangings, with soft gray walls, but did not know what colors to choose for the other rooms.

E. C.

The bits of painted wood that you inclose suggest to us the following color scheme: For the hall a yellow paper in colonial stripe, or a paper with a large design in two shades of yellow; for the dining-room a green burlap or cartridge-paper, and for the parlor a golden brown stain rubbed into the rough plaster, unless the walls are sufficiently warm in color to be left as they are now. With the pale olive woodwork a warm tan gray would be charming. The August number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL for 1900 contains a description of a hall with conditions much like your own. The article is in the "Successful House" series, and may give you some valuable ideas. Portières of green velour would harmonize with all three of the rooms. Golden brown and rose-color do not combine well. Golden brown and green would be effective in your parlor, and could be used in pillows, seat-cushions, etc. A little yellow would be attractive here, also.

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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

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TO

VOLUME X

June—November

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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

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For Mr. C. W. Krueger. R. C. Spencer, Jr., Architect

Shown at the Exhibition of the Chicago Architectural Club

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The House Beautiful

THE AMERICAN AUTHORITY ON HOUSEHOLD ART

VOLUME TEN
NUMBER ONE

JUNE, 1901

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A SUMMER HOUSE IN WISCONSIN

BY ELMER GREY

THE conditions imposed in the planning of the summer home and the stable of Mr. William Mariner, at Fox Point, presented a problem very different from that of Gheenwood, the house described in the November number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. The two properties adjoin, and both present a side toward Lake Michigan, but in the case of Mr. Mariner a thick copse of wood intercepts the view of the lake toward the southeast, which was an important consideration in the planning of Gheenwood, while toward the northeast there is a comparative absence of trees, an exceptionally fine outlook over the lake and the surrounding country, and a deep ravine of much interest and beauty. That there might be ample space for enjoying this outlook, and also that that portion of the grounds to be used as a lawn might adjoin the ravine, the house was placed toward the south end of the property, and was planned so that the living-rooms, the verandas, and all but one of the bedrooms of the second floor would face the north or the east, the kitchen and servants' wing would extend toward the south, and the principal entrance, the main stairway, and bathrooms would face the west, on which side the outlook, although pleasant, is not as fine as that toward the lake.

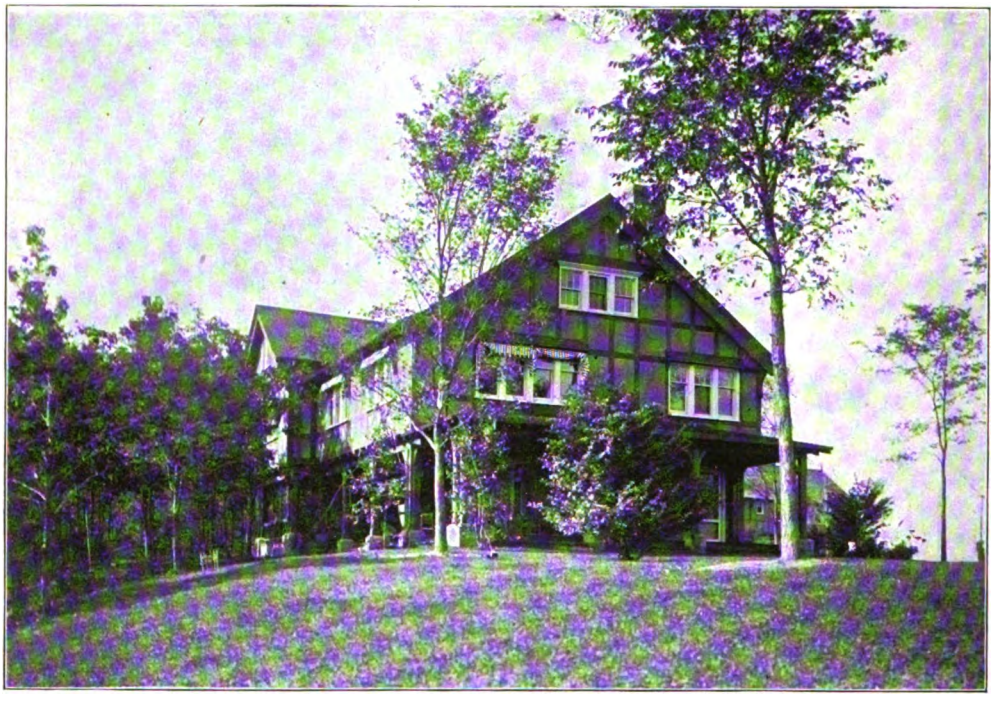


THE HOUSE AND STABLE, FROM THE WEST

And because the ravine and the best lake view were toward the north and east of the property, the stable was located well toward the south and as far west as the boundary of the grounds permitted.

In starting to plan the house it at once became apparent that the space which would be required for sleeping apart-

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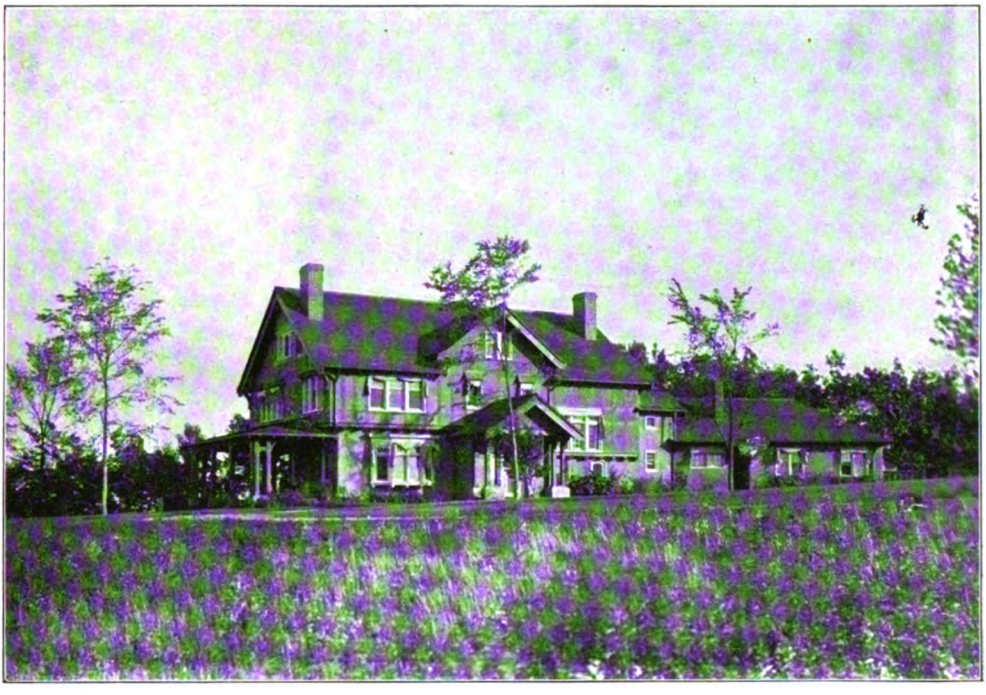


THE MARINER HOUSE AT FOX POINT

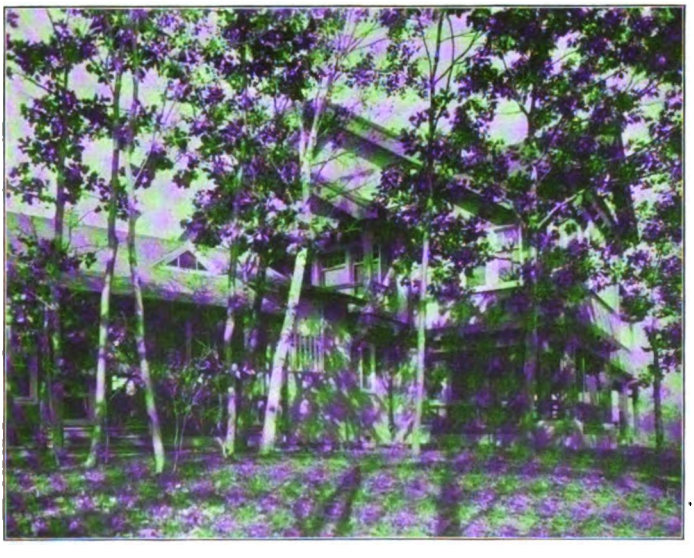
ments in the second story was far in excess of that necessary for the living and dining rooms of the first floor. But by making the veranda on the lake side of the house unusually wide, the required space in the second story was obtained by building bedrooms out over it. It was also seen that a method of roofing would be necessary in the external design which would not encroach upon the outer walls of the second story as does a gambrel, and which would adapt itself in appearance to a span of unusual width. To this end an ordinary gable roof of comparatively low pitch was adopted.

By projecting the outer walls of the second story eighteen inches beyond the walls of the story below, additional space was secured for the second-story bedrooms, while such arrangement at the same time contributed desirably to the appearance of the exterior. On account of the fine view of the lake at the north of the house, a veranda was added at that end as well. That part of the second story between the main portion of the building and the servants' wing, and the roof of which is intermediate in height with the roofs of the other two portions, was occasioned by very practical considerations. On its west side it provides room for a large linen-closet which opens off of the second-story main-stair platform; it also supplies head-room for the servants' stair to the second story, and on its east side it permits of the introduction of a balcony, which for several reasons was considered very necessary. That it contributes to the success of the exterior will, I think, be admitted. The low outside door beneath the main stairway allows an attendant to reach the basement directly from outside. The half-timbering of the second story was adopted as a decora-

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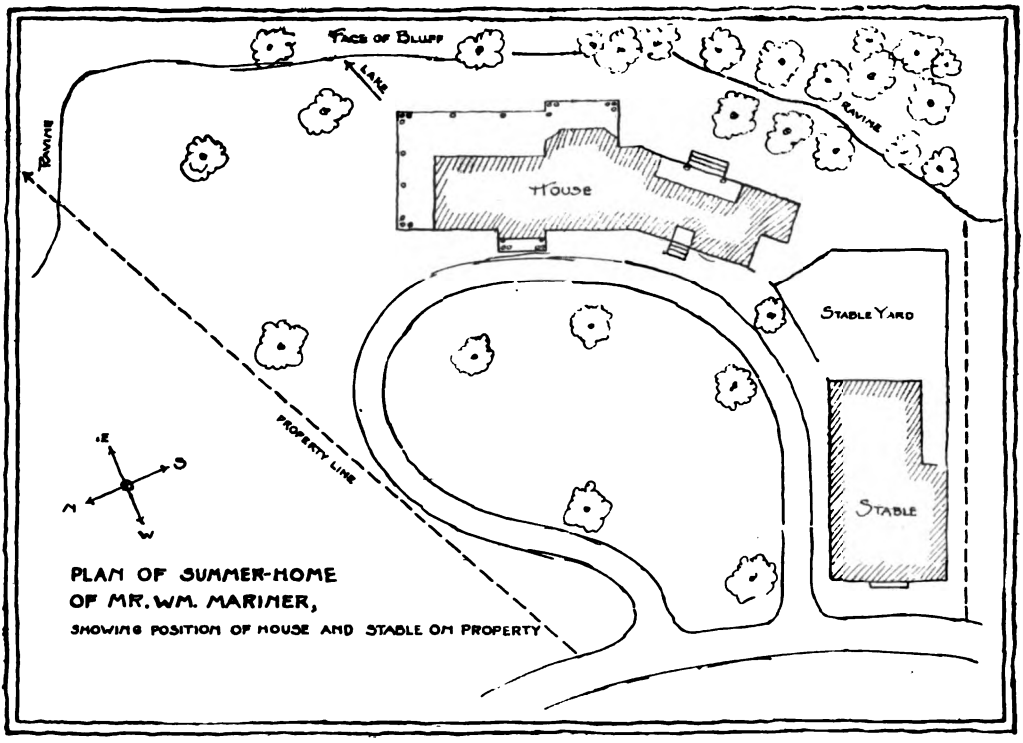
THE HOUSE FROM THE NORTHWEST, SHOWING THE KITCHEN WING, THE PORTE-COCHÈRE, AND THE ROADWAY



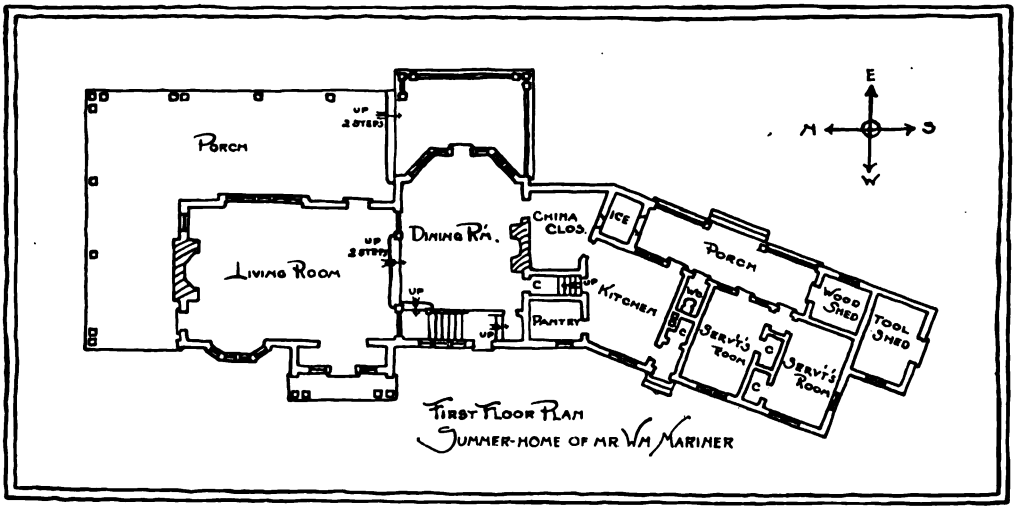
FROM THE SOUTHEAST. SUNLIGHT AND SHADOWS

tive feature to relieve what would otherwise have been, along with the walls of the first story, too much surface of plain plaster for sustained interest; if it lends a suggestion of foreign style to the building, it does so through no conscious intent of its architect. It will be noticed that the angle at which the servants' wing is placed with regard to the main portion of the house conforms to the shape of the bluff and to the driveway. A fence joining this wing with the stable and inclos-

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PLAN OF SUMMER-HOME
OF MR. WM. MARINER,
SHOWING POSITION OF HOUSE AND STABLE ON PROPERTY



FIRST FLOOR PLAN
SUMMER-HOME OF MR WM MARINER

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ing a stable-yard was thought to add unity to the composition of the two buildings.

On the inside of the house the dining-room and the servants' wing are, as at Gheenwood, raised a few steps above the level of the living-room and verandas, or we might say that here the living-room and the verandas have been lowered; for the ground upon which the house is built falls away rapidly toward the north, and the living-room and verandas by being lower than the rest of the house are thus brought more nearly on a level with the lawn. It might be questioned whether this circumstance alone warranted the adoption of a change in floor-levels; but in a summer home, where much time is spent out of doors, there is manifestly more passing to and from the verandas and lawn than there is in going back and forth from the dining to the living room, so that the sloping lawn outside would seem to justify a corresponding variation in floor-levels inside. Moreover, the raised floor of the dining-room is here carried out into an adjoining portion of the veranda which is screened off as an out-of-door breakfast-room, and the elevation of this latter above the rest of the veranda and above the lawn outside manifestly contributes to its attractiveness.



THE MAIN VERANDA



LOOKING INTO THE DINING-ROOM

I have traced the connection between the practical conditions imposed in the planning of this house and the principal features of its design in order to illustrate how the design of a building may and should be largely the natural result of the utilitarian requirements of its problem. The owner in this case did not say: I want a colonial house, or I want an English timbered

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THE WINDOWS OF A BEDROOM

house, or I want some other kind of a house some one else has had; he did say, in substance: Here is the size and the shape of my property; these are the number and the approximate size of the apartments I shall need. Reconcile them one with another in a practical manner and make the house attractive in appearance. The result secured by this method and in this case may or may not meet with the reader's entire approval—it certainly does not realize all the hopes of its designer; but if more house-builders would approach their architects in this simple, rational manner, though we would not necessarily secure more of beauty in our homes, we certainly would obtain greater harmony between houses and the lives of the people who occupy them.



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THE AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPER IN ITALIAN KITCHENS

BY HELEN CAMPBELL

THAT Italy has any kitchen remaining might easily be questioned, since Italy would seem to have poured itself into America, every city in the Union owning its Italian colony, a hundred thousand and more in New York alone. America in the mean time pours herself into Italy, but with very different intention, the finding of kitchens no part of it. "Cook's tourists" tickets and conventional routes do not offer this inducement, or even give a shadow of opportunity. Those who really discover them must adopt other methods. Stray college students, who want to make their Italian practical, go over at intervals for a year's tramp and real life with the real people, and they can tell us what cheer is to be found in the kitchen as the past presents it, and as the present has adapted it to modern conditions. But the majority of Americans who settle abroad—the art lovers and students in Rome or Florence whose years go by as a dream, and whose own place in their own country is little more than dream—know the galleries, but not the people. Now and again one who has settled down in the country comes into definite relations with them; perhaps wrestles with the facts of the primitive Italian kitchen. Till then its existence has been doubted.

In the mean time, that there is much to eat is certain. Along the canals of Venice, for instance, where all the world seems eating great sections of roasted pumpkin or savory fried fish fresh from the hot oil, or if reckless, taking their chances with the enormous iron pots into which they peer vainly seeking sight of what they would have, and spearing it out at last, as Sancho did at the fair, the long fork bringing up mysteries that may be flesh or fowl or fish, but are not to be recognized as under either head. What difference as long as the *soldi* give full return?

Italy is forever a name to conjure with. It is a dream into which one falls, remembering no longer anything but shining sea and blue sky, hillsides thick with vines, and dusty olives with branches gnarled and twisted like old New England apple-trees. Under them at noontime one sees the peasants, in the north serious and preoccupied, with none of the mere placid animal contentment that is found on the German countenance. But the sweet Italian smile comes quickly, and one accepts that as the expression of the people, and forgets almost that they eat, so abstinent are they. The bit of black bread may be washed down by a flask of thin sour wine, but macaroni is a luxury; and that there is ever an actual dinner in any American or English sense is quite problematical.

THE MYSTERIOUS KITCHEN

This is for the casual traveler in beaten tracks. But if the way lies off regular lines, and the night is spent in little villages, there are still kitchéns after the old order, and the astonished American gazes in wonder as to where the appetite has gone that once demanded them. The fireplace is invisible for the smoke, great clouds of which rise from the fire built on a stone platform three or four feet high, big enough to roast an ox if need be. About this platform the family gathers in chilly autumn evenings, for it is the only spot where the suggestion of warmth is to be had. To cook by it is the last thing that occurs to the owners; but the hungry traveler knows that it is used for that purpose, that chicken is the one certainty in an Italian village, and so orders that and watches the process of cookery with gravest doubts as to which will soonest be served, the roasting cook gathering together fresh coals for the process, or the reluctantly browning bird. Some-

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times a real dinner is evolved, such a dinner as Dickens described long ago:

"There is something with a vegetable or some rice in it, which is a sort of short-hand or arbitrary character for soup, and which tastes very well when you have flavored it with plenty of grated cheese, lots of salt, and abundance of pepper. There is the half fowl of which this soup was made. There is a stewed pigeon, with the gizzards and livers of himself and other birds stuck around him. There is a bit of roast beef the size of a small French roll. There are a scrap of Parmesan cheese and five little withered apples, all huddled together on one small plate and crowding one upon another, as if each were trying to save itself from the chance of being eaten. Then there is coffee, and then there is bed."

AN ITALIAN DINNER

This dinner is what the Italian cook thought the Englishman wanted and so did his best to supply. But in just such a village and on just such a stone table a woman gave, in a day not so long ago, a dinner after the Italian conception of food for a traveler who wanted the thing the country could naturally give. This meant a cabbage soup, in which part of the cabbage was served as salad with white wine vinegar and the purest and sweetest of olive oil. The other half, chopped very fine, thickened a soup in which rice and grated cheese were found. Pigs' kidneys with little dice of salt pork delicately fried; a pair of boiled chickens with a sauce, and from the central pot on the table a great stew in an enormous platter; bits of meat of all varieties, potatoes, garlic, truffles, little dumplings, and much seasoning. Following this came fruit, cheese, and coffee, all very good, but not a vegetable of any sort save the cabbage and those in the stew. And the cook beamed with delight at the approval of the strangers, who in shaky Italian complimented the national dishes, and hoped for more. The next day, a storm-stayed one, gave more: delicious minestra, risotto, and macaroni in two of the several forms in use. And some singularly ferocious-looking but mild-mannered men ordered a dish found also in Venice, the clotted blood of poultry of any order fried in slices with onions, with *squasetto*, a thick broth made of entrails and scraps even the sausage-maker disdains, and heavy with garlic.

THE ABSTINENCE OF THE PEOPLE

The investigating traveler who stays long enough to really see the people is apt to decide that Italy is a land where everybody cooks and nobody eats; that is, abstinence is the universal habit, the apparent profusion to the contrary notwithstanding. According to the season are the dainties heaped in every cook-shop window; piles of crullers fried in oil there all the year round. For carnival, whipped cream; for St. Martin's and St. Mark's days, regiments of gingerbread warriors; *mandorlato*, a candy of honey thick with almonds, for Christmas, and a singular comfiture, a thick conserve of fruits hot and stinging with mustard. The fruit-stalls offer not only fresh fruit, but roast apples and pumpkin, chestnuts, and boiled beans. Naturally, then, with all these facilities, little cooking is done at home and this accounts in part for the ancient methods in home kitchens. When the *trattoria* furnishes an excellent dinner of five courses for three persons at a cost of from eighty cents to a dollar, why should fires burn on the great stone table doing duty as stove? Fuel is excessively high. Home cooking also is pervaded, or apt to be, with the smoke which from the beginning has always been synonymous with the Italian chimney. Moreover, the Italian does not love fire. When frost comes he falls back on what would seem to be the forerunner of our grandmothers' footstoves —a copper holder for hot ashes.

The kitchens are all arranged much after the French fashion, save that the stone table which, with its various openings for charcoal, is larger and heavier. The general effect is much more cheerful; more light, more space, and thus

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much greater sense of possibilities. For the Italian housekeeper, as for the French, life has few of the perplexities that confront the American housekeeper. All baking is done outside; but both Rome and Florence furnish delightful graham bread and rolls, better than anything the American baker has ever imagined.

Now and then one finds an apartment fitted with an English or American range. But the Italian cook does better with the old established methods made smooth by the wear of centuries. Roasting is accomplished by spits, but braising is preferred, since it compels tenderness from the rather obdurate beef and skinny poultry. A "salamander" filled with hot coals secures the right shade of brown, and a red-hot shovel can take its place. The housekeeper's day is much like that of the Frenchwoman. The cook usually knows the family tastes, does the marketing, and holds shrill debate with marketwomen and with mistress, a debate that seems prelude to blows, but ends in a laugh. Now and then the mistress makes some delicate sweet learned in the convent, but like the French, the people eat few sweets, preferring fruit and cheese for dessert. Often mistress and maid go to market together, pausing for a few minutes' devotion in the favorite church, and passing on to the wild battle which the market implies. There are shrieks of rage, the prelude apparently of instant destruction for everybody. Arms fly, passionate rushes are made and stop just short of annihilation, and madness rules. And suddenly it is all over, and all part the best of friends, to begin again to-morrow and all coming to-morrows.

Storerooms, then, save for the remote country, are unnecessary, and even there the countryside is relied upon to provide what is needed. If it does not, there is so much more opportunity for scolding, the habit of Italian housekeepers, and meaning no more than the vociferous method of marketing. To this the American cannot conform, nor is surprise at the tempest of words ever dulled by long custom.

AN OLD ROMAN KITCHEN

It was a Roman kitchen of the old order in which all this was learned; a kitchen from the great window of which one looked down to a garden where orange-trees grew and nightingales sang all the night long. American housekeeping was dropped joyfully. Angelo ruled, cook, waiter, major-domo in general, and caring for two wandering Americans as if they had been his own kin. It had been insisted by various American dwellers in Italy that Italian servants were dishonest, thriftless, totally untrustworthy, but never was there the faintest evidence in favor of these assertions. On the contrary, Angelo and others, as the place of abiding changed, cared for the little purse as if it had been their own, the faces lighting always at any recognition and falling if there was fear that satisfaction had not been given. They all love a bargain, it is true; they take advantage where they can in market and shop, but with plain understanding that this is the custom, and with keenest joy in the daily conflict.

The French kitchen has many compensations. Its methods mean more ease at every turn for burdened housekeepers. But the Italian kitchen has a fuller flavor of humanity, a heartiness of service, and a happiness that lingers in the memory, and that one would fain transport, if might be, to this "most distressed country that ever one has seen," so far as any comprehension of the domestic service problem is concerned. Precisely as the American municipality refuses to profit by the methods proved best by the European city, so does the American housekeeper deny that any ways but the old ways can be applicable to the American home. But in spite of her the world moves on, and in time we may even begin to believe that the cook-stove and the washtub do not necessarily constitute the home, and that even the public cook-shop is not the disintegrator of all home ties and obligations.

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THE OLD CAMBRIDGE CURIOSITY-SHOP

BY ABBOT McCLURE

THE desire of to-day to own a piece of old furniture, china, brass, pewter, and in fact anything antique, has caused many a vigorous search in attic and cellar for something that for years has lain covered with dust and netted with cobwebs.

Some of these searches will furnish great surprises; while on the other hand one will descend the attic stair empty-handed and heavy at heart on remembering that the few old pieces of furniture and good old china were disposed of many years ago for a mere trifle. Luckily, however, there are curiosity-shops where the unfortunate whose attic no longer contains the old articles may go to purchase them, but not with that pleasant feeling that these once belonged to your own grandmother.

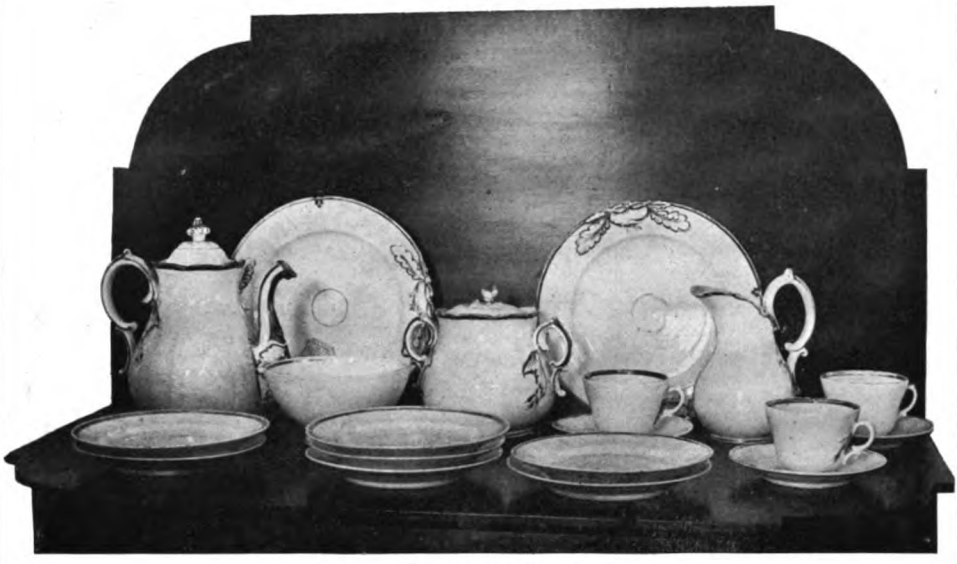
I have made no vigorous search in attic or cellar for old articles, but being very much interested in such things, I did spend some time in an old curiosity-shop in Cambridge, where I found many delightful old pieces, some of which I have photographed for this article.

Your attention is attracted by the windows filled with numerous odd pieces and by a sign over the door that reads, "The Old Curiosity-Shop, Antiques, Books, and Bric-à-Brac." Once inside the shop, your time is taken up in looking at the many attractive things that are in glass cases, on high wall-shelves, and on old pieces of furniture, and in any safe place out of harm's way. From the door two long aisles run the entire length of the shop. On either side of these aisles stand pieces of mahogany furniture, round tables covered with old china and glass, desks holding on their narrow tops quaint bits of pewter and old brass candlesticks, hautboys with fine brass knobs, cabinets holding on their shelves rare old pieces of china too



AN OLD MAHOGANY TABLE HOLDING A COLLECTION OF GLASS

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AN OLD ENGLISH TEA-SET



LOWESTOFT, OLD BRISTOL, AND ENGLISH LUSTER

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OLD CHINA

valuable to be allowed outside the leaded panes.

It is very interesting to visit a curio-shop, and still more so when you can open all the cases and examine the fine old pieces of china, glass, pewter, and brass. After looking about, I decided to make a collection of glass, and with all the joy of an abandoned connoisseur I discovered and grouped some rare old pieces. They are reproduced herewith, and the center-piece is a set of cut-glass wine-decanters standing in a base of Sheffield silver. On the right stand two sperm-oil lamps; the one in front still having the two wick-snuffers in place. Between the lamps and in front are very heavy concave wine-glasses. In front of the wine-cruet is a wine-glass known as the "White Twist." These glasses, three in number, are very old, the date not known. The other pieces comprise five wine-decanters, two sperm-oil hand lamps, a heavily cut fruit-dish, a glass candlestick, and a third sperm-oil lamp of an old design.

An old English tea-set of nineteen pieces was next photographed. The set is white with decorations of gold, and is said to be seventy-five years old. The table is a Chippendale.

The next thing that interested this fickle collector was some old china—a large blue Oxford platter with a picture of the old printing-house upon it, at least a hundred years old; two plates, the one at the left being called the Lafayette, the other the Buenos Ayres; an old English tureen of blue china, a Liverpool pitcher with sailor-boy and girl pictured upon it. The cup at the left without the saucer is of old Spode. Beside it are a cup and saucer of English ware from Bristol. The next cup and saucer are black-and-white English ware. The cup without the saucer is one called the leaf design—this piece is very ancient; the other cup and saucer are of English make, in white with gold figure. The other pieces, namely, an old English teapot and sugar-bowl, a serpent pitcher, and an old brown glass flask with the head of Washington on one side and that of Jackson on the other, are very interesting pieces, and are at present in good condition, notwithstanding their age.

Following this collection is one of odd pieces of china. It comprises a blue china platter, old Lowestoft tureen and platter, an old bowl and pitcher from the Governor Hancock house, old Bristol

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teapot, and two pieces of English luster. All the pieces in this collection are over a hundred years old, some a hundred and fifty. After carefully replacing the articles, I left the shop, anxious to develop the plates and see if my morning's work had been satisfactory. I will leave the readers of this article to judge for themselves, and I trust that the photographs will be of interest to those who do not have a chance to visit an "old curiosity-shop." Some day I shall take them there again and show them some pieces of brass and pewter and old Sheffield.

The Finest Building in the World

A recent number of the Strand Magazine contained an article, entitled, "Which is the Finest Building in the World?" The writer, Mr. Frederick Dolman, after interviewing several leading architects, has set down their various opinions in a clever, interesting paper, and the ideas he has obtained are of special interest. Professor Aitchison selected the Pantheon at Rome and gave good reason for his choice. "In architecture, as in literature," he says, "the art should never be visible. . . . So it is with the Pantheon—it produces an impression of perfect symmetry, but no effort on the part of the architect can be seen to produce this effect." Mr. Alfred Waterhouse could not come to any definite decision, even after a few days' consideration, but displayed a slight preference for St. Mark's at Venice. Mr. Phene Spiers had no difficulty in selecting the Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople, and Mr. William Emerson reserved his chief admiration for the Taj Mahal, Agra, India. Mr. Norman Shaw has previously expressed his fondness for St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and so his decision in favor of this noble structure will not surprise his brother architects. More interesting is Mr. John Belcher's choice of Greenwich Hospital, for we think most architects forget this fine building on the Thames side in considering questions of this sort. As Mr. Norman Shaw remarks: "I don't see why one should not prefer a building in one's own country, if this is possible." Mr. T. E. Collcutt finds his ideal in St. Paul's Cathedral, a decision which will cause some surprise. Mr. Thomas Blashill suggests Chartres Cathedral, and Mr. Walter Emden, with the Brussels Palais de Justice and Michael Angelo's Chapel at Florence in his mind, finally plumps for the latter. The results are interesting, if only to show in one or two cases how far the architect's real and suspected ideals lie apart; also the wide difference of opinion existing among our leading architects as to the finest monuments of architectural skill in the world.

The Requisites of a Bedroom

The bedroom, though primarily a place where one may get refreshing sleep—"sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care"—is also a place to dream in, by day as well as by night; a place to rest in when one has an hour of leisure; a place, in short, sacred to one's self, where one may go, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Its requisites, therefore, are comfort, says the Woman's Home Companion, a restful atmosphere, and such beauty as may be. Very handsome or elaborate furniture would seem out of place in a bedroom, and in no room are inharmonious combinations more unbearable. The most successful bedrooms are often found in unpretentious homes, because there simplicity and taste must be used instead of expense. The Japanese believe in banishing from the bedroom everything which is not really necessary to comfort. All things useful they make as decorative as possible, but for mere ornaments nothing is added, unless it be a vase containing flowers arranged as only the Japanese can do. Their custom will bear consideration by the housewife of our western world, for by this method the utmost neatness, simplicity, and repose are possible. Add beauty and daintiness, and little else is left to be desired. Bedrooms so appointed may be easily kept in order and free from dust, that foe to comfort and health.

Bathroom Furniture

Bathrooms, curiously enough, are apt to be better in apartments than in houses. This may be because apartments are newer and the health board more vigilant than in other days. At any rate, says a writer in Harper's Bazar, if you leave out of consideration large and important new houses, you will find that the best showing is made in apartment bathrooms. The newest of them always have the tiled floors and dados, with the porcelain tubs, the closed plumbing being confined to old apartments. It might seem, then, at first, that almost nothing was left you as a tenant to do, but in reality there are ever so many opportunities for the giving of distinctive touches. The color of your rug, for instance, must be considered, and, again, of your curtains, and still again of your walls, and last, but by no means least, there are the color and quality of your basin and pitcher, since, most unhappily, all bathrooms are not furnished with stationary basins. When, therefore, it is necessary to introduce a basin and pitcher, the problem is not always an easy one. It is sometimes met by a board which is placed across the tub, and on which the basin and pitcher are placed. If the tub happens to be an old one encased in walnut, this board can be treated with a walnut stain, but if the tub be white, it should also be painted white. Give it first one coat of ordinary paint, to be followed by another coat of bath enamel, which is not injured by hot water.

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Making Window Gardens

Cornelia and I are keeping a flat. The masculine intellect that is nominally and legally the head of the house is at present cerebrating in New York, and we are left to our own devices. Deep in Cornelia's soul is planted a love of vegetation. She likes to see everything grow except bills. Never before having occupied a flat, we have always had a bit of ground at our disposal, but there is no lawn and no back yard which rightfully belong to a third flat. The trouble began in January, when an evilly disposed firm sent us a floral catalogue. Cornelia studied the catalogue and inwardly wept because the prospects were so doubtful. "Why not have window boxes?" I asked, and she cheered up amazingly.

We have nine outside windows and a back porch. Out of sheer altruism we decided not to have a box in the court. We have a hanging basket in the hall, under the skylight, fastened by a long hook. The Medicine Man affects to consider it insecure and dodges in a most insulting manner every time he ascends or descends the stairs, but no such objection could be urged against the window boxes.

Promptness is one of our besetting sins, so we made out our list immediately. We would have only the things which grow easily and bloom freely. Nasturtiums, of course, headed the list. I wanted violets, and put down two packages of seed, one purple and one white, besides half a dozen violet plants. Cornelia admitted that a window box of violets in full bloom would be a refreshing sight. Sweet alyssum and lobelia were known to do well in window boxes, also verbena and mignonette, so we put down a packet of each. Of course we had to have vines, so cypress-vine seed and baloon-vine seed were promptly listed. We had never seen any, and the names sounded well. Then we planned to put an ivy in one end of a box and let it beautify the wall of the next house. I decided to have a Chinese matrimony vine on the back porch—not that I had ever seen any, but it promised well for the purpose and distinctly encouraging.

LAVENDER, RUE AND ROSEMARY

We had almost forgotten the pansies, so we put down a paper of the giant variety, which cost 50 cents, to atone for the slight. I wanted lavender and rue and rosemary, being addicted to the use of the metaphors in my various writings and never having seen the plants. We thought calliopsis would be pretty on the back porch, and we ordered some; also three or four varieties of poppies. Cornelia had to have morning glories—not the common kind, either. One section of the porch was to be covered with vines, so I ordered on ounce of gourd seed and a paper of hop seed. We already had plenty of wild cucumbers and scarlet runners, for Cornelia can avoid acquiring flower seed no more than a squirrel can pass a hazel-nut. When finally I was allowed to look at the catalogue I saw an alluring announcement of a "wild garden," so that went down, along with scarlet flax and a "Swan River daisy." These plants also are strangers I am anxious to meet.

Then we added. Mathematics not being our strong point, we did it twice. Next we looked at each other, for the result was something over $4. But we are nothing if not "game," so we put a check in and sent the order.

In due time the package came—nearly a pound of flower seeds. The postman regarded me with poorly concealed curiosity, so I told him it was the seed for our window boxes and he seemed pleased indeed. Some friends came in from the country and we displayed our treasures. They asked where our summer home was. We said it was here—three blocks from the lake. They inquired where the farm was and where the seeds were to be planted. Finally we made them comprehend that we were to have window boxes. They said we should have had some of the dwarf sweet peas that do so well in boxes and a Japanese climbing cucumber on the back porch. After they went away we ordered the sweet peas and the climbing cucumber, which also come promptly.

THE PROBLEM OF BOXES

Spring came on apace and it was time to do something about the boxes. We had several large packing boxes, which could be cut in two. The janitor offered to do it for a reasonable sum, so the contract was let. Janitors certainly do not belong to the fast set. Our dusky attendant was worried about those porch boxes every day for many a weary week. We followed him to his lair and argued with him. Every time he said: "Yes'm, I gwine make dem window boxes right away. Yes'm. Dem boxes be ready all right." The grocery boy, who is a cherub as to looks and an angel as to disposition, began bringing us boxes from the store. Once he borrowed the janitor's saw, took off his coat and nobly cut boxes in two for us until it was time for him to go. We thanked him effusively, promised him perpetual boutonnieres and gave him half of a pie.

I had discovered that the boxes for the front windows could be bought ready-made, so our minds were easy on that score. The janitor came up and assessed us for paint. The woman in the second flat told him the boxes were too large, so he took them apart and did them over. The wife of the violinist in the opposite third flat was promised flower-seeds and gave up the thought of moving.

COMPLICATED PREPARATIONS

One afternoon there was a rumble on the back porch and Cornelia and I tore madly through the flat. The dusky son of Africa was transporting the boxes from the basement to their destination. The same afternoon they were put in place outside the railing on the ledge, heavily braced and securely nailed. The

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architect of our fortunes had to do a human-serpent act over the railing to get them into position, but it was not our brains that were being addled. The small boys in the second flat south came up and offered to fill the boxes with good soil at reasonable rates. That contract was let immediately, and the good work went on. The father of the small boys also came up and helped carry dirt. He wondered if the boxes were securely placed, and the smallest of the small boys piped up, cheerily: "Oh, yes; they're strong! I got into that big one and tramped the dirt down good and hard!" Three people turned white—thinking of a three-story fall.

When the fifteen boxes were in place the Medicine Man happened in, and with fear and trembling was escorted to the back porch. He shook his head sadly, said something under his breath and refused to express an opinion. The people who said they had window boxes ready-made were mistaken. There was nothing to be done but to employ a carpenter to make the other four.

FINDING THE CARPENTERS.

I visited a real estate office, a drug store, a news stand, a general housefurnishing store and the shops of three carpenters. Carpenters usually are out. So I went to a drug store, borrowed the directory, took the name and address of every carpenter within a radius of two miles of our flat, bought a supply of postal cards and invited estimates from each man. I had twenty-four carpenters and one florist figuring on the four boxes. Two others were written to, but the Irish setter, who is the delight of the family, insisted on carrying the mail as far as the letter box, and in a disturbance with another dog two cards were lost. The amalgamated association of carpenters replied promptly. Some wrote cards, others wrote letters, and so many came that I took to spending my days at the library and left the carpenters to Cornelia. When the returns were in we found that the estimates ranged from $2.80 to $7.35.

We let the contract to a man who bid $3 and worried him till they were done and in position. The small boys filled them with dirt the same day, and our souls were at peace.

We have planted all our seeds, and have given some to the neighbors, and the mania has spread through the building. No grocery boy dares to approach without an extra box. The father of the small boys will have a water lily tank on his back porch. The wife of the violinist planted half a paper of mignonette in a space two inches square. Cornelia says I am just as bad because I planted an ounce of gourd seed in a line twelve feet long. Cornelia has begun to water the seeds and there is a dark streak down the imposing gray stone front of our building.

M. R.

Window Boxes.

American visitors are always impressed by the beauty of English and Scotch window gardens. In dingy old London nearly every window of the lodging-house district about the British Museum, Russell and Tavistock squares, and the similar region westward toward the Kensington Museum, boasts of a gay window box. It seems to be the pride of the landlady and one of her drawing cards to entice tourists into her dusty chambers. Unswept carpets and gray bed linen are forgotten, while the luxuriant geraniums, pansies, and golden calceolarias fringe the window.

It is curious how flowers thrive in London. While trees and shrubs wear a discouraged, grimy, mildewed appearance, the window boxes are gay and cleanly. Landladies devote more care to them than to many other domestic belongings. During a certain dry summer when we were in and out of London at intervals, it was observed that the geraniums kept up a never-ceasing supply of bloom. None withered or looked forlorn, as American geraniums make a practice of doing.

During the absence of the landlady an examination of the boxes showed that they were composed of many pots of flowers, the tops covered with moss. She afterward told us that it was customary for florists to make an annual charge for keeping Londoners supplied with fresh plants. As soon as one showed signs of withering it was removed. Every morning it was the duty of a maid to go over the boxes, dusting and watering and picking out the dead leaves. The price asked by the florist was ridiculously small when compared with the result. He had a daily route with his wagon, and many customers.

The flat-dweller must have a window box or nothing in the way of flowers. The chief thing is to know what to plant to bring the best display of flowers with the least expenditure of labor. It does not pay to start a window box which will be a source of worry the whole summer through.

Any carpenter in the neighborhood will fit wooden boxes to the window sill. Then consider the exposure, whether a windy east or south, a shaded north or a direct south or west, where the full force of the sun will strike. This fact has been proved by the bitter experiences of wasting money for several seasons on the front window boxes of a house on a street veering toward the northeast. The same trouble was found with a southeast window.

For the eastern window box potted plants are best. Buy strong, sturdy, scarlet geraniums from a reliable florist. Between these a few trailing ivies or myrtles chosen for their endurance should be planted to give grace to a probably stiff arrangement. Nasturtiums make a charming window garden, but the tender stems are easily bruised by the wind. If the position is sheltered a variety of plants

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may be tried. Massed color looks best for a long distance. The temptation is to plant a geranium, a clump of blue lobelia, some sweet alyssum, a cigar plant and mignonette. This gives pleasure to the gardener, but makes no showing down the street, and is not so decorative as a mass of scarlet geraniums.

When planting for the sole purpose of one's own pleasure, or to furnish a tiny bunch for the table, it is safe to indulge one's fancy and get all the possible enjoyment out of the window garden. Flat-dwellers have been known to plant Indian corn in a box with good results—juicy, roasting ears in season. It was beautifully ornamental, with its tassels waving in the wind. Another housewife planted potatoes in a tub, so she could see how they grew. Potatoes had always been a mystery to her.

Still another—and this is a true story—who found it quite confining to live in a third flat obtained permission from her landlady to plant morning glories and vines at the foot of the posts supporting the porches. Of course they climbed high in time, and she had the benefit of their blossoms, though feeling very much like Jack at the top of the beanstalk, for she did not know when an enemy might come and cut her vines at the roots. Her most ambitious attempt was the squash vine. The people of the second flat were not friendly. Fearing lest they would destroy it she kept it well stripped of leaves, until it crept through the railing to her staircase, where it was permitted to grow as it chose. Large blossoms of yellow lay on every step of the staircase, and in the fall her squashes were the pride of the family.

No window box will thrive without care. It must be kept clean and free from dried leaves, and well watered. Plants are live things, with habits very much like those of human beings. They also have queer little tricks and surprising ways. A close acquaintance places friendship on a firm footing, and if they have no power of speaking in words, they show appreciation by becoming successful bloomers or putting forth luxuriant foliage.

The little girl who wants a real old-fashioned grandmother garden should make up her mind to choose old-fashioned flowers. New-fashioned names are tempting, but the old blossoms are the best. Tall larkspur, foxglove, snapdragon, marigold, mourning brides, bachelor's buttons, petunias, phlox, asters, mignonette, and sweet alyssum, with those that the real grandmother remembers in her garden, will make a lovely place to gather bouquets in midsummer. Some of the coarser flowers, like coreopsis and zinnias, have no fragrance, but they are showy and bright in color.

As vigilance is the price of liberty, so it is the price of a garden. Slugs, cut worms and caterpillars are early risers. All sorts of tactics must be used to ward off the enemy. Watering and weeding and stirring around among the roots take up time profitably.

L. M. McC.

Queer Uses for Glass

Untold wealth and numberless lives have been spent in looking for the "Philosopher's Stone," the "Fountain of Youth," and means for transmuting base metals to gold. So, too, have fortunes, brains and lives been dissipated, turned and wasted in devising new uses for glass, says the Crockery and Glass Journal.

Some years ago it was proposed that houses should be built out of big square blocks of the metal. They were to be thick enough to prevent people on the outside from looking in. Windows would not be needed for light, though as means of ventilation and observation they might be employed. Perhaps the idea originated from the ice palaces in Canada. It has never been carried out, however, nor is it likely to be.

It was at one time thought that glass might be used for railroad ties, and a section was actually laid. Of course it was a failure. In 1853 or 1854, a mile of the Fitchburg railroad, running through Somerville, Mass., was laid with granite ties, but this material had to be abandoned because there was not "give" enough to it, and it made too much noise. The expense in this case did not count, because the railroad company had more money than they knew what to do with. According to their charter only a certain percentage could be paid to stockholders, the surplus going to the state; so they were willing to make any experiments looking to the improvement of the road, no matter how costly.

One of the latest projects is to use glass as a pavement for streets, and Paris is now experimenting in this direction. The material is pure glass, subjected to a process called devitrification. The result is a hard, smooth, opaque, non-porous substance which does not retain dampness or odors. It possesses remarkable resistance. The inventors say that it combines the solidity of granite with the smoothness of asphalt. It is not affected by heat or cold. It, however, is expensive, costing from nine to twelve francs per square metre. Another drawback is its extreme resonance. Nothing is said about its tendency to chip and sliver, and the consequent disastrous effect upon horses' feet and the rubber tires of automobiles.

It has been the dream of inventors for ages to make a malleable glass, and were this accomplished its uses would indeed be multiplied. In this wonder-working age of ours one hardly dares to say that malleable glass cannot be made, but the discovery would only prove of value to articles of a utilitarian nature. In the domain of art it would be a distinct loss, for who doubts that the fragility of a dainty piece of glassware is one of its chief charms?

Still, any new use to which the transparent metal may be put will be welcomed, although up to the present time few discoveries have been made that have added largely to its consumption.

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THE LIVING-ROOM

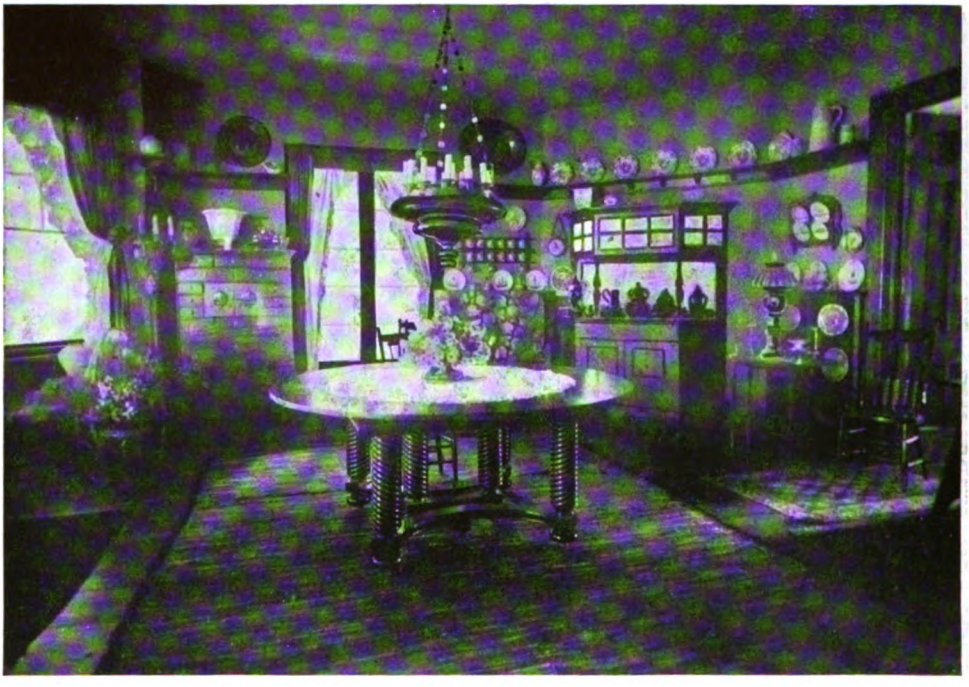
WALDFRIEDEN

BY JEANNETTE FRANKLIN

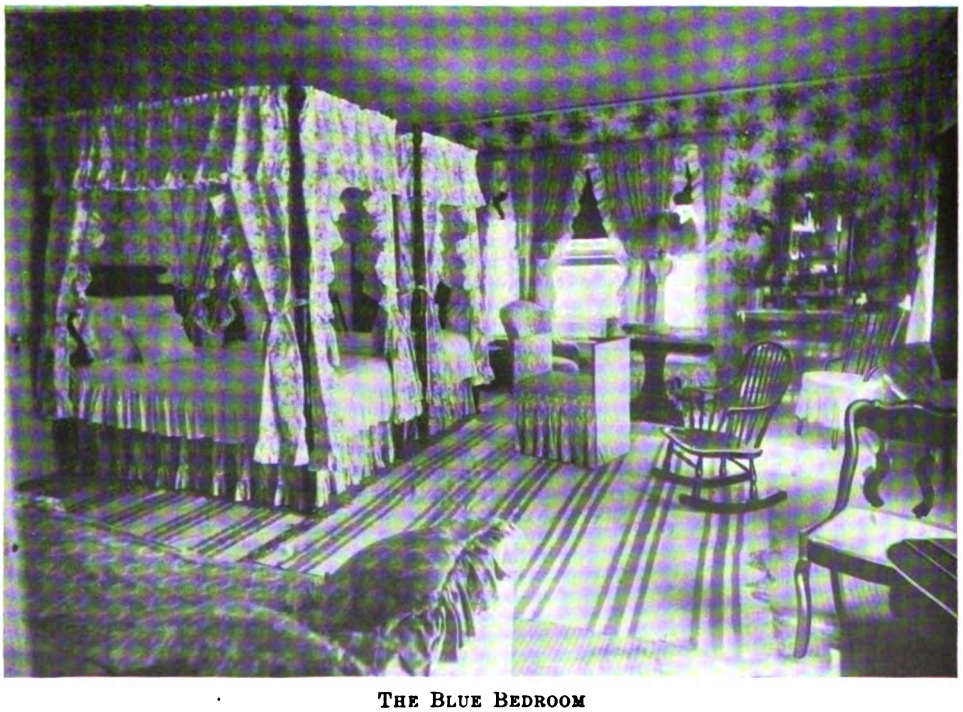
WALDFRIEDEN! What other name than this, given by Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Watson to their summer home on the north shore of Lake Michigan, would better express its character? Almost hidden by a luxuriant growth of natural northern forest-trees which seem to protect and shelter it, the ever-recurring impression is one of quiet and peace. Mr. W. Carbys Zimmerman, the architect, has done full justice to the natural conditions of these surroundings by adopting a very quiet, dignified style for the house. A broad veranda of proportions to form veritable outdoor rooms allows a wide view of the blue waters of the lake just below, and is the entrance-way for the hall.

This hall is the feature of the house. Some 25 by 30 feet in size, it is given additional spaciousness by an open gallery which, besides being ideal for summer-home purposes, brings the upper-story rooms and halls into desirable communication with those below. As the center of the house is the living-room, so is the fireplace the principal feature of the room. Broad enough to be fed by logs like those used by our forefathers, its fires suggest that comfort, quiet, and peace so characteristic of this house. The furnishing is most unusual, as every piece of furniture is interesting and worth studying, either for its age or history, or for the clever ingenuity displayed in putting to use ordinary things. Mrs. Watson has for years, with discriminating taste, collected furniture and fixtures from all parts of the world, and the house abounds in tables and chairs, pictures

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THE DINING-ROOM



THE BLUE BEDROOM

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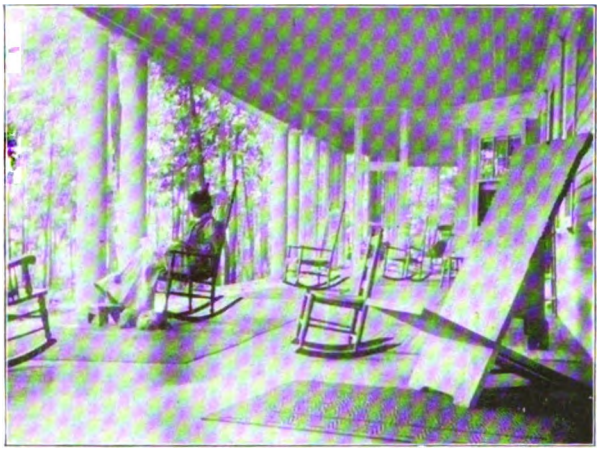


THE ROSE BEDROOM



END OF A BEDROOM

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ONE END OF THE PORCH

and vases, that are interesting for their historical associations or for the adventures connected with their acquisition.

Most original and attractive effects have been worked out in the bedrooms. The fabrics which form the wall-covering are also cleverly draped over furniture, and give a beauty and harmony of color which are quite exceptional. There are repoussé fire-wood boxes from Belgium, fire-dogs and swinging crane with kettle from Holland, clocks and lamps showing the artistic metal-work of the old Germans; and mirrors from Venice reflect countless pieces of choice furniture made in our old colonial days. Then again, an original idea has been carried out by grouping together on the wall three ordinary street newspaper-stands, which, enameled in white, form strange book and bric-à-brac shelves.

The dining-room contains many specimens of pottery that are remarkable for oddity, rarity, or beauty. The furniture in this room is in Flemish oak, the wainscoting being made of ordinary building-studs laid horizontally on plain boards. The candelabrum is ingeniously constructed out of an ancient baptismal basin, and sheds its candlelight upon a rare old carved round table. A wire-inclosed porch, shaded by shrubs and trees and overlooking a beautifully wooded ravine, forms the outdoor dining-room so desirable on many summer days. The veranda is of unusual width, and being therefore free from the influence of bad weather, has been generously furnished with special rugs, hanging-seats, light wicker chairs, and tables—all of interesting design. It becomes an open-air room which is more livable than those that are closed in—a refreshing refuge for warm days and moonlit nights.

Fortunate indeed is the one who, after toil, may find in the peace and quiet of Waldfrieden freedom from care and worry.

The Home of the Talleyrands

One of the most lovely chateaus in the world and one of the last of the great domains in France—it has some 9,000 acres—is about to be sold, says London Sketch. It is Valencay, belonging to the Talleyrand-Perigords. This historical seat has been in the family of Etampes for over three centuries. In its origin it was ceded by Francis I. to his favorite, Anne, Duchess d'Etampes. The lordship of Valencay was erected into a marquisate in favor of her inheritors, and the present chateau was built in the sixteenth century. Inherited by a feminine branch, the Montmorencys, it was bought by Talleyrand in 1805, and a marriage between the Talleyrands and the Montmorencys renewed the descendance. It was here that Napoleon quartered the Spanish princes. They say that American money may possibly acquire this historical and splendid domain. Not certainly Jay Gould's money, which, as is known by the Law Court reports, has been dissipated for years ahead in drawing-room bric-a-brac. Two other young men of the French aristocracy have recently married fortunes in the United States.

Moths do not like printer's ink, and there is no more secure way of disposing of the winter clothing than to pack it away in newspapers. The articles, whether woolen or fur, should be well beaten in the open air, to make sure that no egg is deposited already, then folded carefully and pasted closely in newspaper, so that there shall be no crack into which the insidious little insect may creep. By packing carefully in this way you will not need camphor, moth balls, pepper or tobacco or any of the moth preventives so frequently recommended.

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LUSTERED POTTERY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

BY A. W.

ALTHOUGH among the exhibits of pottery in the exhibition at Paris, lately closed, there were many things which it would be better to avoid than to imitate, there were also a few exhibits which were suggestive of possibilities in decoration. Among these was the lustered ware made in the south of France: not that it would be advisable to imitate the designs which had found favor with the manufacturers, for most of them were offensive to one's art feeling; but that the secret seems to have been found of the power of reproducing with absolute certainty splendid effects of color, such as are the delight of collectors of ancient glass, in many specimens of which the decomposition of the surface has produced rainbow hues of a strong metallic luster, examples of which may be seen in many museums. That the manufacture is perfectly under control is proved by many of the objects having been sold over and over again. Some of them had a list of as many as sixteen names of persons attached, to whom replicas were to be sent.

The most successful exhibit was that of Clement Massier, Golfe Juan Poterie, in which one saw beautiful lustered purples toning to red or blue, orange toning to yellow-green, or lakey-blue, and turquoise-blue toning to violet or yellow-green. The shapes were strange and quaint, and the glazes very often superb, but it was the lusters which seemed the most suggestive part of the exhibit. One pot was like a truncated pine-cone in shape, with a ground of gray-blue and turquoise. Upon this the sections were worked with ruby luster in the center and gray-green at top and bottom, with an effect of great splendor. On other pieces of pottery landscapes, flower-panels, and feathers were painted in different metallic lusters, with an evident certainty as to what the final effect would be; and in another exhibit from Arènes de Fréjus (Dominique Zumbo) patterns were worked in a similar manner in lusters of contrasting colors. On this stall were terra-cotta tiles, plates, vases, etc., decorated with lustered designs upon the dull ground. Delphine Massier, Vallauris, also showed some quite splendid metallic effects upon vases, and in the Austrian section were others of the same sort. There was also a wonderful wall of tiles with metallic lusters, the ground when seen sideways being a pale sea-green. Here butterflies disported themselves on the wall in one luster or another, becoming visible in different contrasts as one changed position. Joined to this was an upright pattern of peacocks' feathers and pine-cones, which appeared to be a kind of *champlevé* in clay (a process which some English manufacturers have also employed), the spaces sunk being filled with various fluxes, the colors of which ranged from dark blue to green-orange through greens, all being lustered. A dado was attached which had projecting moldings and a nondescript pattern in relief, but worked with the same beautiful lusters. These tiles were made by Janin Frères and Guérineau.

It is, of course, quite well known that we have potters who can occasionally, but without absolute certainty, produce beautiful lustered ware, though not of such great variety; but here were manufacturers who appeared to possess the same certainty which Maestro Giorgio possessed, who undertook to add lusters to other men's finished work, and therefore must have been quite sure that nothing would go wrong in the kiln. If it were possible to plan such decoration with a probability of its coming anywhere near one's intention when carried out, surely it would be worth while to consider a means of getting so fine and permanent an effect of color and make

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room for it in internal decoration. The most ravishing visions suggest themselves to the imagination in the way of bands and stripes of color upon the external surfaces of buildings, or of colored backgrounds to figure decoration. The only dangers would be that the processes of manufacture might produce a lifeless repetition of pattern, the same quality, in fact, which distinguishes the modern encaustic tile from its mediæval prototype; or that the new form of decoration should be used too profusely and indiscriminately, and become nauseating; but every fresh departure runs this risk, and it is only the attractiveness of the effects produced which suggests the fear. The experiment is worth the attention of our manufacturers.

Historic Fulham Palace

THE SEAT OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON

To the lover of the antique and the curious the building contains much of interest, although in modern times it has undergone many changes, says the London Argus. The finest feature of the palace is unquestionably the hall to the left of the main entrance. This apartment, with its huge open fireplace, its high-placed windows filled with stained glass, and its old portraits of royal celebrities, carries one back without an effort to Tudor times. The following inscription, placed over the fireplace during Bishop (afterward Archbishop) Tait's prelacy, gives a succinct history of the place: "This hall, with the adjoining quadrangle, was erected by Bishop Fitzjames in the reign of Henry VII., on the site of old buildings as ancient as the Conquest. It was used as a hall by Bishops Bonner and Ridley during the struggles of the Reformation, and retained its original proportions until it was altered by Bishop Sherlock, in the reign of George II. Bishop Howley, in the reign of George IV., changed it into a private unconsecrated chapel. It is now restored to its original purpose on the erection by Bishop Tait of a new chapel of more suitable dimensions."

The new chapel referred to was built on the south side of the palace, from designs by Butterfield. It is a building of no great architectural pretensions.

In the dining-room of the palace are to be seen many fine portraits of past bishops of London. Side by side with such modern work as Ouless's portrait of Bishop Jackson, the predecessor of Dr. Temple, is a fine portrait of Juxon, by Vandyke; another of Bishop King, by Jansen, and a third of Bishop Porteous, by Hofner. Here also are to be noted portraits of Laud, of Aylmer, of Louth, and of Montaigne. Adjoining the dining-room is the Porteous Library, so called because the collection of books preserved in it was presented to the See by Bishop Porteous. It is a cozy, compact little apartment, with a vaulted roof. On the walls are portraits of Ridley, Grindall, and other famous bishops of London. Another portion of the edifice which claims notice is the old dining-room, now used as a kitchen. It is a finely proportioned apartment, with an exquisitely molded ceiling in the Italian style.

The grounds of Fulham Palace are of park-like beauty. Occupying an area twenty acres in extent, they have in their limits several rare specimens of trees, relics of the old botanical collection which, under Bishops Grindall and Sheldon, gave Fulham a celebrity as great as that which Kew possesses to-day. One of the survivals is a gigantic cedar tree, in whose shade the denizens of the palace find a delightful retreat in hot summer days. A mammoth plane tree also invites notice, as does also a cork tree, the latter rapidly going to decay. Mention in this connection may also be made of a pomegranate tree in the southern front of the house. During a hot summer a few years ago this blossomed for the first time within living memory.

Japanese Arrangement of Flowers

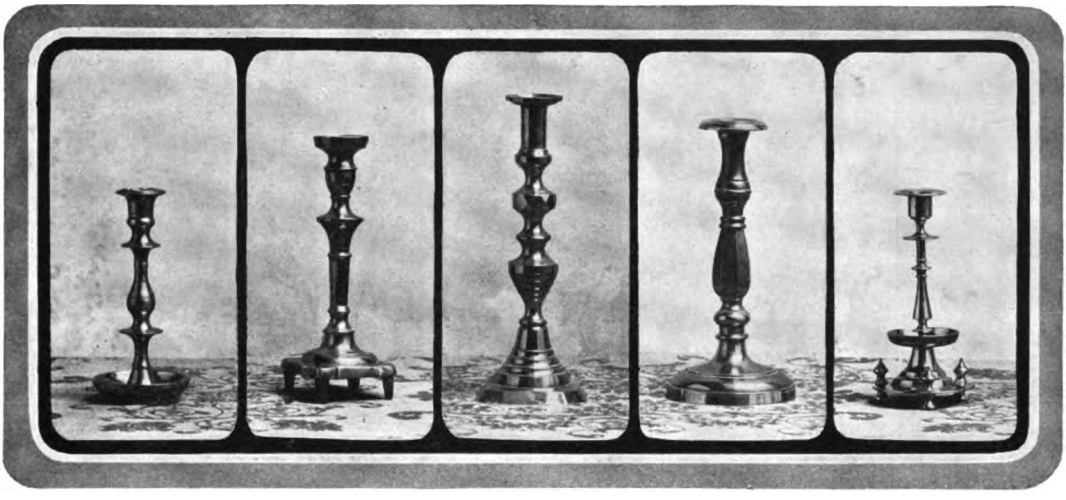
The chief difference between the arrangement of flowers in this country and in Japan is that whereas in this country the art is merely considered as a pretty accomplishment for gentlewoman, in Japan it ranks as a science and a philosophy, which can only be mastered after several years of close study.

Far from being practiced only by ladies, this pretty Japanese art has among its devotees princes, scholars, and other prominent men, who, having retired from the cares of political life, are in search of a hobby which will afford not only amusement, but will also offer intricacies and obstacles worthy of their trained minds.

All cultured people in Japan are proficient in the science, just as the better classes among western nations cultivate taste in dress, or in the artistic arrangement of their household goods.

The Japanese term for a flower—hana—also implies a blossom-clad stem, and even the stumps or branches of flowerless trees and shrubs; and their science of flower arrangement consists not only in grouping flowers, but more particularly in grouping their leaves and twigs according to prescribed formulæ. The blossom is looked upon as a minor detail in the artistic composition, and of very small value if separated from the parent stem, whose sweeping, though artificial, curves emphasize its beauty. The whole science is, therefore, reduced to obtaining curves which, though really distorted, have the appearance of being true to nature.

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SOLID WITH SAUCER BOTTOM | VERY OLD TYPE | LIGHT AMERICAN COPY | WEIGHT 12 LBS. SIBERIAN | A TRIUMPH OF ART

RUSSIAN BRASS CANDLESTICKS

BY OTTO M. KNOBLOCK

A REALLY beautiful brass candlestick, brave in its uprightness, clean and pure in contour, and holding high its candle-cup, is at once an object of utility and admiration. The firm, solid base insures its stability and worthiness for its appointed duty, the long, slender shaft, so shaped as to lend itself kindly to the grasp of the hand, while proudly holding itself aloft and bearing the taper, is an exemplification of character that tottering humanity may well emulate. The cup flange at the base of the candle, serving to catch the melted wax when guttering and to protect the substructure as well as the hand from the drippings, not only performs an important office, but is ornamental as well.

The candlestick is hoary with age, and in its earliest and primitive form was a torch made of slips of bark or vine tendrils or slivers of wood dipped in melted fat or tallow, tied together and held in the hand by the lower end, such as are frequently pictured on ancient painted vases. The next step was to attach them to a cup to catch the dripping grease.

Moses was commanded to make a candlestick of gold for the tabernacle, and when Solomon built the temple he placed in it ten golden candlesticks. Representations of candlesticks appear on articles found in the catacombs at Rome. So much for their antiquity.

Brass has long been used on account of its cheapness, durability, and susceptibility to polish, and while for church service and among wealthy people gold and silver were employed, and tin and iron and pewter were used by the poor, the great middle class, especially in Russia, generally used the brass candlestick, so that to Russia and to the northern countries where nights are long we must look for the brass beauties.

A JEW'S VENERATION FOR CANDLESTICKS

When a Russian Jew migrates he takes his three family candlesticks with him, and only parts with them under duress. He is unable to grasp the motive that actuates the enthusiast who tries to dis-

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possess him. They form a part of his religion, and why a person who can afford the modern illuminants should want to buy candlesticks surpasses his understanding. He is shy, coy, anything you please but anxious to sell, and much diplomacy is necessary to effect a purchase.

He is naturally suspicious when you tell him you want them simply because you like old brass candlesticks and want them to look at—this does not fit in with his utilitarian ideas; but his trading instincts being aroused, you have either to beat him at the game for which the Hebrew is famed, or regretfully turn your back on him and his brass treasures.

The pieces shown in the engravings accompanying this article are types selected from a very large collection of old Russian brass candlesticks, the result of much search in likely but exceedingly forbidding places, and "dug up" one by one, under varying circumstances, and they form an interesting study. It is difficult to get them in pairs, although originally the set was most likely made up of three pieces, but time and the vicissitudes of life usually bring about a separation, and the members of the once united and happy triune are scattered abroad.

The collector, who has picked up in different localities two old candlesticks similar in every particular, may be the unwitting instrument of fate in the reuniting of brazen brothers who once, many years ago, stood shoulder to shoulder supporting the burning tapers at the family festival of Hanukah, the feast of lights, or at Purim, the feast of Esther, in far-off Russia, reflecting from their polished shafts the faces of the devout and humble Semitic family at its devotions.

A COLLECTION OF RUSSIAN BRASS.

The collection referred to is made up almost exclusively of Russian pieces of undoubted age, as evidenced by rounded corners which have taken the place of



VARIOUS FORMS OF RUSSIAN CANDLESTICKS

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CANDLESTICKS OF MANY SHAPES

sharp angles and by the smoothness that comes of long handling. An old brass candlestick has an unmistakable air of identity, and the abrasion of legitimate use is no more to be counterfeited by modern art than the oriental rug can be properly aged in a day. They need not only age, but also years of human companionship, the one to be grasped with the hand and frequently polished, the other to be caressed by the naked foot of the Arab who would consider it sacrilege to tread on it when shod.

Synagogues and cathedrals are rich in brass candlesticks which are frequently of great age, as although modern gas and electric lights are admitted to the sanctuary, there is a sentiment that protects the candle, and it continues to shed its soft light over the altar, secure in its position, so that many old altars are still graced by the same candelabra originally placed there.

The variety of shapes and designs in candlesticks is infinite, and many of the old patterns are now reproduced and largely sold. Reliable merchants sell them for just what they are and do not claim age for them, but the curio dealer is not always a man of principle, and has been known unblushingly to misrepresent the facts and charge a high price for a piece that may be handsome and of good design and a replica of an old type, but which is certainly fresh from the hands of the brass-founder. I have had pieces offered me with the solemn assurance that they were old, and I have learned much thereby. I learn more when imposed on than at other times.

A WILY RUSSIAN.

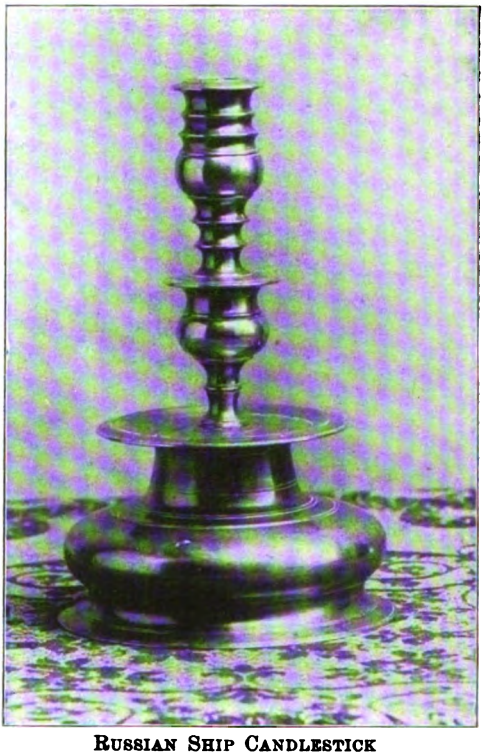
For a long time I coveted a set of three beautiful old pieces that had been in the family of a Russian Jew of my acquaintance as far back as memory and legend go, and no effort of mine could induce

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him to sell. He had brought them from the land of the Czar, and his wife wept at the thought of selling them, so I gave up the idea of buying them. I was therefore much surprised when he sent me word that he was now ready to let them go. When I went to his house I found that he had ranged them on a high shelf, and began negotiations at once. I had so often examined the pieces closely that I was well acquainted with them, and I was struck by an appearance of hardness, or newness, so to speak, that had evidently escaped me before. I took one down and turned it up, and was disgusted to find that it was so new that the oil and emery-powder used in finishing it had not been removed and were still visible.

The crafty old fellow grudgingly admitted that he had had the set made, using one of his old ones for a pattern from which to cast the new ones. I forced him to bring out his old beauties, which he declared he would not sell for their weight in silver. I agreed to forgive him if he succeeded in working the replicas off on a friend of mine who had the "fever." He did, and the copies are now shown with much pride and pointed to as "old" by the owner.

The collection contains specimens of cast and sheet brass candlesticks in all sizes and designs, and some of the pieces were considered worthy of bearing the maker's name, being most perfect specimens of the lathe-turner's art.



RUSSIAN SHIP CANDLESTICK

Landlords in Paris

If in America two movings are as good as a fire, in Paris one moving is as good as falling heir to a brand-new property. The regulation flat lease runs three, six and nine years, and landlords can afford to do the apartment entirely over for the new tenant, who must stay three years, and is more than likely to stay nine. This is what a great apartment-house company has just done for people I know, in the case of a two-bedroom flat renting for $440 a year, without taxes. They repaired every room except the parlor, whose walls and ceilings, in fanciful wood paneling, they repainted and varnished. They took out the old bathtub, repainted the bathroom, repaired the water-heating apparatus, scraped the tub and put it back. They repainted the woodwork of all the rooms. They handed over to the new tenants, without charge, the electric-light wires and gas-pipes left by the outgoing tenant. Finally, they cleaned the apartment thoroughly, down to the waxing and polishing of the marquetry floors. The kitchen range and gas stove needed no repairs. The tenants also participate in the enjoyment of the stair carpet, which was new last October, and in the spick-and-span condition of the stairway—walls draped with dark blue stuff, the woodwork dark and polished—which is the care of the concierge or janitor.

In return my friends pay for this flat of one ante-salon, or wide entrance hall, one salon, two bedrooms, dining-room, bathroom, kitchen and one servant's room under the roof, the rent, which is $440; city taxes, charges, etc., $56; central electric column, $6, and the national taxes, $44—in all, $546 a year, or $45. a month. This is for a smart residence in a comparatively new house in the fashionable quarter of the Champs Elysees, on the fifth floor, it is true, but with an elevator, electric light, sanitary plumbing, and—a bathroom!

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Our friends, having moved into their Paris apartment, must now learn how to live in it. The first thing they are likely to learn is that the tenant is the creature of his landlord.

TENANT AND LANDLORD

If the party overhead makes an intolerable noise by knocking on the floor to reprove your piano-playing, for example, you may not sue him. You must sue your common landlord. You have no real right in the premises you rent; the occupation of your flat is rather a personal privilege, scarcely different from that which a hotel gives you when you register.

As you move in the landlord makes a critical examination of your furniture. If it does not seem to be of sufficient value to respond, at a forced sale, to one year's rent, plus costs, he has the right to keep you out, or have you furnish bonds or make a deposit. And this right of "visitation" continues with the landlord as long as you remain his tenant.

Americans are always puzzled by the word "bourgeoisement" in their leases. The obligation to "live bourgeoisement" means, in practice, that you must live exactly like the other tenants of the house. To live bourgeoisement means to live like a good bourgeois—that is to say, a middle class, yes, an upper middle class dweller in cities. It means to live a family life in a correct and homely way; but what is correct and homely for some is rich and extravagant for others: you must, therefore, permit your neighbors to interpret for you what "bourgeoisement" means.

Once there was a woman from America, with her three lively, pretty daughters. They would laugh, sing and converse in cheerful tones upon the stairway, going up and down; and they were going up and down all day. Sometimes they would forget to wipe their shoes, and would leave small footprints on the beautiful stair carpet, the pride of the house. The other tenants threatened to sue the landlord—such acts were not bourgeois.

Into an apartment occupied bourgeoisement the tenant may not introduce any industrial, commercial or "analogous" establishment which might cause goings and comings of a nature to trouble the tranquillity which is the right of all the tenants, such as a cafe, boarding-house, restaurant, table d'hote or club or school. In such cases the other tenants may cancel their leases or sue for substantial damages.

THE TWO CLASSES

The effect of this doctrine is to divide the apartment houses of Paris into two classes, those occupied commercially, though having many families living in them at the same time, and those occupied strictly as residences. It is a most important distinction for newcomers. The Latin Quarter, for instance, is full of houses in which you take risks.

The daily papers of Paris are full of legal decisions in which the finest distinctions are drawn for this class of apartment houses. A tenant whose own occupation causes considerable going and coming may not complain because his landlord leases an apartment to a Catholic club of workingmen. But a spinning establishment may not be introduced into a house whose ground floor is a primary school. These questions are decided on the doctrine of "analogous occupations."

CONCURRENT OCCUPATIONS

The other doctrine of "concurrent occupations" gives rise to distinctions even more subtle. In all shop leases is a regulation clause: "The tenant shall exercise in the rented premises the occupation of, say, baker, and the proprietor agrees not to rent to any other person any other part of the same house in which to exercise the said occupation of baker." But what, after all, is a "concurrence"? A retail wine-seller may not complain of a creamery restaurant, but a grocer may complain of a butter, milk, cheese and egg merchant who adds chocolate and teas to his stock. An umbrella merchant may complain of a milliner who adds parasols to her stock. A jeweler may complain of a toy-seller adding objects in silver, such as babies' rattles, to his stock. But the proprietor of a wine-shop, selling hot food, may not complain because his landlord rents to a tobacco monopoly agent, though he sells liquors as a side issue—or to a butcher who sells soup and boiled beef not to be consumed on the premises—nor may a cafe proprietor complain of a restaurant which sells coffee and liquors only as accessories to repasts. And a doctor may not complain of a dentist, unless the latter advertises as "surgeon-dentist."

Much of the secret of these controversies is in the long leases which are customary here in Paris. There is no getting out of a long lease without the landlord's permission, because there is a regulation clause forbidding its assignment. Why, when these friends of mine were treating for their lease of the $440 Champs Elysees apartment, they said: "Suppose, when we go away for the summer, we have a chance to rent the flat furnished for a few months?"

"You will pay us so much extra," came the answer. "If you sublet it the apartment becomes more valuable to you. You make something out of it. We must have our share of that profit."

If you want quiet and dignity, go into a house occupied "bourgeoisement." In these in particular the two universal obligations, to enjoy the premises as a good family man and to use the premises "according to its destination," are most strictly obs rved.

LIKE A GOOD FATHER

To enjoy the premises as a good father of a family—affecting phrase—means you must take care of the rented premises and their reputation as if they were your own—and you the careful father of a family. Thus the recent

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order of a judge forbade the tenant complained of to begin piano practice before 10 a. m., or to continue after 10 p. m., with the further obligation to intermit the music during at least two hours each day. So, even though the use of a sewing-machine is not forbidden the tenant, he (or she) may run it only on condition that it shall be mounted on pads of a thickness and quality sufficient to render its noise tolerable, and that it shall not be worked all day.

The obligation to enjoy the premises in this way really amounts to an obligation to behave as if the whole house were your own and you a nervous landlord, dreading the complaints of capricious tenants. It is our old friend the Golden Rule put into practice for once.

You may not shake a rug out of the window on the courtyard after 10 a. m. You may have but one reception afternoon a week.

The obligation to use the premises "according to its destination" unites two others—the tenant may not cease to use the rented premises during the existence of his lease, and must not employ them for any other object than that set down in the lease.

THE JANITOR

In all his dealings with his tenant the Paris landlord has a go-between—the concierge or janitor. The importance of this strange being cannot be exaggerated. It is usually a woman, oftenest the mother of a family. All day she sits in her room beside the big door of the house, where every one must pass her going in and out. According as she is disposed for good or evil, your existence will be troubled or tranquil. There are some concierges so malicious, so revengeful against fortune, so morose and gloomy, that no tipping or kind treatment will touch them. Should she desire to give you pain, she may insult your guests who ask for you; she may say you are in when you are out, and make them climb the stairs for nothing; or, vice versa, she may tell them you are out when you are in, and bring about misunderstandings and heart-burnings. She may neglect to send up your letters. She may scold you in public on the pretense that you have injured the stairway carpet. She may advise inquiring tradesmen not to trust you. She may even refuse (for the moment) to allow the trunk of a visiting friend to go upstairs, pretending she suspects you of establishing a boarding-house.

The Paris landlord believes and follows the decisions of his concierge, and so is ruled by her, although in law she is his domestic servant. As such she may be discharged on eight days' notice.

DUTIES OF THIS HIGH PERSONAGE

The duties of a concierge to her proprietor are summed up in the word; she ought to keep him notified of all the doings of his tenants, and he will come and sit and chat with her with the relish of a reader of indiscreet personal memoirs. As to the tenants, her legal duties are:

The concierge must receive all letters, packages or objects addressed to the tenants. She may not open the tenant's letters, even though she suspects the tenant to be contemplating mischief to the landlord. She is responsible for the loss or theft of objects confided to her. She must send up to the tenants all letters and objects left for them.

The concierge is competent to receive service of legal process for any tenant of the house she guards, excepting process in cases in which her proprietor is concerned. Thus a tradesman may sue you for a bill. You may have dodged him for weeks, and feel able to dodge his stamped paper for more weeks. The concierge will hand the summons to you, grinning.

The concierge must open the great door of the house for tenants, their friends and visitors at any hour of the day or night. And when the tenant rents a stable in the courtyard, he may drive in at any hour of the day or night. A question has come up about automobiles. The Comte de la Rochefoucauld rented an apartment to a rich French lady. She had the right to drive her carriage into her stables on the court. When she sold her horses and sent up an automobile the comte's concierge refused to let the machine come in. Had he the right? No, says the judge. A proper automobile is just as proper a vehicle as a carriage and pair.

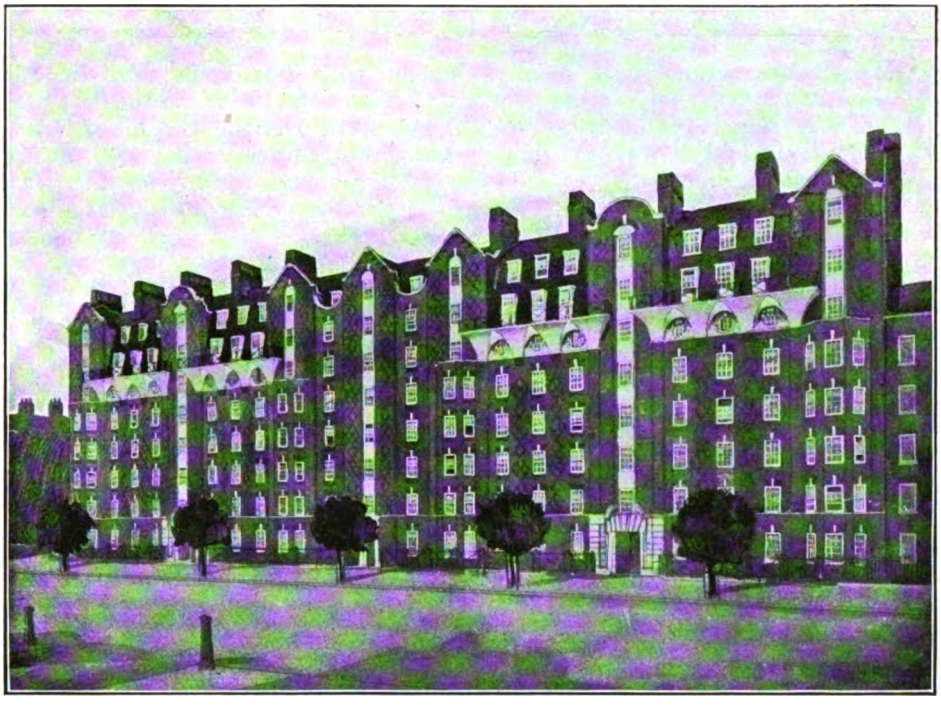
A COWARD TO THE CONCIERGE

The concierge ought to indicate to visitors the floor on which the tenant lives and not prevent their going upstairs under pretext that she fears that they will muddy the stair carpet. The founder of the Colonne concerts has coming to his apartments several music students, many of them Americans, who come, accompanied by their mothers, only in the mornings. A year ago the concierge of the house began a campaign against them. In the case on which the suit was founded he grossly insulted a young woman and her mother. The landlord upheld his concierge, and M. Colonne, suing to have the objectionable concierge removed, had twelve months' legal fight to get his rights.

There is no hiding it, the average Parisian is afraid of his concierge. My own has chosen a laundress for me. When I seek to employ another I know that all kinds of little miseries may be expected. This house has no back stairway. Nevertheless, there is a clause in the lease in which I forbid myself to have wood, coal, provisions or large packages brought up after 10 a. m. The concierge may insist on the strict observance of this stipulation. When the gas-pipes froze this winter she forced me to go on employing the stupidest plumber in the neighborhood—"the plumber of the house." If I do not keep on good terms with her she will tell visitors I am out. She is capable of refusing letters, pretending that she could not make out the foreign name. In Paris every one is a coward in the presence of his concierge.

STERLING HEILIG.

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DESIGN FOR A BLOCK OF FLATS FOR WOMEN
Percy E. Newton, Architect

A BLOCK OF FLATS FOR WOMEN

The wonderful development of Flatland during the last decade was bound to bring with it the specializing that is such a feature of modern life. We have had blocks of flats for couples without children, flats from which domestic animals were (quite properly) debarred, blocks of flats for men only, and blocks of flats for women. The last-named have been longest on the way, but their advent was none the less inevitable. The great number of women who earn their own living, and in the fashionable jargon of the day, "live their own life," demanded some better accommodation than the stuffy, squalid, and generally not over-clean lodgings in poor neighborhoods to which they were condemned. Especially to delicately nurtured and well-educated women who have taken up literary and artistic pursuits, and who are obliged for many reasons to live near the market for their productions, will such blocks of flats prove a boon. The sense of being fettered in discomfort, which even the emancipated woman must feel in uncongenial surroundings, may be by means of this new development in flats entirely overcome. The block we illustrate has not yet been erected, owing to the fact that the site for which it was designed is not procurable; but it is expected that negotiations for another site will shortly be completed and the building started. The flats will house one hundred and fifty people, and are designed in sets of one, two, or three rooms. At the back of the site, and top-lighted, are the common dining and reading rooms, etc., and kitchen. The central block contains the servants' rooms.

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ADELINA PATTI'S CASTLE

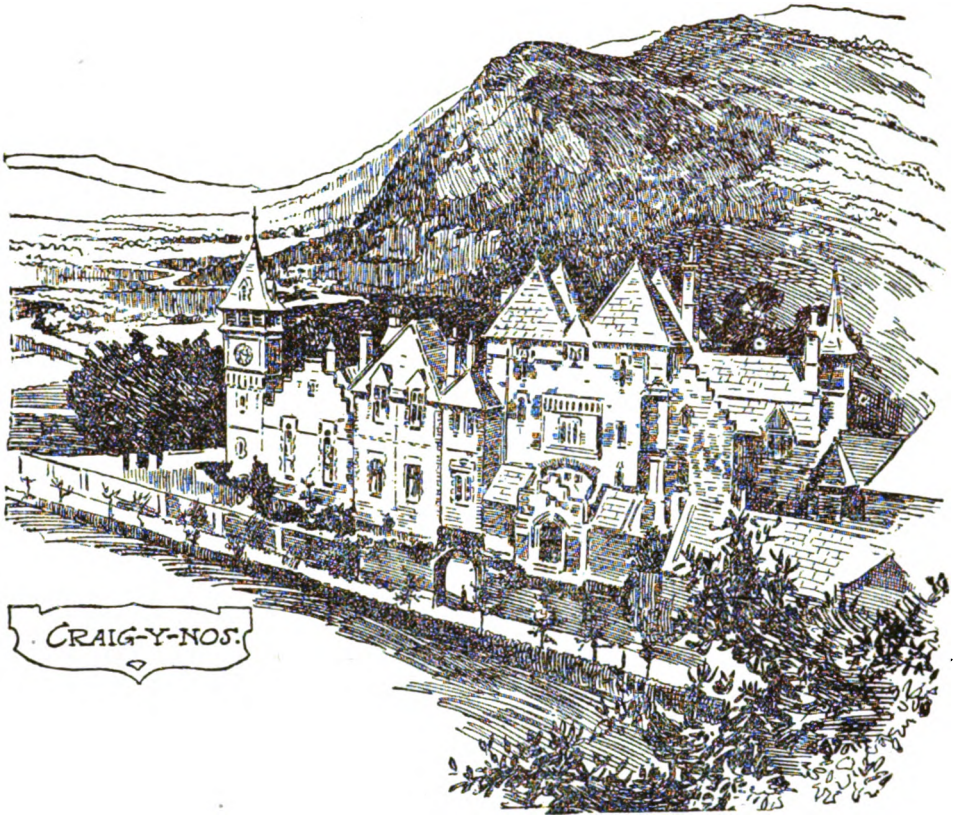
AMERICAN dollars were chiefly instrumental in buying a castle in Wales more extensive, more beautiful, and more luxurious than most of the mediæval heroes managed to win by years of fighting at the head of their henchmen. Adelina Patti bought this castle through the simple process of turning her silvery notes into less musical but more substantial bank-notes at unprecedentedly high rates of exchange. Now she is tired of her vast plaything, and it is to be put up at auction "at the Mart, Bank of England, on Tuesday, June 18, at 2 o'clock precisely (if a purchaser by private contract do not come forward in the meantime)." That is the way the official document is worded. There have been agents for several American millionaires looking over Craig-y-Nos, as this remarkable property is called, but rumors that it has already been sold to one of them—name sedulously guarded—appear to be without foundation. All attempts to get from La Diva's London agent some idea of what she wants for Craig-y-Nos were fruitless, but it is believed that about half a million dollars would buy it, although it probably cost the chatelaine considerably more than that. The chief trouble with the place is that it is so far away from London, and the trains crawl slowly out in that direction. As soon as the sale is effected, the songstress is going to buy a home nearer town. She loves society, gayety, and admiration, and they could not always be had out under the shadows of the great "Rock of Night," from which her castle took its name.

CRAIG-Y-NOS

Craig-y-Nos is the sort of castle you dream about. If Aladdin, instead of rubbing his lamp, had been required in the specifications to sing a song in order to get whatever he wanted, he would have been a prototype of the fascinating lady who is now styled Baroness Patti-Cederström, with two little dots carefully placed over the "o." In the first place, the view out over the wild bit of Breconshire down toward the bay of Swansea is romantic enough for any taste. It used to delight Signor Nicolini, Patti's second husband, especially, for it included glimpses of purling trout streams, and after he became too ill to follow his beloved fishing, he used to lie out in the sun-bathed conservatory, where he could see some of his choicest pools and dream of the big trout that hid there waiting for him. The castle has its own electric-light plant, telephone and telegraph station, and all sorts of hot-houses and conservatories and vineries, with a big winter garden under whose glass roof Patti's guests get all the delights of outdoors in mid-June while the dome of the Rock of Night, which towers above the castle, is capped with December's snows.

One of the most remarkable features of the place, built since Patti bought the castle, in 1878, is its theater, as completely equipped in most respects as any playhouse in the west end of London. When La Diva and some of her friends are amusing guests with a stage performance, the floor of the auditorium rises back from the stage as in any other theater. When the place is wanted for a ballroom, Patti's engineer turns a handle somewhere, and lo, the floor sinks to a level. The mistress of Craig-y-Nos would have been famous as an actress if she had not been busy reigning as the queen of song, and some of her comedy bits on the castle stage have been as finished and artistic as if she had been brought up in the school of Joe Jefferson and Wyndham. The stage-curtain portrays Patti as Semiramide, and the same face peers out at you in one guise or another from every nook and corner of her castle. Doubtless the gracious baroness is not unduly fond of her own counterfeit presentment, but if her adorers insisted on supplying her with all manner and quality of paintings, photo-

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graphs and busts of herself, there was manifestly nothing for her to do except put them up in good places—so there they are.

CHESTS OF PATTI'S COSTUMES

Naturally enough, Patti likes to live much in the past, making the excitement of former glories keep the present from becoming humdrum at times. One odd result of this fancy is a room well-nigh filled with trunks and cedar chests, in which are preserved with tenderest care the costumes used in Patti's greater rôles. They have been kept complete, from caps to stockings. She likes to go and look at them once in a while, and for specially favored guests they are taken out and displayed in full glory. More precious yet is a doll of modest quality, whose name is Henriette. It was the good fortune of Henriette to be presented to Patti on the occasion of her first public appearance at the age of seven years, in Niblo's Garden, New York, and the doll is as carefully cherished to-day as if it were an only child. The Queen of Song used to chum about frequently with ordinary queens and kings, and her palace is crowded with interesting mementos of them, as well as of her triumphs over humbler admirers. A cabinet in one corner of her boudoir is especially dedicated to royalty. Emperor William I. of Germany, with whom she used to promenade when he was taking the waters at Homburg (although she is said to have declined the honor one hot day on the ground that it bored her), has the place of honor with an autograph portrait, and half of the crowned heads of Europe are there to keep him company, usually enhanced in value by the autograph of the donor and framed in gold

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and diamonds. At a rough estimate the jewels, art objects, golden wreaths studded with diamonds, and other souvenirs, from tiny pianos powdered with diamond dust to golden birds with ruby eyes and emerald wings, which have been presented to La Diva by her admirers, should be worth fully a million dollars. If any further indication were needed of her personal magnetism, it can be found in the names that have been bestowed upon her. La Diva is the one that pleases her most. After hearing her in "Rigoletto," Verdi wrote to her, calling her his "true and only Gilda." To Berlioz she was "La Petite Fauvette." Hans Richter wrote in her famous autograph album that she was the "Meister Saengerin," and Rossini referred to her as "La Pattina." Incidentally, and quite aside from pet names, she was in turn the Marchioness de Caux and Signorina Nicolini before becoming the Baroness Cederström.

LIFE AT THE CASTLE

The chatelaine of Craig-y-Nos is the sort of hostess who doesn't worry her guests. They retire when they like and get breakfast when they like—anything, so long as they appear at dinner at the first stroke of seven and do not ask to drive on Sunday, for Sunday is a day off at the castle, and when the hostess wants fresh air on that day she dons walking-shoes and goes after it in person. Guests are expected to do likewise. The hostess is rarely visible in the morning, although she is usually up and about by eight. She spends most of the forenoon in looking after her large correspondence. The chosen resort after dinner is the larger of the castle's two billiard-rooms. Baron Cederström is a crack shot at billiards, and his wife handles a cue well also. They have an unequaled opportunity to show their mettle here, for the table was bought at the world's fair in Chicago and is said to be one of the best ever built. This billiard-room is unique in another respect, too, for it contains what is supposed to be the finest orchestrion in the world. It cost fifteen thousand dollars, and represents, as fully as mechanics will permit, an orchestra of sixty performers. Its repertory is well-nigh inexhaustible, although it is significant of its owner's taste that the music is chiefly operatic and of the French and Italian schools—no Wagner for this song-bird! Incidentally, the largest piano in the world is likewise sheltered at Craig-y-Nos, although it is not contended that the merit of pianos depends altogether on superficial area. With all these treasures, it is not surprising that the baroness is extravagantly afraid of burglars. She has fitted all the windows with an elaborate system of electric wires attached to alarm-bells, and moreover, has two sentinels to pace the castle grounds day and night.

The great songstress has taken wonderfully good care of herself, at first because her calling made it necessary, and afterward from habit, and like her chief rival, Christine Nilsson, she looks to-day scarcely older than twenty years ago. There is a curious parallel, by the way, in the lives of these two queens of song. Both were born in 1843 in the midst of poverty; both were famous at eighteen; they retired at about the same time, and thereafter Patti, who was born in Spain, married a Swedish nobleman, while Nilsson, who was born in Sweden, married a Spanish nobleman, Count Casa de Miranda. Both are young at heart to-day, and it may be that the stage has had something to do with it, for as I write the news comes that Adelaide Ristori, who is eighty-one, and likewise the widow of a marquis, has announced her engagement to the mayor of Turin, Senator Casana. At present the Baroness Patti-Cederström is away in Sweden visiting her husband's relatives and enjoying the winter sports of which both of them are so fond. Later she will return to "pack-up" at Craig-y-Nos and say good-by to the families for miles around who have had good cause to look upon her as their good fairy. Thereafter it is expected that London society will see more of her than it ever has before.

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FURNITURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES

BY VIRGINIA ROBIE

THE history of furniture may be divided into three great periods: ancient, mediæval, and modern, and sub-divided into Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, and Roman; Byzantine, early and late Gothic; Renaissance, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Although few examples of the first epoch are in existence, the furniture of the ancients is not unknown to us. Temples and tombs were adorned with scenes from the domestic life of the Egyptians and Assyrians, and these may be studied to-day in replica, while there are many friezes extant that depict the household furnishings of the Greeks and Romans. The third period, beginning with the dawn of the Renaissance, belongs to modern art and has many historians. It is the great middle epoch about which we know the least and which has bequeathed us little save tradition.

MEDIÆVAL ART

Broadly speaking, mediæval art began with the Byzantine and ended with the Gothic, but between these two schools were centuries of semi-barbarism. The Byzantine movement originated in Constantinople, and its influence was largely confined to Greece and Asiatic countries; and Gothic art came when the superstition and bigotry of mediævalism were nearly over.

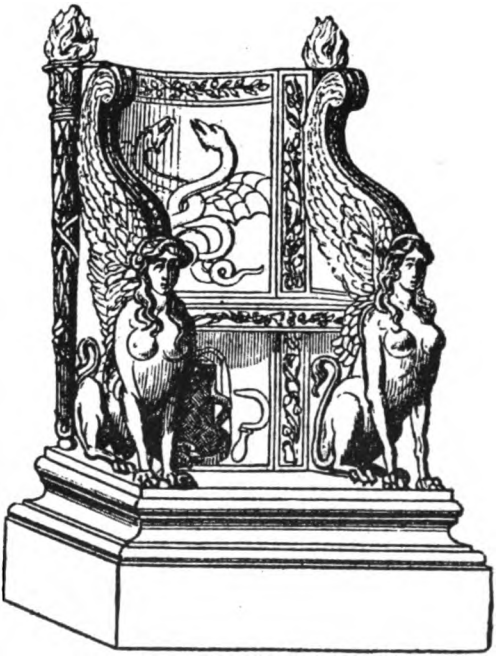
It is the great intermediate stage, roughly spanned by the sixth and thirteenth centuries, that constitutes the dark age of European history and art. Yet mediæval handcraft possessed some qualities that place it far above the late classic qualities that allies it very closely with handcraft of to-day.

What were the characteristics of mediæval art? and wherein did it differ from that which preceded it and from that which followed?

The conditions of Europe were not such as to foster the gentle side of living. Italy, France, and Germany were torn with wars, civil and ecclesiastical, and England, while more remote from the cause of conflict, was also more remote from the centers of civilization. Southern countries still preserved a few classic traditions. In the north they were long since extinct. As England was last to respond to the Renaissance, so she was last to develop a mediæval art. At best it was a rude age, even in the countries that came in touch with Greek and oriental influences.

THE MONK AND THE SOLDIER

Two figures were pre-eminent: the monk and the soldier. One kept art alive; the other nearly exterminated it. In the monasteries alone handcraft survived. In vellum, in metal, and in wood were fashioned the articles, a few of which are preserved to-day in the muse-



ROMAN CEREMONIAL CHAIR OF MARBLE

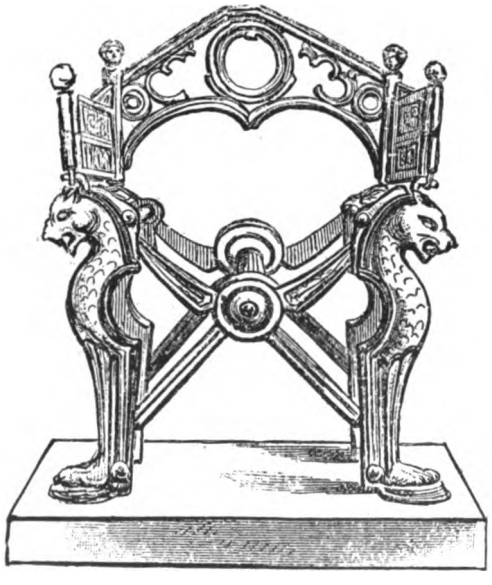
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ums of the Old World. In vellum the monks found their most enduring medium. The old missals have outlasted most of the wrought metal and the carved wood. It is to these illuminated manuscripts that we are indebted for much of our knowledge of mediæval furniture, for coronation scenes and royal banquets as well as religious pictures were painted in glowing scarlet, deep purple, and rich gold leaf.

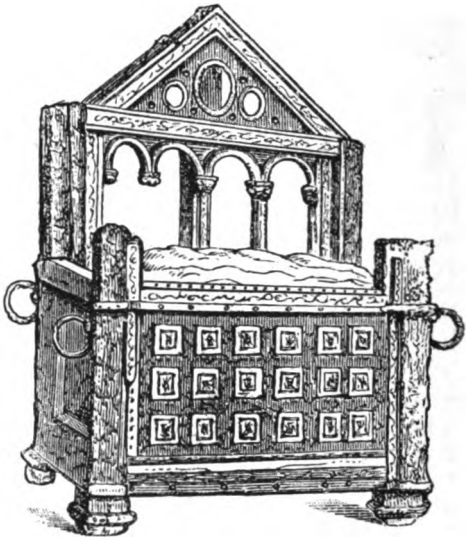
THE MISSAL

As an interpreter of customs and costumes, the missal is to the Middle Ages what the tapestry is to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the sculptured frieze to ancient Greece and Rome. It represents one phase of mediævalism. The life of the common people is unrecorded. Setting aside ecclesiastical furniture, there seems to be no intervening link between the bench of the hovel and the coronation chair of the throne.

A bench and a chest and a few skins of wild beasts were the household goods of the masses. The bench was crudely constructed and was without a back. The chest was of more careful workmanship and served many purposes. It held the stores of coarse linen, it was sometimes used as a seat, sometimes as a table, often as a bed.



CORONATION CHAIR OF KING DAGOBERT
SEVENTH CENTURY



ST. PETER'S CHAIR IN ROME. BYZANTINE DECORATION

HOUSES OF ONE ROOM

Houses were built with one great room. Floors of earth or stone were strewn with rushes. By day the light came through small windows covered with oiled skins. At night pine knots, fastened into the wall, gave a fitful illumination. Such were the homes of the lower classes. With the ninth century came a slight improvement. With the tenth all progress was retarded. A superstition prevailed throughout Europe that the end of the world was approaching, and that the year one thousand would witness the day of judgment. Fields were uncultivated, and a general famine followed.

In the next hundred years great strides were made in household comforts. An upright chest, fashioned like a cupboard, and filled with shelves, supplemented the meager array of furniture. Later the shelves were filled with boxes, and thus was the bureau evolved.

Gradually the couch-chest gave place

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A ROYAL DINNER-TABLE, FROM AN ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT

to a "beddstock," a sleeping structure built into the wall, and which was not unlike a modern berth. The "beddstock" passed through many stages, and a few centuries later developed into the four-poster. At first this primitive bed was hung with a single skin, which served as a screen, later curtains made their appearance, and by the twelfth century canopy tops were in use in Italy and France. By this time the bed was a detached piece of furniture, and was sometimes the most costly article in the house.

EVOLUTION OF THE CHAIR

Slowly the bench gave place to the stool and the stool to the chair. The chair with a back was reserved for the use of the master at meals, and was as sharp a dividing line as the dais that raised the lord and his lady seven inches above the rest of the household.

Some of the old illuminations show banquet scenes where the host and all his guests are standing, and others where the host alone is seated.

A thirteenth-century manuscript in the British Museum pictures a royal dinner party. The king wears a crown, and the queen the peaked head-dress so associated with mediæval ladies. They are seated on high stools at a very low table, and even the presence of three picturesque trumpeters cannot lighten the bored and weary expression of their faces.

Extreme discomfort was the chief characteristic of the furniture of the Middle Ages, as luxurious ease was the dominant quality of the furniture of the ancients. From the Roman custom of reclining at meals the pendulum had swung to its widest extent.

Unfortunately few examples of mediæval handiwork have survived. The Egyptians constructed their household furnishings in stone, the Greeks and

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Romans in marble and bronze, and the people of the Middle Ages in wood. Hence much that would be of vital interest and importance to-day has long since perished. A notable exception to the general use of wood is the coronation chair of Dagobert, that wise king of the Franks who died lamented by three kingdoms in 638. This unique illustration of seventh-century carving is of bronze, and is now in the Louvre. It is worthy to rank with the Roman ceremonial chair preserved in the same gallery, and from which it is said Napoleon borrowed his emblem of the torch. Napoleon's borrowing — borrowing by imperial courtesy — did not end with the victor's torch. The laurel wreath and the bees were once part of the insignia of the emperor Tiberius.



COSEY CORNER, A.D. 1390

In the Louvre is a replica of the chair of St. Peter, the oldest piece of wooden furniture in existence. While this sacred relic has long been attributed to the days of ancient Rome, the design and the character of the ornamentation have led many students to place it at a later date. The inlay of gold and ivory is decidedly Byzantine in feeling, and the elevated seat and pointed back have nothing in common with early classic traditions.

BYZANTINE ART

Byzantine art grew out of a debased classic, and was distinctly oriental in motive. Italy yielded to its influence more than any other country; England least of all.

England, latest to develop a mediæval school, produced the purest specimens of mediæval art. Not hampered with Italian influences, knowing little of Spain and France and less of Germany, she worked on more truly original lines.

With the Norman conquest came England's awakening to continental methods. With the invasion came French ideas in dress and manners. A more refined mode of living followed. Houses were fitted with the rude comforts that had been known on the continent for nearly a half-century. Walls received their first decorations. The skins of wild beasts, hung against the rafters to keep out the cold, gave place to pieces of tapestry—a custom introduced by Queen Matilda. Fireplaces were fitted with Norman fire-dogs, and the blazing pine knots fastened to the chimney breast were superseded by branches of iron holding tallow candles. In the homes of the feudal lords dishes of metal increased the limited table service of wood and horn. Furniture, however, changed but little. For more than two hundred years it remained, as a whole, purely Anglo-Saxon in character.

THE ROMANCE OF THE LIFE

But whether English or continental in workmanship, there were certain qualities common to all handcraft of that period. It was a crude age, but it was not without chivalry. Against a background of superstition and cruelty certain figures stand clear cut. Viewed from modern standpoints, the knight, the monk, and the minstrel are extremely picturesque. Life of the Middle Ages was full of rude romance, and this characteristic was reflected in the art of that day, which we call mediæval.

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AN IMAGINATIVE SCULPTOR: ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

BY MARION HEPWORTH DIXON

The processes of all art are creative; and the masters of arts are all poets.—*Plato.*

IT may smack somewhat of paradox to suggest that our century, which has been so repeatedly called the century of science, is in reality the most sentimental of ages. Yet the theory is easily capable of demonstration. Other periods in history, as a French critic has pointed out, have had their dominant note, their poignant characteristics. We have had our age of martyrs, for instance, which is merely another name for the age of Will; we have had our age of "pure reason," which may stand, with its brilliant mouthpiece Voltaire, as synonymous with the age of Intelligence. We have our own more tolerant and humane age, an era in which the condition of everyone but the taxpayer is ameliorated, and which clearly typifies one of all but universal sentiment.

Now an art, which can properly be called art at all, will generally be found to reflect the period which gives it birth. In merely brushing the subject it is easy to see from whence came the titanic powers which realized for us such subjects as a "Transfiguration" or a "Day of Judgment." Not hard, moreover, is it for us to understand how classicism came to be dominant in a reign of Encyclopædists, or that romanticism must necessarily be the natural child of a century in which sentiment is the ruling characteristic. Given the thesis, the illustrations speak for themselves.

But to drop generalizations and come to the subject more closely at issue, I should say that this very quality of romanticism, which I have endeavored to prove characteristic of our day, is one strikingly obvious in the work we are about to consider. No one, of course, will deny that Mr. Onslow Ford is a realist. In him, obviously, we have one who will have naught to say to the more smug and tripping graces. Unknown and unseen are for him the mere surface beauty of things. In him we have done, and done finally, with all the staler classic conventions. Of what Mr. D. S. MacColl calls "the fine Olympian bluff," underlying academicism, we find in his work hardly any trace at all. The sentiment which is writ large on all Mr. Ford's finest imaginative pieces—and it is precisely the imaginative side of the sculptor's talent I propose to consider—is composed of more modern material. Of sterner stuff I do not say it is made, for Mr. Onslow Ford's art is essentially more poetic and suggestive than heroic, after the manner of the Olympians. His muse is shy and captivating rather than noisily self-assertive. She calls to us rather with the plaint of a song sung at evening, than with the blast of trumpet or clarion.

Yet audacious on certain lines we know the sculptor has more than once proved himself to be. The *Zeitgeist* with him is no mere name. It is a living and moving spirit. In a word, he is a child of the century in his attempt to make a nearer approach, to get closer to the great realities. We have only to look to it to see that there is not a single piece of imaginative work that he has given us but confesses the modern mind. For in all Mr. Onslow Ford's realism—and he has been roundly accused of being an unbending realist—there is a charm which is largely a spiritual one. His attitude to art and life, if I may venture for a moment to interpret it, would seem to be one of awe, even of solicitude. With the dashing impromptu, so dear to the dilettante and the amateur, he will have no sort of parlance. An occasional tussle with the clay the sculptor may now and again permit himself as an exercise (the portrait bust of M. Dag-

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nan-Bouveret in a recent Academy, for instance, is the work of a single sitting), but for the most part the facile does not appeal to him. Of mere cleverness he has no opinion at all. What Mr. Onslow Ford gives us in his most characteristic efforts is wrung from him with toil and anguish. I think I am understating the case in saying that the model who sat for the second of the young girl's heads the sculptor has called "A Study," and which, in its reserve, dignity, and grace recalls the manner of Donatello, posed to the artist for over thirty days. The mere record of such sustained labor may seem unimportant to a public which concerns itself more with results than with methods; but if the statement proves nothing else, it at least proves that there is no short cut, no royal road for Mr. Ford in the art of which he is already one of the chief exponents.

On the other hand, do you see what you consider to be a blemish—a perhaps too audacious streak of naturalism in this, that, or the other of the sculptor's finished conceptions? In coming to detail, do you suggest that an ankle is thick, a knee pointed, that the arm of some female figure is wantonly and gratuitously thin? If you do so in the artist's hearing he will smile. The beauty that he conceives of, and the beauty he would make you realize, is something, I take it, more subtile than can be caught in the mere outward, or surface, presentment. If the sculptor gives you his conception of youth, such as he has given us in his statuette entitled "Folly," and his more important figure called "Echo," he gives it you with no manner of subterfuge or apology. Youth is so beautiful to him that he will have you love it with all its imperfections on its head. And is there not more than a little to be said for the artist's attitude? Depend upon it there is. The angularity of youth is just as much an integral part of it as is its elusive grace, its impulsive joyousness. Take away the one for convention's sake, and assuredly you lose some suggestion of the other. "True art is truth," says the Spartan proverb.

It is, then, Mr. Onslow Ford's relentless fidelity to nature which is at once his chief merit and his bane. It is his scorn of petty subterfuge, his devotion to actualities, which has gained him his severest criticisms. They were, if I remember rightly, thrown broadcast at that finest effort of his hand, his monument to the poet Shelley. But what is criticism, even when it thunders from the columns of a portentous daily paper, but an opinion, and the opinion, moreover, of a single expert? The critic, who, it must be remembered, is first and foremost an artist in words, is competent enough to understand a sculptor's theme, but how often does he actually realize the inexorable technical limitations and restrictions which make each sister art a law unto itself? The protest might seem superfluous, a vain beating of the air, had not one of our foremost art critics actually taken unto himself to deplore Shelley's nudity, and one of our most delightful essayists showered anathemas on the sculptor for choosing to represent the great poet in death rather than in life.

Both criticisms surely arise from a misconception of Mr. Onslow Ford's art. I do not say such writers fail to comprehend the sculptor's aims, but they obviously ignore his means. Had Shelley been represented alive, there was clearly nothing for Mr. Ford but to represent him in his habit as he lived. And the habit in which he lived was in all essentials as disfiguring, as wholly impracticable, from the sculptor's point of view, as is the costume worn to-day by a member of the Carlton Club. Who was it said that fashion was so ugly a thing we had to change it every month? The stove-pipe hat and the trouser are ugly, but they have lasted a hundred years. Where would, then, have been the majesty, the pathos, the wild *abandon* of Mr. Ford's stirring conception of the matchless, the deathless bard? What cannot be forgotten is that in Shelley we commemorate not a man but an in-

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spired singer; and again, not so much even an inspired singer, as in some sort the abstract embodiment of a great race's highest and noblest aspirations. Depicted as he is in the Oxford monument—nude, lifeless, but heroically beautiful as he lies done to death on the tragic shores of Viareggio, we have some just indication, some adequate presentment, of the stormy and passionate life which ended there. Erratic, noble, irrational, torn with a hundred aspirations, the slave now of a tempestuous revolt, now of a haunting melancholy, how could the exile have been refashioned for us in any of the ordinary and conventional aspects of life, or garmented in breeches and choker? The thing would be impossible. Imagination revolts at the prospect. And this the sculptor divined. An artist is wiser than his critics.

There is much the same spontaneity, the same genius for selection, shown in the sculptor's subsequent work, "Applause," which saw the light in 1893, and the "Echo," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1895. I do not know if one or the other work earned Mr. Onslow Ford the *kudos* gained by the Shelley memorial (for, after all, the dissentient voices I have mentioned were but faint voices in the chorus of all but universal praise), but they both showed the author's cunning of hand, the same strain of what I may call fantasy in the midst of realism, the same high creative qualities. In the smaller work, "Applause," Mr. Onslow Ford essayed the experiment of introducing not only colored metals but colored stones into the decorative scheme of his work, and essayed it with complete success. Never, perhaps, have the particular verdigris tones so often affected by the sculptor in his bronzes been seen to greater advantage than in this especial instance, where they are nicely contrasted with various silver accessories and a singularly graceful brass column which supports the crouching figure. But, fascinating and deftly suggestive as is the "Applause" of one side of the sculptor's talent, it



"FOLLY"

cannot be said so entirely to represent the trend of his imaginative forces as does the more serious effort called "Echo." For here, as in the Shelley essay, we come face to face with what is at once special and individual in its creator. Indeed, shorn as the "Echo" is of the ornate accessories which in some eyes detract from the simple, passionate *abandon* of the Shelley figure, the "Echo" remains the most definite utterance, the most complete expression of the sculptor's genius which he has hitherto given to the world. On the one hand a searching and learned study of the nude, on the other an exquisite embodiment of all that is fugitive and elusive in the beauty of a young girl, the work stands as a final monument to that ideality which may be expressed by an artist when he is capable of linking fantasy with the better sort of naturalism. No words can describe the grace of such a conception, no words convey the sense of rhythmic gesture in the uplifted

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arms, the spell cast by the exaltation of the arrested attitude, the abandonment of the dream-like pose. Eerie, wraith-like, alluring, who shall speak of a charm intangible as the stuff that dreams are made of, of a motive reverberating as a cadence, haunting as a tale that is told?

To put the thing in a nut-shell, it is possible to describe a talent, but not a statue. The genesis of a talent comes well within the range of things describable and discussable, not so a work of art in the round. There is little room for argument in the presence of a great statue. If there is anything in the statue and there is anything in the spectator, he simply comes, sees, and is conquered by it. Yet at bottom it is this very art, the art which has the supreme faculty of appealing to the imagination, which we think worth discussing at all. The merely pretty is never criticized. Had it been otherwise, Mr. Onslow Ford's "Folly," his first excursion into imaginative fields, would hardly have made the stir it undoubtedly did. That a tiny statuette, making no outward bid for popularity on the score of any of the usual accepted standards of beauty, and the output of an all but unknown man, should have instantly made the fortune of its creator, seems, at the first blush an unprecedented thing. Yet the "Folly" was at once acclaimed. It received an honorable mention in Paris. It was bought by the Chantrey Fund.



"APPLAUSE"

Personally, the sole and only quarrel I have with its author is a quarrel with its name. Was "Folly," as we realize her, ever a denizen of the woods or did she ever allure us with so wild and elfin a grace? No. Wayward and irresponsive we know her to be, but in Mr. Onslow Ford's creation there breathes the old cry of the forest: his "Folly" is a sprite, a pixie, a creature of the glades, and lures us into primæval fastnesses. As "Folly," it is true, I give her handsome lip service; but as a dryad, a spirit of the virgin forest, I would make her my humble oblations, offering milk, oil, and honey, even the sacrificial goat.

More important, however, than a name, is the fact that "Folly" was a hardy progenitor. The mother of a famous brood, in truth, she proved herself to be, for "Peace," the two busts called "Studies," the one exhibited in 1891 and the other a few years later, the Maharajah of Durburgah's commission, the statues called "Dance" and "Music," "The Singer," and the "Shelley," are all obviously her natural offspring, as the "Applause" and the "Echo" are no less her legitimate descendants.

To the sculptor, I understand, this

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sum of his imaginative work seems lamentably short. In very truth the public, or more strictly speaking, that numerically modest portion of it that may be said to love sculpture, wishes it at least double the length. But the happiest circumstances have their drawbacks; the obvious one in Mr. Onslow Ford's branch of art being that the successful sculptor is constantly hemmed in with importunate commissions, and with patrons who will not take a nay.

When he is wearied with the contentions of committees, button-holed and badgered by subscribers to memorials, and otherwise obstructed and hemmed in with the harassing objections of Boards, it is his habit to return to his studio and give himself what he calls in his own phrase "a little commission." In these felicitous moments such neighbors of Mr. Ford's as Mr. Alma Tadema and Mr. Briton Rivière have been done into marble and bronze. Mr. Orchardson has no less served as a relaxation to his brother artist while Mr. Arthur Hacker, Mr. Corbet, and Mr. Herkomer have been "busted" on the same graceful understanding, the same enjoyable conditions.



"THE EGYPTIAN SINGER"

Yet, interesting as this portrait series of contemporary artists is—and it promises as time goes on to rival Mr. Watts' famous gallery of contemporary poets—I would give them all, the whole posse of celebrities, the complete bunch of Royal Academicians, for one of Mr. Onslow Ford's ideal heads.

The reason is not far to seek. For if the foregoing suggestions mean anything, they mean that it is first and foremost on his poetic side that Mr. Onslow Ford has proved himself his own man. It was in the spontaneity of his ideal creations that the sculptor first realized himself, and the great public first realized him. Is it not by the "Folly," the "Shelley," and the "Echo" that their creator will ultimately live? If the artist's admirers, then, could have their own way they would doubtless wean Mr. Onslow Ford once for all from the ponderous problems of representing frock-coated and be-trousered citizens in clay. What artist's heart, in sooth, could ever be in the work, and what meed of success is likely to be his? Of course, when I speak of success I do not allude to a mere world's applause, or to the remuneration (however substantial) which the portrayal of frock-coated dignitaries certainly brings. Happily irresponsible, an artist's admirers have not to consider the material side of the art problem. Nevertheless, and with all due allowances for that material side, I trust that when Mr. Onslow Ford thinks of giving himself another commission it will be for another "study," for another excursion into the ideal. For in nothing else, and in no other way, can he so well express the delicacy, refinement, and reserve which is the hall-mark of his poetic genius, a hall-mark, by-the-by, which might stand for another name for style. The mention of this important

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attribute reminds me of another quality which Mr. Ford possesses in a marked degree—I mean the special quality that the learned call color in a work in the round. The term, which may seem somewhat confusing to the uninitiated, is in reality one full of significance. It implies, to begin with, that the sculptor is not only a stylist, but has learned the rare art of leaving out, a knack which, as a recent critic has pointed out, is only gained by "a perfect acquaintance with the art of putting in." A sculptor who states essential facts and leaves the more mundane trivialities to take care of themselves may be said to possess color. Breadth, balance, and the rare gift of appealing to the imagination of the spectator, are no less indications of the quality I am attempting to indicate. A severe simplicity and an engaging waywardness imply color in the plastic arts. Mr. Onslow Ford's early work "Folly" has this happy attribute, so has his poetic creation "Echo," so has his recent bust of her majesty the queen. I mention these three works, as they may be said to stand for the three periods of the artist's manner, while they equally illustrate the truth that the decorative element in sculpture is in no way opposed to the nobler sort of realism.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY OLIVER COLEMAN

Author of "Successful Houses"

ORNATE MANTELPIECES

THIRTY years ago there was to be seen only one kind of mantelpiece. It was of marble, white, black, gray, or variegated, and generally speaking it did its utmost to complete the tomb-like aspect of the room. Cold, undecorative, and funereal, the hearth became under this gloomy suzerainty anything but what it should be—the very heart of the house or room, from the warm influence of which a kindly spirit and all that makes for family life and friendly association, should radiate to all who come in contact with the light of the blazing logs. The marble mantels fell into disrepute only to be succeeded by what were known as Eastlake, and later by Queen Anne mantels. In these there was a towering structure of wood with innumerable little brackets, shelves, and closets, upon each of which fashion decreed a vase, cup, or "plaque" should be exhibited. These were very frightful in appearance, to be sure; not so gloomy as the marble, but infinitely more ugly. Then came the colonial revival, which in its early stages stuck close to traditions, and being only manipulated by studious architects, gave us fine, simple, and hospitable mantles and fireplaces. But even these have fallen into grievous ways of late, and by the combination in one mantel of all the decorative features found in twenty old ones, are evolved designs little better than those of the Queen Anne type. It is the same old story of the irresponsible designer. He has paper and pencil directly at hand, and there is a terrible temptation to fill in all vacant spaces in the paper with ornament of some kind. He forgets the grain of the wood, the flat panel of even paint, and the beauty of flat spaces. He designs on paper instead of in the material, and there are few of his kind who can restrain themselves.

* * * *

A SIMPLE FIREPLACE

Take, for example, the simple, little fireplace illustrated. This was made by a man of the old-fashioned type, not designed at all, perhaps one will say—it "just growed" perhaps; but what could be more pleasing? The fireplace

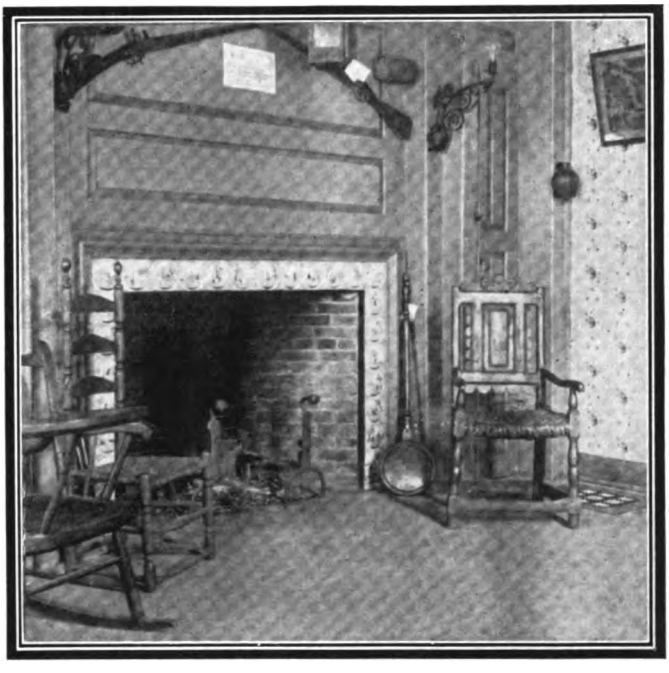
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is of just the correct proportions, the border of tiles gives a note of color, and then above are the simple but dignified panels. There is no shelf, and so no danger of feeling that it ought to be crowded with jim-cracks. There are to me several good ideas to be gleaned from this old hearth for the man about to build, and an exact reproduction in a dining-room would not be at all amiss. Of course a narrow shelf or ledge might be added without in any way injuring the whole, but don't allow it to go on a draughting board, for the simplicity of the long panel will surely be too much for your designer, and he will proceed to decorate it with a carved dragon or a hard putty wreath or festoon.

* * *

HISTORICAL MONUMENTS

In connection with the old house at Guilford, I mentioned a society in New York as flourishing which has, since writing last month, been incorporated by an act of the New York legislature as the "American Scenic and Historical Preservation Society." With this change the association ceases to be a local organization, and is preparing to broaden its activity to include all of the country. That there is ample opportunity for work, and that immediately, is patent to every one. As I said last month, we are a very hard nation to which to preach sentiment when there is "business" ringing in the other ear; and yet our various patriotic societies—Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, societies of the Cincinnati, Colonial Wars, and Loyal Legion—all must be expected to lend a helping hand in this enterprise. These associations should take a given number of memberships in the preservation societies in their own name, and canvass to secure as many more memberships among their own numbers as possible. New England and New York are already well started, but all of the old thirteen states have battle-fields and historic buildings which need immediate action. Louisiana is full of the remnants of romance and past history. Illinois has spots to be preserved in connection with Father Marquette and Sieur de la Salle; Texas its records of Sam Houston and Davy Crockett. This is, therefore, no narrow or provincial enterprise, but one which should appeal to all Americans, to use a favorite expression of stump oratory, "from Maine to Oregon."



A FIREPLACE, SHOWING THE BEAUTY OF FLAT SPACES

Here in New York the society has already taken charge of Stony Point, which is being improved by the state. The city, by reason of the society's ef-

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forts, has purchased the Jumel Mansion near High Bridge, which is full of association with Washington, and in the parlors of which Aaron Burr was married. The Interstate Park Commission is another result of the society's efforts. This is an effort now bidding fair to be successful, to preserve for posterity the Palisades. It may not be generally known, but they were in a fair way to have been leveled to the plains by quarrymen. The battle-fields about Lake George, and the preservation of the ruins of the fort at Crown Point, which is one of the best preserved and most impressive relics of the Revolution and Colonel Ethan Allen, are also matters they have at present much at heart. Mr. E. H. Hall, whose office is in the Tribune Building, New York City, is secretary, and will be glad to answer inquiries as to the formation of auxiliary societies, or about membership in the national society.

* * * *

A SAILORS' DINING-ROOM

The new dining-room of the New York Yacht Club is a very successful attempt to reproduce the atmosphere of the sea. The dining-room is made to represent one deck of an old "three-decker." The low ceiling with beams overhead, and the type of furniture and decorations all tend to carry out the semblance perfectly.

The architect has not gone to the length of providing a movable flow which is able to "rock upon the bosom of the deep," but this is a sensation that many of the diners will be able to imagine for themselves with little difficulty.

* * * *

THE POINT OF VIEW

A friend of mine was having some work done recently by an old carpenter, an Englishman, whom she engaged in conversation about the old country. He spoke of the way he lived in his native town, and said that the furniture was very rough—some three hundred years old—and black oak. My friend grew very enthusiastic about it as he described the carving, and the three hundred years of waxing that had brought out the subdued luster. The man did not follow her enthusiasm, and said, "Well, whether one likes that sort of thing depends on the point of view, Miss. Now, we can't live in this country as we did in the old, and we can't have the same things. My wife only the other day bought four or five gilt chairs for our parlor. She wanted them, and what could I do—the soul must be fed."

Think of it, from the sublime to the ridiculous, but there is one substantial satisfaction in it all. The gilt chairs will not be in evidence three hundred years from now; of this we can be absolutely sure.

Cleaning Hardwood Floors

Floors that have been finished in shellac should be kept clean, says the National Builder, by thoroughly brushing off the dust with a soft hair or feather brush, or by wiping with a cloth of soft texture. If the cloth is slightly moist the dust will adhere to it more readily, but wipe with a dry cloth afterward. If any dirt that will not wipe off with a moist cloth should be deposited on the floor, wash it off thoroughly with clean (not hot) water, using soap if necessary, which also cleanse off with water as quickly as possible and wipe dry.

When the face of the floor begins to look worn and shabby, after cleansing off the dirt and wiping dry, if water has been used, rub the surface all over nicely with a mixture two-thirds turpentine and one-third raw linseed oil. To do this saturate a soft cloth of any kind with the mixture, ring it out half dry, and rub the floor with it evenly. Do not use the oil so freely as to leave it standing on the surface to catch dust. To prevent this wipe off with a clean, dry cloth. After the shellac is worn down to the surface of the wood, sandpaper it all over evenly with a No. 1 sandpaper, and give it another coat of shellac, after which continue to keep as before.

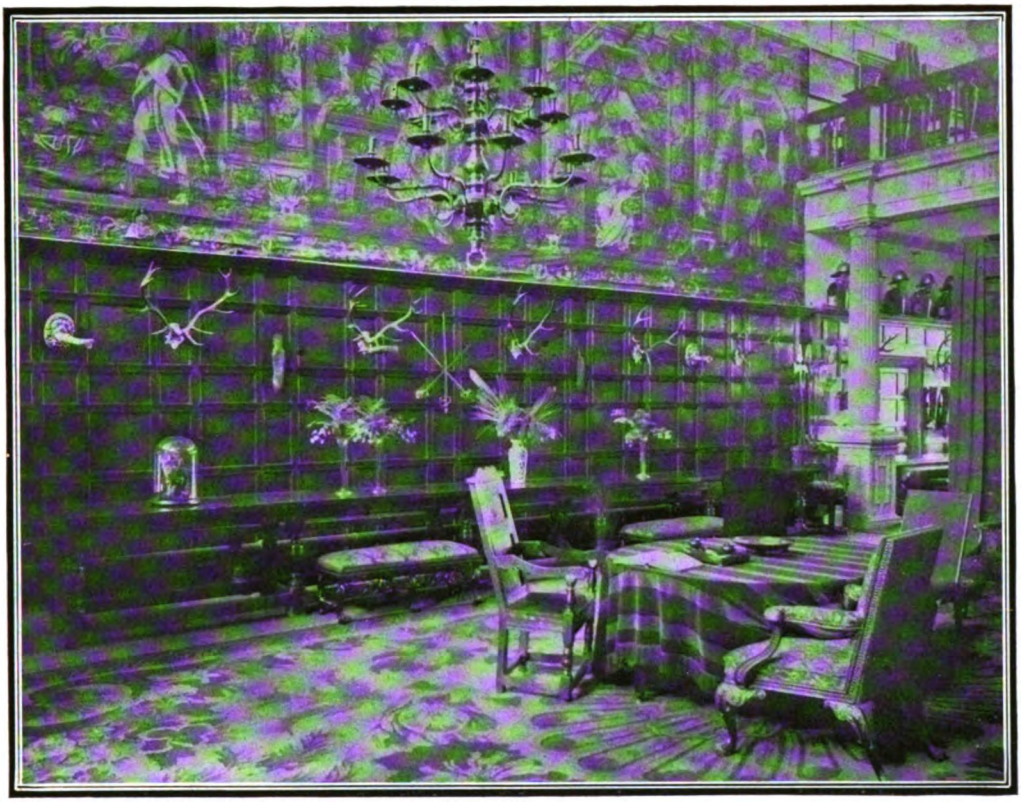
Floors finished in plain oil only should be kept in the same manner as above, more soap and water being required, and more frequent rubbing with the mixture of turpentine and linseed oil spoken of above.

Waxed floors can be cleansed by washing off thoroughly with turpentine and benzine, after which they can be rewaxed if desired.

Floors finished in "hard oil" should be kept like floors finished with shellac.

A maple floor for a kitchen that has not been finished in wax or oil is best taken care of by being scrubbed or rubbed with any of the scouring preparations now in the market for that purpose.

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THE ENTRANCE HALL

HISTORIC HOUSES AND THEIR OCCUPANTS—HARDWICK HALL*

BY SYLVIA STANTON

NO castle in England has been the center of a more active and gorgeous life than Hardwick Hall, and perhaps no other has kept its character quite so completely as this. It was built by the Countess of Shrewsbury toward the end of the sixteenth century, and her initials carved in stone are still visible on the corner towers and are still planted in shrubs within the forecourt. Bess of Hardwick was one of the most famous women of her time and quite as masterful in her way as Queen Elizabeth herself. Mrs. Aubrey Richardson described her vividly in her book about "Famous Ladies of the English Court."† "The social developments of recent years," she writes, "encourage a widespread luxury and promote a certain grandeur, hitherto hardly attained to, but they do not minister to isolated personal magnificence. And magnificent Bess was! Her craving for ownership, her greed of gold, her jealous

*The illustrations are reprinted from an early and now rare number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

†Famous Ladies of the English Court, by Mrs. Aubrey Richardson. With eighty-three illustrations. Chicago and New York: Herbert S. Stone & Co. 1 vol. 8vo. $2.50.

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endeavors to outdo, in splendor of abode and style of living, her contemporaries and associates, point to her possession of the wider vanities which have often enough distinguished great noblemen and ministers of state, but have rarely immortalized women."

She had little personal vanity, but she was possessed of enormous ambition and had the rare power of managing people. At each crisis in her life she knew what she wanted and she secured it. She was the daughter of plain John Hardwick, but at fourteen years of age she went to London to visit a relative, Lady Zouch. In the house was another guest, Robert Barlow, who was one of the richest young men in the county of Derby, but was, unfortunately, suffering from a very serious illness. Bess of Hardwick had the capacity for nursing as for everything else, and she immediately took possession of the sickroom. Before she left it, Barlow had married her and made a will leaving his estates to her. It was not long after this that he died and left her to enjoy them.

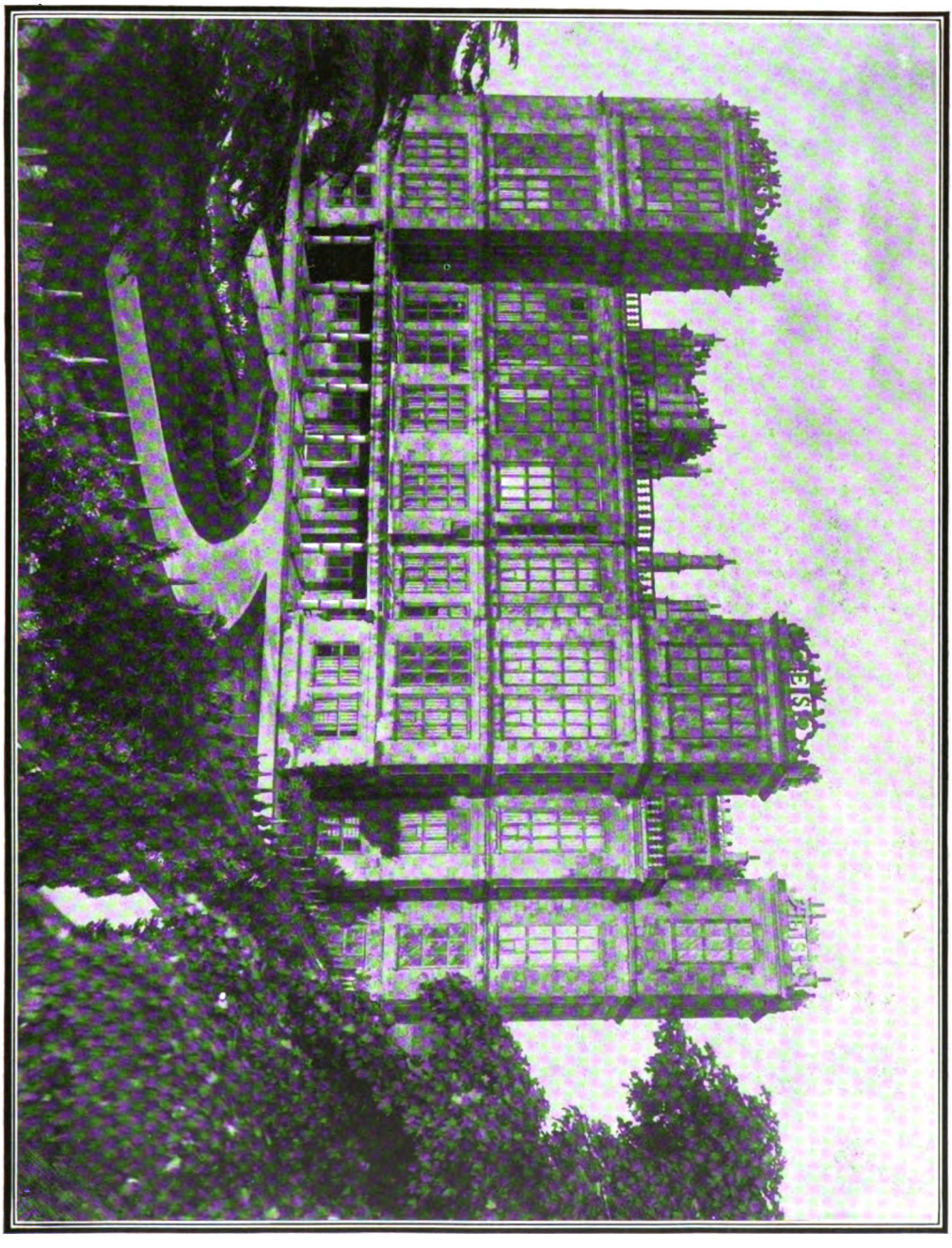
About seven years later Bess was married again, this time to Sir William Cavendish, to whom she seems to have given as much affection as she could give any one. The three sons and three daughters who were born to her she was ardently and consistently devoted to throughout her life. True-hearted as Cavendish was, he was no match in executive ability to Bess, and in obedience to her desire he sold his estates in Suffolk and began to build a great house at Chatsworth. Little of this edifice now remains. Bess was a woman of tremendous force, and once she had formed a scheme to cover Derbyshire with beautiful residences which should make her famous, she began to carry it out with the precision and ability of her nature. Mrs. Richardson finds her liberal and even munificent to her equals and dependents, but says she could never brook the sharing of either her wealth or her authority with another. During the many years she lived with Sir William Cavendish he never thwarted her.

Yet she was not satisfied with this experience alone; she seems to have had a talent for matrimony, for the number of her husbands reaches four, and each one was more influential than the last. While she was the wife of Sir William St. Lo she held office at Court as Lady of the Bedchamber. Him she ruled as completely as the others. After the death of St. Lo, it is supposed that Bess was cognizant of the marriage of Lady Catherine Grey and Lord Hertford, a marriage which was extremely unpleasant to Queen Elizabeth. The queen separated the two, and for seven years before her death Lady Catherine was imprisoned in the Tower. The queen seems to have understood Bess of Hardwick singularly well, as her suspicion of her connivance in this marriage abundantly proves. Yet she appreciated the value of her vigor of character and kept her in her train.

One of the most brilliant noblemen in the court was George, the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, and it was he of course whom the magnificent Bess selected for her third victim and finally married. Her son, Henry Cavendish, married at the same time the bridegroom's daughter, and the earl's heir was united with Mary Cavendish, making a very close bond between the families. The vivacity of the new countess and the wit of her conversation kept the earl at her feet for a time, but the entrance of Mary, Queen of Scots into their household as a kind of political prisoner, was the beginning of strife.

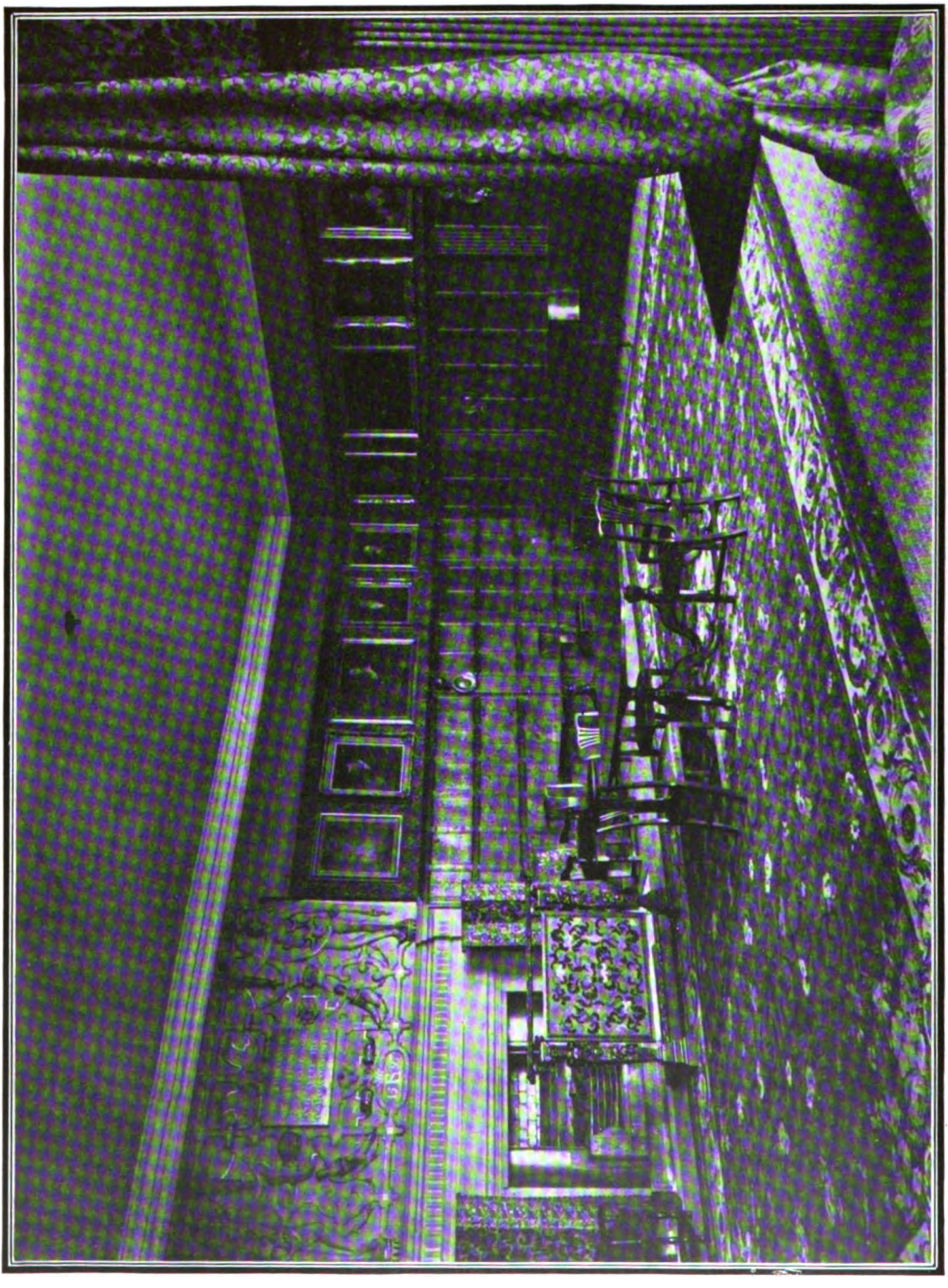
Bess was too brilliant in any case to be satisfied with domesticity; she required struggle and battle to give her wits play. The seductive beauty of Mary Stuart was not easy to endure even to so self-sufficient a woman as the countess. Yet her presence and the resulting friendship between the two again aroused her but temporarily satisfied ambition. To be a friend of two rival queens is no easy task, but Bess set herself to accomplish it. It was natural that during this imprisonment Bess should have ideas about the possibility that Mary Stuart

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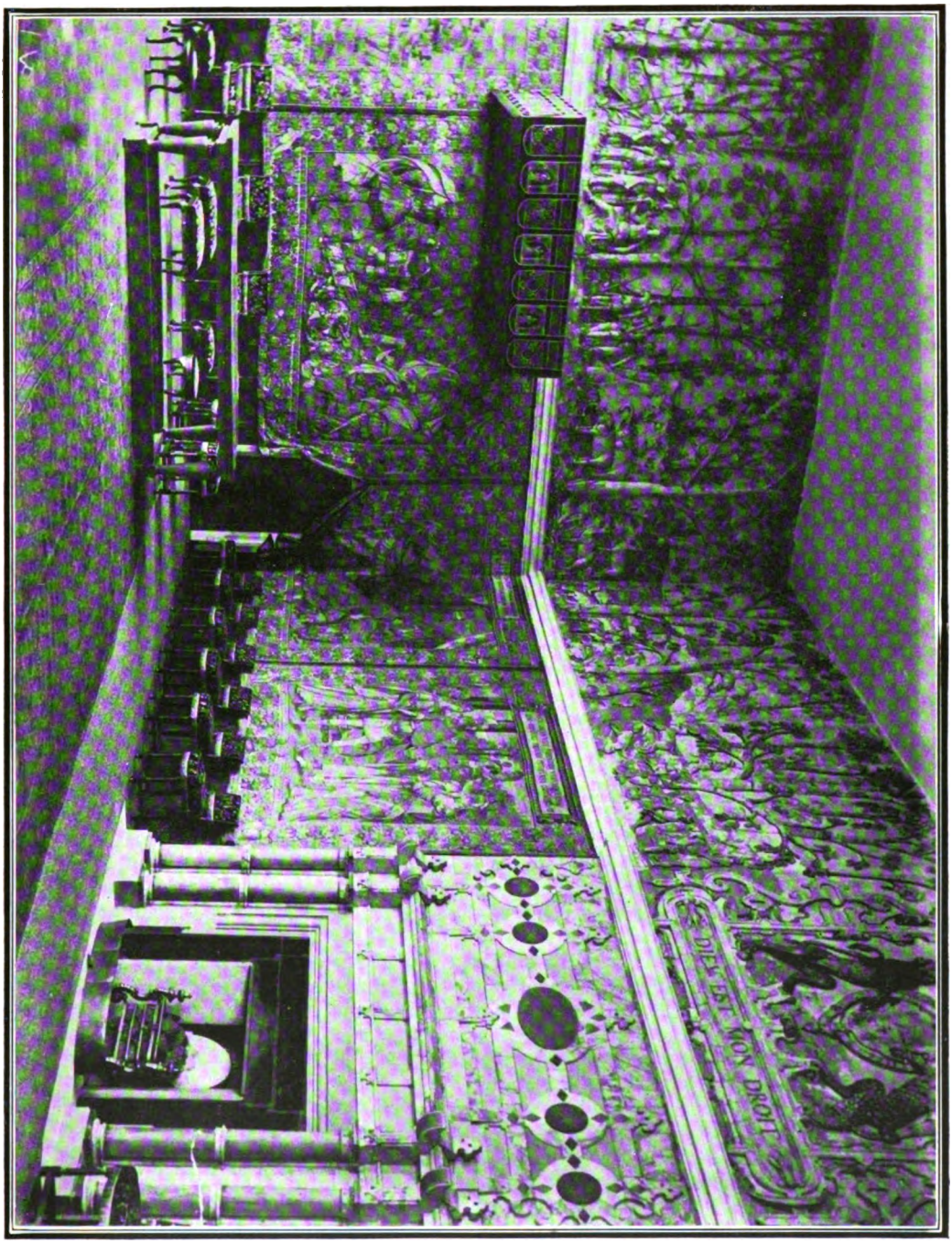
HARDWICK HALL

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THE DINING-ROOM

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THE PRESENCE CHAMBER

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might reach the throne and should try to make herself secure in her favor. She carried out her schemes in many curious ways, attempting at the same time to retain the favor of the queen. For a while she succeeded in this, but the hasty marriage of her daughter to the young Earl of Lennox, the brother-in-law of the Scottish queen, was a severe strain upon Queen Elizabeth's good temper.

Even Bess found it a difficult thing to explain, her motives being not altogether simple, but the upright Earl of Shrewsbury managed to drag her out of this serious difficulty. There were undoubtedly schemes for the rescue of Mary Stuart at this time, and Bess knew more of them than she ever confessed; but they came to nothing and the honest earl did his duty by his royal mistress in spite of his intriguing wife. His very uprightness finally became exasperating to Bess, who always tried to make the most of every advantage, political and financial. Mrs. Richardson says that "as gaoler of an important political prisoner, Shrewsbury was in a position to command many bribes. And his steadfast impeccability grated upon his wife's ignoble nature like a gratuitous meanness. It was hard to forgive him for being out of pocket by his charge of the Scottish queen. Quarrels and arguments became very frequent."

The Earl of Leicester tried to smooth over and conceal these differences between the two, but sooner or later they reached the ears of Elizabeth, and the Countess of Shrewsbury thought it wise to appear at Court in person and smooth them down. When Elizabeth inquired of her how her prisoner fared she made the famous answer which embroiled so many unhappy lives: "Madam, she cannot do ill while she is with my husband, and I begin to grow jealous, they are so great together."

It was a speech deliberately calculated to make the queen desire to remove Shrewsbury, and its ultimate effect was to give Mary Stuart less gentle gaolers. It reacted upon the countess herself in more ways than one, for both the queen and Mary Stuart were angered by it. It is strange that the most brilliant of intriguers generally falls by the weight of his own shrewdness. Sooner or later he overdoes the thing.

Yet the mistake of Bess of Hardwick was not fatal, and in spite of her separation from the earl, she maintained an honorable position to the end of her days. Shrewsbury was saved from the misery of signing Mary Stuart's death sentence by an illness, but he was present at her execution, a fact which proves his single-minded devotion to duty in the care of his prisoner and his loyalty to the English queen. The later years of his life were embittered by the countess's many attempts to dispossess him of his property. Enormous lawsuits failed to accomplish this absolutely, but sooner or later the end was gained and the property became hers. Here again she did what she willed to do.

For seventeen years she lived a widow and spent most of this time in raising architectural monuments to her name. Hardwick Hall is the most beautiful of them and the most lasting, but it was by no means her only labor. If ever a woman lived an active life Bess was that one, and no one came in contact with her without feeling the force of her individuality and suffering from it. Even her adored grandchild, Arabella Stuart, was not always the happier for her favor. But King James patched up a peace between them after one quarrel, and at his hands the fortune of the house of Cavendish was made. Hardwick Hall was transmitted eventually to the first Duke of Devonshire, and many a happy and unhappy story has had this stately castle for a background.

It's very hard upon the field
On which a builder gazes,
For brick and stone are more to him
Than buttercups and daisies.

He scares the rabbits with his din,
The thrushes and the linnets;
And all to make a staring house
In five-and-twenty minutes.

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS.

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SOME SUMMER BULBS, BOTH FLOWERING AND ORNAMENTAL*

BY IDA D. BENNETT

Author of "An American Book of Gardening"

FOR the gardener with limited time for the cultivation of flowers the summer-flowering bulbs offer the maximum of effect with the minimum of work. Especially is this true with the large-flowered cannas and gladioli; the caladiums, although not—except in rare instances—possessing the gift of bloom, are so ornamental and easily grown that they should bear an important part in the arrangement of the garden.

Aside from the ease of their culture, the economy of a fine collection of bulbs and tubers is an item of no small importance, as, given safe winter quarters, the increase will in a few years easily stock a large garden. The annual flower-beds must, on the other hand, be constantly renewed, and if one would maintain a high standard of excellence, fresh seeds must be purchased each year. In purchasing new bulbs for a garden it is best to make the main purchase of standard and well-tested varieties, adding as many novelties as you feel you can afford. The advance in all kinds of flowers and ornamental plants is so rapid that one must be constantly on the alert to keep up with the procession. It is seemingly but a few years since the common tall-growing canna was the standard of excellence among ornamental plants; now, so entirely have the French and orchid-flowered section superseded the older plants, they are only used for backgrounds and where a tall-growing plant is needed for a center, and very rarely are they used for entire beds, except in the case of the bark-leaved, tropical-appearing ones. The same great forward strides may be observed in the gladioli, from the old scarlet varieties to the magnificent orchid-flowered, many-tinted, and marked Childsii and Lemoine seedlings. So along the entire range of bulbous plants the last decade has seen wonderful advancement. Gladioli offer the best example for uniting ornamental foliage effects with really gorgeous bloom of any but the canna section. Some of the newer giant varieties have very broad and handsome foliage, and the flowers are really magnificent, being often seven and more inches in diameter, and exquisite in form and color, ranging from the purest white through shades of flesh, pink, rose, yellow, scarlet, cherry, cardinal, blood-red, maroon, slate, and even blue and black shades.

GROUPING OF GLADIOLI

To give the best effect gladioli should be grown in large clumps of from fifty to two or three hundred, as only by this massing of color can they be seen at their best. Different shades of one color or all colors mixed may be arranged as one's individual taste may incline or the available bulbs admit. A good way is to commence with one or two shades, adding to them from year to year; and by keeping the varieties carefully labeled, fine color effects may be secured. Gladioli delight in a rich mucky or humus loam; that is, a loam well mixed with leaf-mold humus or marsh-muck earth. The soil should be made as deep as possible. In Holland, where the growing of bulbs is one of the principal industries, the ground is dug from three to four feet deep, and in this country much finer bulbs of all kinds would be produced if the soil were worked at least two feet every spring.

*Now ready: "An American Book of Gardening," by Ida D. Bennett. Illustrated, 8vo, cloth, $2.00. This is a practical volume for amateur gardeners, and contains many new and useful features, giving information about the designing of gardens, the care of common plants, and advice about planting, window-boxes, and the care of house-plants. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers, Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

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But in this connection I would caution against the too common practice of turning the soil upside down, as is the universal custom, and leaving all the poor soil on top where the roots of the tender plants must suffer for nourishment before they can reach the better soil lower down.

In preparing a bed of deep soil, the top soil, down to a depth where the poorer subsoil begins, should be laid to one side and the lower soil well worked and mixed with a liberal amount of old well-rotted manure and the surface soil returned; or the surface soil may be laid to one side and the subsoil carted away and the surface soil returned to the bed well mixed with old manure, and the bed filled up with leaf-mold or muck from the marsh. If this latter method is used, the ground will need to be dug the fall before, that the frost of winter may subdue it and render it tractable, as if freshly dug it is lumpy and dries into hard lumps when exposed to the air. A bed prepared in this manner will be cool and moist at all times and will grow anything, and especially cannas, caladiums, musas, etc., to perfection.

THE TIME FOR PLANTING

Gladioli should be planted as early as can safely be done. If the exact time of freedom from frost is known, it will be safe to plant them enough in advance of this to admit of their getting up by the time all danger of frost is passed. Before planting, remove the outside dry skin and all dead roots, and plant at least eight or ten inches deep. Bulbs planted as deep as that will stand both frost and dry hot weather better than more shallow-planted bulbs, and will not need staking, which is a very important consideration, as staking gladioli, or any other plant, is a tedious operation, and the effect always more or less unsightly; so, if for no other reason, they should be planted deep.

Do not let the gladioli bed suffer at any time for water, and after the flower-buds appear it will be well to give a weekly dose of liquid manure. Remove all flowers as they fade; this is not only important from the standpoint of tidiness, but the plant has enough to do with blooming and producing new bulbs without the added burden of seed-bearing. It will not be necessary to remove them from the ground as early in the fall where the bulbs are planted deep, and they may be allowed to grow and ripen until the ground begins to freeze, when they should be dug up and laid in a warm, sunny spot for a few days to dry, and then have the stalks cut off to within five or six inches of the bulbs, tied in bunches, and hung in a dry, cool cellar or other place until spring. Gladioli are the most easily wintered of all bulbs.

TO DIVERSIFY THE BED

While the gladioli should be grown in large clumps for fine effects, it is not necessary that the entire bed—if a large one—should be given up to them, as there are several other bulbs that harmonize well with the gladioli and require similar culture; they may well find a home in the same bed. Among these the montbrettia is a most desirable and attractive flower, throwing long, slender sprays of orange and scarlet gladiolus-shaped flowers all through the summer. The foliage is slender and much resembles that of the gladiolus, and a clump of it in each corner of the bed will be found a very desirable acquisition, as they are more useful for cut-flowers than the latter, being very slender and graceful. The culture is the same, and they increase even more rapidly than the gladioli, each bulb producing three or more new ones each season, so that a dozen bulbs for a start will make a fine lot by fall.

Tigridias, also, make a pleasant addition to the gladiolus beds, and may be placed in corners or inserted in wedge-shape into the sides. The colors range through shades of lemon marked with red, orange, and brown, white with lavender and crimson spots in the centers, and various other shades. The great tint-

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ed flowers resemble some rare orchid, and are a source of interest wherever grown, and well repay the care they require. Although the blossom lasts but one day, there is always another one ready to take its place on the morrow, so that unless one studies the flower the fact would not be noticed that it was not the same flower we saw yesterday. The leaf closely resembles the leaves of certain palms, being ribbed from base to stem, and is very attractive. The culture is the same as for the preceding plants, but the bulbs should be kept in a dry and warmer place during winter than the gladioli.

THE TUBEROSE

The tuberose may also find a place in the gladiolus beds, and will add the finishing touch of fragrance to the gorgeous coloring of the more brilliant blossoms. In starting tuberoses, select as warm a place in the house as possible, and one where the temperature will be uniform. A shelf behind and above a coal-stove, register, or radiator answers admirably. Before potting, remove with a sharp knife all the old roots and the solid mass at the base of the bulb, as the young roots cannot penetrate the hard mass; pot in mellow loam or leaf-mold or good compost, setting the bulb so that the tip is just above the surface, and plant out in the ground when all danger of frost is passed. If they are to go directly in the ground they may be started in three-inch pots, but if it is desired to plunge pots and all in the ground so that they may be lifted if they are still blooming when frost comes, then it will be best to pot in six-inch pots, or shift to that size before planting in the ground. I never do this, however, as the tuberose is not at all apt to be injured when it is well budded, though disturbance before the buds form might prevent their forming; and if frost seems likely to nip them, they may be lifted and potted and taken in, setting them out in the sun on warm days.

There are three varieties offered, the double pearl tuberose, which is the finest; a silver-leaved variety, which is single, but has the advantage of flowering from year to year, while the pearl will only flower once and must be thrown aside after blooming; the silver-edged, however, may be saved and wintered in a dry, warm place for another season's blooming, all tuberoses being very susceptible to cold and damp. The other variety, orange-scented, is not as desirable as the first two.

For a border to the gladiolus bed there is no daintier little flower than the summer-flowering oxalis, in white and pink; so readily does it root and start into bloom that it is up and blooming before one fairly realizes that it is planted, two weeks being ample time to bring it into full bloom. It should be planted about an inch deep and about two or three inches apart around the bed in one or two rows. It increases at an alarming rate, and a few hundreds in the spring will amount to many thousands in the fall, and only the largest and finest need be saved, as they will be ample for any ordinary uses unless one wants to go into the raising of oxalis as a business speculation, and they would certainly make a good thing for the exchange list of *Park's Magazine*. There is only one drawback to their efficacy as a border plant, and that is their habit of closing up when the sun gets around out of sight; in this resembling the portulaca.

CANNAS

There is probably no more popular summer ornamental plant than the large-flowered canna and the orchid. These magnificent flowers challenge the admiration of all beholders. There is but one drawback to their entire desirability, and that is that the finest varieties fade and wilt more or less in the heat of the day and are only seen at their best in the early morning. This tendency may be in a measure overcome by planting one of the tall-growing ricinus in the center of the bed and removing the lower leaves so as to cause it to grow in an umbrella-shape, and so afford some protection to the flowers. Without doubt

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the three finest flowers are the Burbank, Allemannia, and Italia, and by using Allemannia, which grows some seven feet tall, for the first row and Italia and Burbank for the second, with one of the solid-colored, low-growing cannas for the edge, a very handsome effect may be secured. For such beds the dwarf nasturtium makes a very attractive border, and the seeds may be planted in the ground and thinned to a foot apart when up.

The large-flowering cannas are much more tender than the tall-growing sorts, and should be started in either a warm room or a hotbed. A very good way where one does not want to bother with a large number of pots is to place a few inches of sand in a peach-basket, put in the cannas, sprout end up, and fill in with the sand, wet, and place in a warm, sunny window or hang behind a warm stove until they sprout. The roots may be divided either before or after sprouting, whichever is most convenient, allowing one or more live points to a sprout.

HOW TO ORDER PLANTS

If unacquainted with the culture of cannas and ordering new plants, it is best to order the started plants and not the dry roots. This will save quite a little trouble when the plants are received. If received by mail, it will be better to pot off for a few days until they begin to grow again, when they may be slipped into the ground without disturbing the ball of earth. No cannas should be planted out until all danger of frost is past.

The large, strong-growing cannas may be planted in the open ground by the 1st of May without starting, and will come up in due time. The red-foliaged varieties are very effective and tropical-looking, and should be grown for effect on large lawns in combination with borders of rich-colored coleus, etc. The vinca-rosea and alba make lovely borders for the large-flowered cannas, and if the seeds are not allowed to form will not only continue to bloom all summer, but may in the fall be lifted and potted for the house, and will make a fine show for weeks, the plants growing from one to two feet high in a season, very bushy, and covered with large single blossoms—pure white, white with red eye, and crimson. For these sow seeds in April in the house or hotbed and transplant when all danger of frost is past.

STARTING A CANNA BED

As the starting of a canna bed of even moderate size is no little expense and may deter many who otherwise would be glad of this addition to their flower garden, it may be of interest to know that flowering plants may be had by the 1st of July, or even earlier, by starting the seeds in the house in February or early March, and growing on rapidly until time to plant out. In starting cannas from seed it will be best to purchase seeds by the ounce, so as to be sure to have enough plants, as not all the seeds can be depended upon to germinate. Before planting, the ends of the seeds opposite the germ must be filed or sandpapered off so that about an eighth of an inch of the white shows through. This can be easily accomplished by tacking a piece of sandpaper to a block of wood and rubbing the seed over it.

After filing, soak in water as warm as the hand can bear comfortably for from fifteen minutes to half an hour, and plant either in flats or pots. If only a few plants are needed, the seeds may be planted singly in tiny pots plunged in a box of wet sand, and so will not be disturbed by transplanting. As soon as the plants are up move to a warm, sunny window and give all the sun and air possible, but avoid too much heat or cold; a white paper between the plants and the glass will prevent the former, and the removal to a place near the fire at night the latter. For the rest, treat as old cannas, keeping moist and planting out when all danger of frost is past. I have had March-planted seed-plants in bloom in June, and have never had finer plants from tubers than I have

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had from seed. Indeed, so easily are they grown from seed that I sometimes think it waste of time to bother with tubers over winter.

FOR INDIAN SUMMER

When the frost has cut down the cannas in the fall, if a little pleasant weather seems imminent, cut off the frozen tops down to sound tissue and allow to remain in the ground as long as the weather continues pleasant. When, however, there seems danger that the ground will freeze, dig up and lay in a sunny place until the earth is perfectly dry and will sift off. Have ready a box of perfectly dry earth, or sand, and bury the canna-roots therein, and place in a dry, frost-proof place for the winter. The orchid-flowered cannas are much more susceptible to cold and damp than the older varieties, and should be examined frequently during the winter; if found decaying, all decayed tissue should be removed and the box given a warmer or dryer place as the case may seem to call for. Were it not for this difficulty of keeping through winter the canna would soon become a drug in the market, so rapidly do they multiply.

THE CALADIUM

For tropical effect there are few plants that equal the caladium, and when well grown a bed of them on the lawn is well worth looking at. Like the canna, they require a great deal of water and rich soil. The directions for preparing a bed for gladioli will in every way suit the caladium. Start in the house in April in a warm place, planting in pots, and slip from the pots into the ground when the nights become warm in May or early June.

The caladium will thrive in full sunshine or partial shade, but the leaves will grow somewhat larger and have a finer bloom in partial shade, especially if the sun from the west is shut out.

The largest-sized bulbs make magnificent centers for beds of low-growing cannas, and the second-sized ones as borders for the tall-growing cannas. In solid beds on the lawn, in vases, or in long rows, in any position where they can be supplied with abundance of water, they are always effective and beautiful.

DAHLIAS

Dahlias are so easily raised from seed, starting them in the house or hotbed in early spring, that it seems hardly worth while to bother with the tubers; both the single and double varieties can thus be raised, flowering about as early as those from tubers; the seeds germinate in about five days and the plants grow rapidly from the start. Plant out in good garden soil when all danger of frost is past. As it is almost impossible to give dahlias either too much food or water, the bed should be heavily manured, at least a wheelbarrow full to every ten square feet.

As sunny a spot as possible should be selected for the dahlia bed and one accessible to water, as they will require at least a pailful apiece every day during dry weather if they are to bloom and do well. All the suds and slops from the wash and house should be saved for them, and a liberal mulch of lawn-clippings laid around their roots during the hot weather will keep down the weeds and make cultivation unnecessary (but the ground must be kept well worked as long as there is sufficient room to work between them), and keep the soil cool and moist. Do not set dahlias closer than three feet, as they will need that amount to develop properly. If fine flowers are wanted, allow only one bud to develop at each terminal. The dahlia is sometimes greatly injured by the cosmos borer, which drills into the stem just below the surface of the soil. The remedy for this is a solution of paris-green in the proportion of a level teaspoonful to three gallons of water applied around the base of the plants enough to saturate the ground for two or three inches. This should be applied as soon as the plants are a foot high and continued until fully grown, or later, at intervals of once a week. If the little black lice or fleas appear, spray the foliage with this solution.

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STARTING DAHLIAS

Dahlias from tubers are easily started in grape-baskets with wet sand. They should be put in without breaking apart, as not all the tubers will start, and when it is seen which of them are growing they may be divided. If it is desired to start them in pots it will, of course, be necessary to divide them, care being taken to give each tuber a part of the stem, as otherwise they will not grow. As many tubers with no bud will form roots, but no top growth, a shoot may be taken from some tuber having more than one and grafted into it. To do this cut the end of the shoot to a wedge and remove a corresponding wedge from the top or shoulder of the tuber, inserting the scion into it and placing them in the ground, pressing down the earth.

Cuttings from dahlias root readily, and the number of plants may be in this way indefinitely increased. When cut down by frost in the fall, remove the tops, leaving six or eight inches of the stalk; dry for a few days, and pack top down in dry sand and place in a frost-proof cellar; any cellar that will keep potatoes safely and in good condition will keep dahlias. In purchasing seed, care should be taken to secure the finest procurable.

The single dahlias are much more effective for cut-flowers, some of them being exceedingly handsome and showy.

Chintz for the Summer Cottage.

The cottager has already begun to haunt the chintz and cretonne counters, puzzle her brain over slip-covers and Chinese mattings and wonder vaguely whether she will hang the windows with point d'esprit and chintz or simply put up striped linen shades. The pretty wicker and reed furniture is being thrust a bit into the background this year by upholstered furniture covered with denims, cretonnes and chintzes. Odd, quaint shapes are particularly effective clad in these delightful flowered stuffs. Tall, straight-backed "ear chairs" with low stuffed seats and legs covered by plaited valances like petticoats are dignified and picturesque. They seem to suggest blue china and silver candlesticks, slim-legged tables holding bowls of daffodils and miniatures framed in pearls. The florid patterns with enormous roses, extravagant tulips, great, sprawling corn flowers and red, yellow and purple dahlias are favorites for these chairs.

FOR DRESSING-TABLES.

Long, low couches, tufted and stuffed until they look positively apoplectic, would make the slim, severely simple wicker or rattan couch blush for its own simplicity. Dressing-tables with voluminous draperies of chintz or cretonne caught up with knots of ribbon and frills of muslin and lace are for the chintz or cretonne summer boudoir. One of these dressing-tables is hung with plaited chintz—green ribbons and red roses on a white ground—and another is hung with pink veiled with point d'esprit and lace. Both have canopies from which fall curtains that are drawn back on either side of the round mirror, the frame of which is padded and tufted with knots of narrow satin ribbon.

Airy, spindle-legged couches and chairs are also dressed in flowered chintz and cretonnes. One set of art-nouveau has frames of dull, soft green picked out with ivory in relief, and the upholstered seats and backs are of pale cream chintz closely patterned with vivid purple asters.

DENIM COVERS.

The denim sets are more severe in outline and are, as a rule, plain instead of tufted. Plain blue denim in light or dark shades is finished around the edge of the seat and back by straight bands of blue and white, or all white fringe. Pink, scarlet, lilac, green, and a pale, creamy shade of yellow, are all effective, and, because so cool and clean looking, restful and appropriate for warm days. Mission furniture, with its heavy, flat frames of black or silvered or "weathered" oak, rush seats and leather-cushioned backs, is comfortable, informal and very decorative. For the country-house hall or sitting-room these rather clumsy pieces of furniture are most effective. A set for a roomy ingle-nook was bought the other day by a woman who has a house at Lenox. There was a great square arm-chair with a scarlet leather cushion strapped to the back knapsack fashion. The seat was of rush and stained soft brown. The wooden frame was very dark, polished brown. A long high-backed settee had a frame of almost black wood and the back and seat were upholstered rather sparingly with a soft red rep in a heraldic pattern. Two chairs to match this settee—one a low, squat rocker—and an awkward but delightfully quaint table completed this odd and striking set—which had the added charm of looking twice as costly as it was.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Whenever the address is given and stamps are inclosed, replies will be sent by mail within three weeks.

For a Colonial House

We are just finishing a new twelve-room house. The architecture is strictly colonial. The hall is in the center, and is 15½ by 24 feet, with 11-foot ceiling. Please give me your ideas as to furnishing this hall. It is wainscoted in white oak, and floor, stairway, and mantel are of same wood.

The parlor is 14 by 15½ feet, and the woodwork is white enamel, including the mantel, which is colonial in design. This room has a trio window in front, the middle window of the three being about two feet higher than the others, the spaces over the short windows being paneled; also, one full-sized window on the west. How shall I furnish this room and trim the windows?

The library is 15½ by 16 feet, and has similar trio window. The woodwork is cherry. How shall I treat this room?

The dining-room is 15½ by 23, wainscoted in oak; has oak mantel in north end, with art-glass windows four and one-half feet from floor on either side. The mantel tiling will be Delft. What do you advise for this room?

L. G. B.

The following color schemes are suggested for your colonial house: For the hall, finished in white oak, gobelin-blue burlap or grass-cloth and furniture of mahogany; for the parlor, finished in ivory-white woodwork, a colonial stripe in yellow and furniture of mahogany; for the dining-room, finished in white oak, with Delft tiles in the mantel, a Chiswick, Morris, or Shankydd paper in strong blue and green, and for the library, finished in cherry, a burlap or plain paper a shade lighter than the woodwork.

The two windows in the parlor should be treated in a very simple manner so as to show the beauty of the woodwork, which is unusual. Our choice would be for a sheer muslin in design and color like the paper. The curtains should be double, one at each window, and fall from the top to the edge of the sill. Old-fashioned brass rosettes should be used, so the curtains could be looped back if desired. A quaint effect would be gained by looping the curtains at the side windows, leaving the curtains quite plain at the center window, or the method could be reversed. If old-brass curtain-bands could be secured they would be attractive to use as headings.

Curtains and Picture Frames

I am going into a new home about the first of February. I wish you would help me to furnish it so it would be a "thing of beauty." It is a pretty brick cottage, located on a large old lot, with old maples, beeches, and other large trees. The hall is eight feet wide by thirty-five feet long. I want this hall to be cozy, at the same time artistic. The reception-room as well as the other rooms are finished in light antique oak. One bedroom and dining-room connect by folding-doors. I want to furnish these rooms to harmonize. Floors, hardwood-maple.

The attic is large, in shape of a Greek cross on three sides. I wish to make this particularly attractive and unique. I would also like suggestions for draperies, furniture, picture-frames, etc.

S. E. B.

The hall of your brick cottage finished in antique oak would be attractive hung in a colonial stripe in green, with low bookcases lining all the available wall-space. For the reception-room old-rose paper would be effective, either a plain tone or some good design in rose and deep ivory, with old-rose ceiling. Green burlap or cartridge-paper would look exceedingly well in the dining-room with a pale yellow ceiling, and for the bedroom a colonial paper in green and yellow would be appropriate.

The attic seems to have charming possibilities and could be treated in several ways. Rough plaster stained nut-brown with woodwork a deeper brown is one suggestion; nut-brown stain with woodwork stained green and green furniture is another, and deep saffron walls with furniture and woodwork stained Flemish is a third.

You ask our advice for draperies, furniture, picture-frames, etc. Our choice for furniture would be mahogany, but good pieces of oak would be in harmony with your woodwork and the color schemes suggested. We have nothing very new to offer in the way of draperies, and should hesitate to do so if we had. The prettiest curtains for your house would appear to be muslin ones, ruffled or plain, with outer hangings in colors harmonious with the various rooms; green denim for the hall, old-rose silk for the reception-room, green lined with yellow for the dining-room, and figured chintz in green and yellow for the bedroom.

We prefer very simple picture-frames, but cannot advise you very satisfactorily without knowing whether the pictures be water-colors, oils, etchings, or photographs. We do not advise the hanging of many pictures against a striped or figured wall. Rooms finished in dark wood should have dark frames, and rooms with white

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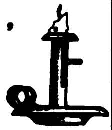


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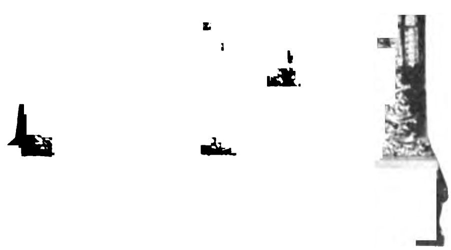
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

paint should have water-colors in light frames. As your woodwork is antique oak, the pictures had better be framed in oak, although we cannot give this as an absolute rule, as an oak frame would be decidedly out of place on some pictures. If you select a plain old-rose for your reception-room a few frames in gold would be effective here, and the green walls of the dining-room would be an excellent background for pictures in strong colors with green and Flemish frames.

Colors for a Dark Room

I am going to repaper my dining-room, and would be glad if you would give me a few suggestions. The woodwork is light oak, grained, but well done. All of the furniture is in oak, natural wood. There are two windows facing east. It is not a light room at any time.

B. M. W.

Had you given us the dimensions of your dining-room, we could advise you more satisfactorily. The height of a room is an important factor in determining the treatment of side-walls and ceiling, and scarcely less so are the length and breadth.

Blue is an excellent color to use with natural oak when a room is well lighted. As your dining-room has a limited light at all times, blue is therefore out of the question. Yellow would give an effect of sunshine, but would not combine well with the woodwork, while red would absorb most of the light and would be equally out of harmony with the oak. The choice is therefore limited to greens, golden browns, and mulberry shades. If the walls are more than twelve feet in height, an agreeable result would be gained by using a green burlap, and above that a frieze thirty inches deep in a large conventionalized design in greens, yellows, and golden browns; or, if a more startling effect is desired, a design in greens, yellows, and strong blue. The ceiling in either case should be yellow and the molding of oak extremely wide.

The friezes cannot be purchased in regulation frieze patterns unless especially designed for the purpose. They must be made from paper designed for the side-walls, and a skilful paper-hanger must superintend the work. There are usually English and Scotch papers that lend themselves to this treatment. The Chiswick papers made by Sanderson, and all the Jeffrey papers, and those designed by Shandkydd the Scotchman, are all very decorative and fine in color. There are many American papers, while less effective, that may be used with good results.

Colors and Curtains

We want to go into our new home in April, and want you to give us a few suggestions in finishing and furnishing a few rooms. All of the ceilings on the first floor are twelve feet high. In the parlor I shall use mahogany furniture and brass andirons and fire-set. I would like all of the woodwork in old ivory, including mantel. I thought of having gilt picture-molding to corre-

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

spond with old brass lamp, fire-set, etc. Please suggest color scheme for ceiling, walls, and carpet; also suggest curtains for windows, of which there are four in this room. In dining-room, furniture to be Flemish oak. Should I have mantel finished Flemish? How should the other woodwork, doors, windows, etc., be finished? What color for walls and carpet for this room?

In the hall, which is small, I shall use a mahogany hanging-frame rack with settle of mahogany underneath. What should I use for floor and walls? I have a very fine flax-wheel I want to use. Should I have it stained imitation of mahogany and use in hall, or leave it in its pretty white state and use elsewhere. Our library is in golden oak. Suggest for walls and floor.

W. L. H.

For your parlor, finished in ivory-white paint and furnished in mahogany, we would suggest a gray-green burlap or cartridge-paper for sidewalls with a ceiling in yellow water-colors brought down to a molding on a line with the doors. The molding should be green like the walls or white like the woodwork. We would prefer rugs and bare floors rather than carpets in all the rooms. A mahogany stain would be best for the floors, with rugs in colors harmonious with the walls. If bare floors are an impossibility, our second choice would be for plain Terrys, green in the room under consideration. Curtains of cream colonial net hanging from the top of window to edge of sill, with outer hangings of green raw silk.

The dining-room would be improved if all the woodwork were stained Flemish. A paper in two shades of yellow in a characteristic design is advised for this room, the ceiling being plain yellow of a lighter color than the walls. A gobelin-blue burlap or paper for the library finished in golden oak would be attractive, with a ceiling-paper of blue in a large leafy design brought down to a molding of oak. The hall, being small, would gain in dignity by having plain walls. A pleasing effect would be obtained by staining the plaster a copper color—a coppery mahogany shade. Curtains in the hall of green muslin with a design in yellow outlined in copper are suggested.

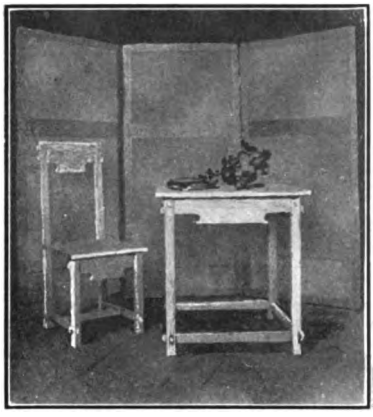
The spinning-wheel, which is doubtless basswood, should not be stained mahogany. The wood could be oiled from time to time, which would give it a deeper rich color. We do not think a spinning-wheel is in its proper place in either the lower hall or the parlor. Possibly it could stand in the upper hall, and as you have old brass lamps, brass andirons, etc., you probably have several other colonial things that could also find place there.

Papers for the Main Floor

I wish to ask your advice on papering the lower floor of our new home. In the drawing-room the woodwork, mantel, floor, and furniture are all cherry, and it has for floor-covering an oriental rug in dull greens and old-rose. The furniture is covered with dull greens (blue-greens) and pale yellow tapestry, and the portières are

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

the same tapestry. What shall I paper the walls with, and what kind of heavy curtains at the three windows? My hall woodwork and floor are in quartered white oak, rugs and portières in dark blue and reds. What shall I paper it with, and is it possible to paper the upper hall differently, as my rugs and hangings are red and white? The living-room has quartered white oak and brick fireplace, four big windows. The rug is of a soft brown and dull blue. My dining-room I wished to have in Delft blues. The woodwork, floor, and furniture are in quartered white oak, also mantel. My curtains are "Java prints" in the Delft blues. There is a plate-rail six feet from the floor, and I have much blue-and-white Canton and old English china.

E. P. C.

For the walls of your drawing-room green would appear to be the only color that would harmonize with your rugs and upholstery. For curtains some silk and linen stuff with the color scheme of the portières would be attractive.

Gobelin-blue burlap would look exceedingly well with the white oak woodwork of the hall. Few houses are so constructed that the halls can be papered differently. We think that it would be wiser to continue the burlap of the first story in the upper hall. Possibly an Indian-red would blend with the rugs and hangings of both halls, and in that case a burlap or paper of that shade could be used. Red, however, does not harmonize with white oak nearly so well as does old-blue. The paper of the living-room should be determined by the color chosen in the hall. If Indian-red is selected, your plan of a paper combining tans and Indian-reds would be excellent. If blue is used in the hall, a Chiswick paper combining blue, green, and golden browns would be more effective.

In your dining-room we would prefer a deep yellow on the walls, with the woodwork stained Flemish rather than a Delft-blue paper, with the woodwork left in its natural state. Your old Canton would appear to better advantage against the yellow than against the blue. The blue-and-white Java prints and the blue rugs would be very attractive here. The Flemish oak will not conflict with the coloring of the other rooms, and will be quite in keeping with the Dutch colonial architecture of your house.

Woodwork and Upholstery

I wish to ask suggestions for color scheme for two rooms which are to be papered, painted, and fitted out generally. I would prefer to have them papered in green, and inclose some samples, but before buying would like your opinion and the benefit of your experience and good taste. One room, which I wish to use for parlor and library combined, is fifteen feet five inches by fifteen feet, with folding-doors between it and dining-room, the second room to be considered. The walls in both rooms are ten and one-half feet high. Furniture in the living-room consists of two mahogany tables, two mahogany arm-chairs, one fiddle-backed reception-chair in same wood, one rattan chair in natural colors,

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

one large Davenport sofa, and one large circular chair, both upholstered in gobelin tapestry which was originally a shade between olive and sage-green, with heraldic design in darker shade of green, bronze, and maroon, but the main color now is little more than a dirty-looking gray.

The dining-room furniture, consisting of a square table, small serving-table, sideboard, six chairs, and china cabinet with glass doors, are plain, substantial solid oak, but this I expect to replace in a short time with mahogany furniture—genuine antique. What shall I do with the floors, which are of hard pine, old, but well finished? They have been painted once, so cannot be stained.

I wish to get a large circular arm-chair in rattan, with cushions of dark green corduroy. Would you advise leaving it in the natural shade or having it stained? Would you advise re-covering upholstered pieces in dark green corduroy? What shall I do about mantel in living-room? Should it be painted to match woodwork? It is six feet long and four feet high, a grayish black marble with tracings of reddish brown, cream, etc.

My idea is to have woodwork, picture-molding, and ceiling cream-white, the woodwork to have a dull finish, the striped paper meeting a forty-four-inch wide frieze of the large design. For the folding-doors portières of dark green silk velour on side next living-room, with lighter shade of same on the side next the dining-room.

M. C. R.

The green paper which you inclose seems to us an excellent shade for your living-room and dining-room. We would suggest, however, with walls ten and one-half feet high, that you abandon the idea of using a frieze. The rooms being small and comparatively low-studded will gain in dignity if the walls be covered to the cornice-line with the paper you have selected. A deep ivory, or better still, a pale yellow, is advised for the ceiling.

Taking your questions in order, we begin with the floors. As they are of hard pine well finished, we think it would repay you to have the paint removed and the wood stained mahogany. With ivory-white woodwork and mahogany furniture such a treatment seems almost a necessity. Your fine oriental rugs will be very effective here. Green Terry could be used in both of the rooms, but the mahogany stain is preferable. Whichever you choose, both floors should be alike.

Rattan chairs may be purchased painted or stained. A good stain in this instance would be better than paint. A green chair is advised rather than a white one.

In regard to the upholstery: if the coverings are so discolored that they are a "dirty gray," we should discard them altogether. Green corduroy would be a serviceable material to upholster with, but should not be used exclusively, else your room, when portières of green velour are added, would be too green. Pillows in which yellow, deep orange, and copper shades play a part would be very attractive here and sash-curtains could repeat these colors. A few

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

pieces of copper and brass would be very effective here.

The mantel is a serious problem. We have seen several marble mantels painted ivory-white to correspond with the woodwork where the result was satisfactory. While we cannot entirely indorse this method, in this case it would appear to be the only alternative, unless you make a radical change in your woodwork. If the woodwork in both rooms were painted the darkest green in the wall-paper the mantel could be left in its natural state. We earnestly recommend the green paint. With the dark green paper you have chosen, a very sharp contrast is inevitable if the white paint is used. If yellows and warm copper tones are introduced, we think that you will have a more "livable" color scheme than if the green and white combination is selected.

Bedroom Curtains

I have a bedroom 14 by 14, papered in a light-ground paper, with green vines and violets in groups. The floor is painted in gray. I have a green woven rug on the floor, an old-fashioned dresser, an old card-stand, a rocker and straight chair, and a small colonial stand with drawers. The bedstead is brass. What can be done to make the corner more attractive. It has one of those marbleized grates, black and brown, and it spoils the room.

Then I have two beautiful lace curtains I can use at the west windows, but cannot get any more lace like them for the south windows, and the windows are all the ordinary size and all alike. Can I in any way make the south window-curtains different, or use other material?

Can you suggest a way to make cotton denim more artistic, by either painting or coarse embroidery? I wish to use it for drapery in an archway. A. C. F.

It will be impossible to curtain the south windows of your bedroom with a different material from that which you use at the west windows without spoiling the harmony of the room. If the windows were not of uniform size, a different scheme of curtaining could be used, but where they are all alike the draperies should be the same. With the paper you have on the walls, a muslin in a design of green leaves and violets would be very pretty. We do not care especially for lace curtains in a bedroom.

The black mantel could have a board fitted to the top and covered with green denim, the shade of the leaves in the paper, and fastened with huge copper nails. This would tone down the mottled tiles, which we agree with you are very ugly. If a fire is kept in the grate, it must contribute comfort and cheer to the room, even if the setting is not all that one could wish.

Denim may be embroidered in heavy linen floss and made quite effective. We prefer it, however, unadorned. As denim is not quite the same on both sides, a deep hem makes a good finish. This has the appearance of a border of a slightly darker or lighter shade.

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VOL. X, NO. 2 JULY, 1901 PRICE, 20 CENTS

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

A MAGAZINE FOR ALL PEOPLE WHO HAVE A HOME

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NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

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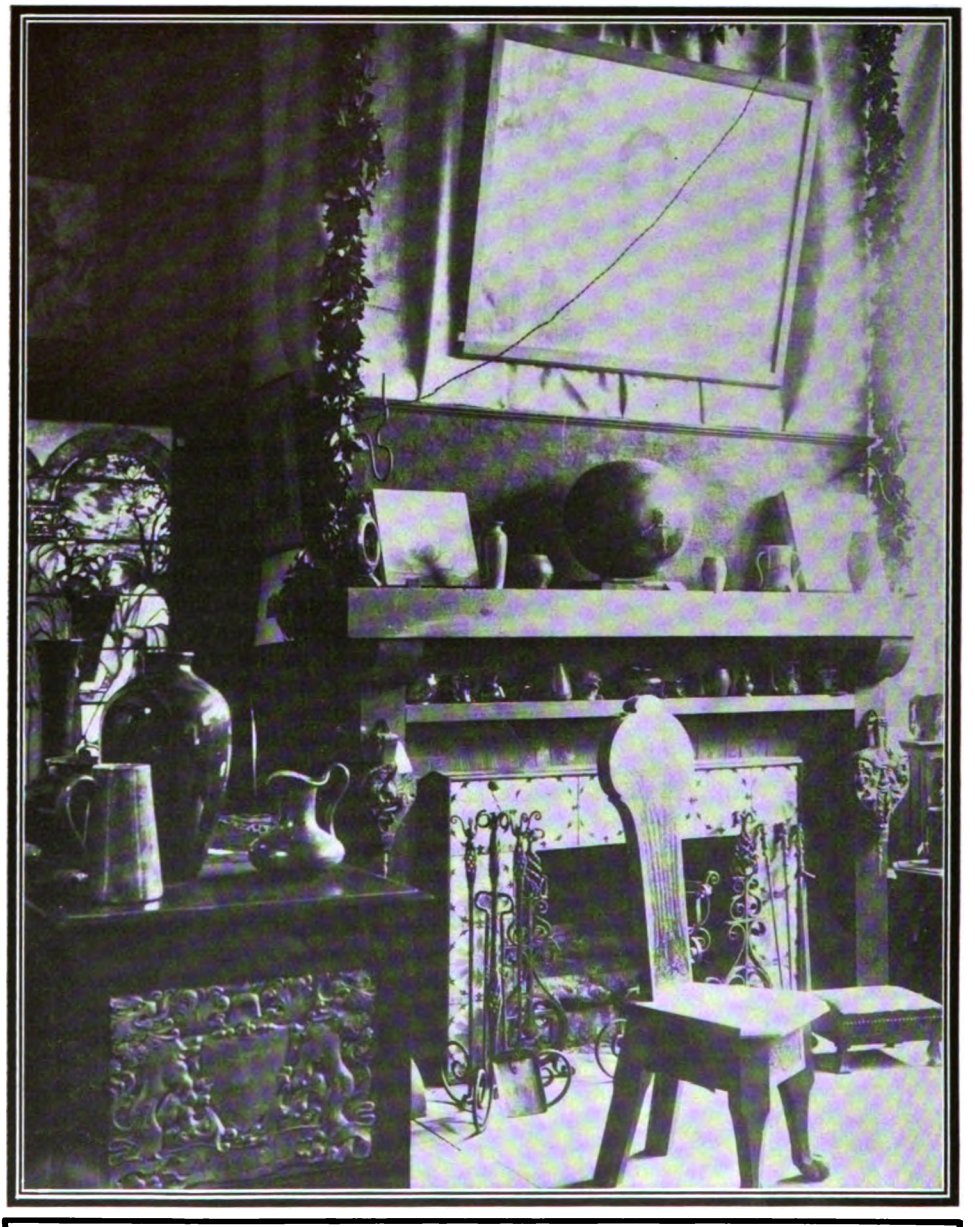
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A CORNER OF THE PROVIDENCE ART CLUB GALLERY
DURING THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION
See page 98

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The House Beautiful

VOLUME TEN JULY, 1901 NUMBER TWO



A HUNTING LODGE ON THE BRANDYWINE

BY SYLVIA STANTON

BUILDING in the country is an architectural problem quite by itself, and the designers who understand the delicate differences which should exist between a country house and one in the city are rare. Country houses, like country hospitality, are too often of the kind that one finds crowded in city lots; and too little advantage is taken of space and outlook and of the kind of freedom which should accompany country life. The problem of a suburban residence affords the greatest opportunity to the architect, as it gives him the chance to develop a harmonious effect, to which his building contributes very largely, but its surroundings quite as much. Good simple architecture really counts for something when it is supported by beautiful gardens and orchards and fields. The restrictions of the city usually confine his opportunities to a narrow strip of ground and such effects as may be obtained from combinations of stone and brick. But in the country he is free, and unhampered by unrelated and inartistic surroundings of brick, mortar, and chimney tops, unsightly pavements, and impossible conditions. Within the past quarter of a century there has been a notable advance in the number of country places and in their beauty, and this fact indicates a vast change in the ideals of American life.

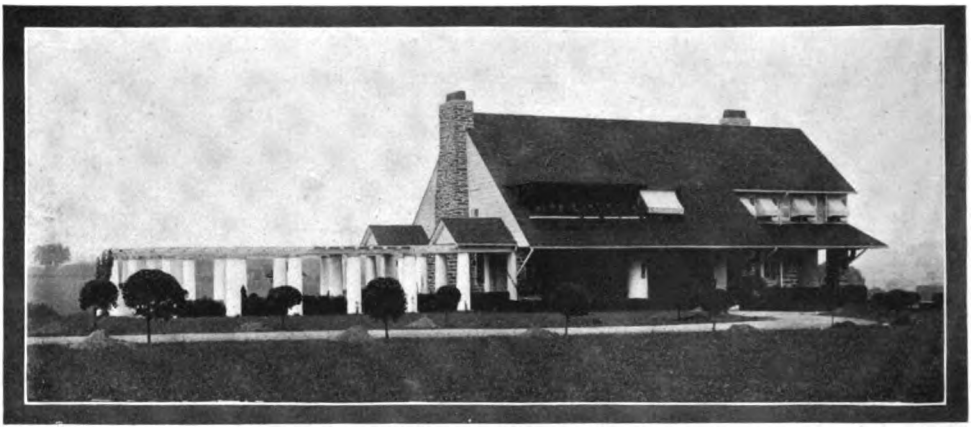
Messrs. Keen & Mead, of Philadelphia, understand these differences and these opportunities as well perhaps as any architects in the country. Certainly they have produced some charming country houses and some designs which are by no means hackneyed. The hunting lodge, which was designed for a location on the Brandywine River in Pennsylvania, has a refreshing frankness. It is perfectly simple and admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was built. Situated on the top of a hill, it commands views ranging from eight to fifteen miles in length. The hill is to be left in its simple state, the wild flowers being kindly permitted to grow just as

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nature designed them. The road leading to the summit will not be too carefully kept, but will have the effect of a trail, which will help to accent the brotherly feeling existing in this case between nature and art. This is as it should be, as we are generally happiest and most content when we live close to nature. The building will be one story in height, roofed with very heavy Spanish tiles, and the walls are of stone, two feet thick. All the walls within and without are whitewashed.

The other photographs show different views of a house for Mr. Samuel J. Magarge at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.



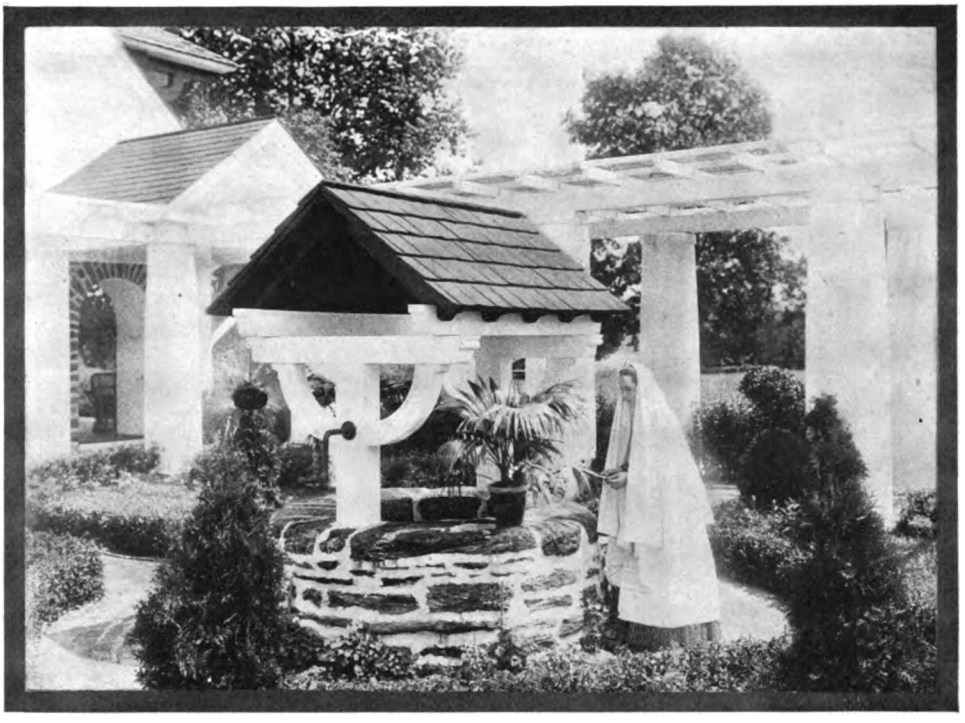
A HOUSE AND GARDEN AT BRYN MAWR

The interior has a great open court with the buildings grouped on three sides, and the free wall across the other face is the entrance side of the court. This is the view shown in the photograph. It will be used entirely for a hunting hall, where the guests will be numerous and may remain as long as desired, as the accommodations are ample. Kitchen and pantries are very large and the mediæval dining-hall has very noble proportions. A huge open fireplace is built at either end, and the design includes a high, raftered ceiling, a brick floor, and walls which are merely whitewashed. Everything is most simple and quiet, without moldings of any kind and absolutely without ornament. The bedrooms are more like monks' cells in a convent than anything else, properly enough as in a place of this kind they will be used merely for sleeping. The open court is surrounded on three sides by an arcade. It is paved and ornamented with trees planted as in the far East, where one finds at each of the four corners of the court, ten or twelve feet from the walls, orange or almond trees or palms. In this case the climate requires apple-trees, and nothing could be lovelier than their blossoms and fruit.

The location was very well chosen, as there are thirteen acres of sloping ground, at the bottom of which is a beautiful little creek. At the time of building it was a plowed field with only one large tree, a chestnut. The general exterior of the house is kept very simple, the roof being shingled, and the first floor built of stone and frame, with large columns of brick and plaster. The color is white, and the shingles on the side of the house and the plastered columns are whitewashed. The shingles on the roof have been given a dark stain to imitate old shingles which have stood the weather for years.

The first floor plan has a kitchen, which is well ventilated; a dining-room with plenty of air and windows; a hall and living-room, which are practically one, with windows fifteen inches from

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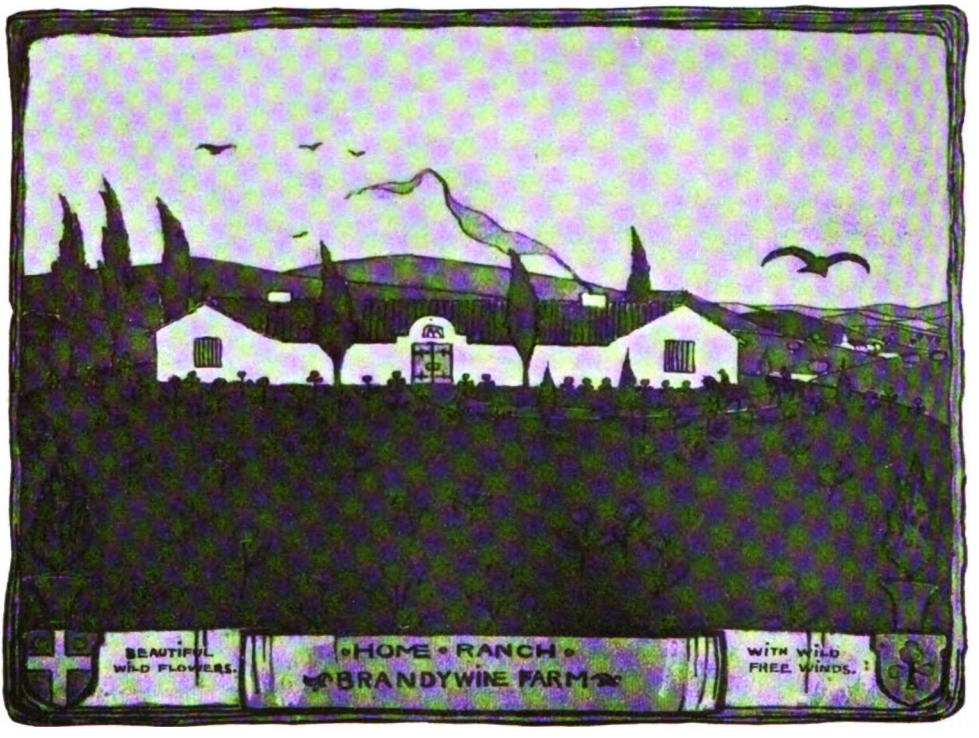


THE OLD-FASHIONED WELL



THE OPEN PORCH

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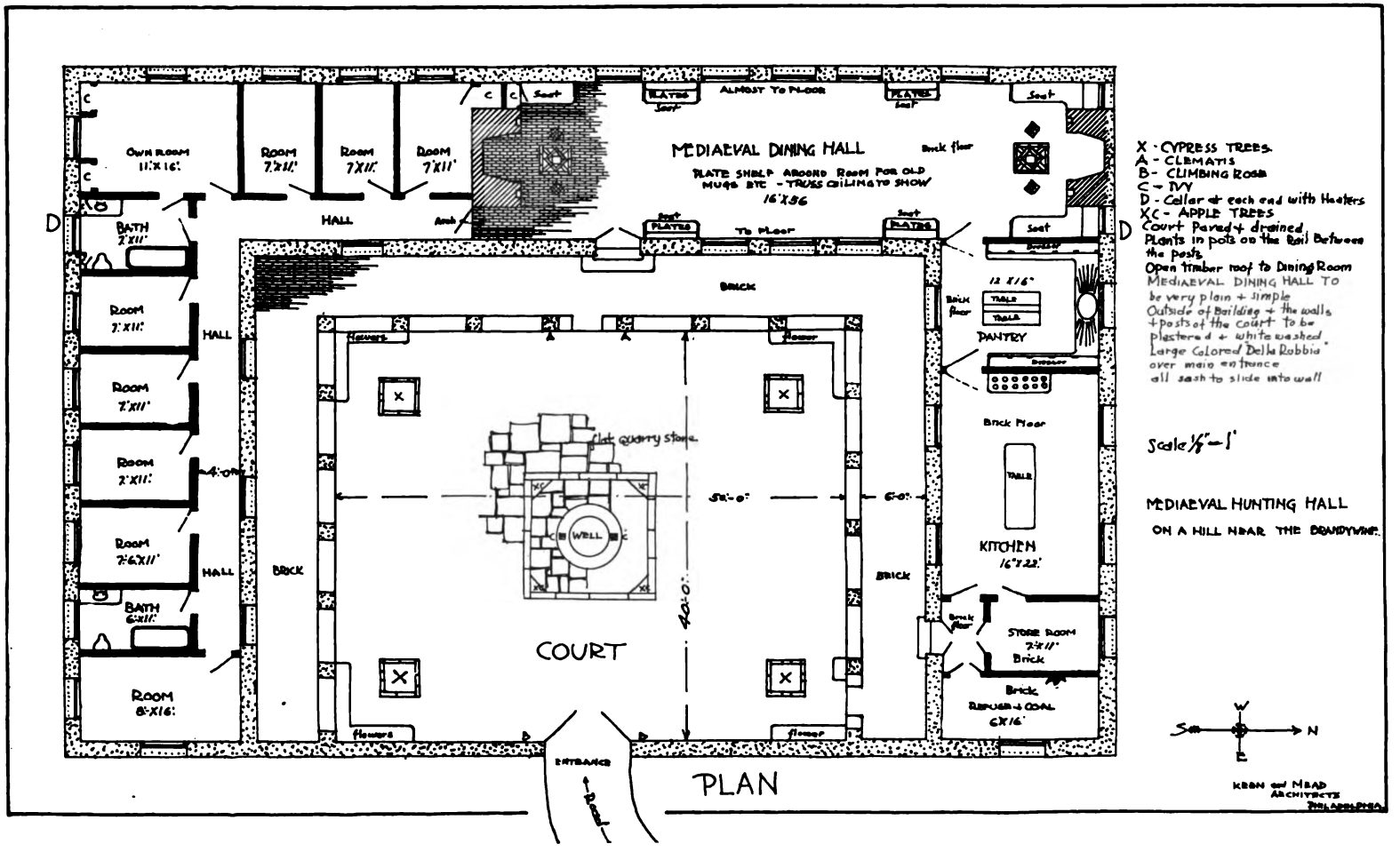


the floor and many of them down to the floor. These low windows command the garden and a large porch, so that the effect is as if one were out of doors. One side of the living-room contains an enormous fireplace of rough, hard brick with brick hearths. It is so large that three or four men may stand up in it together. On either side of this fireplace are easy benches or seats, and directly over them under a low projecting hood are electric lights. The entire interior treatment of the house is very simple, no attempt being made to secure an effect that might rival the view through the windows, except for the effort to create a feeling of comfort and ease by the wholesome open planning. There is an open den under the large stairway, the floor of which is of brick laid in mortar, and on two sides of the den are benches with high backs.

The porch is very wide and long, and is kept open and low, almost to the ground. The view from it is not destroyed by many columns, so that you feel almost as if you were sitting on a bench among overhanging trees. From this porch, through a large stone gateway, you may step into a garden. A colonnade, with its covered trellis, extends on two sides of the garden, and is connected across the end with columns and trellis, in the center of which is an exedra with a large seat, and above the seat a marble cap for potted plants. There is a brick walk around the garden under the trellis, and by stone stepping-blocks through the grass and brick walks the flower-beds, with their borders of old-fashioned box, may be reached. They are planted with such hardy perennials as were grown by our grandmothers.

At the base of the large chimney, which is at one end of the garden, ivy and trumpet-vine are planted. The exedra is planted with climbing roses, which are already making good headway, and in a few years the columns will be

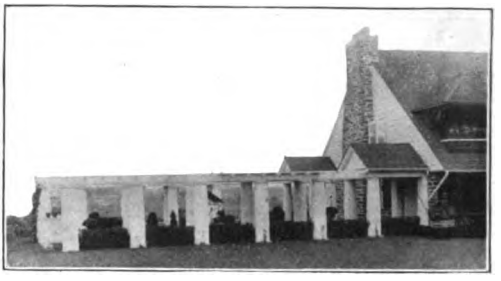
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covered with white clematis and the trellis and chimney will be wreathed with green. In the center of the garden is an old-fashioned well, which does good service for beauty.

From this gay and lovely garden there is an open path leading to a flight of stone steps, which descends by easy stages with little landings to another little garden about six feet lower than the upper one. In the center of the lower garden, which is also surrounded with colonnade and trellis, is a large lily pond, and from this you may continue downwards by means of another flight of steps to a pathway bordered with trees which leads to the creek, one hundred and thirty feet below the house. The whole plan is laid out in a formal manner, the walks from garden to garden being planted with box and privet hedges and supported on many sides with shrubs. There are cypresses, too, and many flowering trees.



THE COLONNADE

In this design Messrs. Keen & Mead show how necessary it is that the modern architect should be also a landscape gardener if he wishes to secure the best results in country architecture. An architect indeed must have many talents besides that for designing, and he needs a comprehensive outlook. Messrs. Keen & Mead have secured a distinctly beautiful result with very simple means and a due appreciation of the value of every point in the game.

SCULPTURE AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

BY CHARLOTTE BECKER



PEACE AND PLENTY
By M. W. Schwarzott

NO previous great exposition has ever been as rich in original and allegorical sculpture, used for ornamenting both buildings and grounds, as the Pan-American, in Buffalo, and it is safe to say that this representative collection will demonstrate more clearly than any other not only the progress of individual American art, but also the importance, the condition, and the ideals of contemporary sculpture in America.

Mr. Karl Bitter, the director of sculpture, appointed for this position by the National Sculptors' Society, to whom the choice was delegated by the Pan-American authorities, has shown himself most excellently fitted for the entire charge of this gigantic undertaking. He commissioned not only some thirty-five famous American sculptors to carry out his ideas—giving them scope for a wide range of individuality—but employed, during five months, from seventy-five to one hundred skilled workmen, who, in a great building near Mr. Bitter's studio at Hoboken, built up the figures and groups in plaster from the clay models furnished by the sculptors. This great workroom was also a school of training for many promising young sculptors, who assisted in enlarging from the

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models; and gave them opportunities which naturally no ordinary art school could afford. By his system of enlarging from the artists' original models, some of them not more than three feet high, Mr. Bitter reduced the cost of reproduction immensely, and thereby increased the various sculptors' just remuneration. The grouping of the Pan-American buildings lends itself most happily to Mr. Bitter's scheme of decoration, which was to exemplify American art and ideals by the works of representative American sculptors, used to make the significance of the different groups of buildings allegorical.

The Exposition has for its central point the great Court of Fountains, flanked by the Machinery, Electricity, Agriculture, and Liberal Arts buildings; for, in accordance with Mr. Bitter's idea, the statuary represents the Genius of Man and his progress in art, science, and industry. Below the Court of Fountains is the Esplanade, which spreads out into two broad wings; surrounding the left wing are the buildings of Forestry, Mines, and Graphic Arts, and corresponding to these on the right wing are the United States Government buildings. On the left, Mr. Bitter has devoted the groups and fountains to the subject of Nature, and on the right to Ulan and his institutions. The sculpture in these three great partitions is the most important of the Exposition work, but that on the Electric Tower, and the Triumphal Causeway, before the entrances to the Stadium and the Midway, and scattered throughout the grounds, is of almost equal interest.

The visitor beginning his pilgrimage through the Exposition at the Court of Fountains will find at its upper end, in front of the Electric Tower, a fountain of heroic size and many figures, the central group bearing the title "Genius of



UPPER PORTION OF THE FOUNTAIN OF NATURE
By George T. Brewster

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Man"; on either side are lesser groups, the one expressing "Human Emotions," the other "Human Intellect"—these are by Paul W. Bartlett. On the two wings of the basin are smaller fountains, representing the "Births of Venus" and "Athene," by Mr. and Mrs. Michael Tonetti. On the pedestal nearest "Human Emotions" and the "Birth of Venus" is a group representing "Art," and on the opposite side, near "Human Intellect," the "Birth of Athene" one of "Science"; these are by Charles L. Lopez.



MOUNTED STANDARD-BEARER
By Karl Bitter

Coming from the court to the right wing of the Esplanade, the first group to arrest the eye is the "Fountain of Man," by Charles Grafly, of Philadelphia; this is surmounted by a mysterious veiled figure, or, rather, two figures joined into one, indicating the two sides of man's nature, and the veil typifying the soul. This strange figure of "Man the Mysterious" is supported by a pedestal bearing the "Five Senses," who have joined hands to protect man; below are crouching figures typical of human characteristics, love and hatred, virtue and vice, and others. Among the groups on either side of this fountain are two of the savage age, by the well-known sculptor, John J. Boyle. One is called "The Savage Age in the West," and shows the war-dance of an Indian tribe. The corresponding group represents the "Savage Age of the Ancient Races," and depicts the rape of the Sabines. In niches of the Colonnade on either side of the chief government building is repeated

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THE SCIENCES
By Charles L. Lopez

the figure typifying "Peace and Plenty" by Maximilian Schwarzott. It is a statue of much classic dignity and is extremely effective. Mr. Schwarzott is also the sculptor of the colossal groups, "Fighting Eagles," which surmount the two guardhouses in front of the Triumphal Causeway with very striking effect.

Of the groups on the left wing of the Esplanade, the most important is that of the "Fountain of Nature" by George T. Brewster; the female figure at the top is emblematic of Nature herself, and beneath, on the globe, are the figures of the "Four Elements"; on the consoles are the "Four Seasons," and between them and beneath are placed the "Four Minds," as if moving with the globe. The lesser fountains on the sides of the large basin are the "Fountain of Kronosu" and that of "Ceres" by F. Edwin Elwell, a pupil of Daniel French and of Falguière. In all these great fountains ancient and mythological figures are used almost entirely; in fact, throughout the grounds there are but three or four groups in which significance is conveyed by means of modern subjects.

The Triumphal Bridge, symbolizing the welcome of the United States to her sister nations, is intended by Mr. Bitter to embody the idea of our national pride, power, and progress. The four piers of the bridge, one hundred feet in height, were designed by Mr. John M. Carrère, chairman of the Board of Architects, and each pier is surmounted by the Mounted Standard-Bearer, designed by Mr. Bitter himself. This is perhaps the finest individual work possessed by the Exposition, and represents a young warrior mounted on a horse thirty feet high, which rears above trophies indicative of feudalism and tyranny; the whole symbolical of the freedom of the United Americas from despotism and slavery. In the niches of the piers are statues

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THE SAVAGE AGE IN THE WEST
By John J. Boyle

expressing "Courage," "Patriotism," "Truth," and other qualities, and below, on either side, are fountains composed of groups of figures and rearing horses clustered about a gigantic flagstaff, the fountain on the east typifying the Atlantic Ocean, and that on the west the Pacific. These are by Philip Martiny, who also designed the graceful fountain of "Abundance," opposite the Esplanade.

Facing the Triumphal Bridge, on the south, is the mounted statue of George Washington, a replica of the one given to the city of Paris by the women of America, and the work of Daniel Chester French. It is a statue of great dignity and of imposing effect. A specially interesting work by a woman is the fountain called "The Struggle for Existence." It is by Miss Enid Yandell, a Louisville young woman, who now has a studio in Paris; and is a copy of the original which was ordered by the city of Providence, Rhode Island.

The sculpture for the Temple of Music was designed by Mr. Isadore Konti, the artist of the group of "West Indies," northeast of the Dewey Arch, in New York City, and consists of figures representing religious, heroic, lyric, dance, and gay music.

The powerful figure of a horse-trainer, at the entrance to the Live Stock building, is by Mr. Frederick G. Roth, and is one of the most effective single pieces of sculpture at the Exposition. Other sculptors who are to be represented by loan exhibits in the grounds are Mr. Daniel French, Mr. St. Gaudens, and Mr. MacMonnies. The treatment of the sculpture about the Electric Tower is of local importance, and suggests Buffalo's indebtedness to Niagara, the Great Lakes, and the Erie Canal and lesser waterways, to which are due her growth

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and prosperity. Therefore, these groups are to typify the power of the "Great Waters," as the Indians called them. Two pylons, "The Great Waters in the Days of the Indians" and "The Great Waters in the Days of the White Man," are by George Gray Barnard, and four pylons by Philip Martiny express the "Genius of Progress." Of these, one typifies the power of the eleven inland railroads, connecting with the city. In the imposing colonnade at the base of the tower are the seated figures of the Six Lakes, Erie, Huron, Michigan, St. Claire, Ontario, and Superior, by Carl Tefft (two), Henry Baerer, Philip Martiny, Ralph Goddard, and Louis Gudebrod. Mr. Bitter has designed a sculptural frieze representing "Pan-America" and including keys and an escutcheon. The pinnacle of the tower is crowned by a statue, twenty-four feet high, by Herbert Adams, the "Goddess of Light," symbolizing the force of electricity, the mystery of whose power has been revealed by the strength of the "Great Waters." This statue is of hammered brass, and consequently most brilliant, either in the sunlight or the electric current which nightly makes the grounds as bright as day. Mr. Adams is acknowledged one of the most gifted of contemporary sculptors, as his "Professor Henry" and other works in the Congressional Library and his "Solon" on the New York Appellate Court House amply testify. He also designed the two groups representing this "Age of Enlightenment," showing in a modern sense the value of religion, education, and culture, which form part of the Government buildings group. Mr. Adams is much interested in polychrome sculpture, and has made some experiments in that direction which may be seen in the Fine Arts exhibit of the Exposition.

Behind the Electric Tower, and having on one side the entrance to the Midway, on another that to the Stadium, and on the third the colonnade known as the Propylæum, is the open square called the Plaza. Here have been placed replicas of statues of the Renaissance period, and those of ancient Greece and Italy: Apollo Belvedere, the Diana of the Louvre, the Borghese Achilles, the Fawn of Praxiteles, and other familiar figures, and among the flower-beds and paths are copies of the groups of children in the park of Versailles. Of course, Mr. Bitter's original scheme does not apply to any of this statuary, which was used partly on account of the lack of time for the artists to complete a larger number of original works and partly on account of the immense cost of commissioned sculpture. But the result of using these antique figures in the flower-beds and among the trees is most picturesque and charming; and there is a poplar alley, guarded by a row of pedestals bearing ancient deities, which is as alluring as any of its kind in the Old World, and is reminiscent of classic gardens in Italy or Greece—a touch of the calm Old World in the midst of the restlessness of the New.

The American sculpture has not much to fear from these ancient rivals, for, taken as a whole, in its boldness of conception, its originality, and its suggestiveness of youthful strength, it will stand a favorable comparison with any like achievement through the ages. And to one standing on the Triumphal Causeway, who looks on George Washington saluting, as it were, the progress which has been made, not only by the descendants of those men who supported the first presidency of these United States, but also of those who inaugurated the many governments of the smaller American countries, it would clearly seem that the American life is, and has been, well worth the living.

Edelweiss Growing Less

The rarest flower in Europe, the edelweiss, is becoming scarcer every year, and unless measures are taken to prevent indiscriminate gathering it is likely to disappear altogether. The edelweiss only grows 2,500 or 3,000 yards above the level of the sea and under special climatic conditions. Unfortunately, the edelweiss has become the "fashionable" flower in Germany since the Emperor commenced wearing it.

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PLANTS FOR THE TERRACE*

BY IDA D. BENNETT

Author of "An American Book of Gardening"

WITH the revival of the terrace in architecture comes an awakening interest in plants and shrubs suitable for its adornment. While most of the ornamental palms and shrubs used in halls and corridors during winter may, at the approach of warm weather, find a place on the terrace, providing the exposure be suitable, I am more in favor of the class of plants found adorning the courts and patios of Spanish and Mexican dwellings, notably the hard-wooded plants and shrubs that may be grown in tubs and transferred to the cellar or greenhouse at the return of cold weather. Certain characteristics are desirable in these plants: compactness and symmetry of growth being of first importance, as these plants should be grown singly and not in groups. And it will be better if the plant is to be placed on a paved court or terrace that it should be so arranged with castors or something of the kind that the plants may be turned frequently and so maintain the desired symmetry. It is also desirable that the terrace plant should have wavy, glossy foliage, giving a tropical effect, and brilliant, luxuriant bloom.

TROPICAL FRUITS

These conditions are more generally fulfilled by the tender sub-tropical plants than by any of our colder Northland. Most of the tropical fruits adapt themselves admirably to this purpose, and limes, oranges, and lemons, are beautiful in flower or fruit. They will increase in value from year to year, but cannot equal in effect the beriums or oleander, and hibiscus, whose gorgeousness of bloom renders them magnificent ornamental shrubs.

Less beautiful in foliage, but unsurpassed in luxuriance of growth and freedom of bloom are the lantanas which, grown in tubs in a sunny situation, surprise one with their vigorous development. Small plants from the florists in spring, or even seedlings started out in February, and planted out in a sunny situation in a tobacco pail, or plant tub of equal size, in rich soil with a good proportion of old, well-rotted manure and well supplied with water, will make a growth of two, three, or more feet in diameter by midsummer. I have found a soil, composed of equal parts of leaf mold or muck, good loam, and old manure to suit them admirably. Abundance of water is essential and they will do better if not allowed to form seed.

So easily and quickly do these make plants of a size for decorative effect that I have not considered it desirable to carry them over, but, of course, on large terraces the plants of older growth would be more effective, and they may be wintered in a warm greenhouse with frequent syringing to keep down red spider. They should be kept growing, however, as they make a hard, woody growth, and when the foliage is lost, the new growth does not break readily through the old wood, but remains at the tips of the branches, the old part being more or less barren and unsightly.

MAGNOLIAS

If one has a gardener, the camelia may be brought to bloom on the terrace, but it is rather uncertain in amateur hands. The magnolia is a fine substitute and more reliable. These magnificent shrubs, hardy in the south and in some favored localities as far north as the Ohio River, should be grown wherever they may be given safe winter quarters, and used to adorn the terrace during the early summer. Magnolia grandiflora, the most superb of its class, grows into an immense tree sixty to

*"An American Book of Gardening," by Ida D. Bennett. Illustrated, 8vo, cloth, $2.00. This is a practical volume for amateur gardeners, and contains many new and useful features, giving information about the designing of gardens, the care of common plants, and advice about planting, window-boxes, and the care of house-plants. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers, Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

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eighty feet tall in the south where it is hardy. But as it blooms when quite small, it may be grown successfully as a tub plant. It has dark, shining, evergreen leaves, resembling those of the rubber-tree, of a rusty brown underneath forming an admirable contrast, and flowers whose beauty remains with one like a haunting memory—of a creamy white some five or six inches in diameter and delightfully fragrant.

The laurel magnolia, or sweet bay, is a dwarf shrubby species with small, waxy, green leaves, snowy white on the under side, with lovely creamy white flowers, exquisitely fragrant, the size of a silver dollar. This variety is perfectly hardy in Massachusetts, but must be treated as a tub plant farther north.

Pomegranates are an exceedingly ornamental shrub, both in flower and in fruit, and a well-grown plant will always be an object of great interest at the north. Among the ornamental flowering varieties, alta plena has large, creamy double white flowers; James Vick, a dwarf variety, brilliant orange-scarlet flowers, and variegata, a fine yellow, flaked with red, a very fine variety. They may be given the general treatment of all tropical shrubs and wintered in a warm, dry, not too dark cellar, repotting only when necessary, but renewing the top soil in the tubs each spring.

OLEANDERS

Among the neriums or oleanders, every one is familiar with the old-fashioned double pink variety, which holds its own conspicuously with the newer and rarer sorts. So easily is it grown and cared for that it should find a place in every collection of tub plants. The oleander's excellent manner of growth, fine glossy foliage, and exquisite bloom, give it high rank among blossoming plants. The color ranges from pure white through shades of flesh and pink to the deep purplish crimson of atro purpureum plenum. There are several double whites, madona grandiflora probably being the best. Madame Peyre, a semi-double creamy white flower, is very fine, and carneum, with its single white blossom, has deep crimson lines in the throat, the effect being exquisite. Marcei is pale pink, striped with white and semi-double, while savort, an apple-blossom pink, shaded and flushed, is charming. Splendeus giganteum resembles the old double pink, but with larger flowers, and G. varigata adds to its charm of beautifully variegated flowers, a foliage of cream, white, and green. There is also a yellow variety with large, handsome flowers.

THE CARE OF PLANTS

The ease of culture makes the care of a number of plants of little more moment than the care of one. They are easily raised from cuttings inserted in a bottle of water, the neck closed with absorbent cotton, and placed in a sunny window. They should be potted in rich, sandy, fibrous loam, with a portion of old well-rotted manure added. After blooming they may be wintered in a warm cellar or plant-room bringing them up the first of March and repotting if necessary, but if the tub is not full of roots as much of the surface soil as can be removed without disturbing them should be replaced with rich, fibrous loam and old well-rotted manure. Like all hard-wooded plants, the oleander should be planted very firmly.

At this time any pruning needed to increase the top growth or improve the symmetry of the plant should be attended to before new growth begins, remembering that the more freely it may be induced to branch the more blossom points there will be to reward one with bloom. At this time, too, the plant must be carefully gone over for any signs of scale, which much infests all hard-wooded shrubs. The trunk branches, stems, and leaves must be examined carefully in detail, especially the undersides and axils of the leaves, and all scale removed with a thin edge of wood or a brush. The trees should then be thoroughly sprayed with a strong suds of whale oil soap, treated to about one hundred and forty degrees. This should be allowed

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to remain a short time, and then the plants should be sprayed with hot water till thoroughly clean. This precaution should be observed with regard to all hard-wooded shrubs, especially oranges. After the foliage has dried, place in a warm, sunny window and encourage growth. When the buds appear, a weekly dose of tobacco tea or plant food may be given with benefit. In the south, where the oleander is hardy, hedges and shrubs are made of it. A number of tubs may be arranged for that purpose with fine effect if grown of uniform height and development. The effect of plants of one kind is much finer than the same number of mixed plants.

Not until one has begun to use decorative plants systematically, does one realize that they are a part of the furniture of the house and a legitimate item of expense. If the same amount expended in the purchase of fresh plants each year should be used to house those already acquired, there would be a gain both in money and quality of plants.

THE CHINESE HIBISCUS

I have left until the last one of the finest of all terrace plants. The Chinese hibiscus or hibiscus sinensis, because I wished to speak of it as a terrace, a bedder, and a house plant.

Though it is an admirable pot or tub plant, it requires somewhat different treatment from the foregoing, as it is very tender. Because of its sensitiveness to cold, it cannot be wintered with safety either in a cool cellar or storeroom, a temperature of seventy degrees being much more congenial the year round, and great evenness of temperature being especially desirable. Where the plants can be safely wintered without loss of foliage, they soon attain large size and a handsome, uniform, symmetrical shape that, with their brilliant blossoms, make them surpass any other plants with which I am familiar. Arranged as a low hedge on the coping of a terrace, they are unsurpassed, and I would recommend their adoption if only one kind of flower were to be selected for the terrace, in preference to all others.

THE HIBISCUS AS A WINTER BLOOMER

I do not know how many varieties there may be of the greenhouse hibiscus. One is constantly running across new varieties, or at least new names; for instance, the new "peach blossom hibiscus," I judge to be the same catalogued as double pink hibiscus by a Florida firm. It would be impossible to give a correct list unless one grew all varieties catalogued.

Most of the varieties which I have grown are really magnificent. The general characteristics of growth and foliage vary little, except in one or two instances, the plants forming fine, bushy hard-wooded shrubs with glossy evergreen foliage, which in itself is very decorative. Hibiscus sinensis, which is also the generic name of the species, is probably the best known and one of the finest and most satisfactory. The blossoms, large and very double, are often six inches in diameter, and of a lovely rosy scarlet when fully expanded. All hibiscus develop their buds rather slowly and grow much after opening, the color slowly assuming its perfect shade. The blossoms ordinarily last but one day, though somewhat longer in a low temperature, but a well-developed plant will bloom steadily for a long time.

DIFFERENCES IN THE BLOSSOMS

Hibiscus sub-violaceous has a somewhat darker flower, clear carmine shaded with violet, and is considered the largest of all, but double pink or peach-blow has given me as large, or larger, blossoms. The color is also very fine, a clear, soft, rosy pink, and semi-double. The beautiful golden stamens, five in number, are distributed evenly among the petals and tipped with anthers of velvety crimson.

Like the double pink, the single pink is beautiful. The flowers are numerous and clear, rosy pink, somewhat lighter on the edges of the petals and shaded

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darker in the center. The stamens bunched in a long brush in the center with velvety crimson anthers and golden pollen. The buds are long and pointed. Hibiscus magnificus is another single variety with blossoms of a rosy crimson, the edge of the petals lighter and covered with a beautiful satin sheen, which gives the flower a variegated appearance. The flower is large and shaped much like a pansy reversed, the lower petal on top, and carries itself with a peculiar dignity rare in flowers. It is one of those flowers on which the hand of the artist seems to have lingered lovingly, so perfect and finished is every detail. The leaf of this variety differs materially from the standard type, being "maple shaped" and quite deeply cut. It seems, too, to require more heat than the other varieties. Hibiscus cooperi tri-color is another single variety with large, single, crimson flowers and foliage variegated with green, red, pink, white, and cream color. It makes a much smaller growth than the others, but a well-developed specimen is very ornamental. Hibiscus versi-color, combines in its colors all the colors of the entire family: rose, crimson, white, cream, etc. The flowers are much smaller than the other hibiscus, and rather unsatisfactory when compared with such magnificent varieties as sinensis and the double pink.

THE WORLD'S FAIR BEAUTY

Though there are many other varieties, my space will not allow me to describe more than one more, the Southern Beauty, known first as the "World's Fair Beauty." This differs in manner of growth, foliage, and in fact, nearly every detail from all the preceding. The growth is more herbaceous; the stem is not woody, but light green and spiney; the leaves, immense, are five-lobed like a woodbine and slightly rough, not glossy as is the case with the other hibiscus. The blossoms are very large, single, and with a velvety black throat or eye. It is a very handsome plant and may be wintered in the cellar after blooming. It is hardy in the open ground at the South, springing up from the root when cut down by frost. Unlike the older varieties, this is easily propagated from cuttings. A young plant, set in the open ground last spring, and growing thriftily, was entered just below the surface of the ground by a borer and was discovered hanging limp and wilted to its stake. As there was some slight indication at the first joint of rudimentary roots, the earth was heaped up around them and kept moist, and soon the plant had struck root and was growing vigorously. When lifted in September it had made the fine growth of four feet in height and ten in circumference.

PLANTING

In spite of the florist's claims to the contrary, I do not consider the hibiscus a good bedder. A good summer bloomer it certainly is, but it does better in pots sunk in the ground or in the sand box, where it can be kept moist and will receive the morning sun. In the open ground the tendency to excessive root-growth interferes with its blooming. The hibiscus blooms well when root-bound, but must never be allowed to dry out during the blossoming period, as this is the cause of the dropping of the buds so much complained of. When plants are wanted for winter blooming, bedding out in the spring and lifting in the fall may be wise, as the plants will be in better shape for the winter blooming than if grown in pots and allowed to bloom during summer.

In the house the excessive root-growth of the hibiscus may be pruned if it threatens to require too large a pot. To accomplish this with the best results and the least trouble, I run a knife down through the soil on each side of the pot, slicing off a good half of the roots. The remaining roots will quickly branch out into many new feeding roots—the life of the plant—which will result in an early crop of flowers. This will often bring a backward plant into bloom, and the habit of blooming once established the plants will be found very reliable bloomers.

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THE HOME OF MADAME MODJESKA

THE Forest of Arden, the beautiful home of Helena Modjeska upon the Pacific coast, is about to pass out of her hands. Negotiations are said to be now pending by which this unique ranch, the summer home of Count and Countess Bozenta, may become the property of an Eastern millionaire.

The estate in Santiago Cañon, away back upon a spur of the Coast Range Mountains in Orange County, California, has been the possession of Modjeska for more than a quarter of a century, says the New York Tribune. It is a spot that connoisseurs of art and lovers of nature find almost ideal. The drive to it is made across the fertile Santa Ana Valley, through orchards of oranges and lemons and thousands of acres of waving grain. In the winter the uncultivated land is a carpet of wild flowers, where fields of flaming yellow poppies and dainty "baby blue eyes" and scarlet "Indian paint brush" blossom riotously.

The gradual ascent from five hundred to twenty-five hundred feet above the sea level is scarcely felt as one passes up the cañon, through groves of immense live oaks and gnarled old sycamores, under a tangle of wild grape-vines and other creepers, crossing again and again a little mountain stream winding down to the valley below. With skill and taste this beautiful drive has been made most attractive. Wide detours are taken to spare the trees, rustic bridges span the restless stream, while giant bowlders covered with lichens remain untouched in picturesque beauty along the way. A sudden turn in the cañon brings one to



IN THE PARK AT ARDEN

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ARDEN: THE FRONT VIEW OF THE HOUSE

Modjeska Park, a natural park of stately trees, two miles beyond which stands the house. It is a lone, rambling, one-storied house, with broad piazzas and vineclad trellises.

"Arden" embraces two thousand acres, about seventy of which are in orchards of oranges, lemons, nuts, and deciduous fruits. Around the house are velvet lawns and flowing fountains and rare shrubbery. In the background rise purple peaks and mountain solitudes. The house is quaint and picturesque. It has French windows and broad verandas, where awnings, hammocks and cosy seats make outdoor life possible during all the summer months.

Mme. Modjeska's own room—her den—is the library. It has triple mullioned windows and a quaint stone fireplace. Engravings, etchings, paintings, rare Persian rugs, old mahogany furniture, and deep-seated leather chairs make this room most alluring. Carved oak bookcases fill the side of the room opposite the long French windows that open upon the mountain view. Madame's work table is filled with books of plays and volumes on stage costumes and stage settings. Scrapbooks of dramatic criticisms and theatrical events and photographs of noted players are in picturesque confusion.

Among the valued pieces of furniture is a quaint little black brass-legged table of the time of Queen Elizabeth, which was presented by "Joe" Jefferson to Count Bozenta. Above this table hangs a miniature picture on porcelain of Marie Antoinette.

The books number perhaps two thousand—books in French, Russian, Polish, Italian, and English. A magnificent edition of Balzac, the gift of Alphonse Daudet, occupies a place of honor, for Mme. Modjeska considers this writer among the greatest novelists of the century. Shakespeare in many editions and many languages is here, with critical and analytical essays and commentaries galore. Sienkiewicz's works in Polish are upon the shelves, each volume an author's copy. Photographs, water-colors, carvings, and many ornaments adorn the room.

The dining-room, a long, low, sunny apartment, has a great brick fireplace and a recessed stained glass window. The walls are hung with many art trophies, among which is a collection of

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arms, old swords, ancient cutlasses, crude battle axes and murderous javelins. Many of these are the gifts of famous people, and are historic in value.

The music-room is a charming spot. A grand piano occupies one end, and there are also a beautiful harp and a collection of musical instruments representing many countries. The whole interior of the home is filled with art treasures from all parts of the globe.

The acquirement of "Arden" belongs to a chapter in the life of Modjeska, dating as far back as the centennial year, 1876, for it was in this year that she, with her husband, Count Bozenta Chlapowski, came to America with a society of Polish artists and attempted to found a colony in southern California.

There is possibly no other story of communistic life quite like this, for this company of idealists, unlike the Brook Farm or any other community, had no problem to solve, no class privileges to settle, no philosophy to promulgate. They came, about thirty in number, a company of happy, ambitious young people fleeing from Poland from the political suspicion that had become almost a reign of terror. They sought a free government, and a climate of semi-tropic beauty.

The artists, led by Modjeska and her husband, included Henryk Sienkiewicz, Michael Kroschiki, the painter, and Carl Vladskot, the poet. Besides these men there were other artists, editors, poets, orators, full of life, of enthusiasm, longing to establish a home for denationalized genius, where political censorship was unknown.

This company had, in Cracow, Poland, belonged to a club, which met at one another's houses, where they discussed music, art, poetry, and too often the downfall of their beloved country, which



THE MUSIC-ROOM AND LIBRARY

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ARDEN

was in the possession of the Russian aristocracy.

Modjeska's husband was purely Polish. His great-uncle, General Chlapowski, was aide-de-camp to Napoleon and commanded a wing of the French army in its march to Moscow. The Count was, therefore, thought to be a dangerous person to the government, and his career was frequently interrupted with political imprisonment, resulting finally in exile. No wonder that he and his artist wife dreamed of a free life across the water in an Arcadia of their own making.

The founding of the colony, the coming to America in 1876, the settlement in southern California, and its misfortune and failure are well known; also the drifting back of the Polish artists to their native country—all save Modjeska and her husband.

To Modjeska the failure of the communistic scheme brought no loss of courage. She retained her love for the sunny south, and very soon after her career was established she returned to the scene of her experiment in community life and bought this tract of land in the cañon of Santiago, adding to it as time passed on, and finally building there a summer retreat.

Bells in Pekin

Pekin is rich in remarkable bells, the finest specimens being located in the bell tower on the western side of the Tartar City, and the Tachungsu, or temple of the great bell, beyond the city wall. The latter contains the great bell of Pekin, cast by order of the Emperor Yong-Lo in 1415 and hung in the present tower by the Emperor Waulch in 1578. This gigantic object measures 15 feet in height, is 9 inches thick, and has a circumference of 34 feet at the rim. It weighs 53½ tons, and is covered inside and out with inscriptions from the Buddhist outras in Chinese characters.

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FOUNTAINS*

BY F. HAMILTON JACKSON, R.B.A.

WHAT fascinating visions the very word "fountain" suggests to the imagination, which forthwith unrolls before the inner eye in long sequence a chain of delightful memories! Visions of sparkling water and lucent marble, perhaps, as at Granada, seen through slender columns against a background of intricately interwoven design in tiles or plaster, where the water, after escaping from the jets, flows with gentle lapse along conduits of marble between beds of flowers, grass, and evergreen shrubs; or as in the grandiose later Renaissance fountains, where tritons wind their conches with swelling cheeks, and nymph and naiad enter the chariot of Neptune drawn by strange sea-beasts; or, again, where gods or goddesses attitudinise with fluttering draperies above the place where the water spouts forth in ceaseless flood with a noise as of a cascade; or where the simple basin without ornament, moss-grown, and water-stained, overflows with noiseless trickle beneath the shade of the ilex trees—basins of quaint shapes and unfamiliar material and appearance, supported by single figures or groups, designs so informal as to be almost licentious, or so purely architectural as to be a trifle frigid; stone cut so sharply and daringly as to look as if modeled in some ductile material, springing aloft with rushing curves and towering high into the heavens, or delicately carved and modestly shrinking from observation within its niche—broadly spreading surfaces of lovely marbles, checkered with shadow from overhanging trees, or elaborate pieces of interwoven metal work standing boldly out in the market-place. All these and many more pass before the mind in endless panorama, while one almost seems to hear the jingle of the muleteer's bells as his animals shake their heads and plunge their noses in the cool water with which man and beast wash the dust from their parched throats; or the chatter of the women as they linger, bright spots of color with kerchief and apron, and the tinkle of the water as the water-pots fill; while pigeons flutter and splash in the upper basin, or circle round on widespread pinions, waiting till the fountain is again left solitary, when, descending, they strut and coo among the flowers placed where the moisture which floats in the air from the ever-falling drops may refresh their drooping leaves and pot-bound roots. And then memory recalls quite other fountains gurgling forth beneath gray arches amid quiet fields, to which the devious, well-trodden path leads from the little hamlet near, while above the poplars shiver in the breeze with tremulous and silvering leaves; or such as one sees many of in our own land with even less architectural pretension, where a few stones leant together, and overgrown with moss, form a shelter for the basin which ever fills from its hidden source and ever overflows. From amongst these bewildering mazes of recollections I desire to select a few for description and illustration, grouping them as far as may be with reference rather to their design than to their locality and surroundings, and, for the purposes of this magazine, naturally choosing such as are of architectural rather than merely of picturesque interest.

The first and most distinctive difference which confronts one in design is that which is caused by position. The fountain which is affixed to a wall is necessarily viewed by the designer from a quite different standpoint—from one which is detached, and indeed must be seen in the round from many sides. The wall-fountain may be compared to the bas-relief, and is generally most successful in treatment when an architect-

*Condensed for THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL from the Architectural Review, London.

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ural framing bears a considerable proportion to the freer parts of the design, which in that case appears to be an integral part of the wall, as it should be. The opposite treatment invariably suggests something accidentally placed against the wall surface, which may be detached and carried away, as if the fountain were furniture in fact, which nothing that requires the provision of water-pipes to fulfil its purpose can be. This requirement satisfied, however, the treatment admits of the greatest variety, either in combination with architectural features, like that given from Lucerne, where the fountain and its surroundings combine to form a simple but attractive whole, or, at the other end of the scale, like the great fountains in Rome and many other foreign cities, where within and in front of the architectural framing a population of gods and goddesses pose with various gestures and on different levels, forming compositions which offend the eye of the modern purist, but which are generally exceedingly effective when seen with their proper adjunct of gushing water, and are undoubtedly the work of craftsmen who had so entirely vanquished the difficulties of their craft as to find pleasure and triumph in crossing the boundaries within which modern criticism believes the carver's efforts should be concentrated and confined.

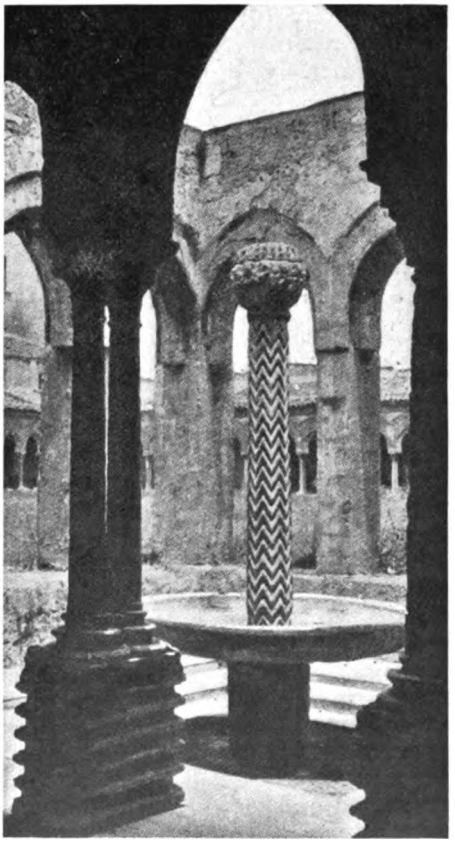


These fountains were probably imitated from the remains which still existed in the sixteenth century of the Roman "Castella," the reservoirs and distributing heads of the aqueducts, which were frequently decorated on their outward face with architectural compositions and sculpture. The ancient Romans had many kinds of fountains. Those with upward jets called "salientes," often threw their waters from large, flat basins cut from a single piece of stone such as porphyry, granite, alabaster, or marble, which were sometimes as much as thirty feet in diameter. In contradistinction to these there is in the Capitoline Museum a small one of a curious kind in the shape of a tripod, up the center of which the jet passes, while the water flows away through the hollow legs.

Among the Greeks the public fountain was the only source of water supply, except for rain-water cisterns, and these were generally springs covered over to keep them cool and clean, which covering naturally took the form of a temple, decorated with columns and statues. The fountains of Athens were celebrated,

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and at Corinth also were many. The fountain of Peirene there was adorned with covered cisterns of white marble, like grottoes, out of which the water flowed into the open air, and with a statue of Apollo; while upon the wall of the enclosure was painted the slaughter of the suitors by Ulysses, forming a most elaborately decorated composition. At Corinth also were other fountains in which the water flowed from parts of animals—one with a statue of Bellerophon and Pegasus, with the water flowing from the horse's hoofs, and another with a bronze statue of Poseidon with a dolphin at his feet, from whose mouth the water flowed. This *motif* was imitated at Pompeii and Herculaneum, where there were many statues of boys,



LAVABO CLOISTER, MONREALE

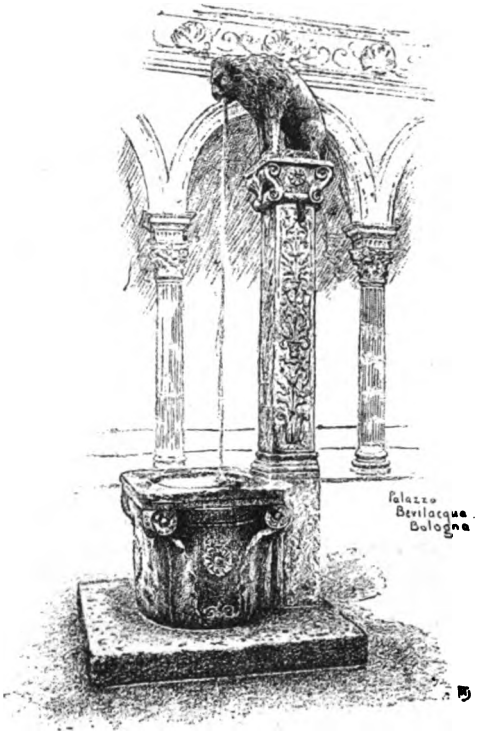
tritons, nereids, and satyrs, which were at once the means of decorating the fountain and distributing the water.

Detached fountains may be divided into three classes for convenience—the bowl type, in which one or more basins with their supports form the most distinctive feature of the design; the spire type, in which the design towers aloft with niches and statues terminating in a pinnacle; and the reservoir type, in which the large widely-spreading tank containing the water is the principal feature. Of course this division is of the roughest and most arbitrary kind, for the proportion which is borne by one or other detail is constantly varying, and their combinations are so various that it is often difficult to say to which class a given example belongs. The "Schöne Brunnen" in the Weinmarkt at Lucerne, made by Conrad Lux in 1481, is a case in point, in which the spire type is pronounced, while at the same time the tank which receives the water is almost large enough to justify its inclusion in the third class; and another instance is the celebrated Pisano fountain at Perugia, in which the upper portion consists of a bronze tazza borne upon columns, from which rises another column with nymphs around its base and griffins and lions on its summit, while the lower part is so important both by its size and shape and by the sculptured decoration which surrounds it as to force the conclusion that it is the principal element in the design. Of these clustered bowl fountains, one of the finest examples is to be found at Viterbo, and here one encounters a fresh detail which is very common in Germany, the long gargoyle-like spouts which conduct the water from the central pier across the reservoir, within reach of those who come to the fountain. In Spain one does not see these spouts, but the women each carry a tube with broadened end which they apply to the pipe, from which the water spouts or trickles and thus bring it to their vessels. At Viterbo, in the Piazza Rocca, is also a later fountain of unusual construction,

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the central basin approached by flights of steps in four directions, between which are series of tanks and also by the side of them, into which water descends from the tank above by lions' mouths.

It is in Germany and Switzerland that one encounters the greatest number of fountains, nearly every town, however small, having one of some architectural pretension. For the most part these belong to the two latter classes; the spire form with modifications being very common in the opulent cities, of which one may instance the "Schöne Brunnen" at Nuremberg, the splendid fountain in the main street at Augsburg, and that in the square at Lübeck; while the more modest tank fountain with a central pillar, frequently bearing a small statue, is more usual in the smaller towns and in the less prominent positions in the larger. A very simple and beautiful fountain is in the courtyard of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence; an example of the bowl type, where the basin of porphyry, delicately profiled, is supported by a marble column, while above it a baluster support, also of marble, sustains Verrocchio's pretty bronze *amorino* carrying a dolphin (made for Lorenzo de Medici's villa at Careggi), from whose mouth a little spurt of water rises, the whole standing within a circular marble curb upon polygonally-planned steps, and forming, with the background of pillars ornamented with designs in "gessoduro" and the arabesqued wall beneath the shadow of the arcade, a delightful and successful decoration. At Nuremberg, in the courtyard of the Rathhaus, is a fountain of a somewhat similar kind. At Rothenburg, in the market-place, stands a fountain with a large twelve-sided tank, the panels of which are decorated with strap-work. At Ulm are several of the modest type, with figures or coats of arms and supporters at the top of the column; one of these has a St. George fighting the dragon *on foot*. At Berncastel on the Moselle, is one with St. Michael standing on a globe. Outside the ornamental



grille which surrounds the tank are two spouts and handles by means of which the water is drawn; and at Treves is a much finer example of the same type, the wall of which is seven feet high and crested with a railing. The central pier is crowned by a statue of St. Peter, and decorated with figures of virtues and cherubs. These grilles are not so fine as that to the "Augustus Brünnen" at Augsburg, which is a magnificent piece of iron-work with elaborate flowers above each main upright and a running scrollwork cresting.

At Neisse, near Breslau, is a still more curious piece of iron-work. The "Schöne Brunnen" there has been entirely covered over with a great grille, like a huge beehive, ten or twelve feet high, standing upon the curb of the ancient well, outside of which is a pumphandle, for the good people have altered the mode of obtaining the water. At Brunswick is a fountain which has four basins, one

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above the other, crowned by a pinnacled open niche with statue, a curious combination of two types. The "Tügend Brunnen" at Nuremberg is another illustration of the same thing. It has three circular plateaus, one above the other, surmounted by a figure of Justice. Below are boys with shields blowing trumpets: below again are the other Virtues. Projecting below them, bracket-like, from the frieze are jets which throw the water up, and from the trumpets and every available point jets of water fall. The tank is octagonal, with pilasters at each angle. At Tübingen is a fountain with an elaborate central square pier and octagonal basin. The long spouts are supported by wrought-iron brackets freely designed within straight lines, and a similar one is to be seen at Lichtenthal, near Baden. The example from the Spalen Vorstadt at Basle has also these wrought-iron brackets.

French fountains are not generally so distinctive in design, though one does not easily forget many excellent ones in Paris and elsewhere; but there is one at Clermont-Ferrand of the sixteenth century, known as the "Fontaine d'Amboise," which may be said to be one of the most beautiful in existence. Around the tank at each angle rise pilastered pinnacles and in the angles of the quatrefoil-shaped basin, with little figures crouching upon the upper ones. The surfaces are covered with most delicate arabesques, and toward the top are panels with pierced traceries which add

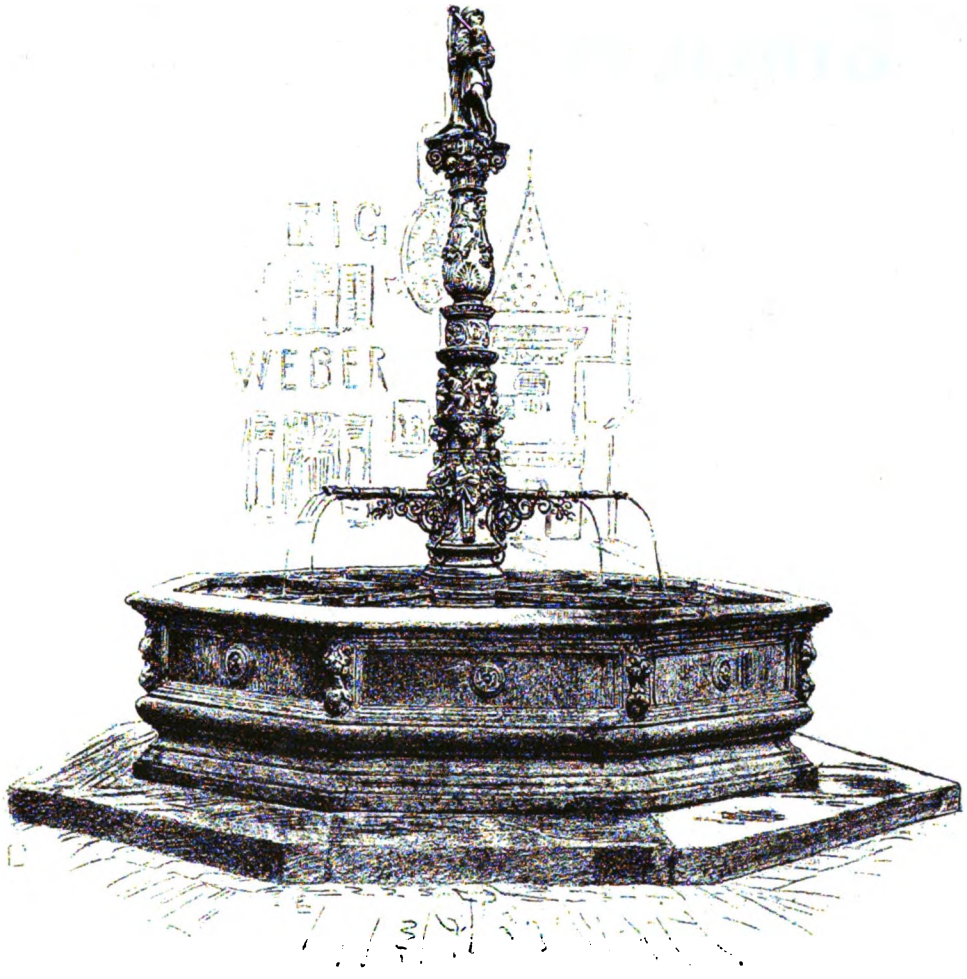


vivacity with their spots of dark. Here one may refer to the great fountains at Versailles and St. Cloud, which, with that at Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, were the largest in existence before the construction of those at the Crystal Palace, near London.

It should be scarcely necessary to assert that in any design for a fountain the effect of the water's rising and falling should be carefully thought out and allowed for, and the mode in which it is arranged for suited to the position which it may occupy. The neglect of such forethought leads to unfortunate results. A fountain which stands in the center of an open space, for instance, and around which the public can circulate closely, should not have small jets throwing the water high as part of its design, for the certain result of such an arrangement will be that with the least wind one side will become impassable by reason of the spray.

Siena and San Gemignano come to one's memory with other types of fountains—fine structures of red brick, beneath whose cavernous arches the women who are washing linen look as insignificant as worshipers in a church. At the former city, too, is Jacopo della Quercia's "Fonte Gaya," a quite different type, with excellent sculpture around the three-sided marble parapet, the front of the tank being open, which was so highly esteemed by his contemporaries that it was from it that he took his nickname of "Jacopo della Fonte." It stood in the center of the great piazza; the longest wall was divided into nine niches, which contained statues of the Madonna and Child and the seven theological Virtues, while the two ends had bas-reliefs of the Creation of Adam and the Expulsion from Paradise. Below, from the surface of the basin, rose marine animals bearing children on their backs, and wolves and dolphins, from whose mouths jets of water issued. The arrangement of this fountain is somewhat similar to the great one in a street at Assisi, which is on a larger scale; while at Aquila, in the Abruzzi, is an

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FOUNTAIN AT BASLE
Drawn by F. Hamilton Jackson, R.B.A.

earlier example of the same type, made by an architect and sculptor of the thirteenth century named Tancredi. In the Cretosa at Pavia are two, one of which, most delicately carved in marble by Omodeo, is of unapproachable excellence of workmanship. Other forms of lavabo were as frequently used, however, the basis of the design of which was a central pillar, sometimes surrounded by a basin pierced with jets, as in the lavabo at Fontenay, in the Côte d'Or; sometimes with jets projecting, as in some of the Spanish monastery courts; sometimes with water falling from jets at the top, as in the example from Monreale, with the deeply cut zigzags ornamenting the central column.

In these rapid notes no mention has been made of modern fountains, though there are many of great excellence to which attention might be drawn. This may not be so entertaining, nor show superiority so conclusively, but in the writer's opinion is more likely to prove of use.

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OTHER PEOPLE'S VIEWS

It is out of the question for the average reader to subscribe for all of the magazines which contain articles on House Beautiful subjects. The editor proposes, therefore, to print, from time to time, such extracts as may be interesting and helpful. The department will not aim to cover the whole field, but to give suggestions and notes from papers inaccessible to most readers.

The Home of Tennessee Claflin Cook

One of the most beautiful homes in that loveliest of places near London, Richmond, is that of Lady Francis Cook, whose husband died the other day. Many New Yorkers have almost forgotten that Lady Cook was Miss Tennessee Claflin, woman's rights champion, writer, banker, broker, successful Wall street speculator and all-round new woman, who with her sister, Victoria Woodhull, startled two continents with their daring twenty odd years ago. Lady Cook writes and agitates even to-day, says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, and she had the sympathy and encouragement of her husband, who was, however, more in love with art than sociology and left one of the finest collections of England when he died in his house on Richmond Hill. One who visited the Cooks not long ago says: "What a lovely view there was from that house—as there is from almost every spot on that magic hill—looking down as it does on the bend in the river; with the small islands here and there, and the dense and dreamful woods; and the infinite horizon lost in the haze of the foggy winter or of the glorious summer! I have always thought that the view from that wonderful hill is in its way the finest thing in England. And here it is that Doughty House stands. It is a corner house. It is not even semi-detached, and, therefore, it is possible that even the stern splendor of its large hall door might not suggest to you that it was in any way different from any other house in the row. But the door once opened you perceived that you were in no ordinary house and in the presence of no ordinary household.

"Tall, long-bearded, strikingly handsome, massive, clothed in a short velvet coat, and with perhaps a velvet cap on his head, a gentleman presented himself to you. This was Sir Francis Cook. It would have been difficult, if you did not know who he was, to make up your mind as to what manner of man you were in presence of. For Sir Francis might have been some figure that stepped straight out of the pages of the Old Testament—one of the ancient seers and prophets of Israel; or he might be some great academician full of years and honors—a Watts or a Birket Foster—who had left the glare of common day and had returned to the companionship of his communings with the world of spirit and thought; and the velvet coat, and velvet cap, and the large brown eyes, the full beard, a certain shiftlessness and carelessness of dress, would have made you lean to the latter conjecture. But when he began to talk and you perceived how quick and prompt the mind was, how conversant with all that was going on, you soon came to the conclusion that this was no mere dreamer, but a man of action and of affairs.

"And he had brought together in Doughty House a collection which I heard him estimate himself as worth a million of money. It was a strange and almost weird thing to pass out of the sunlight and the glow and all the modernness of Richmond Hill into this interior, with its pictures drawn from every country and every age of the world—to gaze at Venetian maids and Roman matrons, and at peasant girls from Spain and mountaineers from Albania, and then market girls in the day of the Stuarts, and all through a long category of portraits which had come from the hands of the masters.

"This wondrous collection was glorified by the splendid frame in which it was set. For the glass which you saw from the road outside was really the roof of the picture gallery; and thus it was that in a building that was a conservatory—amid ferns and palms and all the glory of the English greenhouse and some of the exotic glories of the East—you passed from picture to picture. To add to all this varied magnificence there was a vast garden behind the house; and from certain points you caught views of grass and trees and all the other beautiful things of the country. I am writing, it will be understood, of Doughty House as it was in summer. In winter, of course, it would be different, though even in winter I find Richmond beautiful."

Lady Cook is described as "slight, alert, restless, with an intellectual face and a fiery soul."

For Beauty of Surroundings

It is a hopeful sign of the times that local improvement clubs are springing into existence everywhere, not merely here in California, but throughout the United States, says the *San Francisco News-Letter*. With us here in this state, the primary object of these clubs is to cause the municipal authorities to make improvements that are calculated to develop and enhance the value of the realty. In the East they aim more directly, and without any intervening pretext, at the esthetic purpose of beautifying their surroundings. But everywhere the ultimate result of their exertions must be the same. Whether they be, in the

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first instance, actuated by a sordid desire to enhance the value of real property, or by a more spiritual longing for beauty of surroundings, the result will be, in the end, similar. Their paths all lead toward improvement, and improvement must result in the creation of more beautiful as well as more convenient surroundings. Last autumn these improvement clubs formed a national organization known as the National League of Improvement Associations which is just about settling down to solid work. In general terms the object of the national association may be said to be the bringing together, for mutual acquaintance and helpfulness, of the organizations that are already engaged in the work of promoting public improvement, and the encouragement and propagation everywhere throughout the country of the movement for outdoor art and beauty of surroundings in city, town and village. The sixteenth century—the first in authentic American history—was a period of discovery. The seventeenth century was a period of settlement. The eighteenth century was a period of establishment—a period when the foundations of a great empire were laid by the subjugation of savage tribes and the wilderness which they inhabited and by the political revolution which left us free to follow new ideals. The nineteenth century was a period of material development in which the resources of the country were uncovered and brought to a condition of fructification. It is hoped, by those who are promoting the movement and purposes which lie behind the National League of Improvement Associations, that the twentieth century will be known in American history as a period in which esthetic culture was developed to such an extent that our homes and their exterior surroundings will be made the most beautiful in the world. The movement is deserving of encouragement.

Hospital Rooms in Dwelling-Houses

It is not a little surprising, in view of the constant efforts of architects to design and construct dwelling-houses that will have the maximum of comfort, convenience, and beauty, with a minimum of cost, they have failed to comprehend and hence to provide for one of the most useful and consequently most valuable features of the modern house—namely, that of a room which, when the necessity arises, can be easily and quickly converted into a hospital room.

The architects probably have not had the desirability of this feature impressed upon them, and the physician, therefore, will have to become responsible for its introduction. Such a room could be constructed with but a slight increase over the otherwise estimated cost of the dwelling-house, and its value would be incalculable.

The ceiling, walls, floor and furniture should be so constructed that they could be washed clean or otherwise rendered aseptic without injury, and regard should be had for obtaining the best possible light, ventilation, control of temperature, sanitation, access, and isolation, together with accessibility to water and toilet adjuncts. This room should be one of the most pleasant in the entire house, and need not be reserved for use only in time of illness in the family; nevertheless, when occasion arises it may within half an hour be changed into a more or less complete hospital room.

The advantages of such a room are many and far-reaching. Its usefulness in isolating the child with a suspicious tonsillar exudate from the rest of the children in the family will more than repay its first cost; again, where surgical interference is necessary, particularly in emergency cases, how vastly greater are the patient's chances for recovery than in an extemporized operating room.

For the unfortunate members of the family afflicted with pulmonary tuberculosis, they would be placed under the most favorable surroundings possible in the home, and would at the same time be affording protection to the rest of the family from the contagion. Not the least of the benefits of the hospital room would be its usefulness as an object lesson to the laity in thus affording them a practical demonstration of the value of isolation, of asepsis and antisepsis, and at the same time educating them to a degree of self-reliance in the care and nursing of the sick.—*The Courier of Medicine.*

An Artistic Dining-Room

Foreigners complain that Americans hurry through the pleasantest part of the day, namely meal time. Dickens criticised this failing, or rather caricatured it so that Americans who are sensitive pass over that part of his American notes in a great hurry. It is true that the average American gives little heed to the value of time-spending in leisurely meals, and few realize that the dining-room should receive even more attention than the reception-room. There we receive our casual guests; in the dining-room we live and come in close contact with our families. It should be a matter of earnest study to see that this room is arranged and fitted up as it should be. Those fortunate women who count in their list of blessings a long, low-studded, panelled dining-room are objects of envy to their less lucky friends. Such a room with old oak furnishings and old-fashioned china can be made a delight to the eyes. The floor should be of hard wood, immaculately waxed and polished until it is so shiny that you almost long to skate upon it. A handsome rug should be placed in the middle of the room, and a rug of corresponding color, texture and design placed at the door. Preferably the furniture should match the floor, though a lounge upholstered in cretonne of the Delft pattern is not amiss when the rugs and wall paper shade upon

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this color of blue. And as in small houses the dining-room is frequently the living room, this couch should be covered with comfortable pillows. Never allow the table to be disordered; after meals the china, glass, and damask tablecloth should be removed.

Denim makes a useful and desirable covering for the table, particularly if embroidered in a scroll-work pattern with scalloping finishing the ends. For a Delft room such as was above mentioned a cloth of blue denim embroidered in a white design would be appropriate. In winter see that a pot of dainty ferns is placed in the center of the table, and in summer arrange bowls of flowers. All these dainty touches tend to smooth out the crumpled rose leaves of material existence.

Seeds and Weeds

In order to give the seeds as much assistance as possible, the flower beds should first be carefully made ready. Have the surface of the soil as fine as it can be made before any seed is sown in it. Keep turning and stirring the soil until it is smooth and mellow, and the fertilizer used is thoroughly incorporated with it. If the fertilizer is not well worked into the soil it is apt to bring about a spotty development that is as discouraging as it is unbeautiful.

Very fine seed does not need to be covered after it has been scattered over the prepared soil. Simply press the soil down with a smooth board. If dry weather comes on after seed sowing it will be well to shower the ground thoroughly every morning. If the weather is very dry give another showering at night. Unless this is done fine seeds often fail to germinate. Larger seeds should be scattered on the surface and have fine soil sifted over them to the depth of a sixteenth of an inch. After covering them in this manner press the soil down, as already advised. This prevents too rapid evaporation of moisture. If a furrow is made in the soil and seed is sown in it, and the soil thrown up in making the furrow is drawn back to cover the seed, some will be covered so deeply that it will fail to grow. Surface sowing is the best for all seed, and a sifted covering the most advisable for seed of ordinary size.

Weeds are the death of fine flowers, and they should be fought from the beginning of the season. Begin to pull weeds as soon as you can distinguish them from the flowering plants. If you begin early in the season and do this part of the work thoroughly it is an easy matter to keep them down, but if you neglect it at the proper time and let them get the start of you, you will find it a difficult matter to obtain control of them. For use between rows the weeding tools sold by florists and seedsmen are useful. These lighten the labor of weed-pulling and do good service in stirring the surface of the soil. Do not fail to use the hoe among the larger plants. Some hesitate to do this if the season is a dry one, fearing it will allow the plants to dry out more rapidly than they would do if the soil about them were not stirred. This is a mistake. A soil kept light and open takes in all the moisture from dews and light showers, while a crusted soil fails to absorb any. The farmer understands the benefit which his corn derives from an open, porous soil, and keeps the cultivator going in the dryest weather. It should be the same in the garden—the hoe taking the place of the cultivator.

House Painting

Few aids to architecture have had more effect on modern building than the development of the paint industry. The application of color to the domestic dwelling is now considered as almost of as much importance as good construction and pleasing design, and so rapidly have the paint manufacturers risen to the demands for their wares that the color of the house is now one of the most important means of adding to its beauty and its effect. A house painted in good colors, says the *Scientific American*, carefully chosen, well applied, and treated in a manner that fits in with its style, its material, and its surroundings, is obviously a more attractive structure than one in which this element has been neglected. The varieties of shades, tones, and colors that may be had to-day provide for every possible contingency and for every taste.

It may be assumed, then, that good paint is an important adjunct to the house. A good paint is one that wears well and can be properly and readily applied to the surface to be covered, being also good and pleasing in color or tone. It is a mistake to conclude, however, that because a color appeals to one, or is pleasing in itself, it is adapted to every condition and to every sort of edifice. Paint must be chosen as carefully and as thoughtfully as the most delicate and expensive part of the house. A color that will answer for one dwelling may be quite impossible for its neighbor. On the other hand, a row of variously colored houses, in which each competes with the others for supremacy, is a trial to the eye and nerves that should not be tolerated.

A quiet house is invariably to be preferred to a riotous one. A peaceful exterior bespeaks a quiet interior. Harmony without is indicative, let us hope, of harmony within. Bright, gay colors are attractive and often fascinating; admirably adapted to many structures, they are not suited to all. On the other hand, too great sobriety is quite as unpleasant. The exterior color should add to the attractiveness of the house, and not detract from it. It should help, not injure. It should assist, and not destroy. Very many houses are hurt by too much color, just as many others are injured by not enough.

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Contrasts and too great variety should be avoided as much as possible. Many of the modern colors are so delightful in themselves that it is not always clear why a number of good things should not be combined and a better result obtained than if only one or two were used. Experience, however, will invariably convince the observer that too many colors on a single house are worse than none at all.

The free use of paint for houses is an indication of an increasing interest in all that pertains to house building. Builders and owners are learning its value, and learning how much can be derived from it. And the color scheme of a house needs to be as carefully considered as the design or the choice of sanitary apparatus. A house is a building intended to be lived in. It is not erected for the benefit of the people without, but for those who inhabit it. Harsh, glaring colors are completely out of place on a house. The color should not be used to announce the dwelling, to draw attention to it, to attract the eye of the passer-by. Properly speaking, it is a help to the building and a part of its decoration. It must harmonize with the design, with the situation and the surroundings. It is perfectly easy to accomplish these results. A good house cannot be built without good taste, and the same taste that makes the house good will prevent any error in the choice of external coloring. An excellent guide to the value of paint and its influence on design is a comparison between two houses of the same design painted in different colors. The results may seem good in both cases, but they will be different in character.

Artificial Seasoning of Wood

To give to green or fresh wood all the good qualities of old, well-seasoned timber has been the object of many experiments, some of which have been partly successful, so that the results are now being largely used. A process has recently been invented abroad in which electricity is used for the purpose mentioned, and which, it is claimed, answers all requirements. By means of this process all juice is driven out of the wood and its place is taken by an aseptic fluid, while the power of resistance and elasticity of the wood are so much increased as to answer all purposes of naturally seasoned timber. The *Kolnische Volkszeitung* describes the process as follows:

"The timber is placed in a large, wooden, water-tight vat which is insulated from the ground. The vat is partly filled with a dilute solution of ten per cent of borax and five per cent of resin. The lumber is deposited in this solution so that it is not fully covered and rests on a plate of lead, which is connected with the positive pole of an electric battery. Under the lead is placed an insulating sheet and under that a coil of steam-pipe.

"Upon the lumber are placed wooden vessels with porous bottoms, and upon these bottoms are also plates of lead, which are connected with the negative pole of the battery. The water in the vat is heated by the pipe-coil to 95 degrees Fahrenheit. Under the influence of the electric current the impregnating fluid is driven through the wood by means of electro-capillarity and presses all juices out of it.

"After a few hours the lumber is taken out of the vat and dried in the open air to allow the water it contains to evaporate. It is then steamed at a temperature of 104 degrees Fahrenheit and is then ready for use.

"The result of the process is explained as follows: The boracic acid settles in the tissues of the wood and the resin combines with the fiber, as in the gluing of paper. The consequence is a great capacity of resistance to decay. The durability, impermeability, hardness, texture, and grain of the wood are not changed. The ease of working is considerably increased, and the splint of some kinds of wood, for instance oak, is made as useful as the heart.'

An Italian Palace in Boston

Many rumors have been circulated about the mysterious marble palace in process of erection at an isolated spot on the borders of the Back Bay Fens, in Boston, by Mrs. John L. Gardner.

After much speculation, says the *Saturday Evening Post*, it was stated that Mrs. Gardner was to present the building, with its works of art and antiquities, to the city, as a museum. Great interest was aroused by this report, but Mrs. Gardner promptly made a flat denial of it, thus for the first time breaking her silence in regard to her plans. Now it is suggested that Mrs. Gardner may bequeath the palace and its valuable contents to the city, so that Boston may possess them after her death.

Work on the structure is rapidly progressing, but it is endeavored to maintain strict secrecy in regard to every detail. Covered vans transport the furnishings and curios, and even close friends of Mrs. Gardner are not admitted to the treasure house.

It is to be four stories in height, and is built around a cloistered courtyard. One room, which will probably be the art gallery, is about one hundred and fifty feet in length and some fifty feet wide and is two stories in height.

The front of the building is partly of brick and partly of granite. The jambs, mullions, pilasters, columns and capitals are from an ancient palace, of unusual splendor, purchased by Mrs. Gardner in Italy a year or so ago, and many of the fittings and ornaments throughout the building are from places of note in Europe. The architectural design of the Boston palace is understood to be largely a reproduction of Mrs. Gardner's Italian palace.

The cloistered courtyard will have in its center a fountain which will throw streams of wa-

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ter that, by an Oriental device, will produce beautiful rainbows.

It is expected that some of the rooms will be altogether in old Italian style, and that others will be fitted up in accordance with the designs of colonial, continental, and other historical periods.

Mrs. Gardner has such an extensive collection of works of art and curios that few houses are large enough to hold all her possessions, and she is carefully culling the rarest specimens from her homes at Brookline and Beverly, and that on Beacon street.

Some time ago Mrs. Gardner secured one of the battleflags of Napoleon's army. A Frenchman spoke of the "parvenu American's" presumption in seeking to possess such a treasure. Mrs. Gardner, who was a Stuart, and whose genealogy runs back to the old Scottish royal family, is said to have retorted that the house of Stuart is more ancient than that of Bonaparte, and that a Stuart was wooed and won by a French Royal Prince long before the Bonaparte family was known.

At another time, when she purchased the sedan chair of the famous Earl of Clarendon, an Englishman commented adversely in regard to an American's taking it out of the country. The retort by Mrs. Gardner, that if the British owner were willing to sell it she saw no reason why she should not buy it, silenced the critic.

Mrs. Gardner is devoting her entire time to superintending the construction of the Boston palace.

Vanishing Wild Flowers

Now that spring is really here, the picnicking parties are invading the woods, and have begun the annual systematic destruction of a large proportion of all wild flowers within reach, says the *New York Tribune*. The authorities of the Botanical Gardens are on the lookout for them, and within their own precincts will guard the blossoms as thoroughly as possible under a well-planned system; but the rest will be at their mercy, and that means death to many a poor little plant. It is not that these ruthless explorers fail to appreciate the beauty of flowers—they "just love them," in all probability. The trouble arises from their ignorance of the extent of the damage they do and from an utter inability to comprehend that a flower or anything in the vegetable world has rights which the lord of creation himself is bound to respect. Thanks to the picnickers and alleged botanists, the arbutus, loveliest of spring blossoms, has been exterminated in many places. The mountain laurel has shared a similar fate. When the splendid clusters of this plant are in bloom, close together and in sufficient quantities, they rival in beauty the cherry-blossoms of Japan, over which the poets have raved these many years. Not only is the laurel exquisitely lovely, but it is one of the most interesting flowers to the amateur. Any one provided with a pin or a straw may amuse himself with watching its curious fireworks system of fertilizing; the little "pop" with which the pollen shoots out on the visiting bee is a wonderful and readily understood lesson in the careful ways of nature.

Three of the commonest and daintiest blossoms of the spring, when the arbutus has passed and everybody feels that winter is really over, are saxifrage, columbine and Dutchman's breeches. Upon all of these visitors have made such inroads that they are distinctly fewer year by year. The wild violet, too, is recklessly dug up, but the widespreading roots of this plant make it difficult to exterminate. In fact, nothing but peculiar advantages of a similar kind have protected many other blossoms. Ferns, on the other hand, are very easily exterminated. The custom of seeking fine specimens of ferns and carrying them off to fill jardinieres has done great harm. In the heat of summer nothing is more restful and beautiful than a fern bank; but the sight will not be allowed to New Yorkers if energetic folk who "must have green things about" have their way.

Later in the year the wild geranium and the wild pink meet with destruction. Like the fern, they are easily and effectually uprooted. It is a comfort to reflect on the omnipresence and aggressive persistence of the daisy and the buttercup. No doubt they are less thick than they would otherwise have been, but they are decidedly not in danger of extermination.

The most curious feature of this destructive energy is that the plants and flowers so carelessly torn from their homes probably give little or no satisfaction to those who make away with them. Is there, for instance, a more unsatisfactory flower to make attractive in a vase than the arbutus? It pines for its screen of leaves; the loveliness that seems so perfect when half hidden becomes quite inadequate when pulled out into the glare of the day and put down in a city room. The same is true of most other delicate wood plants. They depend upon the charm of their surroundings. A sunset painted on the ceiling of a flat would be hardly more out of place than these transplanted blossoms. Moreover, they soon die; nothing but the utmost care will bring them home alive. The case is rather different with the ferns. They do live, under proper care, and undoubtedly add to the beauty of a room, and a little green is a "good thing to have in the house." If the plants were taken from the right spots little harm might be done, but fern hunters do not discriminate.

Is there a flower lover who has gone out into the country with a party of young people unaccustomed to find themselves surrounded with green who has not noted with something very like hopeless rage the immediate rush on every growing thing in the neighborhood, its instant uprooting, and subsequent careless tossing aside? Later in the day, before going home, when all the blossoms in the immediate neighborhood have been destroyed, there is a search

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for fresh fields, and another spot is denuded. A few dejected blossoms are all that is left when home is reached; nothing of any value remains out of all the lives butchered to make an East Side holiday. The saddest part of it is, not that the children do it, for that might be pardoned on the score of ignorance, but that those in authority permit it without a remonstrance. It seems to them poetic that those who are unaccustomed to beauty should revel in it for a brief space—faded blossoms strewn over the ground being the "beauty" referred to. Mothers, too, encourage their children to squeeze flowers in their hot little hands, and reflect on the poetic beauty of this union of the innocents of nature and the innocents of humanity. The flower's right to existence nobody takes into account, or the harm done to the children by allowing them to think that they may destroy life as they choose.

The Dinner Table

Crystal table services in green, gold, ruby, and a faint pinkish-mauve look particularly well with the spring flowers. Sets of Louis XV. candelabra, wine glasses, fruit dishes, etc., have mirrored panels and ruby medallions, while a centerpiece takes the form of a little temple, in which two Dresden figures worship the muses or the gods. The Louis XIII. services have goblets of antique pattern enriched with gilt. The complete dinner service includes glasses for water, for claret, for Madeira, fluted goblets for champagne, carafes for water and for wine. For Rhine wines fashion dictates goblets of rose color with a hollow stem or of clear crystal with a twisted stem enriched with gilt; champagne goblets are in the form of the calyx of an iris, enameled in relief; the rim of these goblets is so clear and transparent that one can easily imagine oneself drinking from a flower drenched in dew.

A modern version of the old-time crystal lusters is colored flowers of Venetian glass in which are concealed tiny globes of light which shed a soft, bright glow over the table.

The more ancient the candelabra the more graciously is it smiled upon in these days of antiques and rooms in a special period. A certain woman in search of an old-fashioned candlestick for her prim, colonial dining-room paid a visit to a big pawnbroker's, expecting to find a choice collection of old family silver to choose from. The pawnbroker admitted that many old families and much old silver had come under his notice, but he had no candlesticks of ancient design and tarnished grace. To the antique lover's horror he said he didn't keep old things long unless they were plated. If they were sterling he melted them down immediately!

"One of the noteworthy features of recent development in New York City," says *The Electrical World and Engineer*, "has been the erection of homes and fine buildings where stables once stood. The change, for example, in such a street as West Forty-fourth, now full of beautiful clubs and hotels, is in reality extraordinary, but it is being duplicated elsewhere. The work which the trolley began in redeeming large areas of the city from horse occupation and rendering them available for human beings is now being carried forward and finished by the automobile. The new electric automobile stables in West Forty-ninth street, occupying a whole block, have relieved the region of the horse taint and odor and dust, and have made it possible to put up handsome buildings on ground that once was thought worthless."

The recent architectural congress in London has again raised the question of architectural control for our cities. If there is to be any chance of making our cities beautiful, says a writer in the Boston *Architectural Review*, it is not enough to confine our regulations to matters of construction and sanitation. Reference has recently been made to the necessity of more careful study in the laying out of new streets and in cutting thoroughfares through old districts. There are other matters almost equally important and which long ago received recognition in France. The street or the square must to a certain extent be treated as a whole, if it is to have architectural dignity. There must be well-defined and good reasons for any sudden or violent change in the sky line. A single twenty-story apartment house may quite ruin a street where the majority of buildings are private houses of four or five stories. Eccentricities of projection may do almost as much damage. At first glance it may seem an almost hopeless undertaking to attempt such control as would make for some sort of symmetry; and, of course, laws such as govern building in Paris could not be made applicable to our cities. But it is possible to educate the people generally so that these matters shall receive the public attention which they really demand.

Moth-Proof Chests for Furs

A very much-needed little chest for keeping trimming furs by the yard, boas of short or long lengths, tippets and all the small bits of fur costing large sums, and much sought by the wily moth, may be had by thankful owners, built of camphor wood in trunk fashion. Most convenient are the different sizes and prices within reach of moderate purses, considering the good cabinet work and the generous bands of brass on corners and sides. Prices graduate from $5, $10, $15 to $25, any one of which suggests a useful birthday gift to bachelor brother or the bachelor out of one's own kin. It is much more sensible than an 18-inch long lemonade spoon from $5 to $8, in sterling silver, or reduced coffee pots once $30, now $15.

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THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION AT THE PROVIDENCE ART CLUB

BY THEODORE HANFORD POND

FEW of the exhibitions of artistic handicraft that have been held in this country during the past ten years, have been so successful in realizing the true spirit of the arts and crafts revival as the exhibition just closed at the Providence Art Club.

More than any other, this has been essentially an exhibition of the work of individuals, and the impersonal, characterless quality, that has stamped the average commercial product in this country for many years, is altogether lacking in the various objects of artistic handiwork shown. Each piece, or group of pieces, has a distinctly personal quality, and is evidently the result of the effort of an artistic mind to express itself simply and directly through the medium of some well-known but too often misused material.

Indeed, honesty and simplicity seem to be the most striking features of the work shown in all lines. There is also a lack of that exaggerated simplicity, amounting to positive crudeness in some cases, that has heretofore characterized many of the productions of the new art.

It is evident also that the arts and crafts revival is not limited to any one section of the country, for there are many objects of beautiful design and workmanship from every part of the Union. The west and south are strongly represented by some of the best work shown, among which are some beautiful specimens of book-binding by Otto Zahn, of Memphis, Tennessee, Ellen Starr, of Chicago, Idah M. Strobridge, of Humboldt, Nebraska, and several others. There is also much good printing from western presses, showing that some of the finest book-work is now being done in the west. This work contrasts very favorably with the specimens of European book-work shown, among which are bindings by Ruban & Michel, of Paris; by Miss Prideaux, and the Doves Bindery of London.

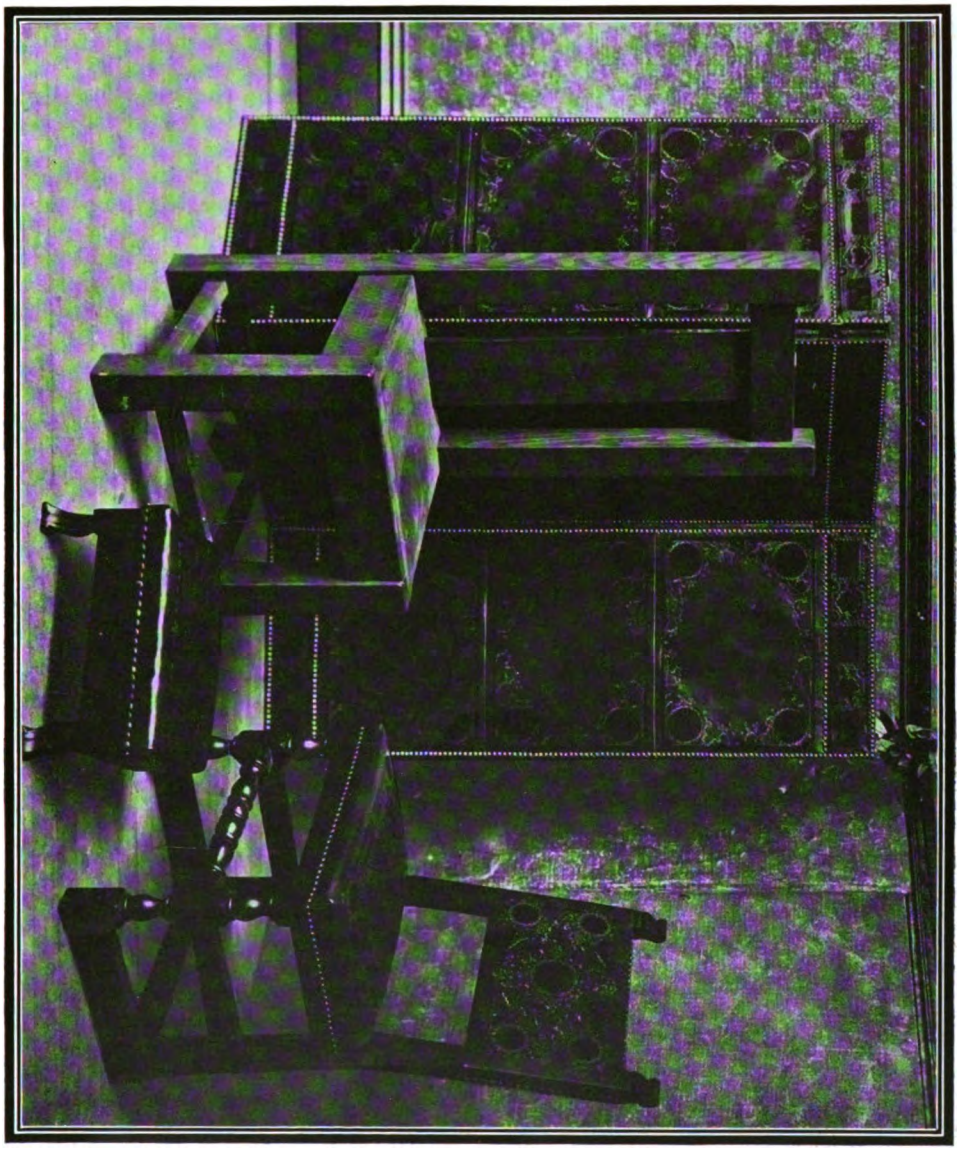
The book-work as a whole is one of the strongest features of the exhibit, and the few pieces of William Morris's printing shown, do not stand out in such marked pre-eminence of excellence as they have in former exhibitions.

Among the designs for book decoration shown, the work of well-known men is strongly represented, but here, as in other departments of the exhibition, mere names have not carried undue weight, and it is refreshing to find that quite unknown men, whose work is good, have been given an equal chance with those of national reputation. Some striking posters by J. H. Harmstone, of Providence, demand attention for their naïve humor and interesting composition, and there are good magazine covers and book decorations. The beautiful illuminations by Mrs. J. M. Bowles, of Boston, are also worthy of note.

Boston is also strongly represented in the pottery exhibit, which, next to the book-work, is one of the strongest features of the exhibition.

There is a great deal of good pottery shown—pottery honestly made and useful as well as beautiful to the eye—and certainly the work of the Grueby Faience Company of Boston takes front rank in this department. Perhaps more than any other exhibit, this pottery expresses the spirit of the new idea in artistic handicraft. Aside from its simplicity of design, the beauty of its decorations, evidently inspired by direct contact with nature, and the richness of its coloring, it is essentially pottery, and could never be mistaken for anything else. This is more than can be said of the really superb collection of Tiffany Favrile glass, that occupies an important position in the exhibition. There is no doubting the real beauty of the forms,

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FURNITURE AT THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION IN PROVIDENCE

the splendor of the coloring, or the highly imaginative quality of the Tiffany glass, but there is nothing in its appearance to suggest glass, or the characteristic beauty of that material. Some of the Favrile glass has the opacity and solidity of pottery and the surface of metal. It might be either, as readily as what it is. This is very evident when a piece of the Tiffany glass is compared with the beautiful bowl of Golfe Jouan pottery, made by M. Clement Massier, of Paris. The two pieces appear to be made of the same material.

It is refreshing to turn from the rather barbaric splendor of the Tiffany and Massier products to the pleasing forms and cool, restful color of the Newcomb

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WROUGHT-IRON GRILLE, BY FREDERICK KRASSER, OF BOSTON

pottery. This surely deserves the reputation it is rapidly acquiring, for it is honestly what it appears to be, and its chief beauty lies in the frank expression of the material, and the simple grace of its plant-inspired decorations.

The Merrimac, Rookwood, Crown Point, and other potteries are also well represented.

When one considers that Rhode Island is one of the greatest producing centers for metal-work, it is curious that so little metal-work by local craftsmen is shown worthy of note.

Two beautiful vases in wrought-copper by Percy Ball and E. W. Register, employes of the Gorham Company, show what that corporation might produce, if it gave its men a chance. But aside from these and the already well-known work of Charles Barr, of East Greenwich, there is little of interest from local metal-workers. This deficiency, however, is more than made up for by exhibits of metal-work from other sections. A splendid wrought-iron grille by Frederick Krasser, of Boston, and some buckles in wrought and enameled silver by Mrs. Koehler and Miss Holden, of Chicago, are among the best metal-work shown.

There is a chair from the Roycroft shop, and this, although honest and simple enough in construction, is somewhat too austere in design, and altogether too massive to be pleasing.

Boston is again well represented in the furniture exhibit by a beautiful screen and chair in black oak and tooled leather from the Handicraft shop.

In the textile exhibit, which is one of the most interesting features of the show, the Abnakee rugs by Miss Helen R. Albee and Miss Etta M. Bickford, of Pequaket, New Hampshire, are most worthy of note. There are also good specimens of the Southern mountain homespuns from Berea College, Berea, Kentucky.

Blashfield & Wilson show some of their best work in the exhibit of mural decorations and stained glass.

But probably the most striking feature

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of the exhibition is the beauty of its arrangement, and the feeling of rich, harmonious color that first impresses a visitor to the galleries.

The individual exhibits are arranged so as to be seen to the best advantage, and as far as possible in their proper relations to the surroundings they are intended for. Yet nowhere is the harmonious unity of the exhibition as a whole sacrificed for the benefit of an individual exhibit.

It was the special effort of the exhibition committee to make a feature of the arrangement of the exhibition, and in this they have been very successful. The idea is not a new one, having been very successfully put into practice in the best exhibitions abroad, yet it comes somewhat in the nature of a novelty in this country, where the patchy, hit-or-miss arrangement of a mechanics' fair has been the usual method followed.

The success of the exhibition has been evidenced by the fact that the galleries of the club have been constantly crowded with visitors, many of whom have come from Boston and New York expressly to see the exhibition.

The exhibition has created so much interest and enthusiasm that a local society of arts and crafts is being formed to continue the good work so well begun, and to hold another and more important exhibition next year.

All About Bottles



By Emma Carleton

IN the whole field of what are undeservedly regarded as "fads" there is probably no interest more unusual, and, in the eye of superficial inspection, more unwarranted than the quest known as "bottle-collecting." Strange to say, too, there are partial participants in this fascinating pursuit who do not understand or sympathize with the enthusiasm of those more absorbed devotees, who willingly and even eagerly strive to master all the degrees. All true lovers of form and color, however, must meet on common ground, and admit that, viewed from the most serious and studious standpoint, the bottle—merely as a creative achievement—is entitled to high artistic rank. Surely, no emanation from the brain of man is nearer pure poetry in structure—or is more strictly the materialization of exquisite fancy—than these same breath-born glass bubbles named bottles. That the bottle, as an object for special appreciation and admiration, has been so long ignored is doubtless due to the fact that it has hitherto stood almost entirely for utility, and has been largely devoted to man's prosaic needs, in health and out of health. But the bottle is coming to its own; and bottle-lovers, although as yet comparatively few in number, are confident in their articles of belief and earnest in testimony.

Of first interest to those whose collections are devoted to American antiquities stand the historical flasks and bottles; curious old designs in glassware, which, in the first half of the nineteenth century were issued in illustration of important national events, as well as in tribute to personages of national dis-

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tinction at that period. Eighty or more varieties of such antique bottles have already been discovered; and about fifty of these have been identified. Recently a valuable little manual for collectors of historical bottles has been written by Dr. Edwin Atlee Barber, curator of the Pennsylvania Museum and an authority on this subject, and published under the title "American Glassware; Old and New." Other specimens of these ancient flasks are doubtless still to be discovered; and all possessors of crude old family heirloom bottles, bearing portraits—patriotic or political—designs consisting of the American eagle and the shield, Indians, flags, cannon, masonic emblems, and the like, may now empty such receptacles of their commonplace contents, and elevate them to the domain of the treasured relic, and to honored positions in the bottle-cabinet.

For the apotheosis of what we call the ordinary bottle, the commonplace, every-day bottle, as well as for stimulating the appreciation of unique, beautiful, and artistic quality in such bottles, collectors are indebted to the delicate discernment of Mr. Alexander W. Drake, art manager of the Century Company, New York. To assiduous followers of Mr. Drake's lead in this hitherto undiscovered and fascinating realm of the commonplace bottle it soon becomes apparent that among the almost innumerable ordinary bottles which may be collected the rarest specimen is that one which can be declared wholly uninteresting, be it clear, tinted, opalescent, or irridescent; beautiful in outline or merely curious; ancient and crude or a brilliant bit of glassware made only yesterday.

Among the attractive bottles easily obtained at old bottle-shops, are foreign bottles of antique shapes. Old World countries have not the restless mania for change which characterizes America; and doubtless many of these quaint bottles, which have come over seas to the collector's hand, are fashioned in the original designs in which they long ago began existence. Prints of old apothecaries' shops show the high-shouldered dark green Holland bottle, precisely as it is found to-day; the ruby-red Rhein jugs, too, are seen duplicated in old wood-cuts, as well as the little fat, squat flasks of German origin, and tiny French violet-tinted vinaigrettes. More modern bottles, also of foreign birth, meet the American collector on his tour of joy and discovery,—tall, clear, Bordeaux bottles, graceful Chianti flasks, red-amber Italian bottles, and well-made heavy English glassware, in rich brown amber or springtime green. This mercury-lined little jug shows the brand of historic, poetic, Bingen-on-the-Rhine; Greek characters speak from that thick, dark green bottle, while yonder rotund, small red jug bears no label, but indisputably suggests stout monks in sunny hillside vineyards. The wicker-covered, or straw-wrappered bottles are always graceful in line, and where the glass is shown in glimpses, lovely in color.

Setting aside what may be termed the "intentionally artistic" bottle, the high-class Grecian, Venetian, Bohemian, or French object of art, the inadvertently artistic bottle seems to give a choicer joy to the eye. This tall, clear glass cone of American manufacture repeats the outlines of an ancient Venetian water-bottle, minus the exquisite decoration of pond lilies and lily-pads. Crackle-ware bottles, in clear glass and in golden amber, and stately old bits of lovely Bohemian glassware—"crystal flashed with film of ruby"—are now and then, in most prosaic surroundings, discovered by fortunate collectors.

Many American bottles of purely commercial intention, half a century old, have interest and charm. Of these are the old golden, red, or brown-amber log-cabin bottles—pioneer tributes—and the numberless barrel bottles; these latter—bad in artistic suggestion—are yet comfortable in outline and abound in thrifty, homely, early American suggestion. Older than these, no doubt, are this long amber ear-of-corn bottle and this opalescent Bunker Hill monument flask. It seems almost incredible that artistic value could ever be attached

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to old heavy glass domestic jars; yet a stately dignity of idea now abides in what, nearly half a century ago, were known as "Gothic pickle-jars" and "Gothic pepper-bottles"; they are now seen but rarely, are of a good greenish-blue tint, and are made with cathedral ornamentation, huge, pointed-arch doorways, diamond paned windows with lattice transoms, and finials. Old brandy-peach and brandy-cherry jars of the same period are now quaint in outline and fancy; and lesser jars, exponent of the monogram epoch in glass-making, have also an interest to the bottle collector.



"EVERY BOTTLE HAS ITS OWN STORY"

Old decanters and wine bottles are a group apart, and speak a mysterious language; so inconceivably bizarre are they in design and so massive in weight—modern cut-glass being marvelously light by comparison. Wine bottles of the deep, pushed-in vase variety are found in many curious fashionings, an occasional specimen having the rounded end peculiar to the modern siphon. An old decanter molded with eight flying buttresses is surely an achievement in glassware



SOME OLD-FASHIONED JARS



AMBER LOG CABIN BOTTLES AND BARREL BOTTLES

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entitled to careful preservation. Precious among domestic curios, too, is this ancient little square green jar, bearing an old-fashioned bee-hive blown in the glass, surrounded by a swarm of exactly nine bees, and inscribed "Warranted one pound of pure honey." Attractively individual, too, among trophies, is a square, corrugated "bubbly" clear glass bottle labelled in the making "Squire Dingee," a bottle with a past evidently, but with a wholly inscrutable past; a relic, perhaps, of old plantation days, thus emphasized for family use, it may be, or for friendly distribution. The homely idea is worthy of imitation in these latter days of original departure as to elegant personal trifles.

Flasks, old and new, are most picturesque expositions of the mind of man expressed in glass; a collection devoted entirely to flasks would soon fill a cabinet with beautiful and curious bottles. In a dozen only, picked up hap-hazard, are as many interesting specimens, ranging from a tiny, flat, opalescent flask, pressed in flashing diamond pattern, to a portly quart object of neatly woven basket design. One rare flask is equally rare in color, being a deep green-amber; it is pontil-marked on the base and scissor-cut at the neck, and by these tokens, is as antique as unique. A twisted effect below the neck, half down the bottle, places it in the same class as this other interesting tall spiral bottle, in pale blue, blown crooked, yet graceful withal. Another curious old quart flask, unidentified as yet, bears heavy arabesques suggestive of decorative iron-work designs; the sides of the flask are deeply corrugated, and the blue-green glass, crude in quality, points to the era of early American manufacture.

As shown, the ordinary bottle, considered as a theme for serious study, becomes the bottle extraordinary. Each single specimen, each new acquisition, sends thought on excursions which bestow profit and pleasure; and, viewed as arranged in glass-cabinets or on shelves against sun-lit windows, the bottle collectively opens a yet broader and deeper region of artistic delight. Color loves company, and the beauty of translucence and tint in glassware can be made as effective in the high lights and rich shadows, the refractions and reflections of a bottle collection, as in a rarely beautiful stained-glass window.

In superiority of color, American glassware made a distinct impression across the ocean as long ago as the great exhibition of the industries of all nations, held in London's "Crystal Palace" in 1851. "The Illustrated Exhibitor" of that date stated: "It cannot fail to be noticed that the color of the glass sent from the United States is unrivaled in clearness and purity. Even when crude in design it stands unapproached in color."

To the true bottle-lover everything relative to glassware is of interest, and the American student of interesting and beautiful bottle shapes, antique or modern, foreign or native, will find pleasure in the fact that molding bottles, or pressing glass in metallic molds, is believed to be entirely of American origin. Crude forms in molded glass were made in this country during the first quarter of the nineteenth century; but in 1826, Mr. Enoch Robinson, in the employ of the New England Glass Company, Boston, took out letters-patent for the invention of a process by which furniture-knobs, door-handles, etc., were to be made of pressed glass. The validity and originality of this patent were fully tested by a closely contested lawsuit in Philadelphia, carried on against powerful firms of glass-makers in Pittsburg. The first glass "salt-stands" were molded by Mr. Robinson in 1827, as well as various other articles for table use, and from that time the invention was considered established as of general applicability. Boston pressed glass "to the value of one hundred pounds sterling" was taken to London in 1832, where it excited much interest and sold profitably. It was, however, as late as 1837 before thin glass vessels, "for the table, the toilet, the parlor, or the cabinets of

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OLD DECANTERS

the curious," were fashioned by this pressing process.

As the bottle is beautiful in the single article, even to the number of hundreds, and beautiful also in the brilliant company called "a collection," so, too, it is beautiful in connotation, as no material object more faithfully stands for simplicity. The art of glass-blowing is chiefly one of manual dexterity; and the tools which are used to make glass are marvelously simple. With only five tools, the glass-blower is equipped, with or without his metallic molds, to breathe gently, manipulate adroitly, and so fashion these limpid miracles of grace and beauty which are as alluring and fragile as happiness.



HUNTING FLASK AND SPIRAL BOTTLES



OLD AMERICAN FLASKS

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AN INEXPENSIVE ADIRONDACK COTTAGE

BY ALICE TILLOTSON BOORAEM

THERE is a vast difference between an Adirondack camp and an Adirondack cottage, and a distinct difference between one class of cottages and another. David Harum's criticism of a Newport cottage would not apply to the subject of this sketch, nor would a collection of tents or log cabins suggest it. I trust it will be a long time before the Newport type of house is introduced in the woods. Indeed, it is to be deplored that so much luxury in building has, bit by bit, crept into the wilderness. One goes to the woods to lose care, and to gain peace of mind, quiet, and out-of-door life. If one builds a house there, it should be with the idea of promoting these desired effects. As we are not speaking of camps, I will not enlarge upon the advantage of entire freedom from conventionalities, of sleeping under the stars, and so on. True, this is to many a not unmixed delight. It is of the rough-and-ready, withal not uncomfortable, cottage of which I wish to speak, one which the owner can leave at a moment's notice, turning the key in the door, without a particle of anxiety for the contents.

For these cottages, it is more convenient as well as more picturesque to build as much as possible on one floor, unless there is a fine view otherwise lost, or a greater number of rooms are required. The cottage here illustrated was designed some years ago by a New York artist and has since been added to from time to time.



THE STUDIO FIREPLACE

On the ground floor are three bedrooms, a dining-room, kitchen, "den," a large studio or living-room, which extends up to the roof, covered in part by a gallery containing three bedrooms. The studio has a six by ten north window, and under the gallery, a long, low south window, which gives a lovely

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glimpse of the outside green, and a number of doors. This room forms an L with the dining-room, which is connected with the kitchen by a small pantry. The kitchen is latticed on two sides from the height of a wainscot to the roof. Beyond it is a closet and an enclosure for wood, ironing-board, tubs, etc. All the inside walls are boards, innocent of plaster, or finish of any kind. Sketches or photographs may be tacked up, herbs or peppers hung from the rafters without fear of injuring the woodwork. This is an advantage which none but the experienced can appreciate. The floors of the studio and dining-room are painted dark green, the bedroom floors are stained and rugs used throughout.



A BEDROOM

The first illustration shows a divan and seat under the north window, and door into the "den"; the second and third show the fireplace which is painted green, and the doorway into a little hall; the fourth shows the studio as seen from the dining-room; the fifth shows a wall decorated with unframed sketches and photographs; the sixth, seventh, and eighth show the dining-room. The furniture, of the simplest, without paint or varnish, was made by a builder-guide. The hangings are chiefly denim, the curtains at the windows, white cheesecloth with ball-fringe.



THE STUDIO



THE DINING-ROOM

Among the things to be remembered in the building of a cottage like this, I should place first in the list the following: a piazza on at least two sides, a large open fireplace in the living-room, a partially open kitchen, and everywhere plenty of doors and windows. Small stoves in the bedrooms are comfortable if you stay late. In furnishing, a collection of simple jars and vases for flowers add greatly to one's pleasure, and a generous supply of books may be considered one of the necessities as well as one of the luxuries of the cottage. These are things which the roughest house need not be without, and their value cannot be

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overestimated. Hammocks are to the piazza what divans are to the living-room. Very comfortable hammocks are made by joining about twelve barrel-staves with rope, and hanging at such an angle that when reclining in it one's feet rest on the piazza floor. A padded cushion the length of the hammock is fastened on by tapes.

Many and odd contrivances, impossible in the formal cottage, are a source of much amusement in one of the class described. It is interesting to ingenious minds to replace some forgotten household necessity with one equally useful, although unusual in form or manufacture. For example, a woman of resource, being much annoyed at the failure of her guests to make their summons heard when calling upon her, decided that something besides a knocker would be necessary. So she procured a cow-bell, bored a hole in the outside wall, (which is not usually heavy in these houses), tied the bell to a string, which she passed through the hole, fastening a curtain ring on the end which hung outside. Over the ring she placed a card with the inscription, "This is a bell." She had no further trouble about that.

It is the unusual which charms us most. This may account for the keen, almost childish pleasure that many of us, accustomed to a heavily upholstered existence in town houses, take in the changes and chances of Adirondack life. The fact that the table for the piazza has been forgotten, does not disturb us. We at once set about making one ourselves. It may be of poplar or birch, it may be successful or rickety. No matter, we made it ourselves, and it is proudly shown to admiring friends. I remember some piazza stools which were made by the daughter of necessity. The west piazza boasted of several chairs and a large table. On the north piazza, besides two hammocks, was a long, blue bench, suggestive of "Little Kenwigs,"



FROM UNDER THE GALLERY

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but when guests appeared there were never enough seats to go 'round. We sawed sections from a large wild cherry-tree which had been recently cut, then fastened three stout cherry sticks in holes cut partly through the sections, which were half a foot thick, and behold! very picturesque stools. These were such favorites with a certain guest, that he might be seen carrying one in to the fire on cold evenings, or dragging it under the trees on hot afternoons. They were also used to hold vases of flowers.

In a tiny cottage which properly comes under the head of "camps," many a delightful invention for the comfort and pleasure of the inmates is to be found,—a rustic bookcase, tables of the same description, odd little corner cupboards, a bark-covered shelf of wood plants and ferns, and more things of like nature than could be enumerated in this paper. If one lacks the interest or knack required to undertake these things, there is always a guide or builder at hand who will make them after your description. Bark-covered scrap-baskets or wood-boxes may be had in this way, and beautiful little tables of yellow birch. In these days of department stores, artistic yet inexpensive china may be had. That



A CORNER OF THE DINING-ROOM



SKETCHES, AND A PLATE-RACK

made in imitation of the old English patterns is particularly satisfactory, and being strong, is well adapted to the Adirondack cottage. It need never be unsightly because cheap. What a delight to have nothing in the house which need cause a moment's regret if broken by a careless maid. Whatever you do, remember that, "All is fine that is fit." And the fitness of mountain cottage is not the fitness of costly manor or baronial hall.

Many very comfortable cottages have no dining-room, the living-room, kitchen, and bedrooms comprising everything. If you wish to save care and expense, this is the best way to build. Let the house be as small as your needs will permit, and the piazza as large as your purse will allow. Then you may safely look for comfort and peace of mind.

If you occupy your cottage during April or October, unless there be a fireplace in the dining-room, you will probably order the festive board to be laid in the living-room, at least for breakfast, as near the fire as may be. It is then that cottage and camp life become almost analogous. The coffee is on the hob to keep hot, the griddle-cakes are hurriedly disposed of, and everyone has a hand in coaxing the fire into a more brilliant blaze. In the cool evenings, after perhaps a mountain climb or a day's hunt-

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ing, you gather around the crackling fire, recklessly piling on the big logs, and unless you have no sense, or what is more to the point, no circulation, you are glad to be there. The only thing wanting being right at hand, you take down from the bookcase some old friend, you seat yourself in the ingle-nook, prepared for a long, cozy evening. Then, perhaps, the cottage may go up in the mist of your imagination; but while you forget whether it be in city or country, the cottage has done its part in bringing about this happy mood, and seems to sing through the medium of the hissing, red-hot pine-knots:

"Where I maie read all at my ease,
Both of the newe and olde."

EARLY GOTHIC FURNITURE

BY VIRGINIA ROBIE

IN the latter part of the twelfth century, church architecture was revolutionized by the Gothic school, which originated in the north of France. The name *Gothic* was somewhat of a misnomer, as the new style had nothing in common with the architecture of the Goths, a race of people prominent in European history between the fourth and eighth centuries. The invasion of the Goths and Huns had overturned Roman civilization, and the term Gothic was applied to the architecture at first in derision, as fittingly describing a movement totally at variance with classic standards and as upsetting to the established order of things as was the adoption of Gothic customs centuries before. Later the name lost this significance, and was associated, as it is now, with the quatrefoil and the pointed arch.

The conditions that gave birth to Gothic architecture were partly artistic, partly scientific, and partly religious. The Romanesque type of church building had long held sway; the time was at hand for a new school. As in all great innovations, the new movement swung far from the old. Secondly, the pointed arch solved a problem of construction which the round or Romanesque arch failed to do, and finally, the enthusiasm of the people, inspired by the Crusades and the attempt to win the Holy Sepulchre, sought to express itself in new forms. The pointed arch represented Christianity as the round arch represented Paganism.

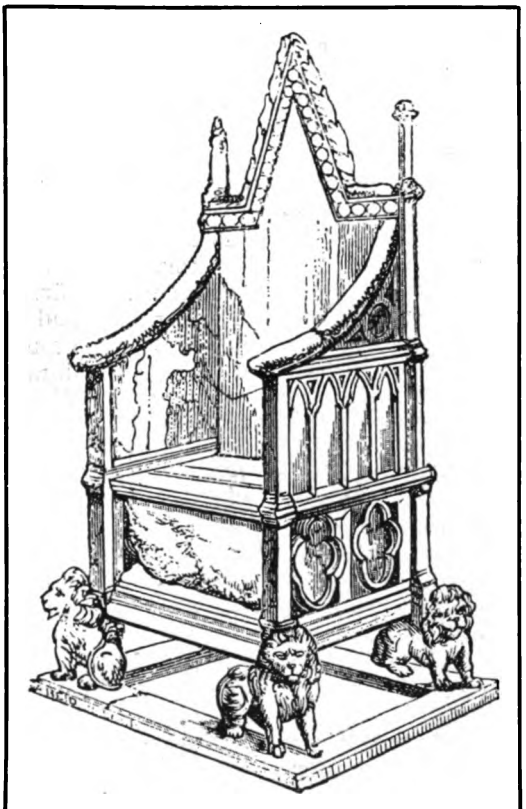
CATHEDRALS

It is not possible to affix a date to the first Gothic building. Although to France belongs the honor of originating the school and erecting the first cathedral, Germany and Spain followed closely in her lead. In Germany, Romanesque architecture had reached a greater degree of excellence than in any of the other countries of the North, and it was more than a century before the Germans equaled the French in the purity of their Gothic buildings. But the Germans held to the type longer, and the exaggerated or "flamboyant Gothic," of the fifteenth century, which marked the decline of the art in France, was unknown in the provinces beyond the Rhine. In Spain the pointed arch was combined with Moorish cupolas and Spanish minarets. It was not until the reign of Ferdinand III., the contemporary of Louis IX., of France, and Henry III., of England, that Spain produced buildings that compared favorably with those of Burgundy and Normandy. Ferdinand defeated the Moors at Cordova and Seville, united the kingdoms of Leon and Castile, and restored the church to Christianity. Under his patronage the fine arts flourished. The magnificent cathedral of Toledo, modeled

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on Notre Dame, and the smaller one at Burgos, were erected by his munificence.

Italy, the stronghold of Romanesque and Byzantine traditions, was little influenced by the Gothic wave. England, now closely in touch with France, early felt the impulse, and having few classic prejudices to overcome, was ripe for a rapid architectural development. The cathedrals of Durham, Peterborough, Norwich, and Canterbury, all show in part the beauty of the early Northern school.



CORONATION CHAIR—WESTMINSTER

ROYAL HOUSES

Although Gothic construction was confined for nearly fifty years to church edifices, the architecture was not destined to remain simply religious in character. Gradually royal dwellings were altered to admit of traceried windows, arched doors, and foliated carvings, and by the latter part of the thirteenth century, the homes of the common people were built on similar principles.

Furniture of all historic epochs is more or less a reflection of the prevailing architecture and this was never more clearly demonstrated than during the Gothic period. Chairs and tables, benches and chests, all followed in design or decoration the lines of the pointed arch.

Great changes had taken place in the furnishings of houses. The Crusades had opened an intercourse with the Orient, and the seaports of France, Italy, and Spain were engaged in active commerce with the East. Sovereigns of this century, with a few exceptions, married foreign queens and thus the manners of one country were introduced naturally into another.

THE ENGLISH COURT

In England three of the Plantagenet kings had wedded French wives, and as each in turn inaugurated French customs, there was little of Saxon simplicity at the English court. The barons and retainers, eager for royal approval, patterned their homes as closely as possible on Norman standards.

In Ivanhoe, a vivid picture is given of Cedric's castle, where French innovations found little favor.

"In a hall, the height of which was greatly disproportioned to its extreme length and width, stood a long oaken table, formed of planks rough hewn from the forest, and which had scarcely received any polish. On the sides of the apartment hung implements of war and of the chase, and there were at each corner doors which gave access to other parts of the extensive building. The other appointments of the mansion partook of the rude simplicity of the Saxon

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period, which Cedric piqued himself upon maintaining. The floor was composed of earth mixed with lime and trodden into a hard substance. For about one quarter of the length of the apartment the floor was raised by a step, and this space which was called the daïs, was occupied only by the principal members of the family and visitors of distinction.

"For this purpose a table, richly covered with a scarlet cloth, was placed transversely across the platform, from the middle of which ran the longer and lower board where the domestic and inferior persons sat. Massive chairs and settles of carved oak were placed upon the daïs, and over these seats and the elevated table, was fastened a canopy of cloth which served in some degree to protect the dignitaries who occupied that distinguished station from the weather, and especially from the rain which in some places found its way through the ill-constructed roof. The walls of this upper end of the hall, as far as the daïs extended, were covered with hangings or curtains with some attempts at tapestry or embroidery. In the center of the daïs were placed two chairs more elevated than the rest for the master and mistress of the family. To each of these was added a footstool, curiously carved and inlaid with ivory which mark of distinction was peculiar to them."

Such was the home of the Saxon princess, Rowena. Hungerford Pollen, Esq., in his hand-book of the furniture of South Kensington, refers to the bedchambers of this period. "Bedrooms were furnished with ornamental bed testers and benches at the bed foot. Beds were furnished with quilts and pillows, and with spotted or striped linen sheets; over all was laid a covering of green sag, badgers' furs, the skins of beavers, or martens. A perch, for falcons to sit on, was fixed to the wall. A chair and a projecting pole, on which clothes could be hung, completed the furniture of an Anglo-Norman bedroom."

TAPESTRIES

It remained for Eleanor, of Provence, queen of Henry III., whose wardrobe and furniture filled three ships, to exert an influence that was felt in the homes of the people. During her reign the use of tapestries, hitherto confined to the palace and to the halls of the barons, became general and added greatly to the comfort and beauty of interiors. Tapestries or dorsels, as they were sometimes called from their ecclesiastical origin, were both woven and embroidered. The former were usually of small and intricate patterns, Byzantine and Gothic in character, and were imported from the tapestry weaving districts of the Loire. The latter, while crude in workmanship, were more original in treatment. Thirteenth century ladies in England and France spent many hours over the tambour frame depicting in flaming colors hunting and battle scenes, "jousts" and tournaments.

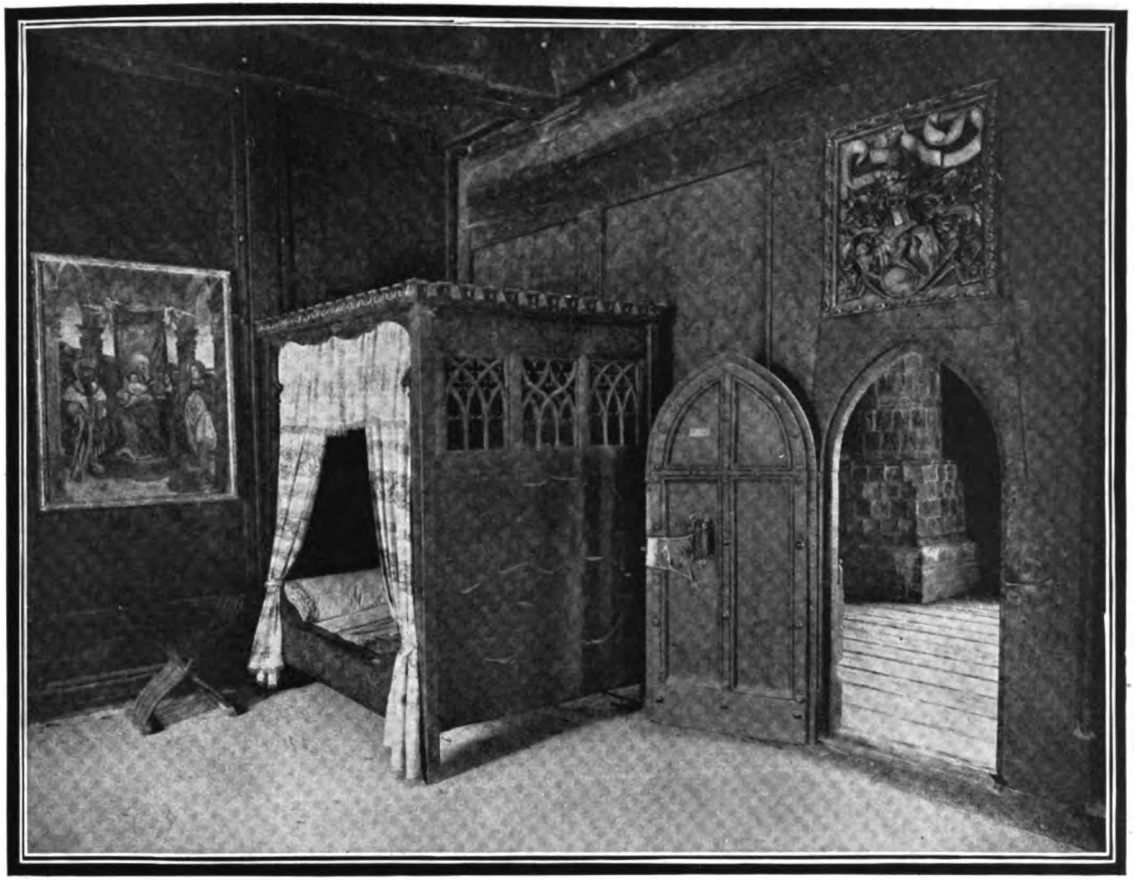
These unique specimens of handiwork were modeled on the famous Bayeux tapestry, woven by Queen Eleanor and her ladies in waiting, and which represented the conquest of William, reduced to sixty-three meters of linen.

During Eleanor's reign, wood paneling was introduced into Windsor Castle, and the halls of the manor houses were further enriched with Gothic carvings and mural decorations. Furniture in England had already responded to Gothic teachings, and the massive chairs reserved for state occasions, and the simpler settles for daily use, were ornamented in the style that had found such favor on the continent. No furniture of Henry's time has been preserved, but a very celebrated piece of Gothic carving of the following reign is now in existence. The coronation chair in Westminster, made famous by a long line of monarchs, was first used when Edward I. ascended the throne.

CORONATION CHAIR

Prince Edward was on the continent fighting the French when he received the tidings of his father's death. He re-

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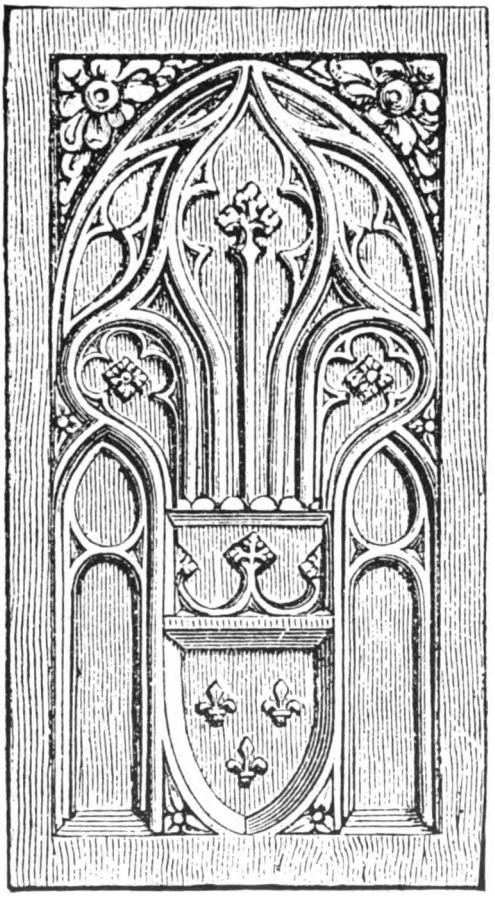
GOTHIC BED-CHAMBER, FEUDAL CHATEAU

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mained to vanquish his foes, returning the following year, in the summer of 1274, to take possession of the English throne.

When Edward VII. is crowned in Westminster, this historic relic will have had a part in twenty-six coronations. William III. and his queen were crowned together in a chair made expressly for them, and Mary Tudor of "blessed Catholic" fame, was honored by the pope to the extent of receiving from Rome a chair blessed especially for her ascension.

Made of oak and covered with heavy gilding, "Edward's chair" was the work of a Florentine artist, employed at Guildford Castle, who builded better than he knew. Beneath the seat and supported by lions is a rough-hewn stone, which has the tradition of being the identical one which Jacob used as a pillow at Bethel. The lions are modern and are inferior to the rest of the workmanship.



GOTHIC PANEL FROM A FRENCH CHEST OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

CHESTS

Aside from this venerated piece of furniture, so associated with English history, little remains of early Gothic handicraft in England except that which is ecclesiastical in character. A few of the royal chests and coffers of the late thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries have survived and are interesting specimens of wood carving and metal work. Hinges and locks are intricately chased with trefoils and quatrefoils, and sometimes ornamented with heraldic devices. A chest executed during the reign of King John, is described as being "of oak, richly decorated with iron plates and hinges"; another of similar date, "of oak, decorated with wrought iron locks and clamps and with basses of metal, on which are enameled escutcheons"; another "of carved cypress, inlaid with ivory and mosaics, and having clasps of wrought silver."

The dower chests of Eleanor of Provence, although recorded as being of unusual beauty, have not survived. But one belonging to the succeeding queen, the wife of Edward, who was of Spanish birth, is now in the British museum. It is of dark wood, painted in Moorish style, and the colors still retain something of their early brilliancy. The hinges are of iron, heavily ornamented, and the locks display the arms of Castile.

SPANISH INNOVATIONS

With her chests, the Spanish princess brought Spanish ideas and thus a third element was added to the Norman-Saxon court. Moorish carpets, decorated leather from Aragon, brass hanging lamps and Sevillian pottery were among her possessions. An inventory of the royal household of this period contains "pitchers of gold, plates and dishes of silver, gold salts, alms bowls, silver

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hampers or baskets, a pair of knives with enameled silver sheaths, a fork of crystal and a silver fork with handle of ebony, and a looking-glass of silver." "Ozier mats" are mentioned, and were used by King Edward and his queen as cushions when they sat at table. Furniture seems to have been more varied during this reign and to have included linen presses, cupboards, *armoirs* and *dressoirs*.



FOLDING CHAIR OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

Few descriptions of the homes of the people are on record. Litchfield, in writing of a French house of this period, states that, "Chests, more or less carved and ornamented with iron work, settles of oak and chestnut, stools or benches with carved supports, a bedstead and a *prie-dieu* chair, and a table with a plain slab, supported on standards, would nearly complete the furniture of the chief room in the house of a well-to-do merchant."

THE TYROL

Few English and French interiors, royal or otherwise, remain to show the home-life of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In a neglected corner of Europe, the Northern Tyrol, is still preserved in scattered hamlets, much of the simplicity of early Gothic architecture. The Tyrolese, more than any other people of Europe, have clung to the customs of their ancestors. Prominent in the affairs of Italy and Switzerland during the Middle Ages they have had in modern times, little part in the political warfare of their neighbors. Favored by an isolated situation, they have been undisturbed by the march of civilization. In manners, in dress, in their home life they have retained the traditions of an earlier age.

The bed-chamber is part of the Château Meran, an ancient feudal stronghold, once the scene of brilliant life. The ceilings and the side walls are paneled in wood and the windows exhibit the delicate tracery that was such a feature of the architecture of that day. Mural decorations in leaves and trefoils in colors nearly obliterated add mellowness to two of the rooms of this château.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS*

BY OLIVER COLEMAN

Author of "Successful Houses"

THERE can be no doubt but that fragility and rarity are qualities that strongly impress the human mind. It is this uncertainty of possession that in a measure explains the alluring qualities of fine glassware. We know that china is equally fragile, but it does not appear so; it looks more solid and imperishable; but fine glass seems a mere essence of the air, a soap bubble, to live but a day, and then to perish from the earth. The National Arts Club had, during May, an exhibition of glass and glassware which though small was by reason of good selection very comprehensive, and covered the whole field very broadly. In one case were specimens of old Greek and Roman glass, and others from the ruins of Tyre. All these old pieces have lain long buried in the earth and have been subjected to disintegrating processes. They still retain their classic forms, but are clouded by alkali action and made beautifully iridescent. Near by was a case containing specimens of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany's work, many of which have successfully produced iridescent qualities quite as beautiful as those painted by the hand of Time. A curious collection, exhibited by Mr. A. W. Drake, consisted of what might be called mediæval glass—queer-shaped bottles to hold three liquors at one time; tankards mounted in pewter with bold garlands of roses painted on the side surrounding some convivial motto; flasks representing the shapes of animals; pieces decorated with Dutch sea-fights, and other curious and frequently very beautiful work, though generally speaking crude and unfinished. A large case of glassware by the modern Frenchman, Emile Gallé, showed his well-known mastery of glass carving. The most beautiful piece of his that I have ever seen was a large wine-cup of colorless glass, with purplish gray morning-glories in low relief.

Some slender, delicate little glasses were exhibited by Cottier & Company. These were conventionalized plant forms in smoky, translucent glass, and were by Professor Köpping, of Berlin. Venetian, French, and English glass of modern manufacture was also represented by well-selected specimens.

The peculiar artistic value of fragility seemed to me well illustrated by the different sensation with which one turned to a case of very magnificent cut-glass. This had brilliancy, design, form, and workmanship, all of a high order of excellence, but it looked so solid, so self-sufficient, that one's sympathies were not touched. On the other hand, the old dark blue Chinese vases and salts-bottles, or the thick cameo or simulating jade vases, were very attractive, but they were little, and in a measure lost the assurance of the large cut-glass pieces. Finally, Mr. John Lafarge and other window glass artists contributed a few specimens, the better to round out the whole subject, which certainly covers a wide field of decoration.

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THE DOVES PRESS

As announced some months ago, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, the most prominent of English bookbinders, has written a tract, "The Ideal Book, or Book Beautiful." It has just come from the shop of the Doves Press, the printing venture of Mr. Sanderson and Mr. Walker, and is really a revival or sequel of the Kelmscott Press of William Morris. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson writes, prints, and

*SUCCESSFUL HOUSES: A book of suggestions on the furnishing of homes, with over one hundred illustrations from photographs of actual rooms. The most complete book on the subject to be had. Price, $1.50. As many of the back numbers of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL are out of print, the publishers are now offering for $3.00 one year's subscription to THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL and "Successful Houses," which contains many articles reprinted from THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. Address, Herbert S. Stone & Co., Eldridge Court, Chicago.

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binds this volume, which must be a unique pleasure to him, considering its excellence in each department of book-making.

As the work treats of the ideal conditions for making a truly beautiful book, the volume is an illustration of the principles therein laid down. It is free from all decoration, save that of perfectly proportioned page, type, spaces, and margins. The paper, bearing a water-mark of two doves on a nest facing each other, is fine and soft in tone and finish. Only three hundred copies are printed on paper and ten on vellum. The price for the former, twelve shillings sixpence, is not exorbitant.

* * * *

A NEW POTTERY

Beginning May 22d, there was an exhibition in Boston of a new pottery company known as the Merrimac Ceramic Company. For a number of years near Boston were the kilns of the Chelsea Company, who at one time produced ceramics, which in design, color, luster, and glaze were unsurpassed anywhere in the world. The company was organized by a number of art-loving citizens of Boston as a vehicle for the expression of the positive genius of Hugh Robertson. The American versions of the *sang-de-bœuf* and the "rabbit plates" were examples of the result. Unfortunately Mr. Robertson's health did not allow him to continue his position as the "one man," and the entire work was abandoned.

This new venture is made under the direction of Mr. T. S. Nickerson, a member of the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts. The exhibition was particularly devoted to pottery for use in obtaining formal garden effects, and for foliage plants and shrubs in windows and upon terraces. Mr. Nickerson does not confine himself to unglazed pottery, however, and has experimented very successfully in glazes and colors.

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AN EAST SIDE SHOW

One of the most interesting and significant exhibits held recently was the one just closed on the east side. The "East Side" is a very cosmopolitan, picturesque, and socially interesting portion of the metropolis, teeming with a population consisting of all the nations of Europe, but among them the Russian Jews predominate; it is worth many a ramble from inquisitive investigators, who would have to travel all the way to the Mediterranean in order to find similar types of the survivors from patriarchal days. Young Russians in blouses and short boots, with protruding caps above their long and bushy whiskers; old Israelites, with long gray beards, of the kind the Prophets used to swear by; Italian women in gaudy turbans and huge ear-rings; and unconscious looking Chinamen—jostle and push each other and hawk their wares from push-carts on the narrow streets.

The remarkable part of this exhibition is, that the pictures are all by local artists, men and women of the East Side, who not only are born and live in the tumble-down tenements, but have the good sense to choose their subjects from the rich harvest always beneath their hand. The exhibition was held at the rooms of the Educational Alliance Building and contained nearly one hundred canvases, all by young Hebrew artists of the neighborhood. It is not reasonable to expect any startling work in such an exhibition, but as the enterprise is to become an annual one, we may confidently expect that one or two of the artists may by this means come out of the ruck. Several of the subjects are worthy of great praise, showing artistic intuitions of a fine order. The Alliance prize went to B. Gussow for "A Jewish Scene."

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DECORATIVE CRAFTS IN POETRY

BY ETHEL WHEELER

ART, in all its manifold varieties, is the expression of a single truth. As a flower-root draws from identical sources the nourishment which is to develop its form, its color, and its fragrance, so in the mental and spiritual atmosphere of man, ideas of form, of color, and of fragrance extract strength and fullness from the same principles of beauty—stimulus from the same spring-heads of vitality. Painting, music, sculpture, poetry, these are inter-allied manifestations of one indivisible spirit, and they often give their interpretation of the essential in life in terms that are almost interchangeable.

It follows that poets, artists, musicians, have preferred, as a rule, drawing their material first-hand and raw from nature, to seeking it already cut and polished in other forms of art. However artificial may be the instruments they use, they like to have for manipulation a clump of matter in the rough. Indeed, the only creation of man's hand and brain which has been freely used for translation from one art into another is that of architecture into the sphere of poetry. So mutable is architecture, that in one curious case we find it passing first through the medium of music before reaching that of poetry, namely, in the poem of Abt Vogler, where the musician, in extemporizing on the musical instrument of his invention, builds out of the manifold music a beautiful palace, with "rampired walls of gold, as transparent as glass."

But it should be noted that in this process of transference from one art to another, architecture undergoes a notable change. Architecture is capable of such indefinite extension that it is easy enough to give it a push over the borders of the actual into the realm of the imagination; and as a matter of fact, architecture in poetry is an ideal quantity, removed to infinite distances from the practical art of to-day, that concerns itself with the building of public libraries and villa residences. The architecture of poetry is made with meteors and lightnings, and the vast glamour of dreams, and gives solidity to its structures by their weight of moral meaning. The simple transmutation of one art into another, unaccomplished by such radical change, the transmutation, say, of music into poetry, of poetry into painting, has been left to the experimental genius of this age of experiment.

One of the dominant needs of the present day is our need to express ourselves; we desire "to utter all ourselves into the air." "Produce! produce!" cries Carlyle. "Were it but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a product; produce it, in God's name!"

Our message may be less important than that of past times, but it is more importunate. And the restlessness and self-criticism of the age will not let us remain satisfied with any one mode of expression. We are forever hesitating between prose and verse, between painting, music, and sculpture. We experiment in painting, and then turn our picture into poetry; or, like the French artist, translate our scales of color into melodious organ-sequences, our masses into designs for cathedrals. We hover, perplexed, if delighted, about Dante Gabriel Rossetti's extraordinary parallels in art. We brood on the versatility of William Morris, whose craving for expression was so insatiable that neither the vehicle of verse nor of black and white would satisfy it; he must have his message worked into the weavings of the loom, the carving of the craftsman; and then must turn his carpets and woven stuffs back again into word-music and word-color; so that we have the tapestries and hangings of the bedchamber in Love's golden house displayed before the sight of all in a shop in Oxford Street! Never before did a personality so bridge for us the actual and the ideal.

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As an example of the magic beauty which may be made to invest the arts and crafts thus recently introduced into poetry, we may refer to Keats's ode on a Grecian urn:—

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe, or the dales of Arcady?

The poem is an exquisite interpretation of all that the careless eye must miss; into every line of the "brede of marble men and maidens" the poet has put a delicate music and sentiment. Poetry has set its halo upon the craft of the potter.

For poetry is, as it were, the aroma of the more material arts, hovering about them like perfume above a flower. Like perfume, words retain suggestions, and lend a glamour of association; like perfume, they are by nature somewhat intangible, and transfer material objects to a more ethereal plane. Furthermore, poets see and interpret the edge of impressions which eludes the untrained eye—they show us the *aura* of the master that floats above his work. Then, they are able to present their objects at the ideal moment when conditions of atmosphere and light are perfect; thus Sir Walter Scott bids us visit Melrose "in the pale moonlight,"

When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem framed of ebon and ivory,
When silver edges the imagery . . .

And finally, poets have the power of sharpening all our sensibilities through the excitement of emotion—pity, sympathy, or horror—so that every detail of the decorations in the bedroom in "Cymbeline," and even the vaguely defined carvings in Christabel's chamber, are imprinted in deep, tragic lines on our memories. A heightening of effect—a warmer flush of beauty, or at least additional suggestions of meaning—such we may look to find after the transmutation of the crafts into poetry.

Some arts, however, borrow their effects so largely from nature that they become almost elemental; they attain to so great a perfection that they necessarily lose by translation from one medium into another. Among such we must reckon the art of staining glass, which presses the very light of the sun into its service, whose panels

Catch the sunrobe by the hems
And twist and cut it into gems;

and whose colors grow lustrous beneath the understanding touch of the moon:—

The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride;
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

We cannot imbue words with the rich intensity of stained-glass color—the fierce solemn glory of hue that is framed in deeps of shadowy gray—like a sunrise forever cut out and burning in twilight—or, to use Mrs. Craigie's magnificent simile, "like a dream set in a rock." Furthermore, this glory is, as a rule, chastened by such asceticism of design, such attenuation of pain and suffering, such sublimity of association, that beside its heaven-won radiance all art seems pale and dim, inadequate to express the burning rapture of self-sacrifice—the sheen that lies about tears. And poets have felt this, for the allusions to stained glass in literature are few, and almost disappointing. Chaucer, in the "Book of the Duchess," makes allusion to stained-glass windows, and gives us the subject of them:—

with glas
Were alle the wyndowes wel yglased
Ful clere, and nat an hoole ycrased,
That to beholde it was grete joye.
For holy al the story of Troye
Was in the glasynge ywrought thus; . . .

But there is no description of their beauty.

Milton has atmosphere—atmosphere and suggestion—but without color or detail—

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Storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light.

Tennyson, in the "Palace of Art," achieves at least a warm intensity of hue, and a most exquisite tracery and contrast of arch:—

Likewise the deep-set windows, stained and traced,
Would seem slow-flaming crimson fires
From shadow'd grots of arches interlaced
And tipt with frost-like spires.

Matthew Arnold, in a longer passage (from "The Church at Brou"), interprets beautifully the feelings of pure bliss, of satisfied aspiration, awakened in us by stained glass:—

So sleep, forever sleep, O marble Pair!
Or, if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
On the carved western front a flood of light
Streams from the setting sun, and colors bright
Prophets, transfigured saints, and martyrs brave
In the vast western window of the nave;
And on the pavement round the tomb there glints
A chequer-work of glowing sapphire tints,
And amethyst, and ruby—then unclose
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
And from your broidered pillows lift your heads
And rise upon your cold, white, marble beds;
And looking down on the warm rosy tints
That chequer, at your feet, the illumined flints,
Say—*What is this? We are in bliss, forgiven—*
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven!

One notices how much room is given in these passages to the secondary beauty of stained glass, namely, the reflection on pavement and pillar. It is as if the major glory could only be approached through the wonder of the minor glory, just as intensity of mountain color can only be analyzed when seen reflected in a lake. And the reflections of stained glass stain, with their dimmer light, more pages of our poetry than the full illumination of the windows themselves. How charming Charles Turner's naming of these flitting reflections — "butterfly souls!" And here is a most perfect rendering of arch and window and reflection, which reminds us once more with what exquisite appreciation Keats values the arts and crafts:—

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits and flowers, and bunches of knot grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings:
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded 'scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on the casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon:
Rose bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross, soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint! . . .

Nor must we forget the light of the oriels shining on the soul in the "Palace of Art":—

Through which the light, rose, amber, emerald, blue,
Flushed in her temples and her eyes,
And from her lips, as morn from Memnon drew
Rivers of melodies.

Passing to the consideration of wall-decoration, we may divide this section into wall-paintings and woven hangings.

We find in the poets some very charming suggestions for wall-paintings. Chaucer, for instance, saw the pictorial value of the most familiar of mediæval romances, and his "wallys . . . were peynte" with "al the Romaunce of the Rose." It is indeed an eminently decorative subject, with its childish simplicity of fortress line, its conventionality of allegorical personage, and the freshness and flush that go with the allusions to the

Roser chargid fulle of rosis
That with an hedge aboute enclosid is.

Swinburne suggests a very beautiful series of religious subjects for narrow panels. It is a passage of marvelous simplicity and vividness:

And either wall of the slow corridor
Was dim with deep device of gracious things:
Some angel's steady mouth and weight of wings
Shut to the side; or Peter with straight stole
And beard cut black against the aureole
That spanned his head from nape to crown; thereby
Mary's gold hair thick to the girdle-tie
Wherein was bound a child with tender feet;
Or the broad cross with blood nigh brown on it.

Like Swinburne, it is with a series of figures that Tennyson adorns the dais of his Palace of Art:—

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For there was Milton like a seraph strong,
Beside him Shakespeare, bland and mild;
And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song
And somewhat grimly smiled.

And there the Ionian father of the rest;
A million wrinkles carved his skin;
A hundred winters snowed upon his breast,
From cheek, and throat, and chin.

It is a fact of curious significance that tapestries occupy a far larger space in the wall-decoration of literature than do paintings. Indeed, generally speaking, tapestry is nearer akin to poetry than is painting; it is a step further from the actual, and it gathers a vague, dreamy atmosphere about it, full of suggestion. Then the colors of tapestry have a softness, a shadowy richness, a brilliance, faded or veiled, which can hardly be attained by the cruder methods of the brush. There is a glamour even about the workmanship, with its threads of silver and gold, its material of emerald and pearl.

Take, for instance, the effect observed by Spenser of the interweaving of gold thread in the arras-hangings of the House of Busyrane. It would be impossible for paint to achieve the same delicacy of hinted light:

For round about the walls yclothed were
With goodly arras of great majesty
Woven with gold and silk so close and near
That the rich metal lurked privily,
As feigning to be hid from envious eye:
Yet here and there and everywhere unawares,
It showed itself and shone unwillingly;
Like a discoloured snake whose hidden snares
Through the green grass his long bright tarnish'd back declares.

And here is another passage of daring color, which brings us very close to the craft of the weaver:—

Such dyes as stain the parrot's wing,
The May flowers, or the evening sky,
Made bright the silken tapestry;
And threaded pearls therein were wrought,
And emeralds from far eastlands brought.
WILLIAM MORRIS.

Morris's hangings have not always this splendid richness. Here, for instance, is another passage from "The Earthly Paradise," which is worked in the sober coloring of Burne-Jones, to whom, with William Morris, is due the revival of the art of tapestry in this generation:

A goodly hall
With glorious hangings on the wall
Inwrought with trees of every clime,
And stories of the ancient time,
But all of sorcery they were,
For o'er the dais Venus fair,
Fluttered about by many a dove,
Made hopeless men for hopeless love
Both sick and sorry; there they stood,
Wrought wonderfully in various mood,
But wasted all by that hid fire
Of measureless, o'er-sweet desire,
And let the hurrying world go by,
Forgetting all felicity.

These lines vividly recall Burne-Jones's marvelous series of tapestries, with their knights and maidens, wasted by hid fire—tapestries which, by making the colors of the flesh and the too aggressive hues of life pale before the stress of the soul, have achieved an even more lovely sentiment of fading than the years have given to the tapestries of old times.

Tapestry in poetry is the medium Tennyson has chosen to embody the most beautiful color-pictures he has given us. Spenser, in his long account of the classical designs of his tapestries, only occasionally indicates their delicacy of coloring, as, for instance, Neptune's horses:—

His sea-horses did seem to snort amain,
And from their nostrils blow the briny steam
That made the sparkling waves to smoke again
And flame with gold; but the white foaming cream
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beam.

James Thomson, in the pastoral tapestries in the Castle of Indolence, omits the consideration of color altogether, confining himself to a bald list of subjects:—

Reclining lovers in the lonely dale
Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heart . . .
Depainted was the patriarchal age
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.

But in the Palace of Art it is color first and foremost that the poet aims at setting before us—simple color of landscape

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and sea: exquisite combinations in figure pictures.

Tennyson surpasses himself in this series of stanzas, each sized and spaced to a picture; each full of subdued atmosphere; each in itself separate and perfect. It may be noted that while the mosaic floor of the palace symbolizes labor, and treats of the "cycles of the human tale":—

The people here, a beast of burden slow
Toil'd onward, pricked with goads and stings;
Here play'd a tiger, rolling to and fro
The heads and crowns of kings,

while the paintings of the palace, as mentioned above, portray wise men, and appeal to the mind; the arras-hangings are purely æsthetic, concerning themselves only with beauty—with beauty and suggestions of peace. The very colors seem woven into ideals of themselves, the greens and blues

Showing a gaudy summer morn,
Where with puffed cheek the belted hunter blew
His wreathed bugle-horn,

the dark tapestries of red—

A tract of sand
And someone pacing there alone
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land
Lit by a low, large moon;

and the purity of white and gold that is suggested in this verse:

Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea
Near gilded organ pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept Saint Cicely,
An angel looked at her.

There is a curious charm in the sense of motion suspended for all eternity, the charm that Keats found so potent in the figures on his Grecian urn. Several of Tennyson's tapestry subjects have this arrested tension; we read of Europa's mantle, caught in the wind, blown unclasped from off her shoulder; of the Ausonian king hollowing one hand against his ear, to list for the wood-nymph's footfall. The tension is sometimes so great that it creates a sense of movement; we all remember in our childish days the mystery and rapture when, in "The Snow Queen," the tapestry-tried hunting-party began to gallop down the green glades. Tennyson feels the movement of this design of his:—

One showed an iron coast and angry waves,
You seemed to hear them climb and fall,
And roar, rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
Beside the windy wall.

And William Morris has experienced the same sensation:—

the wall—
Its woven waters seem'd to fall,
Its trees, its beasts, its loom-wrought folk
Now seem'd indeed as though they woke
And moved unto him as they went.

Furthermore, Morris gives to the pavement of Love's House an appearance of motion:—

At last she came unto a chamber cool,
Paved cunningly in manner of a pool,
Where red fish seem'd to swim through floating weed,
And at the first she thought it so indeed,
And took the sandals quickly from her feet . . .

The art of floor-decoration has, however, received but meager treatment in literature. The mosaic pavement in the Palace of Art has already been alluded to. William Morris, as a rule, would seem to prefer to mosaic, marbles covered with webs "wrought by the brown, slim-fingered Indian's toil."

Here, for instance, is a marble floor worked in a very beautiful and simple scheme of color:—

I passed betwixt the pillars whose long shade,
Black, on the white, red-veined floor was laid.

In considering these passages dealing with the arts and crafts in poetry, we are bound to feel how valuable is the interpretation of one art by another art: how each may be made to benefit by the slightly varying methods and slightly varying ideals of the other, and how the halls of literature have become more dimly radiant by reason of the stained-glass windows set within them, more richly varied with series of glorious paintings, and more dreamily suggestive with tapestry-hangings stirring about "long-sounding corridors" that overvault "grateful gloom."

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Whenever the address is given and stamps are inclosed, replies will be sent by mail within three weeks.

Dyes and Stains

I am building a small cabin on the top of the Rocky Mountains for use in summer. The tables, settle, and tall chest are necessarily to be made on the spot by the carpenter after my designs. I intend to paint or stain the furniture green. Will you tell me the best thing to use for this purpose?

My plan is to use green curtains between the living-room and the next room; also, to have cushions, table-cover, etc., of the same green—the color of the spruce-boughs. Can you suggest any inexpensive material suitable for this purpose? It is impossible to find it in denim.

I am the unhappy possessor of an oak desk of good shape, but cheap in appearance. I should like to stain the desk green. Can you suggest anything that will stain or color over a varnish?

L. McC.

We know of no cotton stuffs to be found in the shops the exact color of spruce-boughs. We have seen Japanese cotton crepe that approached the shade, and recommend it as being very effective. Denim, as you say, is seldom deep enough in tone, and burlap, unless colored especially, is not much better.

One of the members of the Arts and Crafts Society of Chicago has been experimenting in hand-dyes, and has produced a wonderful green, strong and deep, and extremely durable. We can imagine nothing more charming for your purpose than pieces of this cotton. Possibly by writing to the headquarters of the society, the Woman's Temple, La Salle Street, Chicago, you might secure a small quantity.

Any good stain may be applied to varnished furniture. Better results may be obtained, however, by sandpapering the surface before using the stain.

Decorating an Entire House

Will you kindly give me your advice as to the furnishing and coloring for my new house, the rooms being as follows:

The living-room is 15 by 23 feet; long, low casement windows on the side facing the west; wide fireplace, built of clinker brick, to the ceiling on the south end, with seats on either side; folding-doors ten feet wide on east side opening into hall; nine-foot folding-doors opening into dining-room on north side; windows long, low casement.

The halls are also paneled to the height of ceiling. A shelf running entirely round room; ceiling nine feet high, beams ten and twelve inches deep; wood of walls, light California redwood, finished in oil without stain; proposed furniture mahogany.

The dining-room is 15 by 19 feet, casement windows on west end; floor same as living-room, paneled with wood; shelf at height of doors, plaster above. Proposed furniture of Belgian oak.

Hall, 27 by 12 feet; wainscoted to correspond with living-room; ceiling coved, rough-finish plaster. What tinting would you suggest for ceilings and hall?

Second floor, southwest bedroom 17 by 19 feet, casement windows on south and west; fireplace between windows on south; box-seats on each side of fireplace; height of cove ceiling, eight feet four inches; plaster rough finish; woodwork light redwood, as in balance of house; furniture for this room, brass bed, mahogany dressing-table, and chair with rush seat.

Upper hall, 12 by 23 feet. What tint for walls and paint for the floor. The staircase (main) is of the oiled redwood.

Smoking-room, 12 by 13 feet, coved ceiling, rough-finish; walls to the height of doors covered with very pretty shade of olive-green burlap, divided into panels by redwood battens, stained dark. Shelf round room immediately over burlap. What color would be suitable for tinting ceiling, also art-square and painting floor? All the windows in the house are casement, three feet high and of various widths. What color shades would you suggest, the outside of the house being finished with cedar shingles.

J. B. W.

In your living-room, paneled to the height of the ceiling in redwood and furnished in mahogany, we would prefer green upholstery rather than a combination of green and pink. The Bagdad portières of olive, blue, and mustard could not be used here, and we scarcely think they would be in harmony with any of the proposed color schemes.

Casement windows are difficult to curtain satisfactorily unless a very simple arrangement be adopted. Sash-curtains of silk in green and copper tones are recommended for this room, without any further draperies.

In the dining-room, paneled to the height of the doors and finished in Flemish oak, deep yellow is advised for side-walls and ceiling.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

In the hall, wainscoted in redwood and finished in plaster, a water-color stain, a trifle lighter than the red in the woodwork, is suggested. The hall of the second story should continue the stain.

In the southwest bedroom, furnished in mahogany, a pleasing result would be gained by hanging the walls in a Chiswick paper in blues and greens and painting both floor and woodwork green. The paper we have in mind has a large decorative design and is very "stunning." The windows should have sash-curtains in cream net, with outer hangings of dyepot-blue. The ceiling in this room should be left in the rough plaster, and could be a faint green or a deep cream.

In the northwest bedroom the green paint should be repeated and a similar paper in old-rose and ivory used on the walls. The furniture upholstered in pink crétonne would be very effective here. We agree with you about "art-squares." There is little art in them. Japanese rugs of different sizes may be found in many shops. Blue ones would be very pretty in the blue-and-green room, and the new Japanese ones of pink and cream color would fit perfectly into the northwest room.

For the smoking-room, hung in olive burlap, a deep yellow is advised for the ceiling and the cove. Possibly the Bagdad portières could be utilized here on a couch, the yellow of the ceiling being given a mustard tinge. Personally we think that mustard is a depressing color and that Bagdads are very ugly. Window-shades should be alike throughout the house. Would it not be well to repeat the color of the shingles in the shades?

In the dining-room, black Flemish oak would be vastly better than brown Belgian oak. The latter, while charming with many settings, would not harmonize with the red of the woodwork.

Flemish Oak Versus Mahogany

I am anxious to refurnish my dining-room, and I would like your opinion and suggestions for old black Flemish oak. I thought by getting good old designs and keeping up the old Dutch character through the entire room, I might be able to have an attractive as well as serviceable room. Is this furniture difficult to find? How does it compare with mahogany in price? What should my paper and woodwork be?

T. A.

The relative merits of mahogany and Flemish oak furniture are treated at length in "Successful Houses," a book published by us. The furnishings of any room must depend largely on the character of the adjacent rooms, and all should be determined by the architecture of the house. A Flemish dining-room is most fitting in a house finished and furnished in Flemish oak. We cannot indorse a Flemish dining-room in a colonial house. We know that many architects do not agree with us, and that most decorators have no compunctions against "doing" a hall in colonial, a parlor in Louis XV., a dining-room in Flemish, and a smoking-room in Turkish—all on

"SUCCESSFUL HOUSES" is full of valuable suggestions on the decoration of the home.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

the same floor. While we do not entirely agree with the colonial enthusiast who would have no electric lights in her house as they were not used during the colonial period, we think that many, in fact most houses, show a lamentable lack of consistency on the part of the owners. We cannot advise you very satisfactorily in regard to the Dutch dining-room, knowing nothing of your house. In regard to the pieces of Flemish and mahogany furniture, good pieces of Flemish compare favorably with pieces of mahogany, but it is much easier to find good designs in mahogany than in the former.

The woodwork in a Dutch dining-room should be of Flemish oak, and the color scheme should be strong and rich. A paneled wainscoting to the height of the doors and exposed ceiling-beams would add much to the Dutch effect. A chimney with a hood of iron or copper, a plate-rail to hold Delft and pewter, and casement windows with small panes are all characteristic. The high paneled woodwork leaves little wall-space. Deep yellow calcimine over rough plaster would be harmonious here, the same color being used between the beams. Given the right woodwork, half the battle is over in arranging a Dutch room.

A Bit of Old Staffordshire

I would like to find out the age, make, and value of a dish in my possession. It was given me by a relative over ninety years old, and belonged to her mother. I inclose a blue print which gives a little idea of its shape and size. On the back is a circular band and buckle, with "Washington vase" within it and on the band the words "Pearl stoneware." Below on another band is "P. W. & Co."

The sugar-bowl is dark blue and white, with a peculiar mark on the bottom, the number 56978 above this mark, and the words "Athens," 'W. Adams & Sons" below. Will you please give me the address of some place where I can have a hanging china-closet made.

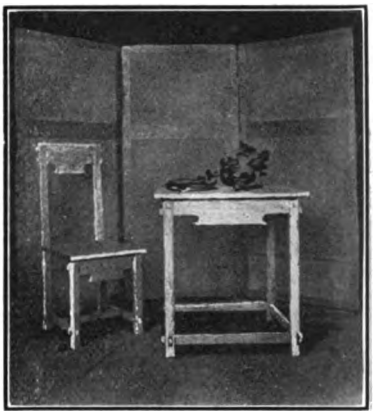
E. H. B.

Your plate with the circular band and buckle is Staffordshire crockery, not china, and is about seventy-five years old. From the design we imagine that the color is mulberry. The "Washington vase" is found in several colors, but usually in the purplish brown shade which our grandmothers called mulberry. The plate is not especially valuable. Two dollars is the usual price of a perfect specimen ten inches in diameter; smaller plates in proportion. The sugar-bowl is an older piece, Staffordshire also, and worth about three dollars. It is a difficult matter, as we have said before, to place a price on old china, as association is such an important factor in its value. A bit of old Staffordshire that might be priceless to the owner, in the eyes of a prosaic antique dealer would be worth only a few dollars.

Your sugar-bowl was mady by Adams & Sons in the early part of the century. In Edwin A. Barber's "Anglo-American Pottery," published by the "Clay-Worker" of Indianapolis, you will find a brief history of the factory.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Miss Christie M. Reade, of the Krayle Company, Marshall Field building, has designed several hanging china-closets. We suggest that you write to her in regard to the matter.

An English Settle

I would be very much obliged if you could kindly tell me the best place, either in Chicago, Philadelphia, or New York, to obtain an old English settle like the one pictured in the November, 1900, number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, as it is very hard to find artistic pieces in Pittsburg. Also, where I could best buy a pair of fine stag-antlers to serve as a hat-rack in a colonial hall. D. B.

The settle you require is rarely found in the antique. It is, however, one of the simplest designs to reproduce. As you have the illustration as a guide, any carpenter of moderate intelligence could make one for your hall. We have never seen this style of settle in old mahogany, although we have come across a few in New England farm-houses made of birch, applewood, or cherry. The Dutch colonists used a similar piece of furniture, but with them it was a much larger affair, and often built into the wall of the room.

The Maryland settle may be secured in old mahogany, and is a beautiful piece of furniture. It is of English origin, but outside of antique shops is seldom found in the north. Several dealers in Chicago advertise in THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. Any one of them could doubtless provide you with this type of settle. Roughly speaking, the prices range from sixty dollars to one hundred dollars. The Maryland settle is usually made of crotch mahogany, and the color of the wood is wonderfully rich.

Denver, Colorado, is said to be the best market for stag-antlers.

Decorating a Seaside Cottage

I send you herewith a description of seven rooms and hall in a seaside cottage which I wish redecorated. I send you the old color scheme; you can no doubt vastly improve upon it. The cottage is furnished in colonial style throughout; all mahogany furniture downstairs, excepting the parlor and hall, which contain in addition a few wicker and rush-seat pieces, the only heavy mahogany piece being in the dining-room.

Parlor—Woodwork ivory-white, walls mulberry, ceiling lighter shade of red.

Library—Woodwork light natural cypress, walls soft green, ceiling cream.

Hall and stairs—Woodwork dark oak finish, walls and ceiling terra-cotta.

Dining-room—Mantel and woodwork dark oak finish, with panels and trim of light natural cypress; walls soft green, ceiling shade lighter.

Large bedroom with bay-window—Woodwork light natural cypress, walls white as yet, furniture mahogany. All hangings and draperies for this room dark blue and white.

Large bedroom, southern exposure—Woodwork light cypress, furniture oak. All hangings and draperies light blue and white.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Spare bedroom—Woodwork light cypress, furniture maple, hangings and draperies pink and white.

Child's room—Woodwork light cypress, white enamel furniture, hangings and draperies pink and white. E. B. M.

For the rooms of your seaside cottage we would advise paint or calcimine rather than burlap, as the latter holds the dampness. For the hall we suggest a copper color calcimine, for the library a stronger green than the tone now on the walls, and for the dining-room the saffron you have already selected. The mulberry of the parlor, while good in itself, will not harmonize with the copper of the hall. This room would be effective in yellows—yellows that would lead up to the saffron of the dining-room.

In the large bedroom the blue-and-white idea would better be continued. We send you a bit of dye-pot blue. This cannot be found in paper, and only once have we seen it in paint.

The child's room would be attractive in old-rose walls, and a ceiling-paper brought down to a low molding, in a flowered pattern in pinks and greens. There are several charming designs in English daisies. These seem especially appropriate for children's rooms.

In the other bedroom, reproductions of colonial paper would be most fitting, the colors repeating or harmonizing with the draperies.

Decorating a Farm-House

I desire to ask further advice in regard to refurnishing our home. We have acted upon your advice and have replaced the heavy balustrade for a true colonial type and are much pleased with the result. The way now seems clear to repaper and paint and make other improvements. We will paint the floors mahogany, then varnish and rub down and buy a rug, not exceeding twenty-five dollars, for the parlor. What colors do you advise? I have enough ingrain carpet to make a rug for the living-room floor. I intend to have the carpet dyed and would like your opinion about the colors. Can you give the address of a rug-maker? Would you advise a stair carpet and one width of the same carpet the length of the hall?

I have thought of having all the curtains of

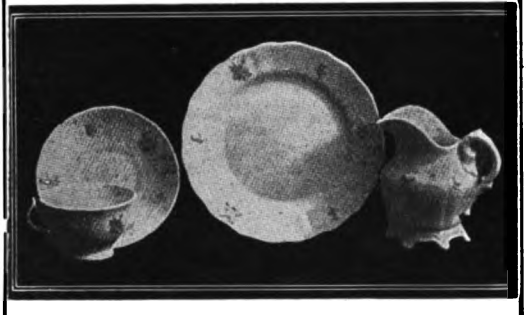
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

embroidered muslin, but am at a loss to know what would be proper hangings for the large openings from living-room and parlor into hall. Would a comfortable seat made to fit the angle be decorative? If so, of what material? I have a few pieces of mahogany furniture, originally of the black hair-cloth variety. Some time ago the short sofa and rocker were upholstered in blue and gold. Would you advise the same treatment for the chairs?

Falls City, Neb. E. F. S.

Most of the papers we are sending you are made by Sanderson & Son, at Chiswick, England. They are extremely durable, and while more expensive than many American papers are, we think cheaper in the end. We are sending them chiefly as a guide to the color schemes given in our previous letter. You now have a hall that will lend itself to a charming treatment. You will note that we have sent no mulberry stripes among our samples. Should you decide to use a yellow striped paper in the dining-room we believe a better effect will be gained by using a plain mulberry paper, or a large figured one in the living-room rather than a stripe. Our preference would be for a plain cartridge in mulberry, costing twenty cents a roll.

For the parlor, hung in gobelin-blue, we would advise a rug combining blue and mahogany with a little old rose. With mulberry on the walls of the living-room, the rug for that room would better be largely of that color.

The staircase should be stained mahogany and left bare if possible. For the large openings from the hall into the living-room and the parlor, there should be portières of green velour, or if a less expensive material is desired, of denim. On the reverse side of portières, plain gobelin-blue could be used in the parlor and mulberry in the living-room. The green recommended is the deepest shade in the wall-paper.

The seat which you are planning in the living-room will be very attractive. The woodwork should be stained like that of the room and should be upholstered in mulberry corduroy. We like the idea, also, of the bookcase for the east walls. The few pieces of mahogany upholstered in blue could hardly be placed in the living-room. Possibly they would accord with the color scheme of the parlor. For the chairs we would advise a corduroy—the color to be determined by the scheme of the room.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

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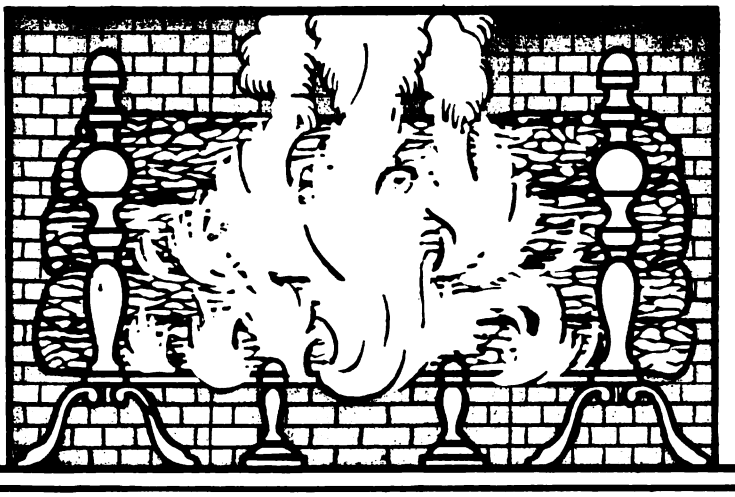
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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

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CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES IN CHINA

Photographed by J. Martin Miller, War Correspondent of *The Graphic* of London and *Harper's Weekly* of New York

The following is an extract from a letter written by Mr. Miller to a friend in New York:

"The missionaries have adopted native dress, 'pig-tail' and all, to avoid attracting undesirable attention among the vast hordes of interior China, who would regard a man dressed in western costume with the same class of curiosity as would be aroused by a Chinese Mandarin with his camel-train in an American town.

"You will note the exceedingly neat and cleanly appearance of these white people in the native dress. Is it due to the use of Pears' Soap, which I notice is the only soap to be found in a white man's house, anywhere in the far East?

"If anything can civilize and Christianize China, Pears' Soap and the missionaries will."

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A HOUSE AT PASS CHRISTIAN, MISSISSIPPI

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The House Beautiful

VOLUME TEN AUGUST, 1901 NUMBER THREE

MR. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY'S NEW YORK HOUSE

NO one, however limited his means, can fail to find interest in the homes of Americans who have made distinguished successes. THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL intends from month to month to print series of pictures of what a newspaper would call "The Homes of Our Millionaires." In this issue we show the house of Mr. William C. Whitney, 871 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The architects were Messrs. McKim, Mead & White.

The Whitney house was originally built by the late Robert L. Stuart, the millionaire sugar merchant. Mr. Whitney purchased it from Mrs. Stuart some five years ago, and on securing possession, called in architects and decorators to alter its interior and to build a large addition on adjoining lots in East Sixty-eighth Street, which he had secured. These alterations and additions have been under way for some years, and it has been Mr. Whitney's occupation in his leisure hours and his vacation periods to supervise them and to secure, both abroad and in this country, the rarest and most remarkable furnishings, decorations, and paintings procurable. The purse of a Fortunatus, combined with rare good taste and judgment, has enabled him to transform the Stuart house into a palace filled with art treasures.

The mansion is a consistent example of the art of one period—that of the Italian Renaissance. To decorate an interior in this style is far more difficult and costly than if the ordinary periods are followed. When the decorations are all original antiques the task becomes impossible, except through the employment of a large amount of money and time. None of these requisites is lacking in the adornment of the Whitney house; with the result that its owner has as near an approach to a Florentine palace of the days of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo as it is possible to obtain.

There is hardly a piece of modern work to be found in the house, while each detail is the most perfect of its kind that could be secured. The chimney-pieces, for instance, are nearly all elaborate works in marble from old Italian palaces; the hangings are from similar sources; the ceilings of several rooms have been taken bodily from famous buildings in Europe, and the furniture and much of the woodwork are quite as beautiful.

THE ROOMS AND HALLS

It is impossible in limited space to describe the various rooms and hallways of the Whitney residence at all adequately, or in detail. The principal hall on the second floor is approached through the entrance hall on Sixty-eighth Street by two sweeping marble stairways.

In this large hall on the right hangs a superb portrait of Charles I., by Van Dyck, a most important work, in which the king is painted seated on a white horse. On the left wall there is a large example of the early Italian school—an altar piece by Lorenzo Costa. Suspended from the ceiling between these paintings is a splendid silver hanging lamp, a masterpiece of old Italian craftsmanship. One of the finest of the many cassoons which Mr. Whitney owns is in the hall. It is attributed to one of the early Italians, and resembles the work of Pinturicchio, and is in as good condition as when made some five hundred years ago.

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The portières and other draperies of the hall are of old figured velvet, the general color scheme being red and white.

THE DINING-ROOM

Opening out of the main hall, to the right, is the dining-room, and on the left are the library and a picture-gallery, or salon. The dining-room has its wall space covered with Italian mural paintings of the sixteenth century. The chimneypiece is a rarely fine piece of work, and holds two great bronze fire dogs, said to be the finest in America.

The most notable features of the library are its carvings of old oak and its splendid hangings of rich brocaded velvet, whch are unique of their kind, and which it has for many years been a labor of love on Mr. Whitney's part to collect. The pictures in the library are few but choice. They comprise the beautiful example of Sir Joshua Reynolds, "Portrait of Miss Jacobs," which Mr. Whitney purchased at the Blakeslee-Fischoff sale last winter, and a portrait of a man by Gaetano. There is also on the library table a delightful and remarkably well-preserved little panel, two three-quarter length standing figures, by Cranach the elder.

SOME WONDERFUL PICTURES

The salon in the rear of the library and also opening out of the main hall has only recently been completed. On its walls, which are covered with rich figured crimson velvet, there hang a number of superb paintings, notably the Van Dyck, "Portrait of the Duke of Villiers, Viscount Grandisson," which Mr. Whitney recently purchased for the largest figure ever given for a canvas imported to this country, with the single exception of that for Millet's "Angelus," Hoppner's "Dancing Girl," shown last winter at the Democratic Club display, a portrait of a man by Tintoretto, and a large and fine example of the French decorative painters of the eighteenth century.

There is also a large and fine portrait of a male member of the Medici family, by Stusterman. The Van Dyck portrait of Viscount Grandisson is a full-length standing one, and depicts the young Viscount in a court dress of the period, with gold brocaded doublet and breeches, long boots of brown leather with flaring tops, and a plumed cavalier's hat of gray felt held in his left hand.

THE BALLROOM

Entrance to the ballroom is through the long corridor in the rear of the dining-room. The walls of this corridor, as said above, are paneled with old carved wood. The ballroom itself is a magnificent apartment of the Louis XIV. period. The panels are carved in high relief, and were taken from the château of Phœbus d'Albert, near Bordeaux; thence they were taken to Paris, in the time of Louis Philippe, and in Paris Mr. Whitney secured them. The ceiling was also taken from an old château.

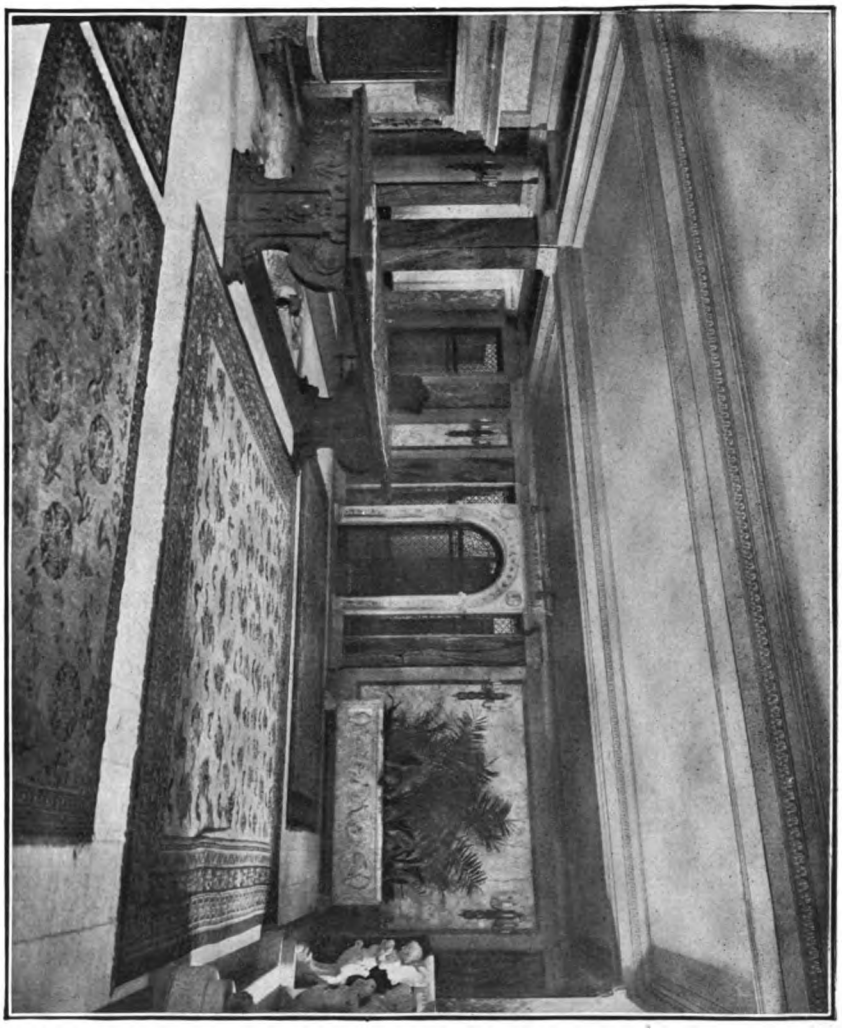
The feature of the great ballroom and its decorations is the marvelous tapestries by Boucher and Dechaise. These in texture, design, and color, are among the most beautiful decorative tapestries in the world.

THE MARIE ANTOINETTE ROOM

The rooms opening off the lower entrance hall do not call for special mention, except the Marie Antoinette room. This is on the left of the hall as one enters, and is one of the most artistic in the house. Its walls are covered with paneled mirrors, surrounding a number of remarkably good copies of Boucher, Nattier, Lancret, Pater, Watteau, and other painters of the eighteenth century. The decoration is consistent and harmonious, and the result is charming in the extreme.

The most effective apartment in the house, with the possible exception of the grand ballroom, is the magnificent hall on the second floor, which extends the whole depth of the house, save for the marble stairway in the rear. This hall has a ceiling two stories high, beautifully decorated, and its fittings are all of marble and carved woods.

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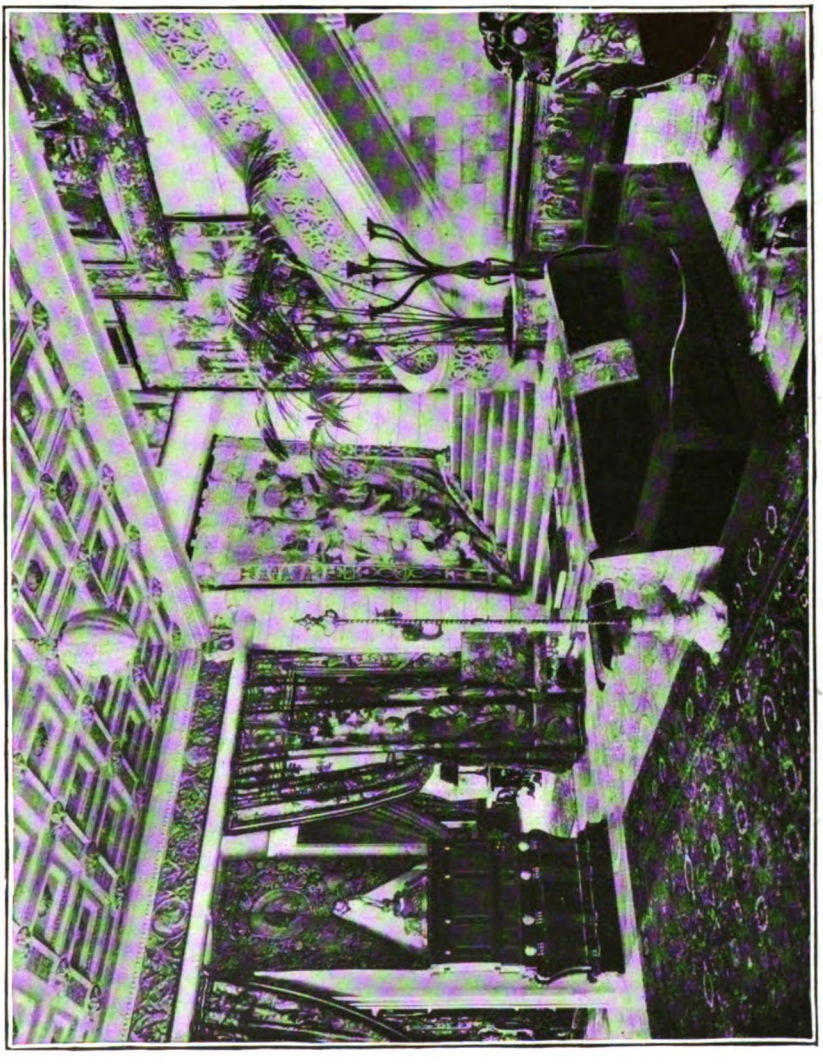


THE ENTRANCE HALLWAY



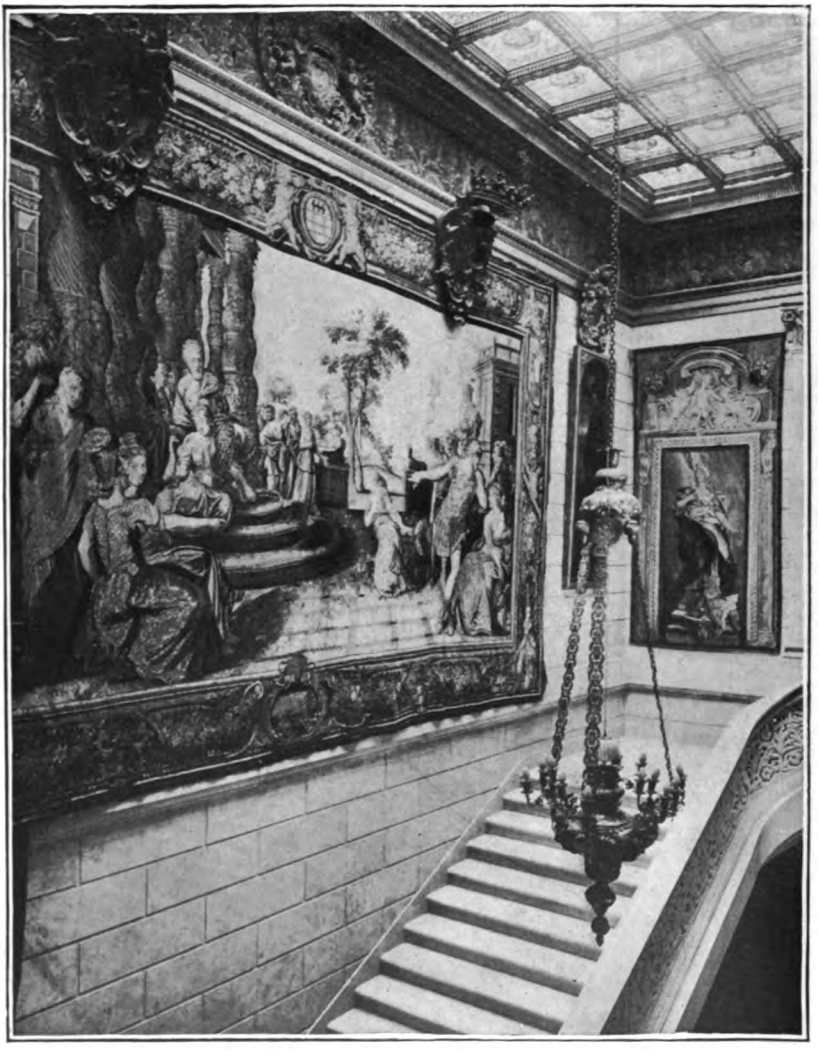
VIEW OF THE MAIN STAIRWAY

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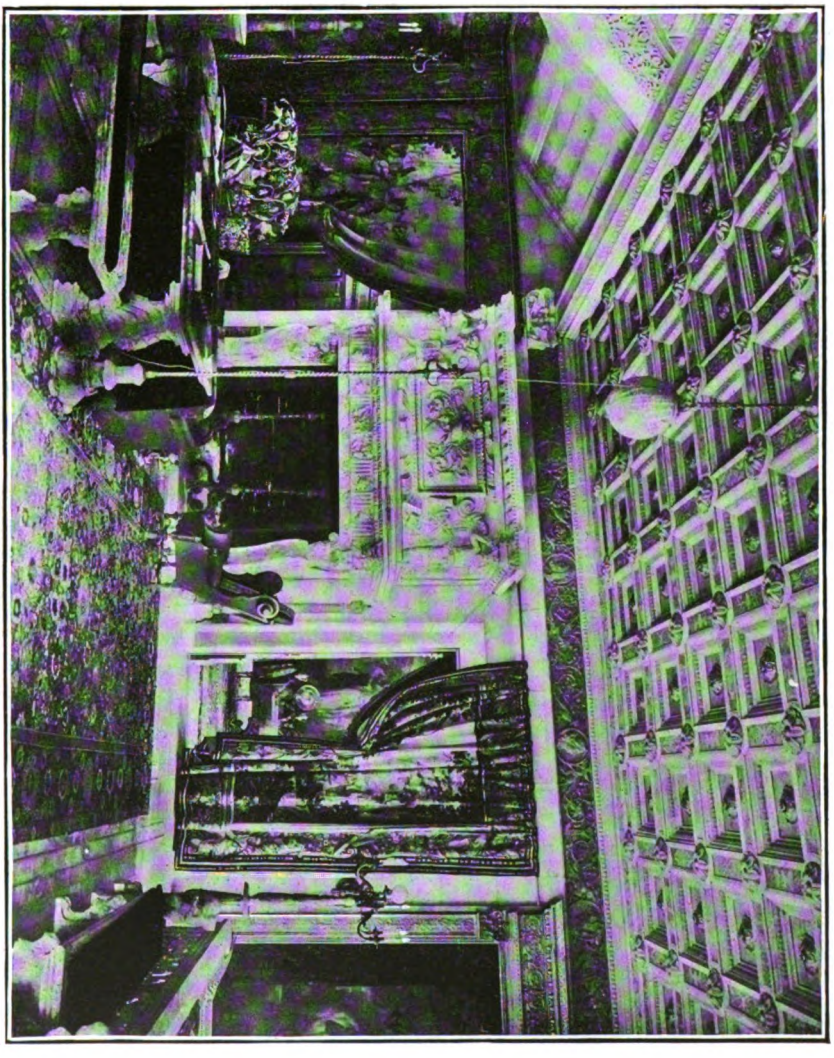
HALL LEADING TO THE STAIRWAY

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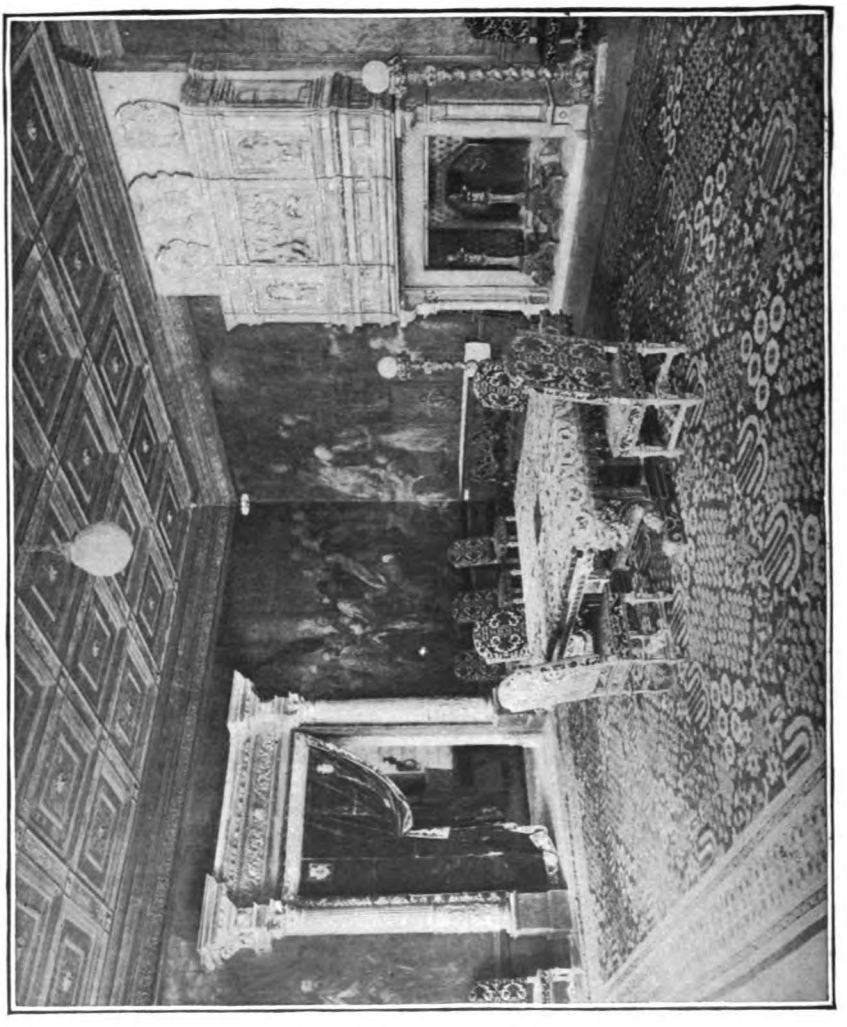
VIEW OF THE MAIN STAIRWAY

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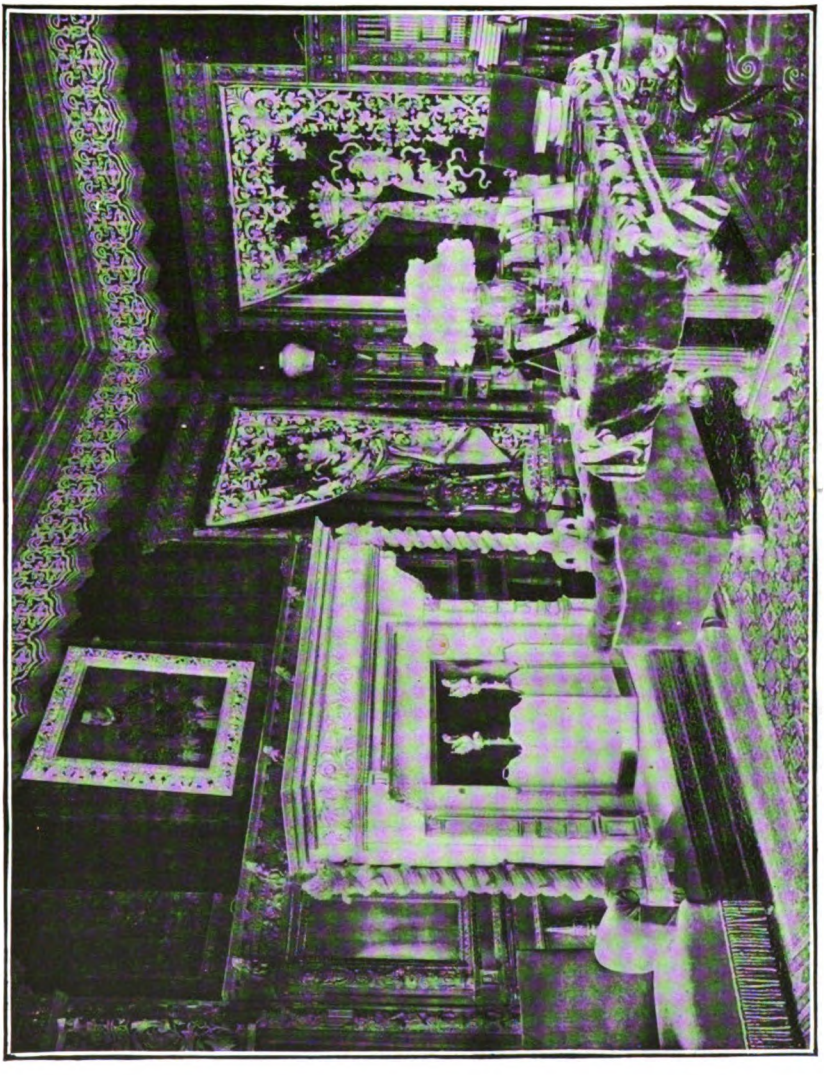
AT THE END OF THE STAIRWAY

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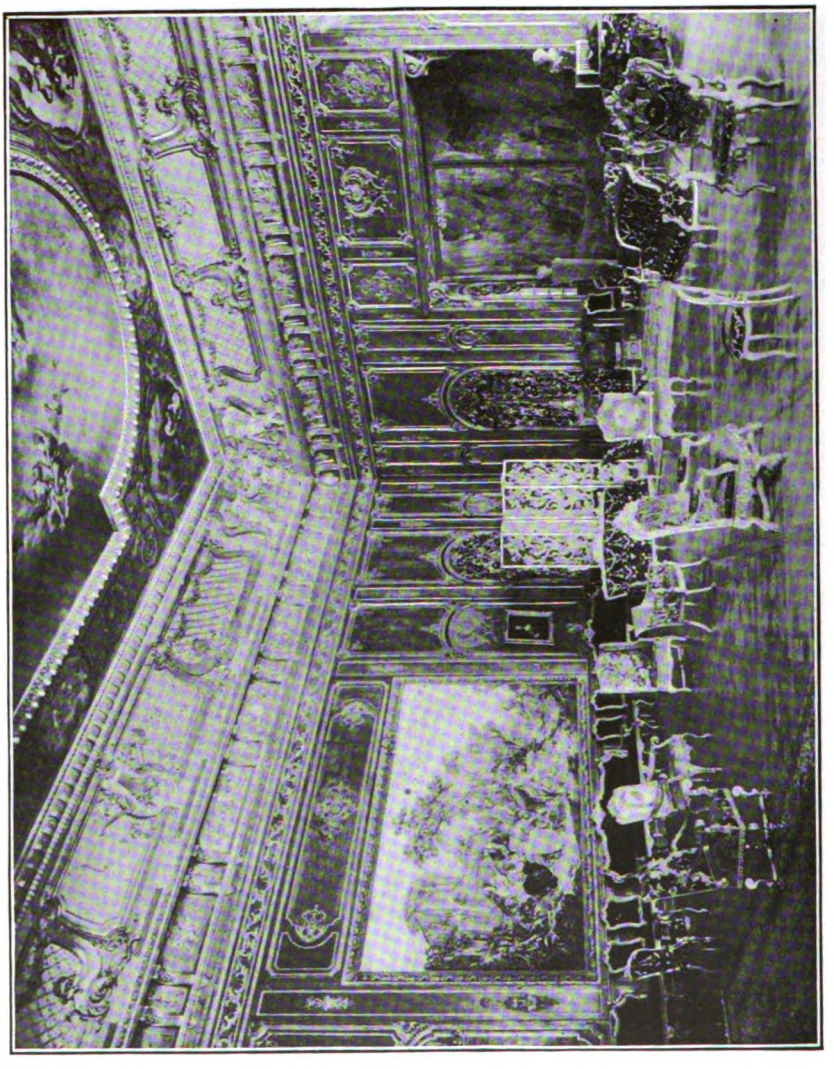
THE DINING-ROOM

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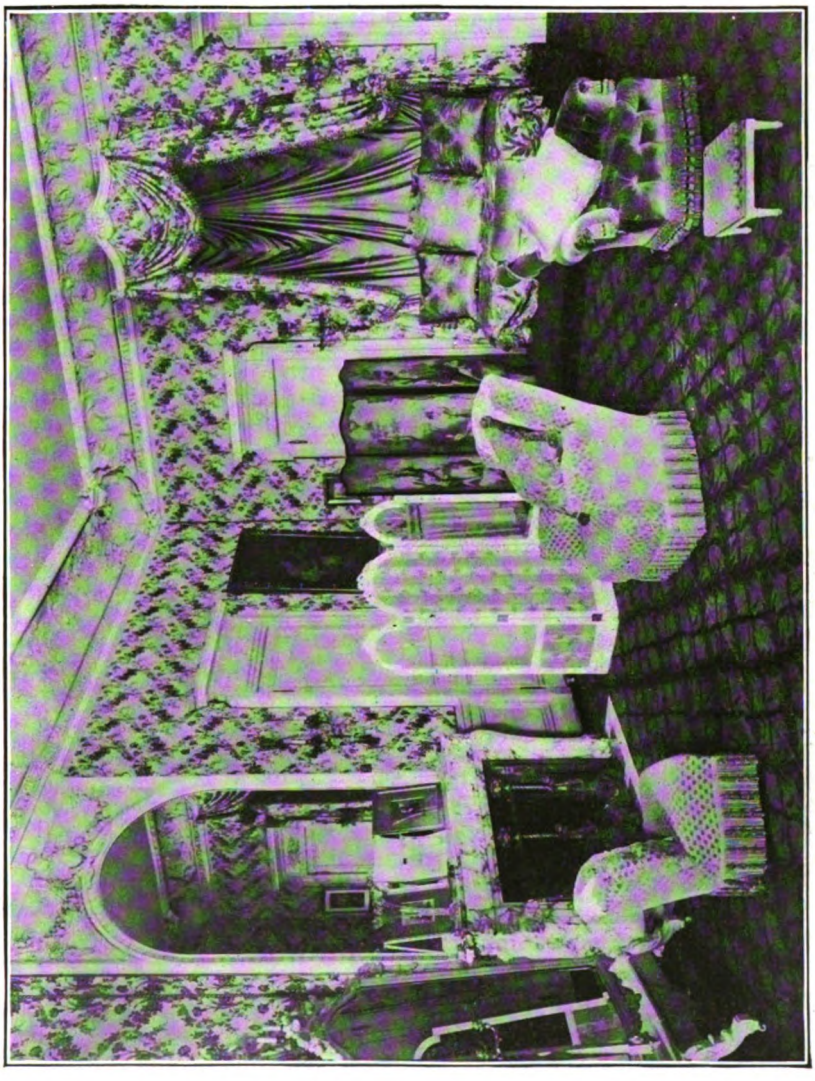
THE LIBRARY

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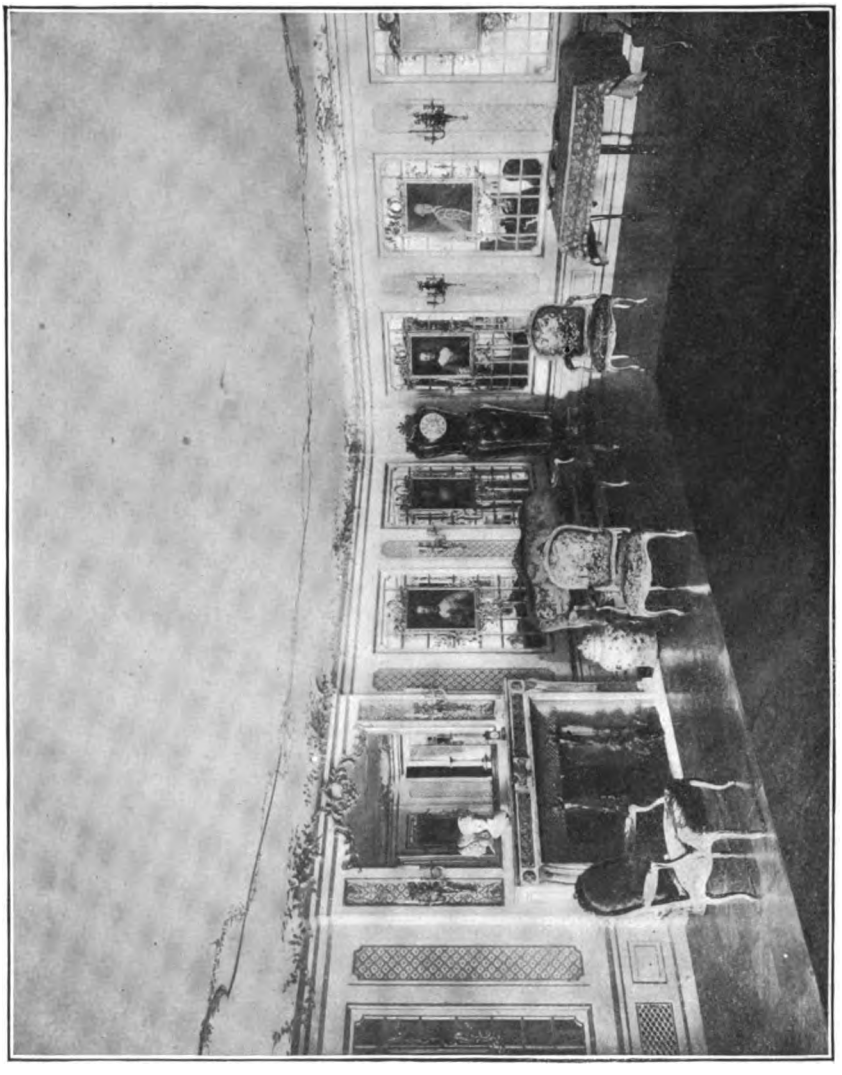
THE DRAWING-ROOM

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BOUDOIR

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THE MARIE ANTOINETTE ROOM

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THE GARDEN OF THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL—ROSES

BY MARTIN CURTIS

FOR a few brief months in late winter and early spring, that consummate gardener, Nature, freed from her responsibility in other climates, gives all her loving care and attention to California. The result of her work is magical. The sensuous, rolling hills lay aside their sober russet robes and clothe themselves in inexpressibly soft, green garments that melt into the brooding skies. Vast areas of vivid color proclaim the presence of wild-flowers where yesterday were the parched, dried roots of bunch-grass.

Slowly, very slowly, the sun creeps northward on his tireless journey, until his car no longer dips into the Golden Gate, but sinks behind the hilltops. From the warm, moist earth arises a delicious scent that stirs the pulses of all created things. Birds whistle and sing in tumultuous glee. Insects flit hither and thither on wings of intenser life than summer can give. Flowers and trees burst into blossom from mere exuberance of joy at living. Noisy brooks babble about their illustrious descent from everlasting glaciers. Trees, mighty in girth and stature, fairly leap upward to the azure above them.

The thrill of superabundant life pervades the land. The whole state lies a matchless piece of landscape gardening. Yet not for long. Lazy June comes with her scorching heat. Cattle still roam the thousand hills, but one wonders what they find to eat upon those bare, brown tops. The glad little wild-flowers are all gone, and only the hardier sorts have courage to face the heat and dust, and the disconsolate, chilling fogs. Yet Nature has left her secret an open one, just as she always does, to court our emulation, perhaps, or to incite our effort. She is such a wily mistress—putting her samples to such a height of perfection that none may hope to equal them, and yet leaving so much more barely sketched, with an indication of what ought to be done, that almost before we are aware we have entered, heart and soul, into competition with her. And what do we find? A rival at once exceedingly jealous and exceedingly generous. When we build houses, make articles of vertu, write poems, or paint pictures, we deal with certain quantities; the results may be very bad, and they frequently are, or they may be very good, but such as they are they remain. Not so when we try conclusions with Nature. Therefore it is that the price to be paid for a garden is not only patience and hard work, but untiring and continuous care as well; yet is the price not excessive. I know not where else so much genuine enjoyment and satisfaction can be had, and that best thing in life besides, health.

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It is a matter now of years since circumstances led me to purchase a sixty-vara lot with a cottage overlooking San Francisco Bay. A funereal hedge surrounded the place, with the regulation cemetery entrance over the gate. Two spectacle-eyed beds occupied the front yard, whose centers were punctuated with huge century plants. In the range of gardening nothing could have been more ugly—more inartistic. Yet there were possibilities. The site was superb; no intermediate building could shut out the ever-inspiring view of the Golden Gate or the reposeful grandeur of the distant mountains, while, snuggled against the foothills in the rear, it was protected from the wind at the same time that it received the early sun. A gang of Chinamen made short work of the hedge except to the north, on a line with the house, to break the fury of the blighting northers. The cacti went up in flames on the cypress pyre; and all was ready for me to spend, according to orders, a large portion of every day out of doors in congenial employment, although up to then I had never held a spade in my hand, nor could I have told the difference between a pruning-knife and a potato-knife. Yet my choice was not a haphazard one. Polly adores orchids, and had induced me a short time before to go to the state floral show. I don't care at all for orchids; they have neither lovable nor human traits, and an array of curious and delicate pipe-stems would awaken quite as much enthusiasm—but roses!

Some one had written on his table where were exhibited the most entrancing beauties, "To grow roses successfully one must have a love for them in his heart." It was a catching sentence, that haunted me afterward when I went to the florist's for my daily offering to Polly, for flowers are as necessary to a Californian as air and water, frequently he takes them as much a matter of course. Little by little the very perfection of the hothouse productions lost me their interest. I had seen those grown where sun and rain had coaxed them, those that had bent to the free wild winds, that had drawn from the earth such nourishment as she had for them, while they lifted their fearless heads to smile in whatever sky was above them. Such I, too, would have or none. So I came into my garden. Fortunately the soil, to which I had not given a thought, was exactly right, a not too heavy adobe, and missing by a fence's breadth a streak of clay that defies even love.

There were heart-breaking failures the first few years. A retired army captain bought a place near mine, and he was affected also with the rose mania. We suffered together. Mildew attacked us in the most virulent form. Ladybugs swarmed upon our choicest blooms, and that in spite of the petticoats which we purloined in our despair, while we made mosquito-netting bags to cover the bushes. It is a long time ago, and I don't remember well, but I am under the impression that the pests ate up the bags and then finished the roses; certainly they finished the roses; and before anything like equanimity of mind could be restored, a fungus growth attacked the roots and utterly destroyed our finest plants.

But the success that attends persistent effort has many times compensated for the failures, and to know a hundred or even fifty roses intimately is to have a circle of acquaintances to be proud of, and one of unending joy. Let us cultivate them, then, and in selecting a site for a house, look equally to the garden's welfare. You can't actually build the least bit of your house, but you can have the rapture of fostering and watching and training these living, lovable things, that will repay you with their bewildering beauty and fragrance.

The first turning of the soil ought to be deep, particularly in California, where it is ordinarily heavy; and attention must be paid, also, to the drainage. Have always several inches of loose earth below the point where the roots will rest, and when planting be very sure to "firm," that is, press the soil closely around the roots to exclude the air and

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MADAME ALFRED CARRIER ROSES, AND POLLY

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to provide ready nourishment; nothing can take the place of fingers with small plants, nor a careful foot with large ones; then pour plenty of water on them, and after it has sunk down, fill up the hole, leaving it loose and light. So much depends upon proper planting and care of the soil that no one can, or ought to expect to have success without a knowledge of it, and then standing right by that knowledge.

There is little danger in transplanting at any season even large bushes, if done in this way, although in summer one should prune heavily and shade for some days. For one reason or another, it is often desirable to transplant; they may be too close together—some roses will not stand crowding—or their colors do not blend; two pinks or two reds, beautiful by themselves, kill each other side by side, in which case I use spade and hoe fearlessly — better lose the plant than to offend the eye unceasingly. For a want of harmony in colors is quite as rasping to the nerves, although it may be unconscious, as discord in sound, and the whole effect of a garden full of exquisite things may be ruined by a single solecism of this sort.



REVE D'OR ROSES

I had such a case this spring. Years ago I planted some forty roses along a walk in two rows, the tall growers next the lawn and low ones in front; they have made such growth that this year their foliage and bloom intermingle from end to end of the line with a result worth making a journey to see, excepting in one place where a Saint Triviers and an Abel Grand, one a salmon, the other a rose-pink, were "spoiling the show." Abel Grand was promptly removed, and, barring a little surprise at finding himself in another locality, didn't at all mind the change, while the good Saint showed his thankfulness at being rid of his obnoxious neighbor by bursting into such luxuriance of blossom as to call forth exclamations from all beholders. Perhaps (only perhaps) roses feel if they do not know these things.

One might think that planting so close together would interfere with cultivation. Not so. A trowel is necessary instead of a hoe, and you must get down on your knees, but you have brought your personal magnetism nearer to their roots by the length of a hoe-handle, and it makes a difference; no roses in my garden, other things equal, give me such splendid returns.

There is nothing more fascinating in its way than a rose-grower's catalogue, yet experience proves it only too often a delusion and a snare; for there are roses and roses, and unless one has plenty of room and unlimited time, some of them aren't worth their keep—many aren't even then. My garden has but a hundred varieties, where formerly it had two hundred. Persistent mildew, which disfigures the foliage and thus detracts from the appearance of the garden, or bushes which have to be coaxed overmuch to produce even a few perfect blooms in a year, are sufficient causes for consigning any plant to the ash-heap. And yet one ought to be sure that

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he has done all that garden justice superimposes, which is an intelligent use, and proper quantity of water, manure, shelter, cultivation, and—love. Roses have but one way of protesting against their treatment—a way which is as discouraging as it is emphatic—for no beginner in rose-culture suspects that the denizens of his garden have such varied, not to say radical, characteristics. And it is only after repeated failures that he finds Madame So and So likes a secluded corner; that Mademoiselle This would rather take her chances with the wind than miss an opportunity of showing her gorgeous petals; that Monsieur thrives on water, the half of which would kill a Saint, and so on through the long list of really desirable roses.

Personally, I prefer those which, due attention having been paid their idiosyncrasies, give freely of their beauty with an abandon that proclaims a joy in giving, and which may consequently always be depended upon. Of climbers there are seven such, all healthy, vigorous growers with no nonsense about them, and comprising so wide a range of color that for either exterior or interior decorations they ought easily to meet the requirements of the amateur. They are the Rêve d'Or, a Noisette, bearing beautiful yellow blooms, deliciously fragrant, on long sprays, many of which can be cut from a single vine without being in the least missed. The foliage, too, is so clean and glossy that it is still pretty when the last petal has fallen. Polly says it has no superiors and few equals for decorative purposes. In the Northern states it requires protection, but is perfectly hardy in the West and South, and is easily grown from slips; the Waltham Beauty is rose color, exquisite in bud and finely perfumed. The new growth is in our climate inclined to mildew, but I find washing the foliage thoroughly with the hose every day or so keeps it in good condition. The Victor Verdier is another of the seven; it is a handsome dark red, better in open flower than in bud, and remaining many days without a tinge of purple; when that tinge does appear it means that for the welfare of the bush the bloom should be removed. The Fair Rosamond is another dark red rose, semi-single, and, like the others, very fragrant. It is never catalogued among the climbers, yet in California it readily goes to the top of a house and is a constant bloomer. For cedar-shingled houses it is particularly pretty.

The white Le Marc is too well known to need a word: it is always satisfactory; but the Madame Alfred Carrier is a much more lovable rose, not so unattainable in its white purity; there is the faintest blush in her ladyship's petals that suggest entrancing secrets. The last of my preferred seven is also the one I would part with last—Bouquet d'Or, or Beauty of Glazenwood. It blooms only in early spring, but ah, the glory of that time! The long, new branches of this year, some of them fifteen or twenty feet, will bear the blossoms of next year; fifty I have counted on one



LE MARC ROSES

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branch; some of them gold, some crimson, some gold and crimson commingled, but all delicately gorgeous and entrancingly beautiful. It likes best an eastern or a southeasterly exposure. Doubtless there is an understanding between it and the sun, whereby the latter parts with some of its lovely tints of dawn for the privilege of an early morning peep into the dewy, golden hearts of this queen of roses.

The Banksia is rather more of a vine than a rose, yet it plays so important a part in California house decoration that to leave it out of even a brief review would be not to mention the Eschscholtzia in talking of our wild-flowers. Whether it could stand extreme Northern climates I do not know, but it is so altogether desirable that if I lived in Greenland I would give it a fair trial. In the spring it is a mass of pale buff or snowy white bloom with delicate violet fragrance. During the rest of the year only now and then a blossom appears, but the foliage is perfect and the stems thornless, which, considering its rapid growth, make it an ideal covering for arbors, screens, wire awnings, and division fences.

But in gardening we have not only to consider what will do well outside, and at the same time be ornamental, but also what will suit the house. Here again there are roses and roses. For the sick-room, where perfume is a questionable good, such odorless beauties as Baroness Rothschild and her first cousins, Mabel Morrison and Captain Christy, are perfection, for they are absolutely faultless in color and form. But if perfume be allowed, then the invigorating teas are best of all others, particularly since the advent of that charming little Princesse de Sagan, who relieves with her rich, dark color the light tones of the others.

Polly insists that some roses belong by right to the drawing-room, as others do to the dining-room. She would put the La France in the former class, and with it Countess Riza du Parc, Madame Pernet, and Marie Van Houtte. This last one is especially good, in that it enhances, contrasts, or harmonizes with all possible drawing-room colors. The Rêve d'Or, with its long branches, is excellent for mantels, or any decoration where bold, massed effects are desired. This buff-yellow blossom takes very kindly to the pink La France as a companion in those rooms that have neutral tints. The combination, too, of the La France with Madame Alfred Carrier is very beautiful, particularly where blue or other delicate tones predominate, for the latter rose has quite as long sprays as the Rêve d'Or and excels it in one important respect—the flowers keep longer indoors, and to a busy housewife that is a great item.

It seems almost a matter of religion among California women to have cut flowers in their houses, notwithstanding that frequently every window is a bower of roses or other blooms, so that this matter of good staying qualities is one not to be overlooked in selecting house-roses for the garden. Yet here again experience shows that one must adapt himself to rose ways if he would have the best results. I have found that those cut before sunrise and placed immediately in water last nearly twice as long as those cut at any other time. Still, even treated in that manner, some, and often the most exquisite, will keep but a day; most of the teas are of that sort, the notable exceptions being the Bougère, Mermet, Sunset, Bride, and Madame Hoste. That last rose is much less well known than it ought to be, for it has the whole catalogue of virtues, with not a single defect except that one wants more of them than a single bush will supply. As that is a failing rather widespread, I make it a point every year to start new bushes by putting in a few slips on the north side of the parent bush; if I have no room for the new ones there are always grateful neighbors. Separated from my dear favorite, Madame Hoste, by a gorgeous La France, is another rose, whose good qualities ought to find it a place in every garden—the Gloire Lyonnaise. It is never quoted as a climber, but it can easily be trained as such; it

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grows so vigorously, and with its magnificent white buds and blossoms, the latter often tinged with pink, surrounded with its clean, fine foliage, it cannot be surpassed as a pillar-rose. In the same way it adapts itself to every situation, remaining dignified and beautiful in them all, and seemingly striving to reach perfection for perfection's sake.

Madame Caroline Testout declines to be omitted from this cursory review of choice roses in my garden, and it is really no wonder, for she constantly hears most fulsome praise; no one thinks of passing her by without a mead of admiration and a comparison to the pink La France, which is more often than not in her favor. There is no mistaking that she is a beauty, and one can readily forgive her little self-conscious airs because she is thoroughly good. Quite in contrast to this grand lady are the Polyantha roses, delicate and dainty and modest. Nothing can surpass them for the ordinary, which is the daily, decoration of the table. They grow very readily in almost any location, and demand the least possible care. Perhaps one becomes as greatly attached to them for this reason as for their intrinsic worth, for it is quite impossible to have a rose-garden and work in it with one's own hands, noting defects and good points, becoming jubilant over progress and sorrowful over deterioration, watching and training all the time, without at last coming to invest your charges with almost if not quite human interest and traits, and feeling for them a real affection.



THE COUNTESS RIZA DU PARC

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE*

BY JOHN C. PAGET

WHEN the World's Fair was being held at Chicago, a certain visitor declared enthusiastically that he had found in Chicago the buildings that he expected to see in Paris, and in Paris the buildings that he had expected to see in Chicago. Like most epigrams, it is a little too sweeping, but it expressed the feelings of many people who saw that remarkable collection of temporary structures; if travelers from Europe, some may possibly have been surprised to find any architectural features at all beyond long galleries of glass and iron, others that so much care should have been bestowed upon the making of classical colonnades and Renaissance domes in perishable materials. Nations, as a whole, however, are still very ignorant of each other, and are better acquainted with their neighbors' foibles than with their arts.

Architecture, it may safely be said, is an art which ought to flourish in the United States; every kind of building

*Condensed from an article in the Architectural Review, London.

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material is in abundance, the genius of the people is constructive, and money in unlimited sums is always forthcoming for any great enterprise. A new climate, and a new people, yet starting upon their career late in the world's history—here was a combination which should have produced something fresh and beautiful with novel architectural forms, something the like of which the world had not yet seen. This, however, is not at all the architectural history of the United States. The buildings of the colonial period are modeled upon the English "Georgian" style; those of the Revolution or early Independence era are as strictly classical as their authors could make them: and the nineteenth century as it advanced witnessed "American" versions of the Gothic revival, would be mediæval churches, and Elizabethan private residences. The attempt to graft Dutch and German Renaissance details upon English house-building, and to create the picturesque at all costs, was no sooner on foot in England than it was reproduced across the Atlantic, meeting with about the same measure of success in the one country as in the other. The solitary production which is strictly and literally American is the sky-scraper, itself the result of the modern development of steel manufacture and construction, and it is difficult to say if it be a work of architecture or of engineering. But, disturbing as its contemplation may be to the nerves of men brought up amidst the traditions of old countries, one thing must be said for its "American" architect: he has endeavored to treat it in an architectural spirit by considering its twenty stories as mere dots on a column, adding a definite base and cornice.

On a fair consideration of the whole question of American art, we are driven to the conclusion that there is no reason to look there for an achitectural revelation; putting the twenty-story structures aside for the moment, we find Europe reproduced in the New World, and a conservative rather than an innovating spirit at work among the architects of a nation which in other respects is so proud of its independence.

The catalogue of the architectural exhibition of the T-Square Club is before us as we write—a most interesting collection of modern designs, representing all schools of architectural thought in the United States, and some German work; it well repays perusal, but it convinces us that the various attempts to evolve or create a modern or a national style have not yet succeeded, and that a chaos of conflicting ideas and systems reigns supreme.

As so often happens, the least ambitious designs are the best, while the classical orders, it would seem, can still be utilized in modern life. The fact is that architects in the United States are confronted with exactly the same problems as those which present themselves in England; their methods of solving them are a varied as ours; no royal road has been discovered to finality; no national system of building suited to their wants has been discovered; the different schools jostle and conflict; public buildings are in many and hopelessly divergent styles.

The vast increase of wealth and the creation of a large leisured class has led to a great demand of late years for American country houses, for country clubs, and for town club-houses. In the designs for private houses we find Elizabethan manors reproduced with dignified terraces and some attempt at formal gardens; others that are evidently intended to recall the seventeenth century, with great hipped roof and symmetrical arrangement of windows. We even find country parsonages. All this is very pretty and charming, but it is not "American." There are designs, too, for ballrooms in New York, stately and sumptuous, but essentially French classic in treatment; they cannot shake off Versailles. Why should they? some will ask.

It is strange that such a question should still be troubling us, after more than two hundred years; but at present it seems to have elicited no decisive answer.

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THE DOWN-HYL CLAIM



BY OLIVE PERCIVAL

AUTHOR OF "MEXICO CITY: AN IDLER'S NOTE-BOOK"

THERE was once a little girl who dreamed fondly, as all little girls will do, of the bright day when she should set foot within a house that would be her very own. It was, of course, to be the most beautiful house in all the world.

Somehow, with the years, the scheme of the house seemed to change, and turrets and towers and secret staircases and somber oak-paneled rooms were cut out one by one; in truth, little remained of the original plan, excepting, perhaps, such minor details as big settles by all the big fireplaces, enough shelves to hold a million books, plate-racks for much china, and cubby-holes and secret drawers, just everywhere. And the dreamer insisted less and less that it should be the most beautiful house of all—she began to have tiresome ideas of economy.

When at last the auspicious day for the actual beginning of the long-planned-for home arrived, the little girl was a woman, moreover a business woman, with scant time for dreamings of any variety, and funds quite insufficient for building her ideal house according to all revelations up to date. That was a keen disappointment. In the golden age of youth, who would ever suppose that fate required people to build and abide in homes that were not in every way up to the standard of their very latest ideals?

THE LOCATION

The first material thing to be considered was the ground, the location, for the house. And such things as trees and unobstructed views of foothills and mountains really had to be included, plus country quiet and seclusion. Also, it had to be only thirty minutes from the office.

And lo! it really came to pass that one day in spring-time just such a place was found; it was not in a fashionable tract, to be sure, it was only in the picturesque Arroyo Seco (dry creek) between Los Angeles and Pasadena. The lots were cheap. But more than that, they were dotted with clumps of sycamores and live-oaks, and they were splendidly decorated with California's most gorgeous

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wild-flowers. It is not always spring, alas! and the flowerless dry season in California is long; yet did the young woman invest in half a block of those sycamores and ephemeral daisies. (The sycamores proved permanently satisfactory.) Then it became necessary to think about styles of architecture.

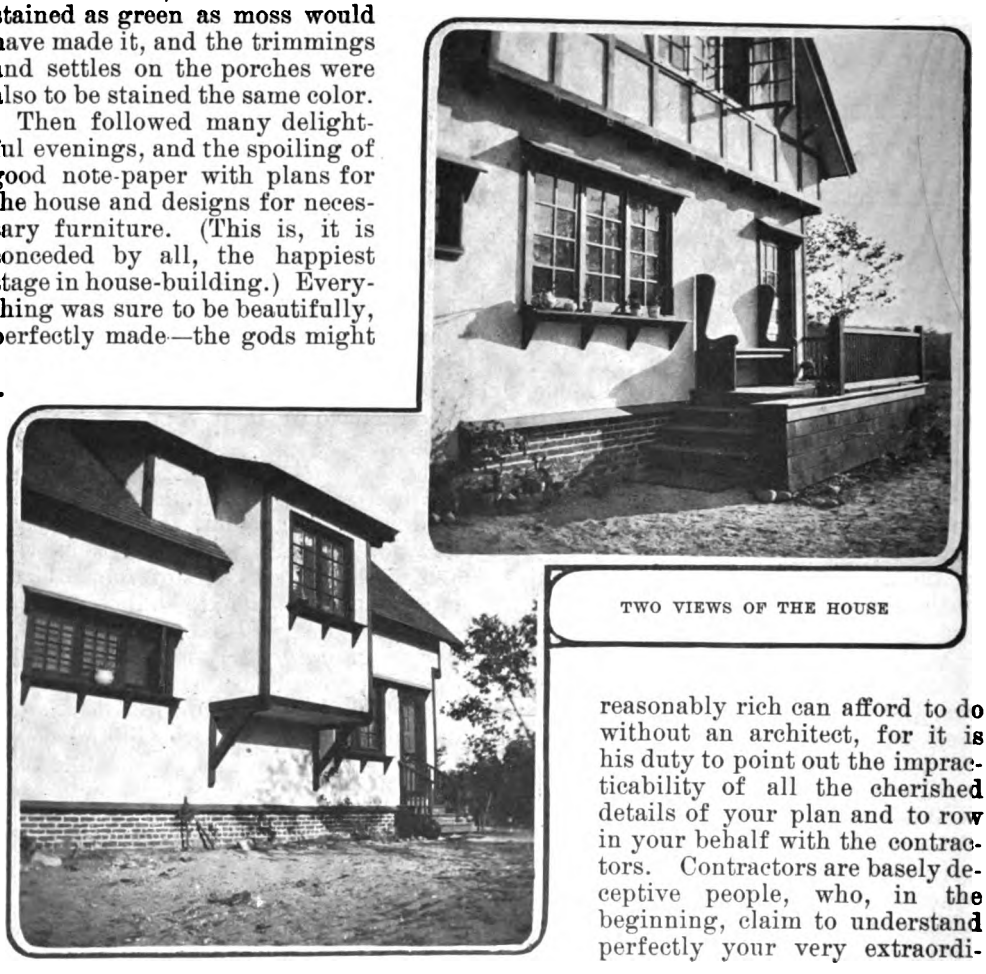
ABANDONING IDEALS

It seemed that there were a great many more ideals to be abandoned, one after another, when it came to the style of the house, but finally an early English cottage was decided upon as the one eminently suitable. It was to be plastered on the outside, and have a roof stained as green as moss would have made it, and the trimmings and settles on the porches were also to be stained the same color.

Then followed many delightful evenings, and the spoiling of good note-paper with plans for the house and designs for necessary furniture. (This is, it is conceded by all, the happiest stage in house-building.) Everything was sure to be beautifully, perfectly made—the gods might peer everywhere if they chose—and the living-room should be a regular baronial hall, sufficiently large to entertain twenty-five or thirty chosen friends all at once in front of its roaring, open fireplace, and without any inartistic crowding. A kind fate screened the future.

MAKING FIRST PLANS

The plans and the diagrams were all made many times, and then they were pondered over far into the night—they were discussed until the brain of the young woman was surfeited with the joy of it. Then she wisely secured the services of an architect; only he who is unreasonably rich can afford to do without an architect, for it is his duty to point out the impracticability of all the cherished details of your plan and to row in your behalf with the contractors. Contractors are basely deceptive people, who, in the beginning, claim to understand perfectly your very extraordi-



TWO VIEWS OF THE HOUSE

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THE LIBRARY, DINING-ROOM, AND SIDE OF A BEDROOM

nary, unheard-of ideas, and who, in the end, botch them in their own fashion, charging them in the account of "extras," and magnanimously explaining to you that their own way is the only feasible one in a world where sanity ought to be permitted to reign for some time longer.

As the price of lumber happened to tend upward at the time the project assumed definite form, the number and the size of the rooms in this cottage were reduced in a way that was disheartening. Hardwood floors had to be entirely abandoned, and even the number of fireplaces had to be reduced to two. Then the amended plans and the specifications were minus charm—they became absolutely distasteful.

A HOUSE OF MISUNDERSTANDINGS

By the time the cottage was ready for occupancy, the poor young woman simply abhorred it—there were in that house so many misunderstandings, so many tiresome discussions, and so many imperfect results, so many things for which there must ever be an apology. And then, too, all her friends were saying: "Oh! I am so anxious to see your house; I want to see just what your ideal is like!"

Very unhappy she moved in.

In the process of time she learned, from the confessions of others, that no one ever achieves his ideal house—that the building of a home in these days of veneer and cheap effects is, to the person who cares, only a disenchantment.

THE GENERAL DESIGN

This cottage was designed for two people, the young woman and her mother. On the ground floor are four rooms, living-room, den, dining-room, kitchen, and pantry. The stairs from the living-room

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lead to two sleeping-rooms and bath and four closets above.

It is a convenient house for two people, and was so arranged that all rooms get the sunshine that is so much needed in the rainy season in California. The bookshelves, china-cupboard, glass-cupboard, benches, and settles are permanent fixtures of the house. The interior woodwork is of Oregon pine, natural finish. The hardware is lusterless black. The picture molding is grooved on upper surface, which is about two and one-half inches wide, except over the windows and doors, where its width is about five inches. This makes a very desirable bric-à-brac shelf along the frieze line.



THE LIVING-ROOM

INSIDE THE COTTAGE

The windows are of the English cottage style, opening outward, and with small, square panes. The floors were to have been of natural wood finish, but they were marred in the making, and had to be painted. Gray-green deck paint was chosen, a color that enters readily into most color schemes, and one that does not easily show country dust. There are two wide fireplaces, one in the living-room and one in the den, each with a hob. The former fireplace is built of clinker, or over-burned bricks.

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The walls of the living-room, stairway, and upper hall are tinted an old red, a good background for pictures and bric-à-brac. On these walls are hung the oil paintings, all of which have been framed in dull gold frames. The cushions on the settles in this room are in cool shades of green. On the green floor are a couple of oriental rugs, the only carpet an economical person buys to-day. There seems to be considerable bric-à-brac disposed about this room, but it is all of neutral tones or dull blues. The water-color pictures are all hung together over the stairs and on the two landings.

For the present the walls of the dining-room and the den are of rough, gray plaster.

THE DINING-ROOM

In the dining-room, the sunniest room in the house, are hung a few colored Japanese prints (framed in natural wood frames)and several racks of old blue-and-white plates. The china and glass cupboards are corner arrangements, with doors of leaded glass, diamond-shaped. They are stained a dull ebony black. The table is an old-fashioned one of cherry. A Spanish camphor-wood chest, bound in dull red leather, serves as a window-seat in this room. The chairs are of red oak, natural finish, and were made to order. The lines are simple and severe, but by careful measurements and design, unusually comfortable dining-chairs were the result. In the other rooms, the chairs are a miscellaneous lot; they include Chinese teakwood tabourets, colonial styles, old upholstered affairs made presentable by a rug or an Indian blanket, and a genuine old Louis XIV. The last named is the pride of the possessor; it was bought by an artist friend a few years ago from an impoverished old château in France.

In the den there are a fireplace, a tea-table, a big settle and bookshelf combination (under whose broad seat is stowed away an entire poster, photograph, and Japanese porcelain collection), a colonial wedding-chest and stand, and a Chinese table.

THE DEN

The walls are very liberally decorated with Indian baskets, Mexican pottery, and signed sketches and verses. It is considered a very successful room, and friends are easily persuaded to sit as thick as sardines on the settle, in order that they may be permitted to drink their tea in this little room.

Upstairs green floors prevail. One bedroom is a blue-and-white room, and the other pink and white and green. Each room boasts a window with an exceptional view of the mountains, and under each of these windows is a window-seat. The furniture is old-fashioned black walnut and mahogany.

Curtains of dotted muslin, with ruffles and valance, are hung at all the windows. The whole house, from top to bottom, is lighted by a few shaded lamps and many candles. The collection of brass candlesticks is an interesting one, and includes old English and French ones, and many from old Mexican churches and the missions of southern California.

The chief difficulty experienced in the way of interior decoration by one who happens to be blessed or burdened with much bric-à-brac (as is the owner of this cottage) is the arrangement thereof in such a way that the home shall not lose its atmosphere and look like a shop or a museum. It is better to keep much hidden away from view, in cabinets, or chests, or cubby-holes; and, too, this plan saves much time otherwise required for dusting and care-taking. The Japanese connoisseur shows but one piece of bric-à-brac at a time in the tokonama-corner of his guest-room; when he tires of it, he wraps it in brocades and imperial yellow, puts it in its box, and sends it to his fire-proof warehouse. His is an ultra-refined idea, and we twentieth-century Americans have not yet arrived.

The photographs show the house that was, after many years, achieved. It is not all that had been planned, but it happens to be practical.

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THE AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPER IN NORWAY AND THE KITCHENS OF THE NORTH

BY HELEN CAMPBELL

FROM Italy to the North, this including not only Norway but Sweden and Denmark, is as great a transition as from England to Italy. But England and the North have much in common. Heavy feeding is even more in order than under the sad, gray, English skies, whose reluctant sunshine emphasizes the delight in Italian sunlight. These descendants of the Vikings retain the Viking capacity for feeding, and the Norwegian housekeeper, even more than the German, upholds with delight a system that means great spaces for storerooms and kitchens, where the stove barely rests between meals, the late supper treading on the heels of the early breakfast.

Children's books were of the fewest in the generation just passing, and wellnigh gone, but there are a few that hold right to perpetual existence. Whoever long years ago read a little book, Harriet Martineau's "Feasts on the Fiord," will never believe that it was not written from closest personal observation, though we know that Miss Martineau never saw Norway. It held a delightful picture of Norwegian housekeeping, and soon Frederika Bremer's "Home" followed with the same result for Sweden, the two filling the mind with their charming fashions of doing things, and with memories of curious and very unfamiliar dishes.

One result of "Feasts on the Fiord" was a new enthusiasm for dairying, the making of butter and cheese finding there so lovely a setting that profound ambition was stirred to have New England come a little nearer such ideal. And many a traveler abroad felt a certain sense of familiarity as he touched Norwegian ground, bits of the pretty story coming up hour by hour as eyes saw all that it had made familiar. Letters were presented with longing desire to get into the kitchens of these substantial and often beautiful houses, and in good time desire had its way, and eyes looked upon many a singular method, with astonishment at a profusion which seemed more befitting a race of giants than every-day folk.

As it happened, the first opportunity for investigation came in the country in the house of some relatives of Norwegian friends in America. "A quiet family dinner," the invitation read, and we already knew that it was the house of a "bonder," or small landed proprietor. The bonder is a farmer, a little after the order of the old English yeoman. But education has come for all of them; in this case one that fitted for any society, though the old customs were still in full force. It was natural, then, to find this bonder wearing the red woolen cap of the farmers, though he himself was tall and dark and strong, a natural prince in look and manner. There were various doors into the long, low house, built to stand the storms of the long Northern winter, and as each opened he paused and bowed low, ushering us at last through one into a very large, uncarpeted room, the floor simply oiled without waxing.

Here was a curious demonstration of new and old tastes. Beautifully carved cabinets and tables were on each side, a little gilding here and there, each piece the choicest specimen of its kind. But the center of the room held a common deal table with strangely heavy legs, and the rest of the furniture was also common deal of the sort to be found in any ale-house. Near the door was a tall clock, the "Grandfather's Clock," of New England, ticking slowly and solemnly as if a little depressed by incongruous surroundings.

We sat down on the deal settees, as it seemed to be expected, our host going

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toward a door to call for a decanter of cordial and small glasses, brought in by a rosy-cheeked maid, and served a little in each glass. And then, finding we were interested and curious, the host took us over the entire house. We wondered at the many bedrooms—till remembering that hospitality is a Norwegian virtue—some of them matching the deal furniture of the great room in plainness. There were others with handsome furniture and stately draperies about the canopied beds. There were also many storerooms and attics, in some of which were all the winter coats, bearskins, and furs, with reindeer boots enough for a centipede, and high-water boots for the fishing they love. Huge piles of blankets and comfortables were there also, but as yet no kitchen to be seen. The suggestion of it came in a small storeroom where were great stacks of neatly piled oatmeal cakes nearly two feet in diameter, side by side with other piles of birch bark for tanning, and just outside a number of spinning-wheels, all these occupations for the long winter evenings, every farm carrying on its own trades like our own in early days.

Still no kitchen, but as we crossed a yard, a separate house was shown us, for, as it proved, all the house offices had separate buildings, this particular farm having seven, all grouped around the central one. A little shock was experienced in finding that one side of the kitchen building was given up to the servants' beds built against the wall, the corner holding a great stone range, with a low roof above, on the same general plan as the modern range cover and flue for carrying off all steam and smoke of cooking. There was a sort of tin tub, a mammoth Dutch oven for baking bread, and large vats for boiling, everything being done on an immense scale. It seemed as if delicate handling had never been imagined so huge were pots and pans and vats, but all was cooked in enormous quantities.

Next to the kitchen, but quite disconnected, was a little house devoted to preserved meats, both smoked and salted, the special Norwegian delicacies of reindeer tongue and hams being in great abundance.

This might have been a hotel kitchen, and the question came, Are there any little ones? How does the small landholder or the mechanic fare? In the same way as the toy house copies the larger one. The system remains the same, but the little house has a small stone range instead of a big one. Otherwise, storerooms and the rest are as nearly the same as the type of living admits. In the towns, English ranges are sometimes found, and even here and there an American one, brought over by some returning son, whose great wheat fields are in Minnesota or even farther north, for Norway has poured its people into America as steadily as Italy or Germany, all of her children gravitating naturally to the Far Northwest. Here and there the elders try to reproduce the methods of the mother country, but they quickly Americanize, keeping but few of the Old World customs.

Dinner was served shortly after our return to the great room, in another almost as large, opening from it, a dinner cooked on the stone range and distinctively Norwegian. There was a sour-milk soup, and one of meat, neither very desirable. A boiled sturgeon followed, coarse and oily, but with a delicate sauce. Delicious quail and pancakes came next, and one kind of wine only, ending with coffee and little cakes.

At supper we had "Sunday cakes," these made of rich cream and baked like waffles. Earlier we had seen the workpeople's supper, sifted barley meal mixed with boiling water and stirred with a stick. This was poured into a large wooden bowl which the cook placed on the table, the men, each with a short wooden spoon and a wooden bowl of sour milk, digging out lumps of this porridge and eating them with the milk. Tasting it, we found it most unpleasant, since it is not boiled, and has a raw, unpleasant flavor. This was *gröd*, the national dish for the worker. *Vellig* is better, for the meal is boiled in milk and

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eaten with thick cream, but none of their porridges is boiled enough to please English or American taste.

Later, in town, we discovered what a Norwegian supper meant. Really it was a dinner party, but of an order so peculiar that to call it supper seems more true to facts. The doors of the dining-room were thrown open at eight, but the gentlemen remained in the drawing-room, the ladies flocking forward into the dining-room. Three well-covered tables were there, and at intervals piles of plates, knives, forks, spoons, and napkins. Each of the guests helped himself to these, and returned to the drawing-room, where the servants had in the mean time been placing numbers of little tables. The gentlemen had disappeared, and through another entrance found their way to the dining-room, where they seated themselves, the first choice of all the dishes being given them, our turn coming when they were served. A rich soup with forcemeat balls came first, and then innumerable made dishes, with no vegetable but potatoes. An equal variety of puddings and cake followed, but no pastry, various wines coming at intervals, toasts with each kind, and after each everybody bowing to everybody. Coffee ended the meal, which certainly testified to the ability of the stone ranges to do their work, and we separated at last with the usual form, "*Tak for Idag*,"—"Thanks for the day."

At the next dinner party more modern methods prevailed, and the guests were seated together. On this occasion the cooking seemed of the best German order, and the courses had the same general arrangement. The amount eaten, not only at dinner but in the numerous supplementary meals of the day, is a source of amazement, but it appears to be taken for granted that one must eat heavily at least five times a day to preserve health at all. In the days of the Vikings this might have been in order, but their descendants have no such pull on vitality, and Norway knows all the diseases born of over-feeding. A heavy dinner ended at nine o'clock, but at midnight a supper as heavy was served, and here we faced for the first time the ceremony known as *bret*. *Bret* is the Norwegian word for tray. Enter then three trays, borne by stalwart men-servants in livery. On the first repose multitudes of little cakes of many sorts, and some big ones. On the second are glass dishes filled with preserved raspberries, currants, cherries, etc. The third tray lingers. Its time is not yet.

Etiquette demands that the guest rise. We rise each in turn and face the second tray. On it stand two glasses, one filled with spoons, the other with clean, hot water. From the first tray a cake is taken, from the second a spoon, which is inserted in the nearest dish of jam, the result being carried to the mouth. This is not the end. The same spoon must be inserted in the next plate and so the list is gone through, etiquette compelling the tasting of each. All watch the operation, and it must be gone through with quietly, slowly, and with great apparent enjoyment, else the hostess is distressed. When the ceremony ends, the spoon is put in the glass of water, the next guest rises for his turn, and the third tray draws near, holding a glass of mead—the mead the Vikings drank.

In time as *bret* progresses, all the spoons are in the water, more and more turbid with each one. And then the process is reversed, and the partakers of *bret* must choose their spoon from the glass of water, and replace it in the empty one.

This is not supper. It is only *bret*. Supper comes later, and is as heavy as the dinner. When the cook sleeps becomes the question, and later we are told that many work eighteen hours a day, and that there is great discussion among the advanced women as to the justice of this. In the mean time the kitchen is an organized oppression and even the doctors, heavy feeders like the rest, are beginning to recognize the danger of this continuous heavy feeding and urging the adoption of a lighter regimen.

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SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK

BORN AT ANTWERP, 1599; DIED IN LONDON, 1641

BY JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON

CLASS LECTURER ON THE COLLECTIONS OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

VAN DYCK was a Fleming, whose pictures are not largely found in Belgium, his native land, but are most abundant in England and very common in Italy. Spain has many, and so has Germany. At Wilton House, England, twenty-five examples are to be seen. Windsor Castle, a royal residence, and Blenheim, the seat of the Marlboroughs, are rich with Van Dycks, as are all English manor houses in greater or less degree.

On the contrary, I can find only seven examples in Antwerp, his birthplace, and a city which glories in the showing of Rubens and other Netherlands masters; two of these, "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Dead Christ," in the museum, are justly celebrated. Brussels has several religious or historical works; Mechlin, the "Crucifixion," counted best by Sir Joshua Reynolds. At Ghent there is a limited representation.

As Van Dyck enjoyed the homage of all Italy for a period of years in his mature youth, the churches and palaces of that land, the mother of European art, are abundantly furnished with the works of this son of the North.

To Spain he never journeyed, but he was a Spanish subject. The grandees of the governing country secured much good paint from his easel. Wherever there are people of wealth and museums which they favor, the master works of Van Dyck have found their way and are still sought after.

Only in his native country, and at the hands of his fellows, do we find him the victim of annoyance in some small ways, or lack of admiration. Elsewhere he was a "king who could do no wrong."

The sturdy and pugnacious puritanism of Holland threw out the foreigners, and courtiers fled the cold comfort of her raw winds and frosty protestantism, but Flanders was Catholic and took more kindly to clericals. Philip II. (at the abdication of his great father, Charles V. of Austria) became exclusive ruler of Spain, and Flanders became a Spanish province. The people did not worry seriously during his reign or that of his successor, Philip III., who came to the throne in 1598, one year before Van Dyck was born. It is sufficient for our purpose to remember that a semi-royal court existed in Flanders, a Spanish court; also that the Romish clergy ruled the people as much as the nobles did. With palaces and conventual establishments went mural decorations of large dimensions, historical sometimes, religious more frequently. Also, there was a certain amount of what may be called governmental patronage of art at the hands of one or the other of these ruling powers.

Thus the two great divisions of the Netherlands produced, in the seventeenth century, an art showing similarity—as the blood was so nearly the same—but of widely different development. Rubens and Van Dyck (master and pupil) were courtly gentlemen like Velazquez, the Spaniard. The Dutch painters were, all of them, sturdy boors by comparison. Magnificent as it is, Dutch art, both in subject and treatment, is uncourtly—art of the greatest nobility, but not made for nobles; sincere and direct, great in the sight of the god of art, but not made for temples built by an artificial civilization. The Hollander had no mind to decorate palaces, and kept no monasteries; this religious art but mildly hints at pictorial Christianity, and his guild halls or city buildings, his burghers and militia officers, not his gloomy palaces or his bread-and-butter princes gave their character to the art. Dutch art was, and always will be,

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domestic; the art of the free burghers, and so it is good to have it.

Rubens and Van Dyck took the courtiers' pace, and maintained it as if born to the purple, as indeed they very nearly were, and found their opportunity in Flanders.

Hogarth was born to England a century later than Van Dyck's artistic rule in that land, and previous to Hogarth the native art was almost a blank. England was an importer of art and artists in the seventeenth century. Her art factory was not yet started; her agriculture grew nothing better than poets.

In 1600, France saw Claude Lorain, a baby one year younger than Van Dyck, but he wandered to Italy, and liked it well enough to stay there always. Poussin's birth and history are nearly the same. France cultivated more great architects than painters during the seventeenth century.

Spain was, like the Netherlands, in this century very alert. Her great artists were not very numerous, but held the topmost rank, and among them was the mighty Velazquez, born with Van Dyck in 1599—strange coincidence!

Velazquez, Titian, Rubens, and Van Dyck are the greatest painters, in certain lines, that the world has known, and the first name on the list is placed there with intention. Their styles were sufficiently similar, also, to admit of this grouping. The sentimental Raphael, the powerful Michel Angelo, and rugged Rembrandt were great in a different way, but no more wonderful than these. To place Rubens before Van Dyck is like giving Cæsar a higher position than Napoleon because the latter was the pupil of the Roman.

In Rubens and Van Dyck we find the first European painters who broke the spell of Italy. Young artists began to study in Antwerp rather than in Rome, because Rubens and Van Dyck were alive and Raphael's following dead, or at least anæmic. The great art of Italy was a thing of history when these artists were born; a history to which Guido Reni and Carlo Dolci added nothing.

Here is a list of contemporaries, for the use of cut-and-dried students, all born close to the year 1600: Guido, Domenichino, Dolci, Salvator Rosa, Poussin, Claude, Velazquez, Murillo, Rubens, Van Dyck, Hals, Rembrandt, Cuyp, Gerard Douw, and soon after Jan Steen. Teniers the younger, claims a place here, but to load heavier might stop the procession.

Popular opinion blunders about rich men's sons. Van Dyck did not eat sausage and sourkraut unless he wanted to. A goodly number of artists have made their way to the top in spite of silver spoons and gold buckles. No doubt his father was a frugal man, like all born in Holland, but he sold cloth for much profit, and kept the banker as busy counting his cash as any other merchant in Antwerp.

The trifling circumstance that the father came from Bois-le-Duc, Holland, and that our hero had Dutch blood in his veins, is of interest; also, let us remember that the Flemings were composed from two races, pure Netherlanders and Walloons; the latter, half Celtic in blood, being the more aristocratic. There may have been no Celtic blood in the artist, however. His father had been a glass-painter in Holland, and his mother made fame for herself by designing original patterns for the needle-work she loved—a sufficiently remarkable matter for that period of conventionalities in embroidery.

It may have been "dirty weather" on the 22d of March, 1599, but the boy was born in a very comfortable, not to say elegant, home, where his mother could cultivate her own taste and his, and did it faithfully and lovingly. Betimes the stripling was put in an art school and set to drawing from the nude, because plaster casts from the antique had not as yet come from Rome.

When, at sixteen, he was placed with Rubens (twenty-two years his elder) he was already good enough at his work to make replicas of the master's paintings, then much in demand. Rubens had just returned from Italy and was at the top.

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That pretty anecdote about the careless students going into the master's sanctum and smearing one of his freshly painted pictures while scuffling, and then coaxing the best painter among them to mend the injury, may or may not have been true. Studio anecdotes have a musty flavor. This one may have come down from the Egyptians. However, Van Dyck was the only student who dared try to fool the master, and probably never did more than excite Rubens's admiration for his boyish cleverness and reckless impudence.

In about three years Van Dyck stood alone, undertaking a commission to paint "The Bearing of the Cross" for the Brotherhood of St. Luke. This picture looks very like Rubens's work, but is better drawn. Dashing painters and glorious colorists are seldom fine draughtsmen; they sweep their brushes about too swiftly. Titian was a rich colorist, not a resplendent one like Rubens. His drawing is firm, though Michel Angelo could draw better, and paint dryer too.

Van Dyck painted portraits when young, as all men of this period did. There is an entry in the registry of the exchequer of England, in 1620, to the effect that one hundred pounds was set apart as "recompense for special service rendered to his Majesty" by Anthony Van Dyck; also a passport was issued to him on February 28th of that year. What may have been this "special service"?

The next year Rubens called him to help paint the endless Marie de Médicis series, now in the Louvre. The young man's refusal makes us sorry when we see the work of those daubers who consented to do the helping. So off he went to Italy, and took with him two very good things: Rubens's blessing, and one of his best saddle-horses to help along the journey. The animal did not get very tired, because, in a near by Flemish village, the young artist's heart got tied up by a pretty girl named Anna von Ophem. In the two fine paintings executed in the village church at the young woman's request, the horse figured as model. Pilgrims still visit that village, and fill the poor-box as they admire the pictures.

When Van Dyck finally got to Venice, the great Titian was already more than sixty years in his grave, but his work was fresh enough, as was that of Veronese and Giorgione, done more recently. Here he painted portraits and saints in abundance, and lived with lords and nobles, his like in culture and admirers in art. At Genoa the story repeats itself, and in Rome the glorification of the painter and the painter's glorification of the churches went on industriously.

Van Dyck loved pleasure, but not debauchery; the gaiety of festivals, but not the uproar of the tavern; adored women, but only those in satin and lace with silken manners. This got him into trouble with his roystering fellow-countrymen, who thought him too proud. They made his life miserable with mean intrigue, so much so that the greater man left Rome for Florence. There he became more diplomatic and made friends with his countrymen, inviting them to share his honors and collaborate in his painting. His journey extended even to Palermo, the whole period covering five years. His life almost seems to divide itself into two periods—five years in Italy and ten years in England—from which circumstance the location of his pictures may be guessed. The six years spent in Flanders, before going finally to England, do not seem to have counted for as much as either of these periods, though he was by no means idle.

A royal order, issued by Charles I. of England, May 21, 1632, provides for the keeping of Van Dyck, and his sister and servants, to continue during his sojourn in England. Charles found the painter's personality as much of a court ornament as his pictures were. The royal diary contains the entry: "Talked with Inigo Jones about a house for Van Dyck"; which recalls the fact that this great architect was another of the painter's contemporaries.

Van Dyck's first work was the large family portrait at Windsor, in which

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the queen is pictured holding the baby princess Mary in her lap, the king, prince of Wales, and others making up the group. In his many pictures of Charles he paints the royal patron, grave and melancholy; his large eyes fixed and soft; a man of languor rather than power; lacking in all greatness but the immensity of his aristocratic bearing.

In three months the artist was made a cavalier, and wrote "Sir" before his name, wore a gold chain and the royal portrait set in diamonds, and enjoyed an annuity of two hundred pounds, ten times more than the stipend of any other painter favorite.

Every one desired a portrait from his hand. The noble ladies furnished splendid material for picture-making, with their fine clothes and ruddy cheeks, and to these Van Dyck gave all their nobility and proud bearing. The slender hands, polished like ivory, and the long noses, with arched nostrils, may or may not have been true to life; no photographs perpetuated vulgarities in those days. Those expressions, haughty and tender, may or may not have grown on the end of Van Dyck's brush.

The young painter fell as many as several times deeply in love. When at last he married the daughter of a noble house, a lady brought up at court, one of his earlier loves swore that she would cut off his right hand. But he kept his hand, and fairly well his head, which was more than his royal patron could boast of. The painter lived to see the king driven into retreat by the Roundheads.

Weary, overworked, overfeted, and unhappily married, a journey to France to seek a commission similar to the one executed by Rubens was undertaken, but resulted in failure, because Poussin had been recalled from Italy by the king of France. But, by the way, Poussin weakened when he was tormented by jealous little stay-at-home painters, and fled back to the sunny, artistic atmosphere of Italy, leaving the commission to oblivion.

The old life was recommenced in London. Abandoning himself to generosity as he did to love, he spilled his money in giving splendid feasts and sumptuous presents; he delved in alchemy when he should have been in bed; he went to pieces physically.

At Blackfriars, on the 9th of December, 1641, after almost exactly ten years of filling aristocratic houses with rare art works, he died, and duly received a stately burial.

"An honored place with costly marble drest" was none too good for this man—one of the finest artists the world has ever known. Not a rich colorist like Titian, his work was more elegant. Less versatile and less powerful than Velazquez, he was his equal in refinement and artistic feeling. A pupil of Rubens, he made a style that Rubens never could have created. It is the magnificent reserve of his pictures, the stateliness of his aristocrats, without any undue display of their exuberant finery, that mark his portraits. In no case did he emulate the powerful brush-stroke of Velazquez; but he painted beautiful flesh, so that we cannot escape from his pictures when they meet us in any public gallery, surrounded by multitudes of other fine works, quiet as they are.

Perhaps no one has excelled him in rendering childlike expression. In this he was a tender realist; in adult faces an idealist. Artistic reserve, concealed skill in technique, are his claims to superiority as a painter.

The example in the Art Institute of Chicago, "Portrait of Princess Helena de Sievere," is from the celebrated Demidoff collection. The picture shows us (two-thirds length standing figure) a slender-faced woman, comely but not handsome, her hair severely dressed and turned up in front; a wide kerchief of open lace covering the bosom and shoulders; all the rest of the picture in low-toned gray, which envelops the black silk dress. The delicate hands are joined simply in front. It is all so quiet, so lacking in flourish or vulgarity! The picture was engraved by the distinguished Visscher.

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THE CAMBRIDGE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

SECOND PAPER

BY ABBOT McCLURE

IT was quite impossible to exhaust the resources of the Cambridge Old Curiosity Shop in the single article which appeared in the June number, and I kept the collection of metal curiosities for the second trip to this strange and fascinating bit of the Old World.

The pewter was the first to attract me, and it is in some respects the crudest and most honest. In handling it, one seems to come in contact with the real life of the people. Particularly is it closely associated with the Puritans, and it calls up visions of colonial tables and great fireplaces where the back logs were seven feet long. I wandered through the little shop collecting specimens of this soft, old metal, and arranged them for the camera. Their character and condition were eloquent evidence of antiquity, but it was difficult to secure the story of the pieces. Standing several against the wall in the photo- graph are three old plat- ters, the one in the mid- dle having a history of more than one hundred and fifty years. That at the right is a victim of hard usage, being much scratched and dented. Between these two platters is an old water-cooler, quite different in design from most of the pewter one finds. Next to it is a two-wick, sperm-oil lamp, which was a useful addition to the simple housekeeping of our ancestors. In the center of the large platter is a very old French lamp from Marseilles, heavy and cumbersome, and looking more like a samovar than anything else. The next three specimens are sperm-oil lamps, one of them having two wick openings and another three. The third is quite unusual and looks like a lighthouse lamp. It carries two thick pieces of glass, which are used as reflectors on either side of the burner.

The coffee-pot and tea-pot are both very old and of most attractive design. One of the finest things about old pewter is its simplicity of line and ornamentation. The designs grew naturally out of the special



SOME TREASURES IN BRASS

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work which each piece was to do. There is a coziness about the fat little tea-pot which might easily carry one back to Cranford and its prim, little ladies, or to the dish of tea which was the mark of our early American hospitality.

At the front of the table are four curious and interesting pieces. The one at the left is an old milk-bowl, and beside it stands a sugar-bowl, which suggests sugar, and nothing else. No one could ever wonder what it was made for, and this is a virtue which some of our later designs do not possess. The next specimen is an old bed-warmer with a curved handle and big dents which are evident even in the photograph, and show that it was not used merely for ornament. There were times when the snow was deep out of doors, and even feather beds and woven comforters were not enough to keep out the cold. The last article in this collection is a porringer with its characteristic and lovely handle. Nothing could be better than such a bowl as this, and of late the manufacturers have been clever enough to adopt this shape for more costly articles in silver. Yet, as a present for a baby, it would be hard to find anything more delightful than one of these old pewter porringers, which can still endure many years of wear.

My search through the shop for brass was not so simple a matter as the hunts for other treasures have been, but tucked away in corners and cabinets I found a number of pieces which would lend themselves to an interesting group. One was a samovar without its chimney, rather battered, but very noble and generous in shape. On either side of this are two old lamps, one with a globe bearing a flower-and-leaf design, the other with a curious old globe which was characteristic of the colonies. It has been revived of late by the dealers in antiquities, and one finds such lamps as these in many modern houses. Certainly there is a grace of line in the simple design. This lamp has a half-stem of blue china, and like the other it stands on a base of white marble. It is of gorgeous and ornate construction.



THE PEWTER COLLECTION

The tall candlesticks are of empire design, and probably wandered over here from France. They are more ornate than the English and American candlesticks, but the decoration is good, and not unsuitable. The collection contains also two sperm-oil lamps and several candlesticks of more or less familiar design. Some of these are so heavy as to be rather cumbersome, but the one in front of the samovar has an exquisite grace and delicacy of outline. The bedroom candlestick, with its extinguisher, is useful and ornamental, and the heavy standard of the candlestick on the right gives it a special value to collectors.

Some specimens of Sheffield plate in

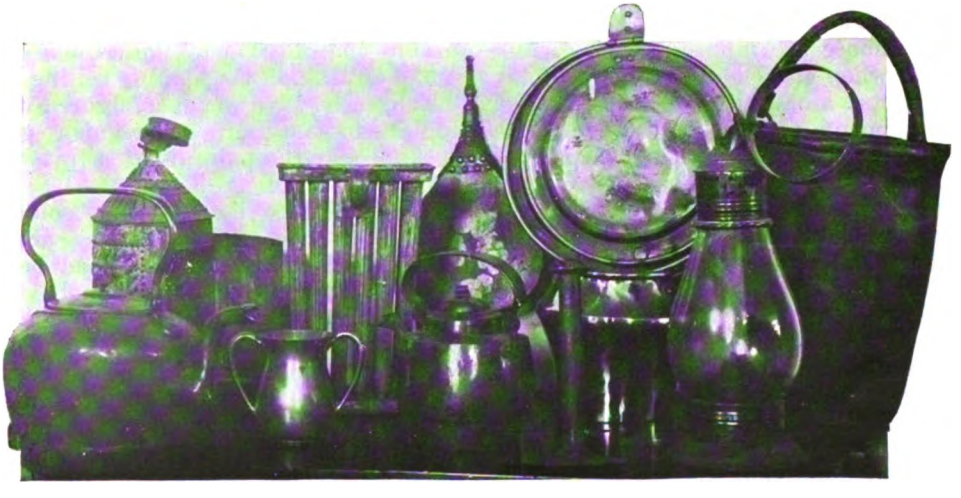
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THE SHEFFIELD PLATE

the little shop came out very well in the camera. The tea-set is admirable in design, and nothing could be lovelier for the purpose than this coffee-pot and creamer. The set is over one hundred years old, but it seems absolutely new, except that this factory does not turn out things as good in these degenerate days. The cake-dish is a separate piece and much more elaborate in design, but its ornamentation has great beauty. It seems quite enough in itself to form a decoration for the center of the table. With a few bunches of purple grapes it would enrich and glorify the most elaborate dinner. This, too, is over one hundred years old.

In wandering through the shop I had noticed some curious articles which refused to be brought into any special category, and these make the last photograph of the series. A brass warming-pan is one of them, and it rests upon a copper water-pot—a stunning thing in shape and color. Near it is an old leather fire-bucket, which could tell many tales of adventure. Perhaps the Paul Revere lantern might tell more, as it must have seen many a night of excitement. I wonder how it feels after, a life spent in assisting in prayer-meetings one evening, at card-parties the next, at the rescue of a child or a stray cow on another, to settle down to the inaction of



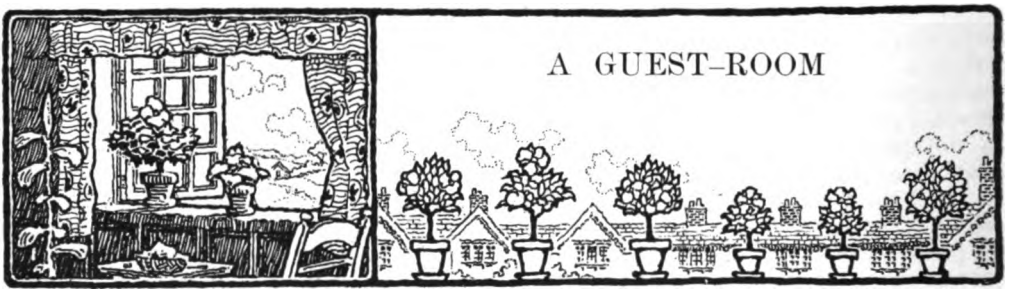
VARIOUS CURIOSITIES

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an old curiosity shop. It must be weary business waiting for something to turn up, or for the smile of some appreciative friend.

There is a pair of hand-painted bellows near the warming-pan, and at the side an old tin candle-mold, which is curious and reveals most eloquently some of the methods of our patient grandmothers. Beside it the Paul Revere lantern opens its door wide, and at the extreme left is a copper water-kettle, which is invaluable to the discriminating housewife of to-day. A pewter two-handled mug has a bewitching grace, and a battered candlestick, a small copper tea-kettle, and a sperm-oil lantern make up the collection.

It is one that is redolent of other days; but when one can come upon these ancient relics in a modern street it is not altogether unpleasant to be reminded. One might not like to go back to the time when these things were necessities, and even luxuries, but it is pleasant to make them the graceful superfluities of to-day. I wonder whether the Puritan housewives understood their grace as well as we do. Theirs was a more instinctive appreciation, perhaps, less cultivated and artificial, but none the less genuine. Nevertheless it would surprise them a bit to wander through this fascinating shop and see their every-day china and glass valued as ornaments, and rare ones at that.



A GUEST-ROOM

THE care and attention paid to the furnishing and decoration of a house are infinitely worth while when the comfort of its regular occupants alone is concerned. The arrangements for guests, however, give the key to the whole household management. It is safe to say that no woman is really known until she is seen in her own home, and her guest-room in particular may be taken to show her character and ability. It calls all her good taste and housewifely skill into play.

The guest-room here pictured is in the house of an architect, Stephen C. Earle, Worcester, Massachusetts, a cottage of no architectural pretensions, built some fifty or sixty years ago.

The window shown faces the north, and the room has been brought into symmetry by the addition of a wide dormer with an ample window-seat on the west, and by building some closets, flanking it and cutting off the sloping ceiling.

The walls have a paper, figured with apple blossoms on a greenish gray ground, and the paint is of a tint harmonizing with it.

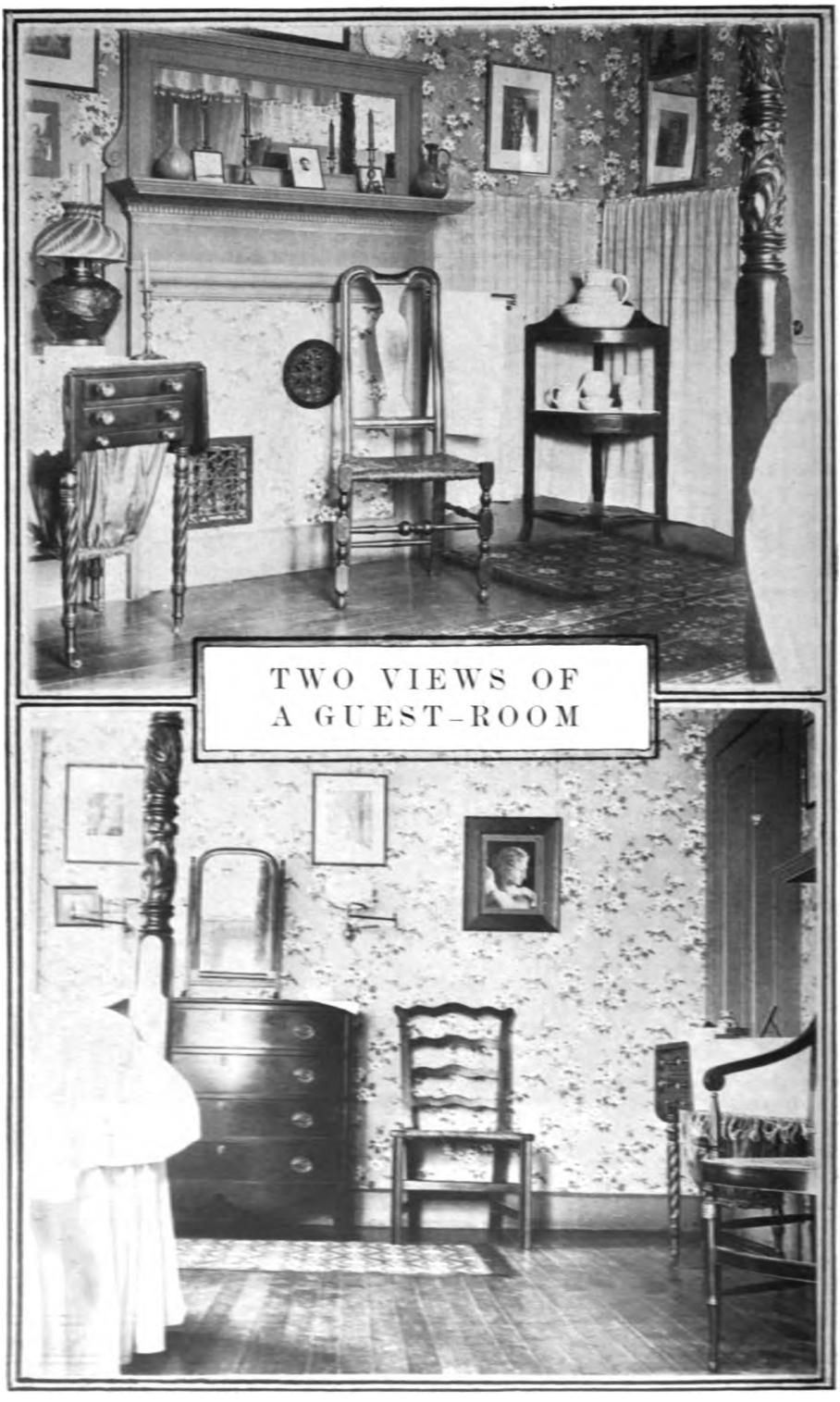
The furniture is good old colonial work from various sources, the carved, high-posted, mahogany bedstead being from an old house on Long Island. The dainty inlaid mahogany wash-stand, the chair and work-table, in the same picture, and the bureau and the chair beside it, are from old houses in eastern Massachusetts. The mirror upon the bureau and the chair at the foot of the bed are pieces that have been in the possession of the family more than a hundred years.

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A GUEST-ROOM

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TWO VIEWS OF
A GUEST-ROOM

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OTHER PEOPLE'S VIEWS

It is out of the question for the average reader to subscribe for all of the magazines which contain articles on House Beautiful subjects. The editor proposes, therefore, to print, from time to time, such extracts as may be interesting and helpful. The department will not aim to cover the whole field, but to give suggestions and notes from papers inaccessible to most readers.

Chimney Fires

In accounts of chimney fires it is common to read that the fire was extinguished by throwing salt down the chimney. Salt is used because there is liberated from it, when it comes into contact with the fire, a gas that, within an enclosed space like a chimney, is very effective in extinguishing fire. The primary purpose in throwing salt or anything else down a burning chimney is to dislodge the burning soot, chimney fires being caused by the ignition of the soot clinging to the inside of the chimney. Salt is used for this purpose, not alone because of its peculiar effectiveness, but also because it is something available for the purpose that can commonly be found at hand in a house. It is thrown down the chimney in such a manner that it will rattle down the sides, and by its weight knock down the soot and sparks clinging to the chimney's sides.

A bucket of sand has been put to the same use with good effect; and sometimes a scuttle of coal has been poured down the chimney, the coal bounding about from side to side as it dropped, and so doing its work effectively. Sometimes a brick is taken from the chimney itself, and, tied to a clothes-line, is hauled up and down the chimney with the same result. At the hearth below, or at the bottom of the chimney, wherever the sparks or soot may fall, there is stationed a man with a pail of water to put out whatever fire may drop. Water is is not played on a chimney fire from a hose, because it is not necessary, and the water would do more damage than the fire.

The damage caused by a fire in a chimney, when it is confined there, is nothing or next to nothing. Left alone, however, a chimney fire might work its way into a building and so prove destructive, and, therefore, slight as they may be in themselves, or as they might be in their consequences, chimney fires are always put out, and commonly in the manner described.

The occupant of the premises upon which a chimney fire occurs is liable under a law of New York State to a fine of $5, which, however, is not always imposed. The small size of the present day chimney makes it more difficult to clean; it is impracticable for the sweep to go down it in the old way; but the use of anthracite coal makes the necessity for cleaning it occur less often, and chimney fires are of less frequent occurrence, and they seldom do much damage now; but in the old days of shingled roofs, and structures otherwise more inflammable than now, and with such fires more frequent, chimney fires often caused serious damage, and laws imposing fines were enacted as an incentive to keeping the chimneys clean.

Tallow Dips in Mexico

Electric lights are coming into more general use all the time in the City of Mexico as the various companies add to the capacities of their plants. Three companies are now furnishing electric light and power. An American company is preparing to erect a modern gas plant. Several gasoline lamp companies are operating in the republic through local agents. Candles, however, remain in very general use among all classes. Petroleum costs from 60 to 70 cents a gallon, while tallow candles of local manufacture can be purchased as low as 1 cent each, this price naturally for a small taper.

Mexican workmen can get along with less light, apparently, than any other class. In some of the old-fashioned offices of important commercial houses no other light than tallow dips is ever known. A bookkeeper may be seen making his entries in a great ledger with the light of a single candle, and the wealthy proprietor may be found bending over his big mahogany desk flanked by two tall and stately candelabra. A Mexican printer can work with a candle stuck carelessly into one of his boxes, and two tailors in the small shops can be seen sharing the rays of a single dip.

The opportunities for the sale of better lighting apparatus in Mexico will be great when it can be provided cheaply and of simple construction. The great difficulty experienced with most of the gasoline lights that are on the market there is that they require careful attention, and in the hands of ignorant Mexican servants they soon get out of order.

Sunlight in the House

The country life is now in full blast. Every one has settled down in the country home for the summer, says the *Scientific American*. Gardens have been made and planted, and all who can are preparing to enjoy free air and ample sunlight. It would seem that warm spring days were the special times when our houses would be flooded with sunlight and air, and yet the advent of summer is the signal in many houses for closing the blinds and shutting out the sun for the rest of the season. All over

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the country, and in the cities, too, are houses with blinds and shutters so closely fastened as to seem unoccupied. It would be hard to imagine a more foolish folly. What is the sunlight for if it is not to search into the nooks and crannies of our houses, weed out the winter's damp, and spread health and comfort wherever it may reach?

Sunlight is the most valuable natural agent. We all know we cannot live without it, but we do not all realize its value to health and to human nature. The greatest problem of the tenement-house is the admission of light, and even in houses which rank as apartment-houses the problem is scarcely less difficult. Given plenty of light, of real sunlight, with the sun streaming in through the windows, fading curtains and carpets and everything it can reach, and health and air come in with it. And it is because these beneficent results are recognized to some extent that workingmen's settlements are being built out in the country, and our suburban districts are filling up with houses placed some distance apart, and the inhabitants of our cities are realizing that convenience to business and accessibility by trolley cars do not make the whole of life. Let us have as much sun in our houses as we can, and we will be the better for it.

The frugal housewife will doubtless protest against the admission of sunlight in unrestricted quantities, but that is because she does not know what is the best for her, nor which is the true economy. Human life is the most precious thing in the world, and the single tendency of civilization is to preserve it and to better it. A sanitary house is, every time, to be preferred to a sumptuously decorated mansion that is unsanitary. And so, if the sunlight fades our furnishings, the real cure is not in shutting out the sun, but in providing articles that will not fade, or which can resist the effect of too much sun. This is a problem that rests with the housewife, and the demand has only to be insistent for the solution to be found with little difficulty. And yet, is not a human life of more value than tables and chairs, curtains and carpets? Let us do away with these things if need be, and make life more bright and cheerful.

Thatch Roofs

Thatch is the oldest of roofing materials, remarks the Builders' Journal, but it is being gradually replaced by slates, tiles, or by that most abominable of materials, corrugated iron. It has always been the experience of cottagers living under thatched roofs that they are warm in winter and cool in summer, and with these very practical advantages thatch also carries the recommendation, from the artist's point of view, that it is extremely picturesque. It is decidedly not cheap in the making, but it is lasting, and is not so inflammable as has been supposed, although of course not without ready possibilities of ignition in very dry seasons. It is an exaggerated idea of its liability to being burned that has made thatch become rarer year by year; for it is becoming more and more the practice of land-owners in England to insist, when renewing leases to farmers, upon their replacing old thatch with other roofing materials upon any new roofing being required. Thus the farmers have no choice in the matter; nor have the cottagers, who are almost always in favor of the warm and comfortable winter roofing of straw or reed that their fathers and grandfathers knew so well.

For Cottage Bedrooms

Bedroom crockery for summer cottages may be as dainty and graceful, as fragile and fine as purse will permit and inclination dictate, but the favorite toilet sets this season are homely and quaint rather than esthetic. The basins and bowls are broad and deep, the water-jugs are really jugs, squat, broad and out of proportion to the big basin. As hot water is usually brought up in a covered tin or papier mache pitcher, the little jug is doubtless big enough for the cold water. Bright, clear colors, with probably a single line of gilt around the rims of the various pieces that compose the set, are very effective for rooms in which a special color predominates. Green and yellow are in demand, and a variation of the effect is green or yellow with a band of roses on a white ground encircling the middle of the pitcher and the edge of the basin.

A set of china for a Louis XVI. bedroom is white and pale blue with forget-me-nots and rosebuds blooming in medallions of gold. The effect is lovely in itself, but a toilet set that suggests dinner plates, beautiful as they may be, does not appeal with charm to every one.

France's Trained Cooks

In France the young men have an opportunity to enter a profitable trade for which very little provision has been made in America. And it is a trade which lies close to that which is, after all, probably the most important and certainly the most indispensable thing in the world—eating. The trade of cooking is one of those which is considered along with all the other trades and professions when the French boy decides, or his parents decide for him, what he is going to do in the world, says the Kansas City Star.

In France the boy begins as an apprentice and he progresses, if he has the right stuff in him, until he becomes a chef, and from that the next step is to be the proprietor of a hotel.

"In many of the older hotels in France," said Gustave Beraud, steward and chef of the Hotel Baltimore, Kansas City, "you see the

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proprietor in his clean, starched white cap and jacket and apron mingling among his guests in the dining-room, to see that they are satisfied and made comfortable. It always looks picturesque to me, and more than that, it shows that the proprietor is engaged in looking after personally that which is, perhaps, the most important part of his duty to his guests—their eating.

"The very reason that French cooks are so much in demand is that they have been thoroughly trained for their particular work by the system which is in existence in France. The same method is followed, also, in Germany. Boys become apprentices usually between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years, after they have finished school. And for two years they are under the control of their master, bound out to him. The apprentices work usually under a chef in a hotel. The boys receive about 600 francs for all their personal expenses during the two years of their apprenticeship. That is about $100 to $120. With this money they must buy their white caps and aprons and pay all their other expenses excepting their board and their lodging, and this is usually furnished by the hotel where the young men work."

"What is the first work that a boy does when he goes into the cooking business?" was asked.

"To begin with," replied the chef, "he usually cleans the pans and pots, and then he cleans the fish and pares the potatoes and parsnips and prepares other vegetables for cooking. And all the time he is doing this he is watching the cooks and learning by seeing how the higher class work is done. Pretty soon there is an opportunity for him to begin cooking, and then he leaves off the scraping of the pans and the peeling of the potatoes, leaves it for the very first beginners. Sometimes the young apprentices have pretty hard work. The hours are long, beginning at breakfast time and not ending until the supper is over, but the good money comes afterward.

"Often the young cooks are sent out into private families to serve special dinners, which these people may be giving to their friends, or to a little party of some sort. Sometimes these things are sent from the hotel already cooked, and are only served by the young cook, and sometimes the young man prepares some of the dishes himself. He learns to make game pies, patties of different kinds, fillet of sole and things of that sort. And while he learns cooking he learns also how the dishes which he makes should be served, so when he goes into the private family to prepare the dinner he looks after the service at the table as well.

"Then, if the young man is to be a finished chef, he goes, after his two years of service is ended, to a pastry store and stays there two more years, in which he learns how to make all kinds of pastry and preserves and things like that. When the years of his apprenticeship are over the chef is given a certificate, and this is signed by his master and the commissionaire of police or sometimes the mayor of the town where he has worked, and it shows that the man who holds it is a capable and thorough cook. Then he goes out to work in a hotel, or perhaps in some first-class private family, and whenever he leaves a position the man for whom he has worked writes down in the book which contains the certificate the length of time that the chef has worked for him, and the employer signs his name to it.

"There are many clever and well-educated chefs, but there are not enough of them to supply the demand. A great deal of hard work, perseverance and a considerable amount of natural talent are necessary for advancement in this business, but when a young man has passed his apprenticeship and has obtained a thorough knowledge of the business, he doesn't need to worry about getting a position. There are plenty of places for good men. Hundreds of bright young men struggle to get places as clerks at $7 to $9 a week. If they would cast aside their old-fashioned prejudices and enter the culinary profession, where good work is always needed, they would earn salaries four or five times as great as those they get as clerks. People say cooking is such a 'dirty' business. Certainly it is, if you are a dirty cook.

"As in every profession, when you get to the top, although the responsibility is greater, there is no manual labor whatever. And there is no end of the opportunities for displaying originality. People are beginning to realize that the chef is an artist. There is no better opportunity for a young man who has brains enough to make a name for himself in one of the ordinary walks of life.

"There is no reason why Americans should not be just as good as any other cooks. All they need is the training and the encouragement for young men to go into the business. France has always shown great appreciation of good cooks. A street in Paris is named after Antoine Careme, one of the most distinguished French chefs. Charles Ranhoffer, the great chef of Delmonico's, in New York, died two years ago wealthy. In New York every year the French cooks' society, Societe Culinaire Philantropique, gives a great ball, and the main feature of it is to show the skill and artistic work of the chefs in the New York hotels. It is an exhibition of art that one could hardly believe could be produced by cooking.

"Now, to be a little more practical, hotel men in the United States pay from $2,500 to $5,000 for good chefs. Clubs will pay from $2,500 to $3,000. It would pay hotels to take young men in their kitchens as apprentices, because in that way they can get more hands to do the work that is to be done. At the same time, it would be a chance for the young men to learn the trade."

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To Hold Flowers

Great copper bowls of a shade of autumn foliage, very antique in appearance, are the very loveliest and most sought flower holders. Tropical lilies of the variety of tawny orange, spotted in scarlet, look gorgeous in one of these. Curiously shaped old jugs, but still of metal, too, set off the dull orchids to the best advantage. Seemingly the dull background afforded by the old metal throws out the beautiful tints of the flowers in Rembrandtesque effect.

It is said that the coral gem lotus, a very inexpensive plant, by the way, is particularly pretty and suitable for a hanging basket. The foliage, delicate and drooping itself, has a charming tinting of faint, silvery green. Indeed, the whole plant is singularly graceful, and when in flower the brilliant crimson blossoms showing against the gray-green foliage make it look like some rare orchid.

By setting about bowls of powdered orris root, one's rooms may be kept fragrant with the odor of "violets dim" that are surely, as Shakespeare says, "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath." But care must be taken to renew this powder once or twice a month, thoroughly washing the bowls, or the delicious fragrance will be utterly lost; and these bowls should be covered during the night to preserve the strength of the powder. Quaint Japanese bowls, those of the ware that shades from unglazed green to lightest gray, make very fitting receptacles for this sweet-smelling dust.

Apropos of the Japanese and other bowls, these inventors of oddities have an amusing custom which is being transferred somewhat to this country. Mere flowers placed in finger bowls do not in the least content them. Instead they place cunningly contrived bits of wood that swell and strive into blossom before the eyes of the guests. The national flower, the chrysanthemum, seems to be the favorite among these expanding blossoms.

Opals

The proposed presentation to the King of England of a large opal, to be placed in the crown, shows that in one point at least general superstition is giving way to common sense. For centuries the opal or "eye-stone" has been regarded as a most unlucky stone, bringing to its unfortunate possessor ill-health, ill-fortune, and every other ill that flesh is heir to. In the present day in Russia an opal seen in a shop window says plainly: "You will do no good to-day; you might just as well go home at once."

But the gem was not always held in such superstitious abhorrence. The ancients regarded it as possessing the virtues of every gem whose hue appeared upon its prismatic surface. Moreover, it was invaluable for the sight, hence the name "eye-stone." The magicians of the Middle Ages maintained that this gem enabled one to fall from a height of several hundred feet onto the jagged rocks below without hurting oneself, and the reason of this is, says a brilliant Judæus Apella, "that the stone attracts to itself the whole force of the concussion."

The opal, among other things, was noted for its efficacy in stopping bleeding. Used in an impromptu tourniquet, the opal would no doubt do this, as well as any other stone; but to wear it round the neck to stop bleeding at the heel would be as scientific as to suppose that the insertion of a lovely opal in the King of England's crown would stop bleeding in South Africa.

The Comtesse de Castiglione

All people who remember the third Empire or have read memoirs connected with the Tuileries, will remember the name of the Comtesse de Castiglione as one of the famous beauties of the Imperial Court. The lady died in Paris recently, and she has left hoards of treasures, the description of which carries one back to the brigand's cave of one's childhood's days. One flat was not enough to hold the comtesse's effects; she was the tenant of five, two at Batignolles, one in the Rue Cambon, two in the Rue Castiglione. In all the apartments in question were found piles upon piles of trunks, baskets, envelopes and cases of various kinds, all full of treasures. One great case was full of rare old lace, another of furs, another of the fans carried by the famous beauty in the days of her triumph. In every cupboard, in every drawer, were magnificent if not exactly fashionable gowns of silk, satin and velvet, ribbons, laces, and heap upon heap of the very finest of *lingerie*. One chest was full of wonderful Louis XV. parasols with jeweled handles, in another were a beautifully molded leg and arm bearing an inscription showing them to be casts of the comtesse's own limbs! Hundreds of portraits of the comtesse in her wonderful toilettes were also found. And there were pawn tickets for jewels to the amount of 180,000 francs! Besides all this, silver, china, and pictures galore! The lucky inheritor of all this is an Italian connection of the comtesse's, M. Mario Tribone, of Genoa. The picture that this discovery invokes of the faded beauty sitting lonely among the remnants of the past is a somewhat sad one. Indeed, for some reason that I have so far failed to grasp, says the *Lady's Pictorial*, all the souvenirs of the Court of Napoleon III. are sad. I have known a good many Empire celebrities, and they have always been melancholy people. The most charming of all, and the one whose souvenirs of the Empire were the most interesting, was the Vicomtesse Lepic, whose husband was colonel of the famous *"Cent Gardes de l'Empereur."* She died a few years ago in the delightful old apartments in the Faubourg St.

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Germain, which she had inhabited for many years, and which were filled with the treasures her husband had bought in Italy during the Italian campaign and brought home. Such pictures, such tapestry, and all had been bought for a mere song.

Southern Church Lore

If you were to go to Charleston and inquire what there was that was particularly interesting to see in the city, the answer would most probably be "Old St. Michael's Church." But I will take you a little farther back in history than the building of that church and tell you of St. Philip's, says a writer in the *Chicago Post*.

The first St. Philip's church was established under a royal charter from King Charles II. It was where St. Michael's now is, and was built of "black cypress and brick" in 1681. And that is about all we know of it, except that it must have been poorly built, as in thirty years, the records inform us, "a new church must be erected," as the old building "must inevitably soon fall, the timbers being so rotten and the whole fabric entirely decayed."

The new church was built where the present St. Philip's stands. It was a handsome structure, with "lofty arches and massive pillars," and was the pride of Charleston for a hundred years. The present church was then built. It is a handsome building and has suffered the vicissitudes of Charleston, being much injured during the bombardment of the city and the earthquake.

It has been handsomely rebuilt, and is well worth a visit. The musical chime of bells that were in the graceful spire were cast into cannon during the Civil War and have never been replaced. There are two cemeteries attached to the church, in which are buried the bodies of many illustrious men, among them John C. Calhoun.

In looking up the history of this church I found some singular items. Of course in those early colonial days the church was of the "established Church of England," and many things, such as imposition of fines for certain offenses, were decided by church officials. On the church records are such items as these: "A fine from Mr. Tribute for retailing rum on Sunday, 10s."; "Fines from several people for walking about the streets on Sunday during divine service, 19s. 6d." Another "from a man swearing without a book," whatever that was!

In 1692 an act was passed to settle a maintenance on the minister. Among other items of lands, negroes, cattle, and moneys mentioned was an especial appropriation of "a salary of £150 per annum to him and his successors forever" and directed that "a negro man and woman and four cows should be purchased for his use."

Now we come to St. Michael's. In 1752 the Church of St. Philip was too small for the growing congregation, so St. Michael's was built. It is of brick, rough cast, with a tall steeple that can be seen miles out at sea. Soon after the church was finished a fine chime of bells was imported for it. These bells have had a varied history.

At the time of the evacuation of Charleston by the British the bells were seized and taken to England and there sold. They were purchased and returned to the belfry. During the Civil War they were taken to Columbia and there hidden away for safety. Unfortunately, during the great fires there they were much harmed and two of them were stolen. After peace was restored the bells were sent to England to the successors of the same firm that had made them so many years before, and they were recast as nearly as possible as they were before. They were returned and after much custom-house complication were again put in their place.

The French Huguenot Church has been built, destroyed by fire and rebuilt several times. It was in 1692 that the first one was built by the Huguenots who came to this country for religious freedom and established churches in many places, but this one is particularly interesting from the fact that it is the only one that keeps to the old Huguenot form of service. The others have generally given up their identity and been merged into other denominations.

These are the oldest churches in the city, but there are many other very handsome ones of all denominations.

There are not so many graves around these old churches as one might expect to find. It was the custom before the war for families to set apart a piece of land on their plantations for a burial ground. These small burial places are often found with the family monuments and tombstones still standing, though the homes to which they belonged have long been destroyed and the old families are either all dead or scattered.

The Marquis of Bute has started to build a modern addition in red sandstone to the ruins of Rothesay Castle. The oldest portion of the structure is supposed to have been built in 1098 by Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, and the more modern part dates from the time of King Robert II., who used it as a royal palace. The castle has stood many sieges, and was even captured by an English force, who, however, in 1311 surrendered it to Bruce. The renovation which the Marquis of Bute has commenced is in the northern portion, close to the drawbridge, and the modern stone is said to make a most painful contrast to the old structure. The Marquis's action is the more incomprehensible inasmuch as he did a real public service some years ago in clearing away several tenements which almost hemmed in the castle from view, and in re-excavating and filling up the moat, across which he caused a drawbridge to be thrown.

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FURNITURE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

BY VIRGINIA ROBIE

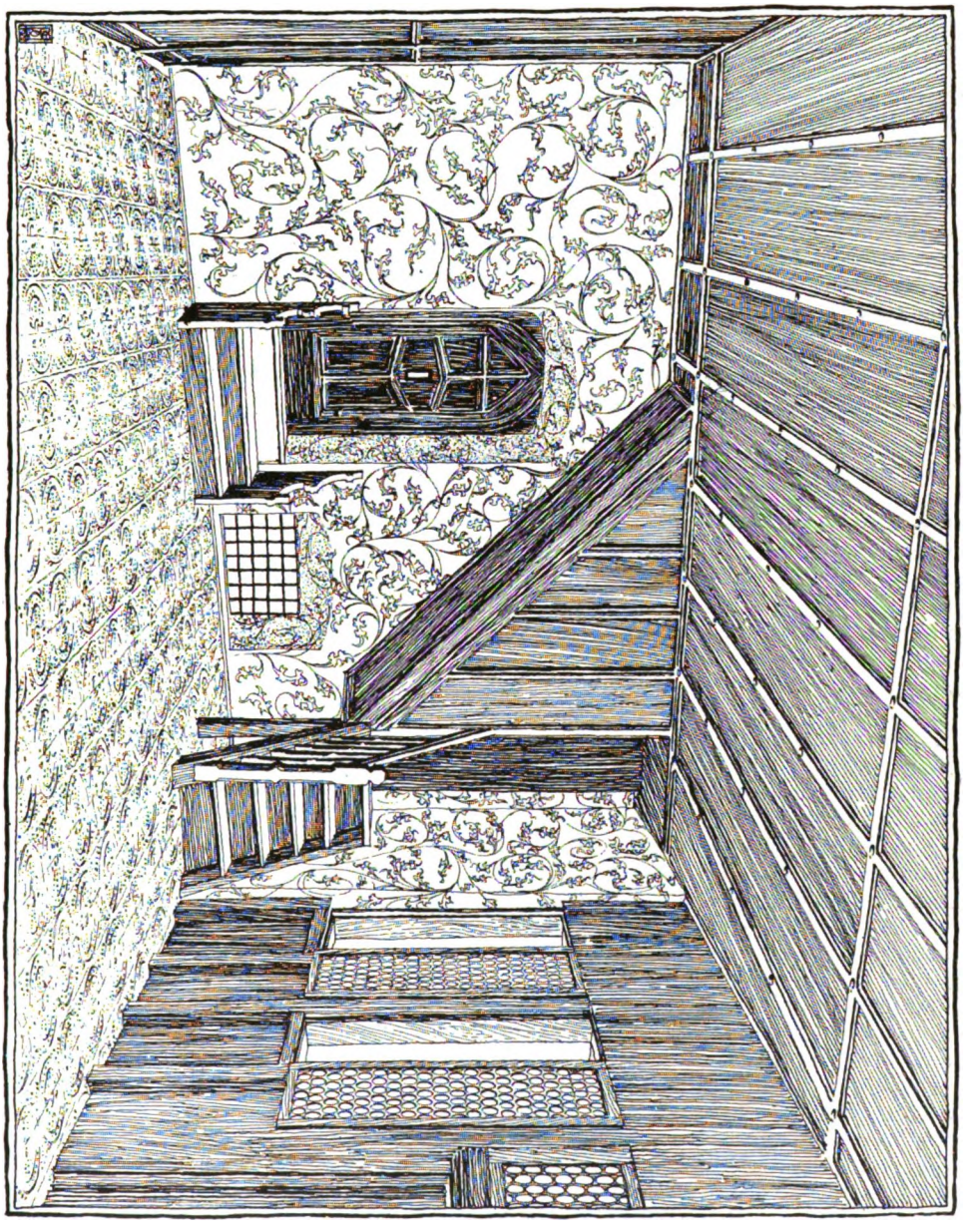
GOTHIC furniture reached its highest development in the fourteenth century. Craftsmen of this period were artists in wood and metal, and in their hands chests and cabinets became marvels of beauty. The simple trefoil and quatrefoil were themes for intricate schemes of carving; a form of decoration, however, that did not degenerate into meaningless ornament. The exaggeration that characterized the work of the late Gothic school, when grotesque heads and distorted animals were introduced into every form of carving, was unknown at this time. The furniture of the fourteenth century held to a few vital principles, and these were embodied in the plainest as well as in the most elaborate designs.

Chests were still important items in household inventories, but their one-time supremacy was over. In their wake followed a host of pieces, the very names of which are now obselete. Standards, bahuts, and hanapers were all a development of the chest, but each had its special significance, and each its particular place. Standards held armor and implements of the chase, bahuts belonged to the housewife and contained the stores of linen, while in hanapers were concealed the family valuables. A new article of furniture in the shape of an elevated chest, the cabinet of a later day, came into vogue about the year 1350, and was of Italian origin. Chairs, with the exception of folding stools, were of huge proportions, and were made even more massive during this century by the addition of wooden canopies. Tables, on the other hand, were exceedingly simple, and formed a striking contrast to the rest of household furniture. They were made solely for utility, and were overlooked completely by the decorator. In design they were long and narrow, but the trestle supports of the previous century had given place to the bolt and slot construction. These tables are chiefly interesting inasmuch as they show how closely recent furniture makers have copied mediæval methods.

While all handicraft of this period was marked by beauty of design and honest workmanship, each country excelled in certain lines. The Italians led in the handling of low relief and in the application of color to ornament. Their work, particularly that of the Florentines, was characterized by great delicacy of feeling. The Germans were especially skilled in the execution of elaborate floral and heraldic motives. The locks, hinges, and keys of cupboards and presses received as much attention as the carving of the wood, and often formed an important part of the decoration. The French, from the first, were a nation of furniture makers, and while their work lacked the exquisite finish of that of the Italians, they imparted great spirit and *verve* to everything they touched.

The Swiss were adepts in wood-carving, and the Tyrolese, in this century, developed a unique school of handicraft. Their furniture was partly French, partly German in character, and yet with certain qualities peculiar to iself. The Scandinavians, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, were masters of a rude style of carving, half religious, half mythological in subject. During the Gothic period they lost much of this early mastery. Norwegian furniture was now largely influenced by English standards, while that of Sweden conformed to French ideals. The work of the Danes was patterned after that of the Germans, as was also that of the Austrians. The Russians, until the beginning of the Romanoff dynasty, followed Byzantine canons, and the Poles and the Hungarians followed the Russians. The Dutch and the Flemings lagged behind the other nations in the art of furniture making. It was not until the sixteenth century that they equaled either the

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A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY ROOM
Drawn by Birch Burdette Long

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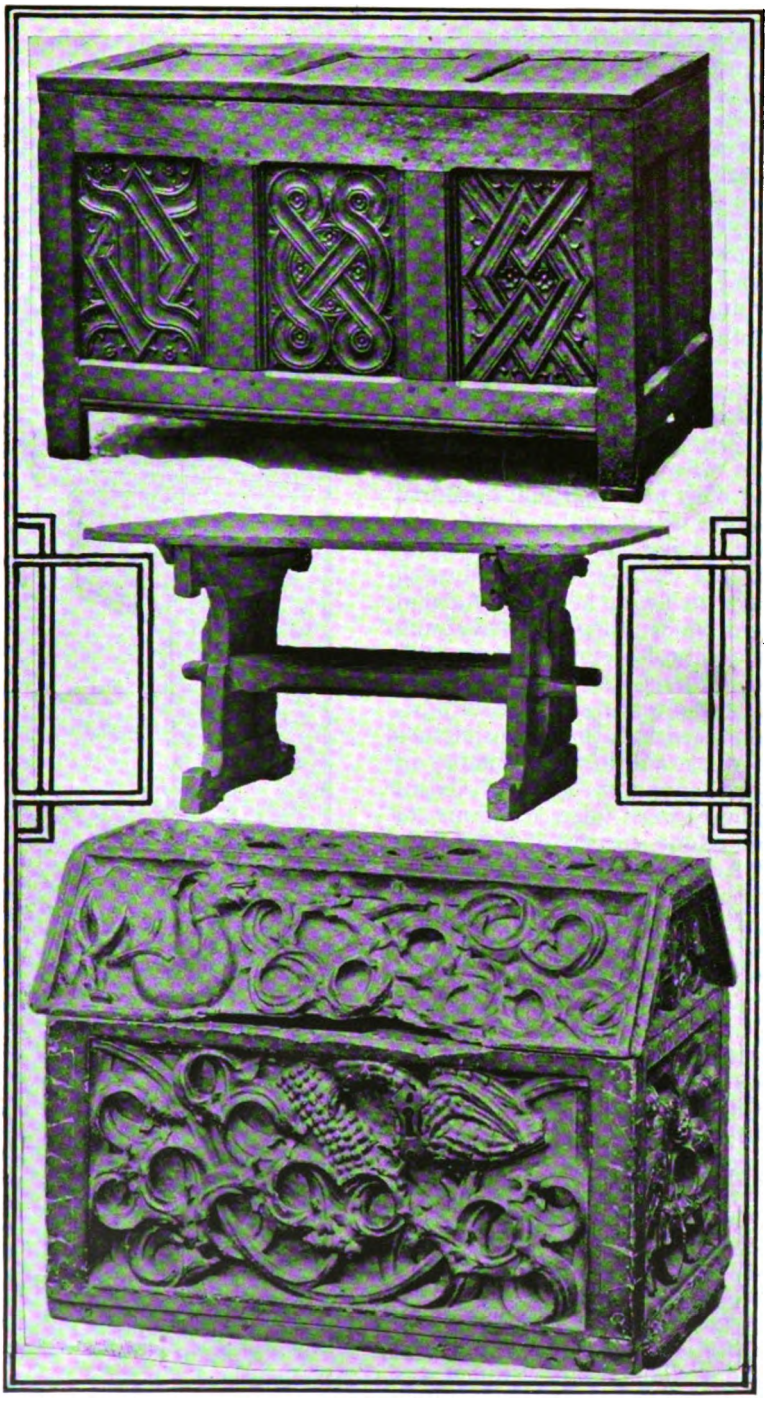
French or the Germans in this particular. But Flemish and Dutch furniture remained beautiful and individual long after that of the French had become exaggerated and absurd. The Spaniards never adopted the Gothic style pure and simple in either their home architecture or their furniture. Spain, at this time, was a power on the high seas, and Spanish woodwork combined the designs of many countries. The Portuguese, when not at war with the Spaniards, copied them slavishly. The English selected the best of all that Normandy and Flanders sent to their shores, and made it their own.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

The fourteenth century inaugurated a new era in the building of houses. The florid or Reyonant school of design, that foreshadowed the Flamboyant Gothic in France and the Flowing in England, caused the downfall of cathedral architecture. The religious enthusiasm of the people was over, and the zeal which was previously lavished on churches was now expended on secular buildings. The origin of many famous castles in England and France may be traced to this activity. The rapid progress of home architecture was not confined to the dwellings of the nobility. The improvement in the houses of the middle classes was no less remarkable. Hand in hand with the outward betterment went an inward transformation. The comforts which were known hitherto only in the homes of the opulent were now to be found in humbler circles. Class distinctions were more sharply drawn than ever, but class privileges were extending. So prosperous did the trades-people of Paris become, that an edict was passed by Philip the Fair, limiting the household possessions of half the Parisians. No bourgeois could use wax candles nor sleep under a canopy of "gold Genoa cloth." A similar law in England, framed under Edward III., regulated the number of tapestries that a merchant might hang in his house and the number of yards of Flanders embroidery his wife might wear on her gowns. But in England the law was made in order to exclude French and Flemish merchandise and to compel the people to patronize home industries, while in France it was passed to hold in check the growing ambitions of the trades-people and to prevent their encroaching on the rights of their superiors.

This century was one of turmoil in France. The long war with England devastated her provinces, and the black plague that swept across the kingdom in 1348 retarded all progress. It was not until the accession of Charles V., that patron of the fine arts, that France regained what she had lost during years of war and pestilence. During his reign the old citadel of the Louvre was remodeled into a palace, and many stately buildings were erected by his followers. The Hôtel de Bohême, called, from its proximity to the cathedral of St. Paul, Hôtel St. Paul, planned by this sovereign, was famed for the beauty of its sculpture, stained-glass windows, and mural decorations. M. Sauval, in his "Researches of the Antiquities of Paris," describes this palace as it was in the year 1388, when occupied by the duke of Orleans. "I shall not attempt," he writes, "to speak of the cellars and wine-cellars, the bake-houses, the fruiteries, the salt-stores, the fur-rooms, the porters' lodges, the guard-rooms, the wood-yard, or the glass-stores; neither shall I describe the tapestry-room, the linen-room, nor indeed any of the various conveniences which were then to be found in the yards of this place, as well as in the abodes of other princes and nobles. I shall simply remark that among the many suites of rooms which composed it, two occupied the first and second stories of the main building. The first was raised some few feet above the ground-floor of the court, and was occupied by Violet of Milan and her husband, Louis of Orleans. Each of these two suites of rooms consisted of a great hall, a chamber of state, a large chamber, a wardrobe-room, and a chapel. The state chambers were eight *toises*, that

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CHESTS AND TABLE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

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is, about fifty and a half feet long. The duke's chambers were six *toises* and a half square, and lighted by long and narrow windows of wire work with trellis work of iron; the wainscots and the ceilings were made of Irish wood, the same as in the Louvre. Among the ornamental furniture were a large vase of silver for holding sweetmeats and a fine wooden casket covered with vermilion cordovan, nailed and bordered with a narrow gold band and shutting with a key." The chronicle of M. Sauval would be incomplete without a reference to the gorgeous Spanish leathers in Bohême. "In this palace," he continues, "there was a room used by the duke, hung with cloth of gold bordered with vermilion velvet, embroidered with roses. The duchess had a room hung with vermilion leather decorated with cross bows, which were her coat of arms; that of the duke of Burgundy was hung with cloth of gold embroidered with windmills. There were besides eight carpets of glossy texture with gold flowers, one representing the seven virtues and seven vices, another the history of Charlemagne, another that of Saint Louis. There were also cushions of gold, twenty-four pieces of vermilion leather of Aragon, and four carpets of Aragon leather."

In the French, Spain found eager patrons of her leather industries, a taste which the English did not share.



A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CABINET

ENGLAND

The fourteenth century was one of the most important in England's history. The cowardly Edward II. was succeeded by the illustrious Edward III., and during his long reign, events took place at home and abroad that exerted a powerful influence on England's future. The victories of Crécy and Poitiers were not more memorable than certain acts of Parliament, less so, perhaps, than that measure passed in 1362, which established the English language as the speech of the nation. The use of French was discontinued at court, and the beauties of the Anglo-Saxon tongue were voiced

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by Chaucer, who might well be called the father of English poetry.

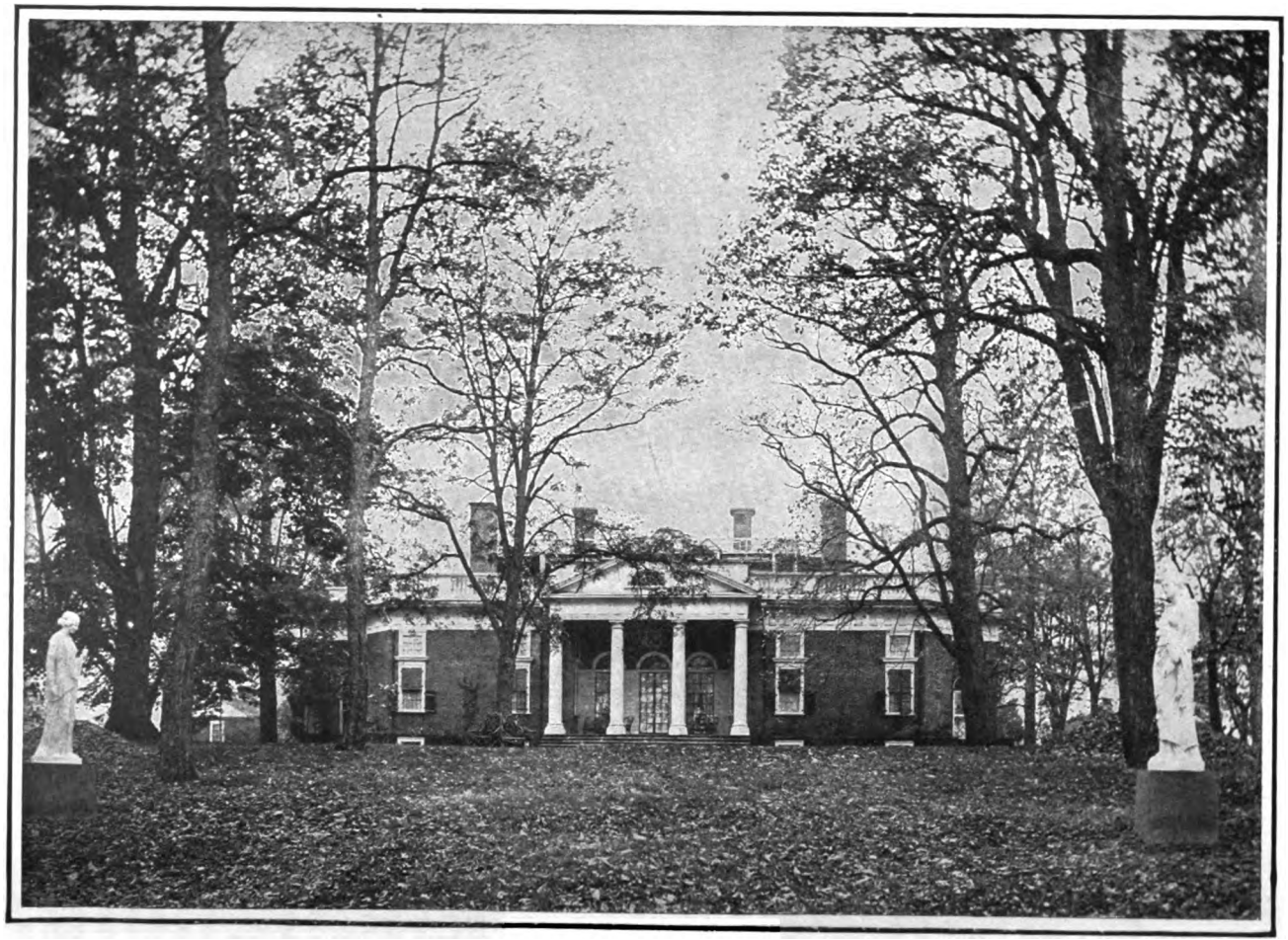
The long siege with France had brought about a reaction in favor of everything English. Edward's marriage to Philippa of Hainault had strengthened the tie between England and Flanders, but as the war across the channel progressed and the Flemings were drawn into the conflict, this friendship cooled. Commerce ceased with Flanders, and the king framed laws to prevent the sale of all Flemish articles. These royal edicts fostered the home arts, and English houses were furnished with home-made articles.

BARONIAL HALLS

Many of the finest baronial halls of England and Scotland were built in part during the reign of Edward III. Savoy castle on the Thames, erected by the earl of Richmond in 1245, was remodeled a century later by the first duke of Lancaster, who spent a fortune on it. Here after the battle of Poitiers resided the captive king, John of France, here came on many occasions that idol of the people, the Black Prince, and here Chaucer lived for a year as the guest of John of Gaunt and his wife, the young duchess of Lancaster. Chaucer composed many of his most famous poems at Savoy and met within its doors the fair Lady Philippa, whom he afterward married. John of Gaunt maintained a style of living surpassed only by that of the royal family. The tapestries, furniture, paintings, and plate of Savoy were, according to an old writer, "as fine as anything in Christendom." Part of the architecture of Haddon Hall is late fourteenth century. The great bouquet-room still retains its Gothic woodwork and its traceried windows, built by the Vernons, who owned the estate at that time. Lynes in Cheshire, erected on ground granted by the king to Sir Petryn Leigh, for valor displayed at Crécy, is a stately pile, and has preserved something of its first semblance. Cotehile in Cornwall, Glamis in Scotland, and Ainsworth Castle on the Border, the latter first occupied by Percy Hotspur, the hero of Chevy Chase, all trace their grim walls and their grim histories to the time of the third Edward. Hardly less renowned is Sizergh Hall in Westmoreland, bearing on its crenelated tower a sculptured shield with the quarterings of the d'Aincourts and the Stricklands. This bit of English heraldry is unusual, as it is one of the earliest examples of the placing of the arms of the wife before that of her husband—a custom unknown before the fourteenth century.

In Penhurst, near Tunbridge Wells, the great entrance hall has not been altered since it was built by Sir John de Poulteney, who was four times lord mayor of London, and who was noted "for his public charities, magnificent housekeeping, and splendid achievements." From Sir John it passed to the duke of Bedford, then to the duke of Gloucester, and later to Buckingham. In 1447 it became the property of the crown, was bestowed upon Sir William Sydney by Edward VI., after the battle of Flodden Field, and descended from him to Sir Philip Sydney, about whose name the fame of Penhurst is chiefly associated. Many descriptions of the ancient hall have been given. "The pointed timbered roof is supported by a series of grotesque corbels, each the size of life. The screen of the gallery is richly carved and paneled. The minstrel's gallery fills the side opposite the dais. The Gothic windows are narrow and lofty. Every object calls to mind a feudal age. The oak tables on which retainers feasted still occupy the hall. In the center are the huge fire-dogs in an octagonal inclosure. Above is the louver or lenthern in the roof, which formerly permitted egress for the smoke. A stone staircase leads to the state apartments." Such was Penhurst, a typical dwelling of an English noblemen in the fourteenth century. A few pieces of the early furniture of this hall are now in the possession of James Sedgwick, Esq., the antiquarian, and consist of several chairs of oak, carved in a manner characteristic of the Gothic period.

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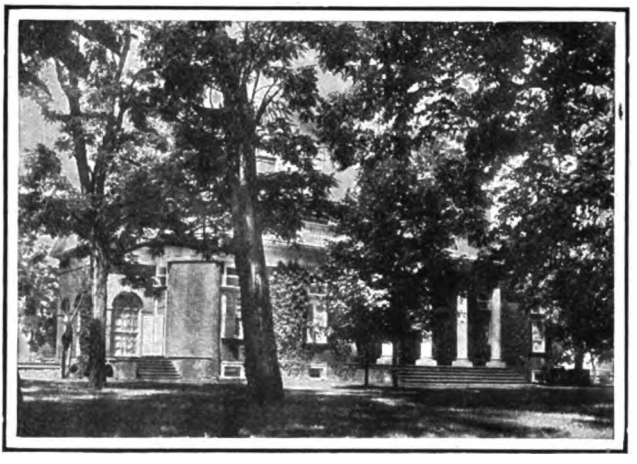
MONTICELLO — EAST FRONT

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HISTORIC HOUSES AND THEIR OCCUPANTS—THE HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON: MONTICELLO*

BY HORACE B. MANN

MONTICELLO, or "Little Mountain," the name given by Thomas Jefferson to his estate and residence, is situated in Albemarle County, Virginia, about three miles west of Charlottesville. The mansion itself, located on the summit of a lofty hill, a most unusual situation for a building of the period when the greatest protection from enemies and the elements was the customary acting motive in the selection of a site for a dwelling, is one of the most beautiful, best preserved, and historically interesting of all the old houses of this country. Mr. Jefferson consulted solely his own taste in the selection of this site. Some time before the building was started, the summit of the hill was leveled and suitably graded, and a large number of fruit and shade trees planted, according to a scheme devised by Mr. Jefferson and executed under his own superintendence. The whole scheme stands to-day exactly as laid out by its original owner.



MONTICELLO—VIEW FROM LAWN

The first portion of the building, a modest brick structure, one and a half stories in height, was erected about 1764, and used for a time merely as a shelter for the overseers and workmen while laying out and developing the grounds. This building now forms the southeast pavilion of the present house. In 1768 the Jefferson family mansion at Shadwell, where Thomas Jefferson was born, and had lived up to that time with his mother and sisters, was burned; and the family occupied temporarily the one-and-a-half-story building. It was, of course, totally inadequate for their needs, and the work of completion was pushed much more rapidly than it otherwise would have been. It was not until four years afterward that the whole house was ready for occupancy; but in 1772, when Jefferson brought his bride to Monticello, they began their life in the mansion practically as it stands to-day.

JEFFERSON AS AN ARCHITECT

Mr. Jefferson's great versatility may be seen from the fact that, though all these years of his life he was most actively engaged in political duties, he is responsible for every detail of his house. Not only was he his own architect, but his own builder. This latter meant at that time an amount of ingenuity and constructive ability of which we at the present day, when everything may be brought to our very door, know nothing. Up to that time, all brick used in this country had been imported from England. Jefferson discovered that he possessed good brick clay on his own grounds, and he

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molded and baked his own brick. He was also obliged to manufacture his own nails, and was so successful at this that he kept his nail-shop in operation for the convenience of his neighbors long after he himself had any use for it. What wonder is it, then, that it took seven years to complete Monticello?

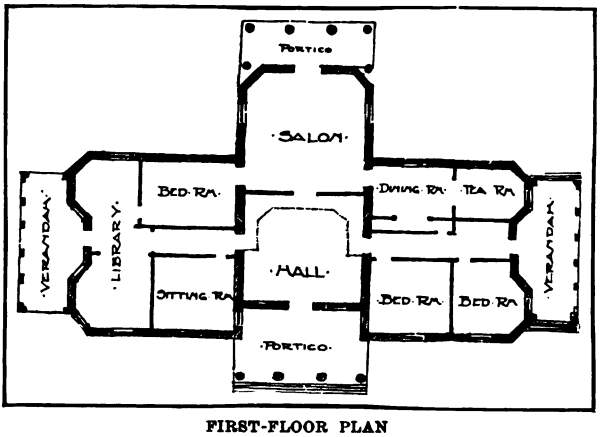
Though the building itself was finished in the early seventies, it was occupied by Mr. Jefferson for the rest of his life—nearly sixty years. During this time, it was impossible that a man of his taste and activity should not have constantly introduced improvements. Mr. Jefferson's political career, which compelled him to travel extensively at home and abroad, gave him many new ideas. From 1785 to 1789 he was ambassador to France, and during that time his official duties led him to the different courts of Europe, and gave him a breadth of culture which very few Americans of his time possessed. Upon his return he imported many works of art and a large amount of furniture.

A FRENCHMAN'S TRIBUTE

The extent to which, in point of beauty and architectural design, this mansion stood out in contrast to others of the period may be judged from the following quotation from the writings of the accomplished major-general, the Marquis de Chasteloux, a member of the French Academy, and one of the commanders of the French army in America. In speaking of Monticello, he says: "This house, of which Mr. Jefferson was the architect and often one of the workmen, is extremely elegant and in the Italian taste, though not without fault. It consists of a large, square pavilion, the entrance to which is by two porticos, ornamented with pillars. The ground-floor consists chiefly of a very large, lofty salon, which is decorated entirely in antique style; above it is a library of the same form. Two wings, with only a ground-floor and attic story, are joined to the pavilion and communicate with the kitchen, offices, etc., which form a kind of basement story over which runs a terrace. My object in this short description is only to show the difference between this and other houses of the country, for we may safely aver that Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted fine arts to know how to shelter himself from the weather."

At the time of Jefferson's death, in 1826, his family had been more or less scattered, and those remaining in Virginia found themselves in possession of two large estates, Edge Hill, the Randolph home, inherited through Jefferson's mother, and Monticello. They concluded to sell the latter, and the day of sale was fixed.

Commodore Uriah P. Levy, then a young officer in the United States navy, had been a great admirer of Jefferson, and was very anxious to own Monticello.



FIRST-FLOOR PLAN

On his way to attend the sale, he stopped in Washington and called on President Jackson, acquainting him with the object of his trip South and his indecision as to whether he should really make the purchase or not. President Jackson said:

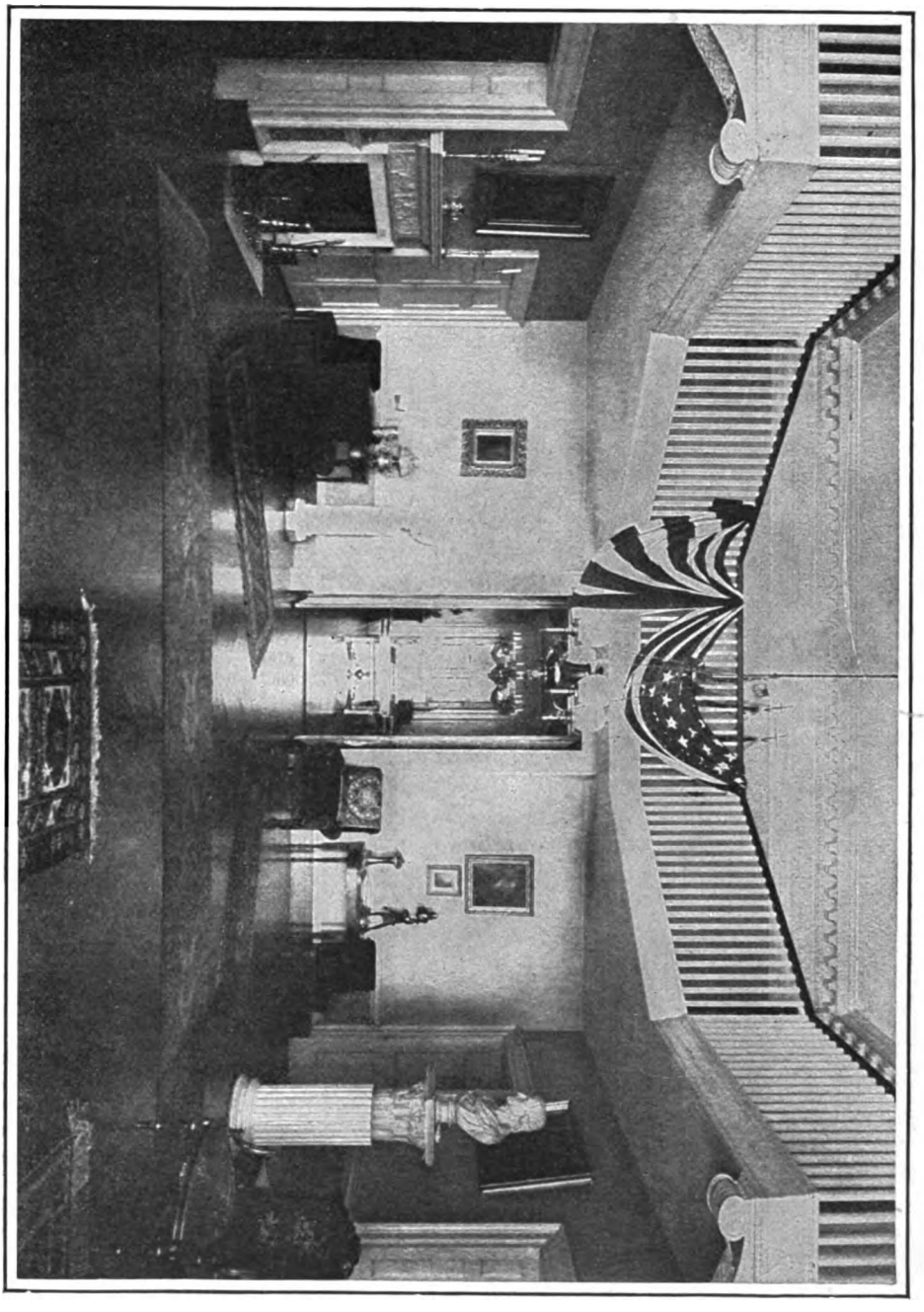
"I order you to do so."

To which Mr. Levy saluted and replied:

"As my superior officer, I obey your command."

It was thus that Monticello came into possession of the Levy

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ENTRANCE HALL, LOOKING WEST

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family, where it has remained ever since. Four years later Mr. Levy presented the government with the beautiful bronze statue of Jefferson, by David, which now adorns the rotunda of the capitol at Washington.

THE CONFEDERATES AT MONTICELLO

At the time of the Civil War, Monticello was confiscated by the Confederate government, as being the property of a ranking officer in the Union navy. The house was closed and the furniture sold and scattered. For some time after the war was ended, the place remained deserted, but when the present owner, Congressman Jefferson M. Levy, of New York City, came into possession of the property, he at once began to restore the building and grounds to their original shape. The house was in very bad repair. The roof had leaked, plastering had fallen, and everything within the walls was thoroughly soaked.

No effort has been spared by Mr. Levy to make it as nearly as possible as it was in the time of its original owner. Every piece of furniture and work of art that could be procured was bought back, and the house is now in perfect condition.

Monticello is on the summit of the mountain, and the ground is comparatively clear of trees immediately around the building. The approach is by a winding road through the woods, which cover the base of the mountain on all sides. There are no fences, gates, or any other protection from intruders than the natural site. The house is very deceptive in size. As one approaches from the west, it looks like a one-story building, surmounted with a low dome. In point of fact, the house contains over thirty rooms, and is three stories in height, the windows in the top rooms being small dormers, concealed behind a balustrade running around the roof.

The exterior is of red brick, laid with white mortar. The large porticos on the east and west fronts are supported on large wooden columns of the Doric order. A wooden cornice, also Doric, runs entirely around the building. The verandas at the ends, that at the south end being inclosed in glass, are formed by a sort of arcade of brick.

THE GROUND PLAN

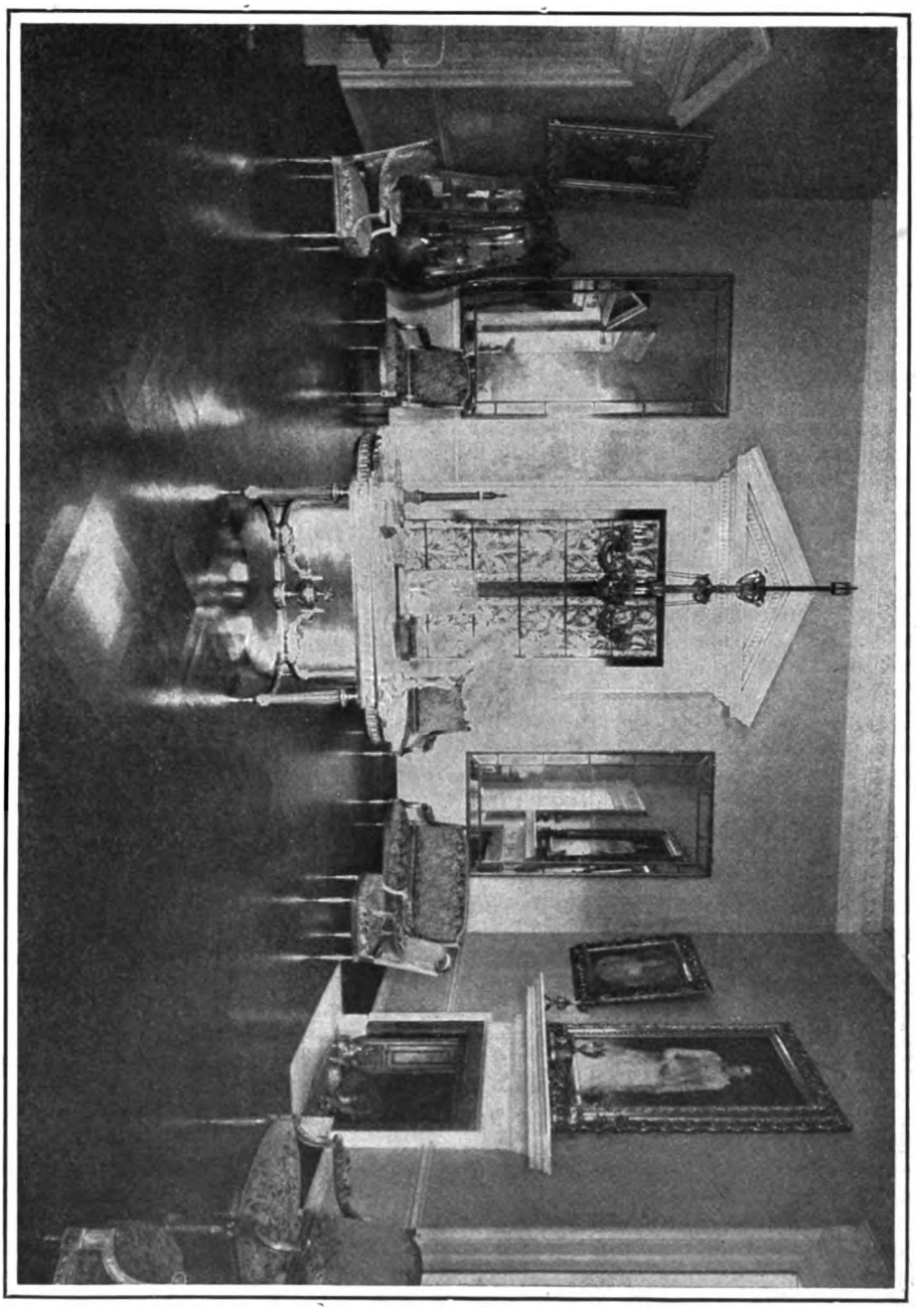
In plan the house is very simple, and in general lines has formed a model for many other Virginia homes. Under a large portico we enter the hall, a room two stories in height, with a gallery running around three sides of it on the level of the second story to connect the rooms on both sides. Mr. Jefferson has been criticised for not putting his stairs in this hall, but in comparatively inconspicuous places in the wings. In point of fact, the stairs were originally here, but were removed, as they were considered to take up too much available room. Directly opposite the front door is the entrance to the salon, an apartment the same width and height as the hall, and considerably longer.



THE DINING-ROOM

This room is considered one of the best examples of extremely simple colonial interiors. It is very beautiful in its proportions, and in the simple dignity of its furnishings. We notice here the

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THE SALON, LOOKING WEST

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genuine Louis XVI. furniture and mirrors, probably the first ever imported to this country. The floor of these rooms is laid in ten-inch squares of cherry, with a border of beech. The pattern is Jefferson's own, and it is as good to-day as when it was laid. These rooms also contained many works of art, some of which it has been impossible to secure. In Jefferson's time, busts of Napoleon, Voltaire, Druyot, Hamilton, Alexander of Russia, and Jefferson himself, also portraits of Washington, Franklin, Adams, Bacon, and many others, adorned the walls of these two apartments.

From the main hall, passages extend to the veranda at the north and south ends of the building, and from which open the other rooms on the first floor. The stairs are in these passages, one at each end of the building.

The rooms on the west side, the dining-room, tea-room, and Mr. Jefferson's own bedroom, on the opposite side of the salon from the dining-room, are higher than those on the east side.

The south veranda is inclosed in glass, and here Jefferson had his work-bench, at which he would seek in physical effort the relaxation he required from his mental activity.

THE BEDROOMS

The bedrooms on the east side of the house are as shown on plan. Those opposite the dining and tea rooms are called the Madison and Monroe chambers, as it was in these rooms that Madison and Monroe always slept when visiting Monticello. The second floor contains eight chambers, two of which are called the Adams and Lafayette chambers because they had at one time occupied the rooms. The room in the dome is very lofty, and was originally designed as a billiard-room, but before the completion of the building a law was enacted in Virginia prohibiting the use of billiard-tables in both public and private establishments, and so the room was never used for its original purpose, and has always been called the ball-room. The kitchens, laundries, offices, wine-cellars, servants' quarters, etc., are in the basement of the house, and under a sort of terrace, and connect conveniently with the north veranda.

In the development of the American home, Monticello is a distinct step in advance of anything that had preceded it, and it is interesting to note that we are indebted for this step to a man so noted in other fields than that of architecture.

JEFFERSON'S CHARACTER

Mr. Jefferson possessed sufficient strength of character to be unhampered by tradition or fashion, and sufficient means to carry out his ideas—the former certainly to a very large degree; and, like all strong men, he had his strong friends and bitter enemies. Virginia was at that time perhaps the only state that harbored to any great extent class distinctions; but the landed proprietors, coming, as they did, from England with means, did everything in their power to establish a social system similar to that of the mother country. This Jefferson did his best to overthrow, and his democratic principles were anything but agreeable doctrine to exponents of the traditions of the F. F. V.

Monticello distinctly shows the individuality of the mind that originally conceived and executed the consistent scheme we observe, and stands as one of the very few examples of colonial homes that have been preserved intact for the present generaton. We make history so rapidly that a building a hundred and twenty-five years old is a classic, and few realize how unusual it is for an estate to be handed down in only two families for so long a time. Monticello is also a mansion most closely connected with the political history of this country, and we must all feel grateful that it is in the possession of a man who respects its traditions and associations, appreciates its beauty, and maintains the place as a monument to the character and taste of one of the founders of this republic.

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Questions and Answers

The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Whenever the address is given and stamps are inclosed, replies will be sent by mail within three weeks.

Colors for a Summer Cottage

I would be pleased to have your advice on painting a two-story frame cottage with mansard roof, which is on an inside lot, with houses on either side. I would like, also, suggestions for a scheme of coloring for woodwork, walls, and ceilings of parlor, living-room, dining-room, and bedroom. The woodwork and floors are pine and have been painted. The ceilings are ten feet high. Where shall I place picture molding?

The parlor has reddish-brown marble mantel with hearth across corner. For this room I have mahogany piano, chairs, and table, and an oriental rug in soft old red and blue.

The living-room will have bookcases, writing desk, small lamp stand, and Morris chair, all in antique oak. A box-couch is covered with a Navajo blanket in gay colors, red, yellow, white, and green. I have a pair of brocaded silk portières in a deep old rose with fleur-de-lis in gold color and dark shades, which I would like to use at the bedroom opening. How should the bay windows be curtained? What color for window shades? I had thought of white muslin curtains uniformly through the house.

The dining-room has oak furniture, chairs with seats of brown leather, and a rug in green and brown. I have some blue china. This room is badly lighted.

For bedroom I have black walnut furniture, plain and handsome; a rug, woven of Brussels carpet in dark blue, olive, and white. The house will have electric lights. How shall I arrange fixtures for each room?

Chicago. E. L. H.

The color of your summer cottage should be largely determined by the color of the surrounding houses. Gray with white "trim" and roof, blinds and doors of dark green would be an excellent color scheme, and one that would scarcely offend, no matter what the environment.

Woodwork and floors painted green throughout the lower part of the house could be effective and inexpensive. For the parlor a large-figured paper in reddish browns and greens is advised. The designs made by Sanderson, at Chiswick, are especially good. Gobelin-blue burlap or cartridge paper is suggested for the living-room furnished in antique oak. The old rose in rugs and hangings would blend delightfully with the color of the walls. For the dining-room yellow or saffron in plain tone, or in a figured paper of two shades would be attractive and would lighten the room considerably. A colonial paper in blue and olive would be pleasing in the bedroom and would harmonize with the scheme in the living-room.

With walls ten feet in height the molding should be placed at the cornice line. Shades should be alike at all the windows. Green would harmonize with the exterior and combine well with the different rooms. In the living-room, hung in gobelin-blue, the shades should not be drawn in the daytime. Curtains of muslin hanging from rods at the top of window and outer draperies of blue with design in old rose would shade the room sufficiently. White muslin curtains would be effective at all the windows and in keeping with the simplicity you desire. The bay windows could have a valance with silk hangings of whatever material you select. Fixtures for electric lights should be placed at the side rather than in the center of the room, and should be as plain as possible.

For a Bachelor Girl

Two rooms which I now occupy are soon to have walls and ceiling decorated, and I beg to ask what color or combination of colors you would suggest.

The larger room will be my sitting-room, and the smaller one a bedroom. Do you advise papering both rooms alike, and how would you place the furniture?

For the bedroom I have a green enamel and brass bed, with spread, valance, etc., of Brussels net over yellow; a mahogany chiffonier, and chairs, and also a large box, covered with imitation Bagdad, which can be placed under the three windows for a seat. I think I shall close door opening into hall, which will give more room, and use only door from sitting-room into hall. The windows have shades and net curtains, and the general color scheme is yellow.

For the sitting-room, I have a Davenport upholstered in green velours, Persian pattern; about a dozen pillows in various colors; combination writing-desk and bookcase, in the bookcase part of which I keep both books and dishes, glasses, chafing dish, etc., as I get up

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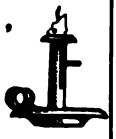
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

quite a number of lunches; also, chairs, table, and taboret with palm. Furniture all golden oak. Advise me about colored shades and lamps.

Over the hall door in parlor is a transom which I should like to cover or decorate in some way.

Would you advise draperies over doors into clothespress and hall, and if so, what kind? I now have sort of a shell-pink damask between the two rooms, but am willing to get new ones if the color is not right. What shall I do with the windows? I now have shades and net curtains.

The woodwork is a light oak. Kindly advise me about rugs. Can you recommend an easy chair instead of a Morris?

I desire my room in some color or colors that will light up prettily, whether with a subdued or strong light, as I am only in my rooms evenings. I expect to have a little ebony table made to hold my chafing dish.

Rochester, N. Y. A. T. W.

We would advise the same general color scheme for your two connecting rooms, and as you are at home evenings and not during the day, we give you a somewhat different scheme than we otherwise would. Red is not satisfactory by the usual artificial light, and blue loses depth at night, while green is at its best by day. Old rose would be excellent for your rooms, and so would yellow if properly toned down. We would favor old rose in your case—a plain wall-paper for the sitting-room and a figured one in old rose and ivory for the bedroom. The Bagdad covering could not be retained and an old rose counterpane should be substituted for the yellow one.

Side lamps give a pleasanter light than central ones, and kerosene is preferable to gas.

Colored shades in both rooms would be better than white shades. Artistic shades are difficult to find in inexpensive materials. We have seen, however, a few good ones in plain colors that were agreeable in tone and not costly. Some of the perforated shades of copper and brass made by the arts and crafts societies would be charming in your rooms.

The transom could be covered with silk, plain or figured. We do not advise draperies at any of the doors except at the wide opening between the rooms. Nothing cheapens a room so much as the use of many portières. We have seen some houses otherwise quite attractive that were commonplace and tawdry through the abuse of the portière.

We cannot determine whether or not you should discard the pink damask draperies. They may accord perfectly with the old rose color scheme and they may be atrocious. The Morris chair is purely a matter of personal preference. If you like it and the coloring is good, hold to it; if not, use something else. Your net curtains, if of an ivory white, are just what you wish. Oriental rugs, in which dull pink predominates, are advised for the floors, and mahogany for the chafing-dish table rather than ebony.

"SUCCESSFUL HOUSES" is full of valuable suggestions on the decoration of the home.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Hard Wood

Will you advise as to wood, coloring, etc., in two new rooms, which we are adding to an old house. The frontage, when addition is put on, will be seventy-eight feet, house standing in a large lot and one hundred feet from street. We are obliged to ceil and wainscot both rooms; wood, cypress; rooms to be 18 by 26 feet. The effect is decidedly box-like when varnished in natural color. If stained and not right, the expanse of color is appalling. The whole house is finished in white paint which, with plaster tinted, is all right, but the problem of an entire wood room is hard to manage successfully. The upper room is a sleeping-room, lower a billiard-room.

St. Augustine, Fla. A. J. M.

In the two rooms of your house wainscoted and ceiled with cypress we should not advise staining the woodwork. If carefully treated, the rooms would not seem box-like, but quite novel and unusual. For the billiard-room we suggest a strong, deep green. Green Terry should be used on the floor, held in place by huge copper nails, the bare floor of cypress showing a margin a foot wide. If there is any wall space above the high wainscoting, this should be left in rough plaster and stained green. If the cypress extends to the ceiling a good effect would be gained by building long settles into the room and staining them like the rest of the furniture—a deep green.

The bedroom would be attractive with chintz curtains in pink and ivory with brass or white enamel iron bed and Raffia furniture.

Plan for a Summer Cottage

When you learn that I have been an enthusiastic reader of your periodical, you will appreciate how impossible it is for me to permit a friend to build a conventionally bad cottage amid as artistic surroundings as our country affords—Tallulah Falls, Georgia. It is a Switzerland in miniature. With this I send a rough plan of her idea, hoping that your skill will put it into attractive form. Although she wishes the cost to be within seven hundred dollars, and prefers a square house principally for economy's sake, labor here is cheap and pine and boulders are to be had in abundance. The house will have no cellar, second-story, kitchen, or servants' rooms, and under these circumstances seven hundred dollars ought to do much. The lot covers nearly three quarters of an acre. She wishes but one chimney, and has divided the hall by it, having a fireplace front and back, the latter to be used as a day nursery. The bedrooms are to be about sixteen feet square, double windows opening from top to bottom instead of French windows on account of the screens. She wishes a wide-roofed porch across the front, with an unroofed porch at each side. From time to time you have published attractive summer cottages—exteriors and interiors. Could you not select some suitable and send soon as

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

possible. A log house is her wish but the contractor is unwilling to attempt it.

Athens, Ga. S. L. I.

The suggestions in the letter received are exceedingly good and the drawing of the first floor is admirable. We send you an illustration taken from THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL of May, 1900. This is a more expensive house than you are contemplating, but the low projecting roof, the stone foundation, the shingled sides, and wide porches could be charmingly adapted to your conditions. There are several books which would be of use to you. "Cottages with Practical Suggestions for Cottage Building," A. W. Bruner, architect, published by W. T. Comstock, Astor Place, New York, is one, and "Home for Home Builders," by David W. King, architect, is another.

A Dining-Room

I would like to consult you about a dining-room which I wish to change. It is a northwest room, and not very light. There are many doors which can't be disposed of.

Jamaica Plain, Mass. L. E. K.

Your dining-room, which presents several difficulties, has some charming possibilities. With so many doors, the room should have more windows in order to be well balanced. Two of the doors having glass panes help matters considerably, and these can be treated in a way to improve the proportions of the room. With the walls and ceiling toned a deep yellow, the woodwork, including mantel, painted a dark green, the window and the panes in the two doors curtained in yellow like the side walls, dark green filling on the floor with rugs in harmonious shades the room would be quite transformed. The curtains in the doors should be fastened at the upper and lower edges of panes with small brass rods. Outer hangings of green denim lined with yellow could be used if desired at the windows. A little deep-blue china would be exceedingly effective in this room.

Slate or Shingles

I am building a residence and intend to shingle the sides of the house and stain the shingles Indian red with buff or cream trimmings. My architect insists upon a slate roof and it is a question with us and with our friends as to whether a slate roof is appropriate with the shingle sides; and further than this, inasmuch as slate is of a bluish color, it is a question whether it will harmonize with Indian red side walls. Of course we realize the fact that a moss-green roof is more appropriate with Indian-red side walls, but would like to know your opinion as to whether a bluish slate roof would be in keeping with the Indian-red side walls.

Emporia, Kan. S. H. W.

We agree with you that a moss-green roof would be more appropriate on your house with walls of Indian-red than a slate one of bluish gray. There is no reason why the slate should

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

not be painted green and thus solve the color problem. The architect doubtless considers a slate roof more durable than a shingled one and on this point he is quite right. Slate is frequently painted, and we think you would violate no laws of house building in giving your roof the desired coat of green. Yet the shingled roof would certainly be more fitting and effective.

Grille and Hangings

Perhaps you can give me some ideas as to how to decorate four rooms. In my hall I have a wilton carpet in olive-green, brown, and black. The woodwork throughout all the rooms is natural oak. The hall and dining-room have a wainscoting three feet high. The ceilings are ten feet and a half high. Should I have a frieze in all the rooms? There are no doors in the openings between the hall and parlor, and between the parlor and library. I wish to paper them in different colors and buy new carpets. I expected to use different shades of green in the hall and parlor, and to put tapestry paper in red and blue in the library. What hangings shall I use? At present I have no hangings between the parlor and the library, but I have a grille, one foot deep in the center and three feet on the sides.

The furniture in the parlor is covered with brocade, but I shall have it recovered or buy new furniture. Which would you advise?

The dark dining-room troubles me most. At present I have a plain ingrain paper in buff with a deep frieze in blue. I would like a change in color. I need new curtains for all the rooms. What would you suggest?

Meadville, Pa. J. D. D.

Your hall would be effective hung in olive-green burlap with the parlor opening from the hall hung in a large-figured paper in greens. For the library, instead of a tapestry paper in red and blue, we would prefer a plain Indian-red, either burlap or cartridge paper with a rug in which dull reds predominate. We would advise bare floors throughout the lower part of the house rather than carpets. Soft wood, if properly treated, will take an excellent mahogany stain. Your rooms opening into each other

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

as they do, without doors, would be much easier to treat in an artistic manner if carpets were not used. Your preference for plain filling is a good one if the bare floors be an impossibility, and the present arrangement of carpeting several rooms alike is a wise one.

With rooms ten and a half feet high friezes should not be used and the molding should be placed at the cornice line. The ceilings should be a tone lighter than the side walls. For the dark dining-room we would suggest a warm yellow with the wainscoting, plate-rail, and furniture, stained Flemish oak.

Curtains of sheer muslin or colonial net would be appropriate at all the windows except those in the dining-room; the hall and parlor to have outer hangings of plain green, and the library similar ones in Indian red. In the dining-room an English muslin in a large design in yellow, a deep orange, and a green would be attractive—the curtains hanging from the top of window to the edge of sill without further drapery.

The wide openings in your rooms are difficult to treat satisfactorily. We have often wished that architects would plan doors that are frankly doors, and not leave these great arches that can seldom be effectively treated. We do not care for grilles, and without a grille the length of portière is appalling. The best plan would be to remove the grilles and throw all the rooms together, planning as harmonious a color scheme for the whole floor as possible. If this spoils the privacy of the library a portière should be hung between that room and the parlor. Our preference is decidedly for a plain portière. With a figured wall, the plain hanging is a relief to the eye, and with a plain wall, it becomes part of the room and does not have the effect of a patch or spot of color. As you do not give the shade of the brocade used in your parlor furniture we cannot advise you about retaining it. Mahogany upholstered in green velour or corduroy with one or two pieces in green and old rose brocade would blend with the proposed scheme.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

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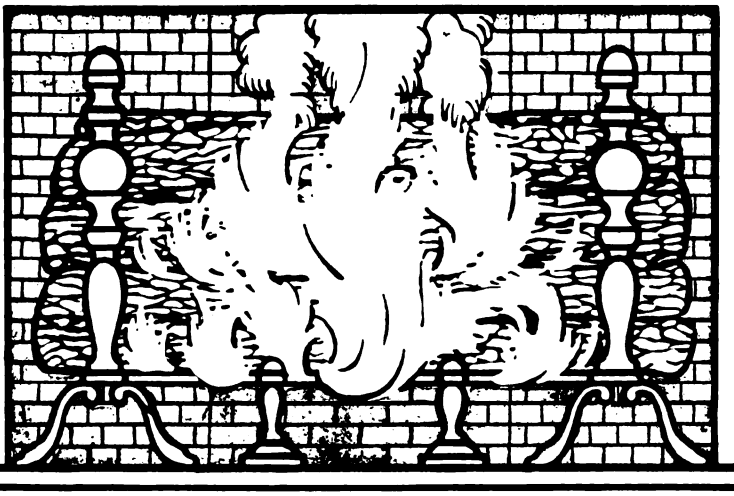
"SUCCESSFUL HOUSES" gives the best advise on interior decoration.

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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

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FOR ALL PEOPLE WHO HAVE
HOMES

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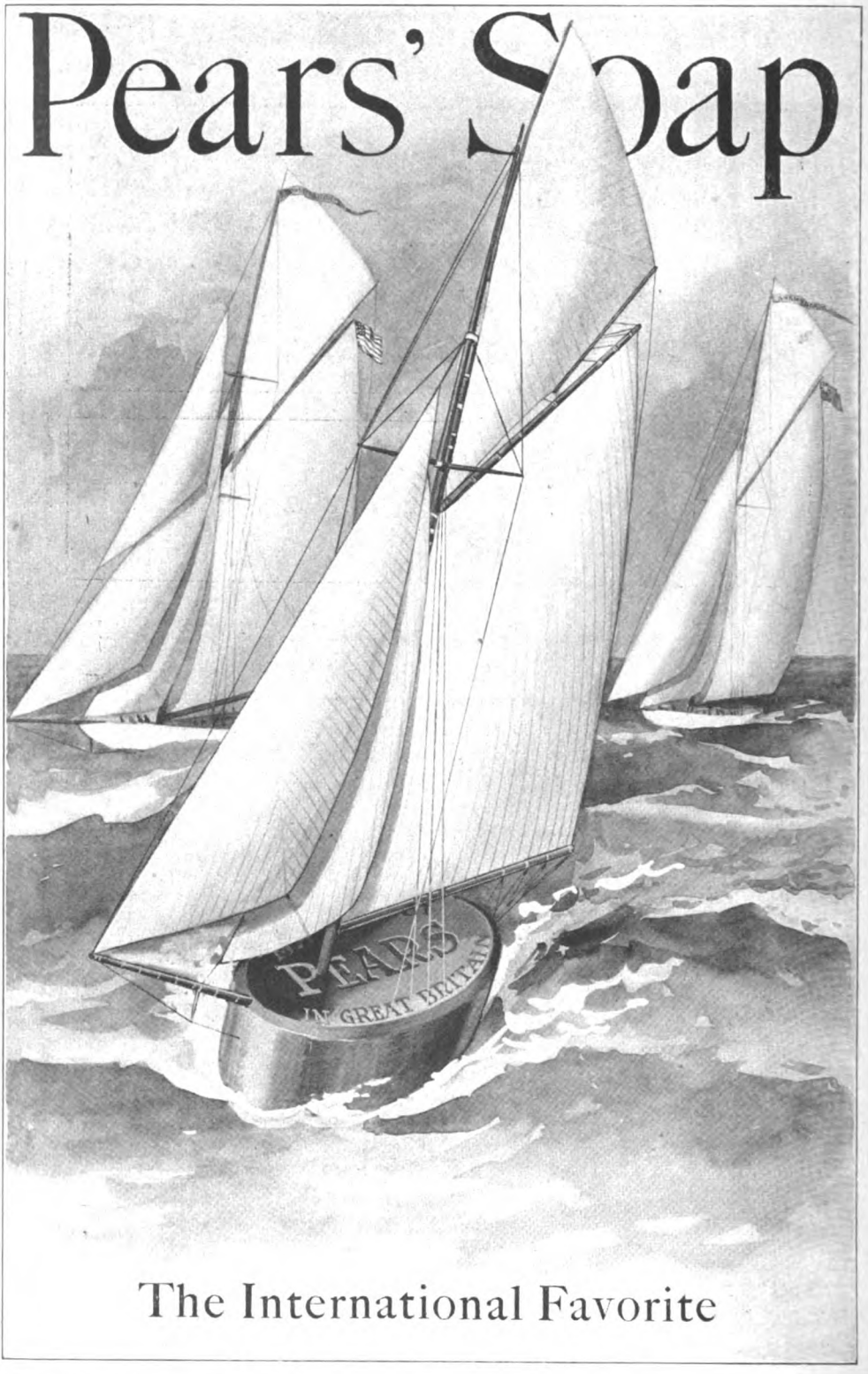


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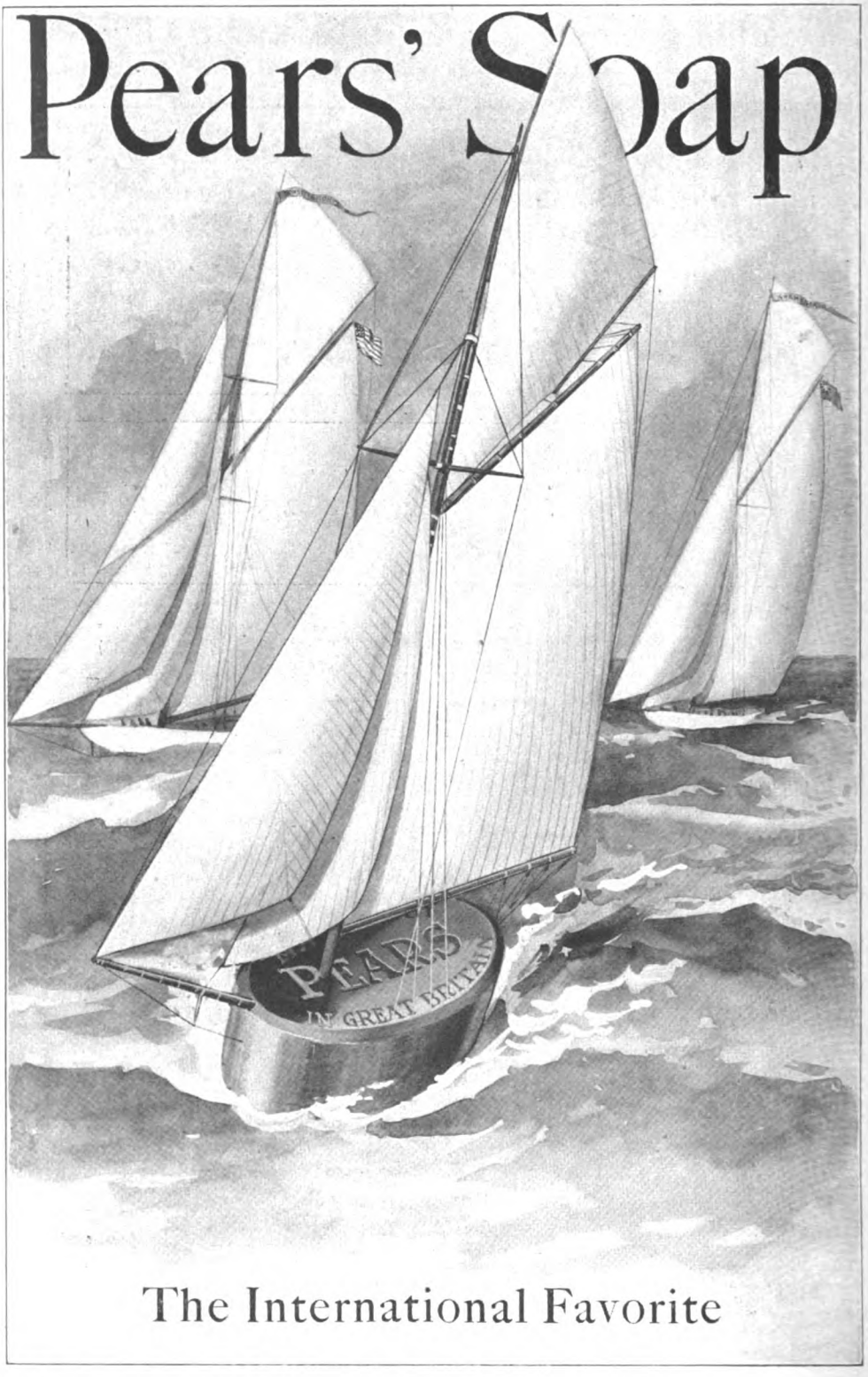
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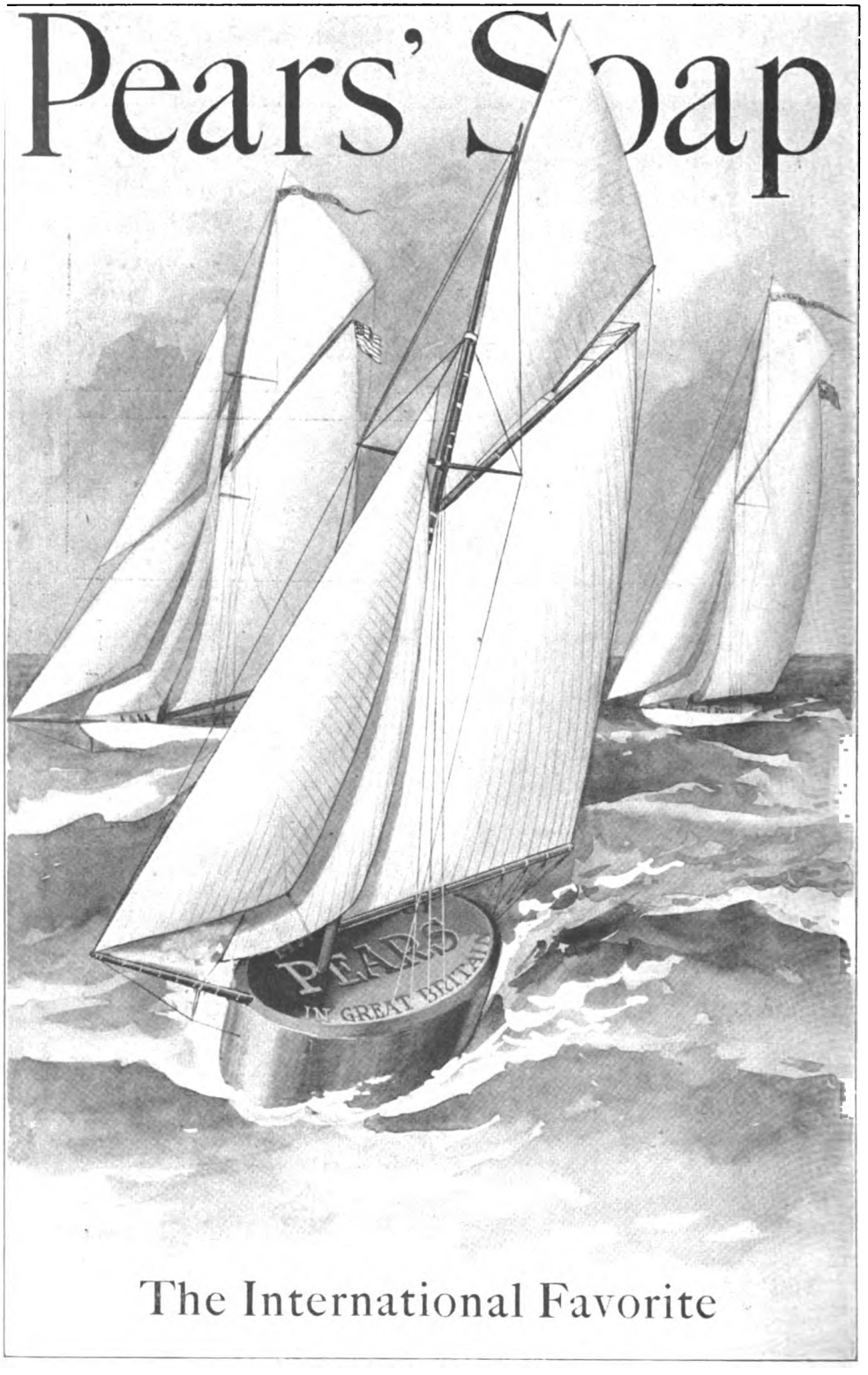


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The House Beautiful

VOLUME TEN SEPTEMBER, 1901 NUMBER FOUR

BLENHEIM PALACE, THE HOME OF THE MARLBOROUGHS

AMONG the almost numberless magnificent, historic, and stately English country seats, Blenheim, in Oxfordshire, the seat of the Marlborough family, is undoubtedly the greatest. To Americans is it especially interesting because an American girl, Consuelo Vanderbilt, is the present duchess, and her magnificent hospitality in this historic house has brought the place into notice many times. Edward VII., when he was Prince of Wales, visited the palace, and the most elaborate plans were made and carried out on this occasion. With its superb park and surrounding estate, its collections, paintings, and furniture, Blenheim is a modern luxurious home as well as an historic pile.



It claims precedence over even such estates as Chatsworth, Welbeek, and Belvoir because of its famous origin, its stately character, and the greatness of the vast domain. The splendor of the victories of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, the brilliant triumphs won within a period of little more than five years, had no parallel in history. They raised the fame of Marlborough to the highest pitch, and his countrymen were proud to recognize in him one of the greatest generals the world has ever seen. There were things in his career that were discreditable, but even the shame of his disclosure of the expedition to Camaret Bay was forgotten, and the rude rhyme of the patriotic Briton expressed his profound admiration of

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"Jack of Marlborough,
Who beat the Frenchmen thorough and thorough."

while the story of how "Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre" spread its sounding note through France. The sanguinary character of the victory of Malplaquet, and the terrible cost in blood of the siege warfare that followed, not to speak of political circumstances at home, did, indeed, dim the duke's popularity; but Blenheim palace is the tribute to the first great victory from which it takes its name. The royal domain of Woodstock was settled upon the Duke of Marlborough and his heirs male and female in 1704, but it had been famous long before his time.

FAIR ROSAMUND'S BOWER

The region was fair and beautiful, and the Plantagenet kings had delighted in their house there. At Woodstock Henry I. built a palace, and in that vast park was wont to chase the deer. There, too, he had strange beasts, says Holinshed, to wit, lions, leopards, lynxes, and porcupines. But Woodstock was far more famous for its secret bower, where Henry II. installed Fair Rosamund. Here were doubtless all the delights of a mediæval garden, approached, probably, by a maze; but whatever its nature—and some would give it stone and timber and a hundred and fifty doors—it was a bower the like of which no man had seen. Only by the clue of the silken thread could the dwelling of fair, frail Rosamund be reached, though of dagger and poisoned cup we hear, and of how "angered Eleanor" penetrated therein, and drove out her rival to refuge at Godstow, where she died and was buried—still as the chroniclers say—with the epitaph above her, "Hâc jacet in tumbâ rosa mundi non rosa munda."

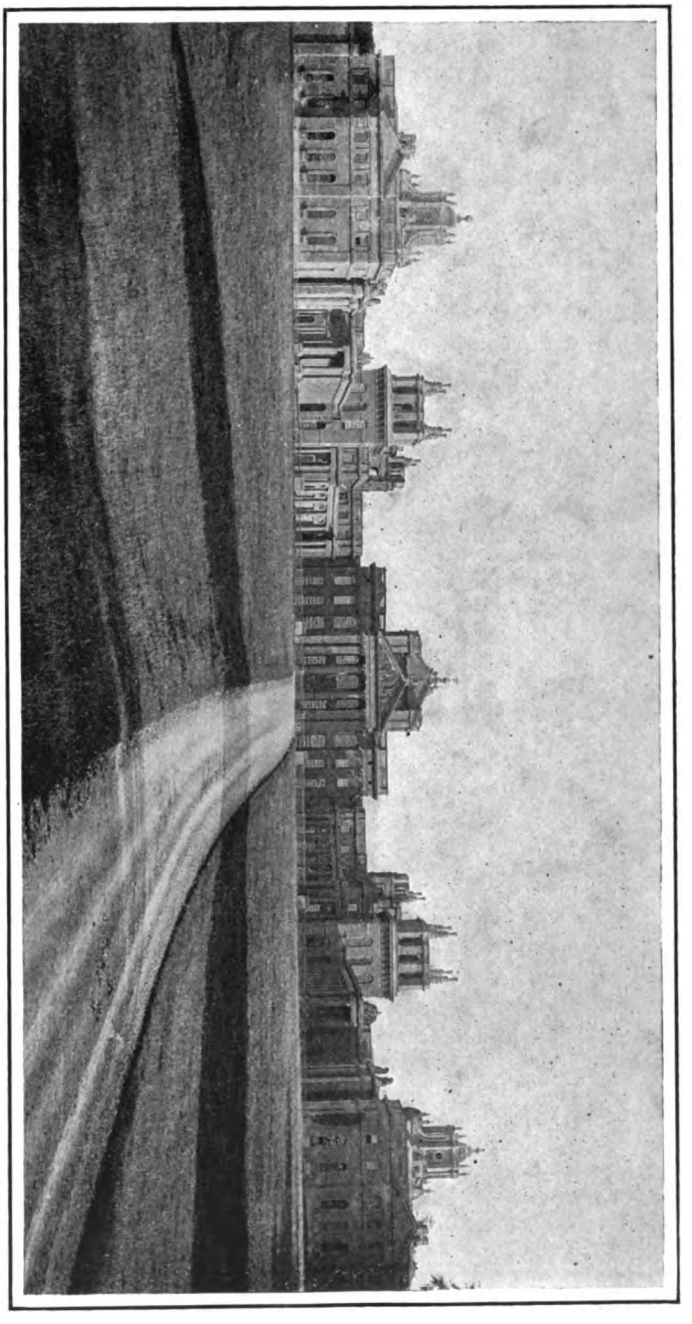
When the architect Vanbrugh was building Blenheim he found that, many as came to see the palace that was being reared for Marlborough, none went away without demanding where the bower of Rosamund had been. The romantic legend has in fact always had a fascination for the imagination of the people. It had none, however, for the masterful Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Vanbrugh would have preserved as much as remained of the royal palace as a picturesque ruin, but she would hear no argument upon that point, and so of the famous abode not one vestige, it is sad to relate, now remains.

THE BUILDING OF BLENHEIM

The story of the building of Blenheim is full of the quarrels between Sarah and Vanbrugh. The sum of half a million sterling, which was to be devoted by Parliament to the erection of Marlborough's palace, was never wholly paid. The careful duke would not willingly consent to the expending of a penny in advance of the treasury warrants, and "Atossa" took a delight in thwarting the architect. Petty squabbles marred the progress of the work, and when at length a lawsuit in regard to the money had ended unfavorably to the duke, the completion of Blenheim fell upon his estate. He died without ever having really inhabited the house that had been raised for his glory, expressing to the very end the fondest affection—strange as it may appear under the circumstances—for that very extraordinary woman, his wife. Vanbrugh bitterly says that he left her ten thousand pounds a year "to spoil Blenheim in her own way," and twelve thousand pounds a year "to keep herself clean and go to law."

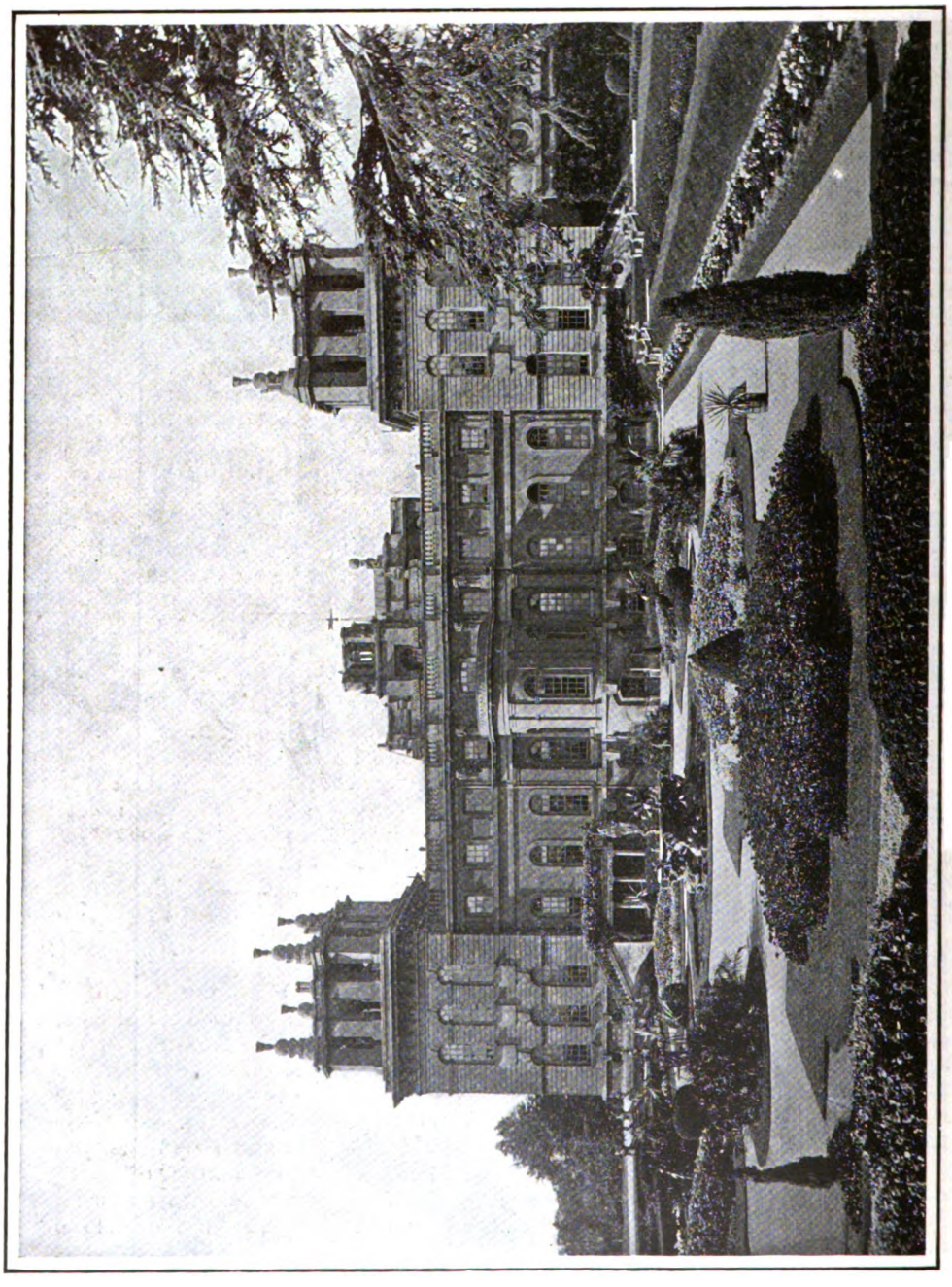
But to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the fallen favorite of Queen Anne, belongs the credit of having completed Blenheim, nevertheless. She determined to finish the palace, and she succeeded. If it was spoiled at all, it was by Vanbrugh. Sarah—though it is difficult to gauge her actual feelings towards her husband—was resolved to glorify his name. The proud inscription upon the portico, "Europæ hæc vindex alta Britanno," expresses her view of his achievements, and though she lived about a quarter of a century after his death, she never married again, and was at pains that his life should be written

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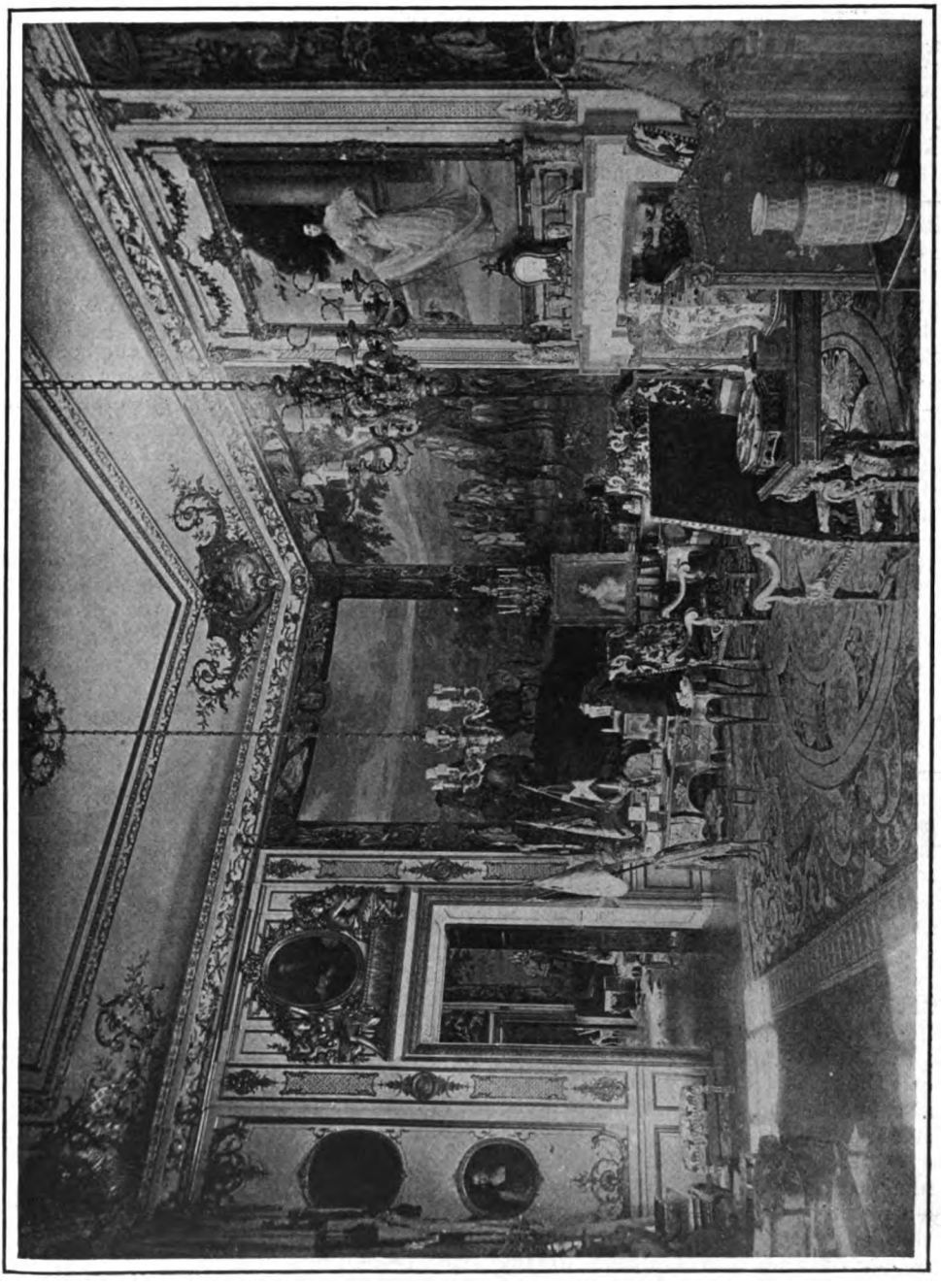
BLENHEIM PALACE, THE HOME OF THE MARLBOROUGHS

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THE EAST FRONT AND ITALIAN GARDENS

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FIRST STATE APARTMENT

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well and to her mind, without "one line of verse," of which she had heard too much.

THE IMPOSING ARCHITECTURE

Blenheim is considered the masterpiece of Vanbrugh. We cannot but recognize in it a strength of line and an imposing breadth of conception and character well suited to the conditions of such a place. On the other hand, it is universally admitted to be exceedingly heavy and monotonous in effect. Pope bitterly said:

"I never saw so great a thing with so much littleness in it; I think the architect built it entirely in complaisance to the taste of its owners, for it is the most inhospitable thing imaginable, and the most selfish; it has, like their own hearts, no room for strangers, and no reception for any person of superior quality to themselves."

There are many splendid apartments in the palace, notably the hall, which extends the whole height of the building, with the ceiling by Thornhill, representing the battle of Blenheim in an allegory; the great dining-room, the salon, whose ceiling and walls are a masterpiece of Laguerre; the state drawing-room, the great library, from which the fine collection has been dispersed, like many of the more famous pictures that once adorned the house; and the chapel, where the duke and duchess are entombed.

THE PARK AND TREES

But the splendor of Blenheim is not in the building alone. The great extent and noble character of the park and the trees, the great lake begemming the landscape, the imposing bridge, and the lofty column—all contribute to make a truly splendid domain. The park and gardens require more space than can be given in this article, but it deserves to be noticed how perfectly suitable is the character of the surroundings to the palace they enshrine. The lake is a delightful feature in the landscape. There was a time when a slender brook ran under the great bridge, and when the satirist could write:

"The arch his high ambition shows,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows."

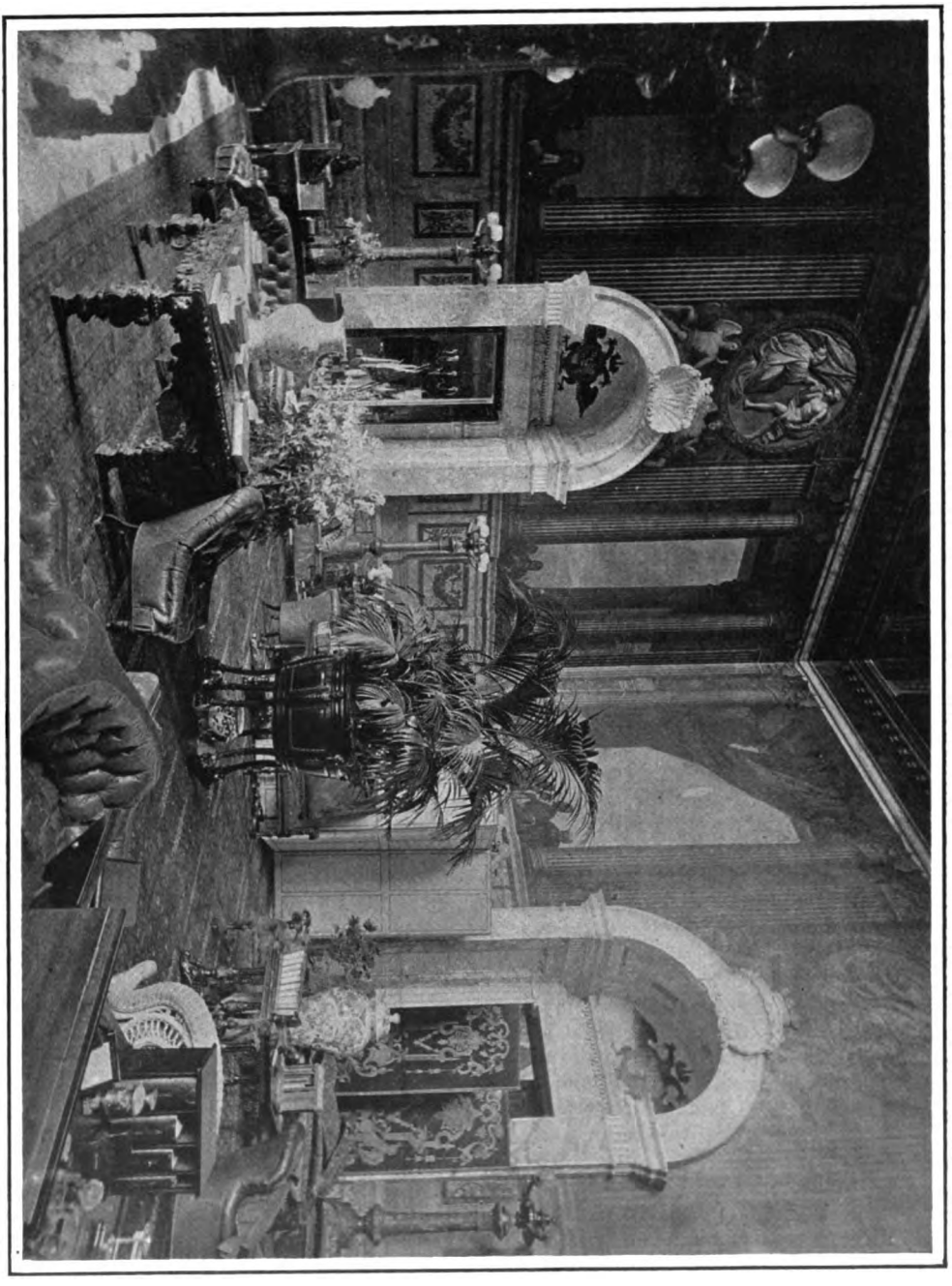
But long ago, as Boswell said to Johnson in 1776, the epigram was "drowned," for Brown, one of our greatest landscape gardeners, extended the glassy sheet that reflects the arch and fills the vale.

At Blenheim we contemplate a building and a park that are severally masterpieces in their way. If Vanbrugh may be said to have enjoyed an unrivaled opportunity in designing the palace, Brown had never so favorable a scene for the display of his powers. It is true that the character of the landscape lent itself to the effects he loved to produce, which were those arising from broad expanses of turf, well-placed groups of trees, and sheets of glassy water; but no point escaped him, and the most satisfactory thing about Blenheim is, that while we enjoy beauty produced by the invisible hand of art, we are altogether unconscious of the means by which it works. But the interesting character and many beauties of the park and gardens of Blenheim merit some study in detail, and they shall be further illustrated and described. Happily the present Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are devoted to the pleasure of outdoor life, and the surroundings of their historic home are well cared for and maintained in a state that may, without exaggeration, be described as one of perfection.

THE LARGE ESTATE

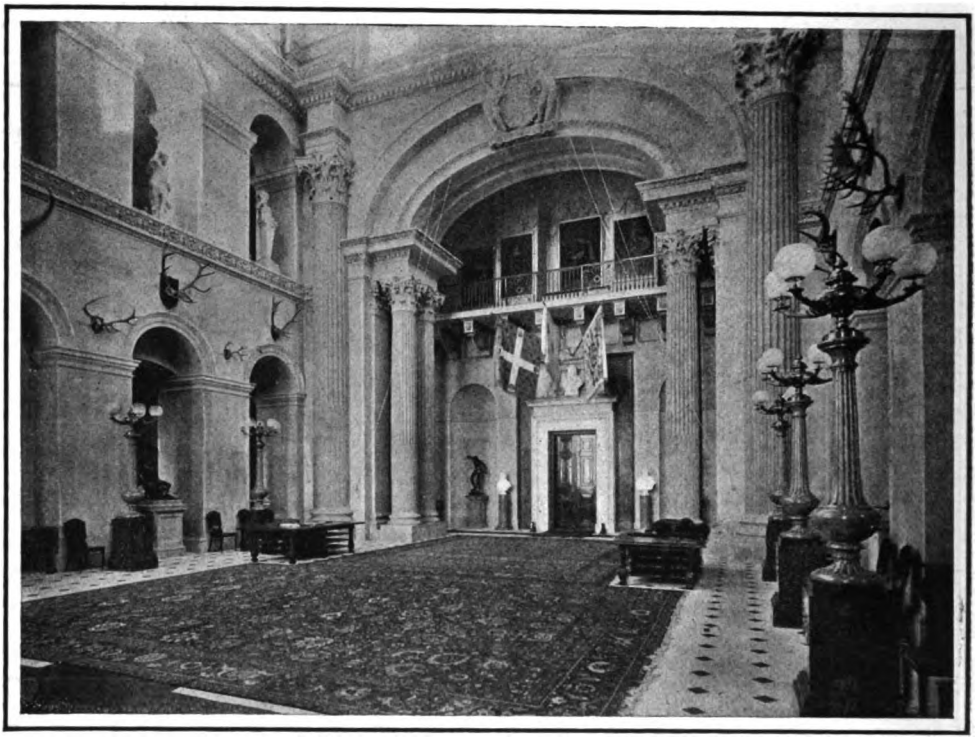
The natural beauty of the Woodstock country has done much for the charm of the Blenheim park, which has two thousand seven hundred acres and a circuit of nine miles. The stately trees have been selected for their color, form, and suitability to the places they occupy; they are planted broadly in belts and groups, without crowding, and in such a manner as to enforce or relieve, as the case may be, the features of the landscape; there are great expanses of turf

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THE GRAND SALON

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THE GRAND HALL

upon the undulating surfaces, and the palace gains in its imposing effect as it is disclosed amid the foliage, while from the building itself most beautiful views are opened out, and the great lake has been formed in the happiest manner, and is, in fact, the keynote of the whole landscape.

The palace is usually approached by the triumphal arch, built the year after the great duke's death. When the lake is reached it is impossible for the visitor to withhold admiration from the effect produced by the glassy sheet, the rich woodland, and the imposing mansion beyond. Two trees near the beautiful classic bridge are said to mark the site of the royal mansion of Woodstock and of Fair Rosamund's Bower. There are fine views of the water and the woods from the bridge, but as the visitor advances, the prospects grow more extensive, and presently the splendid old cedars, which are one of the glories of Blenheim, are reached, their deep green plumy foliage being strikingly relieved by the lighter hues of varied deciduous foliage. Such contrasts are often found, but the effect is seldom so striking as at Blenheim. The ground rises beyond to the memorial column to the great duke, 134 feet high, which bears his statue at the top and the sounding record of his triumphs round its base. From this point there is a magnificent view over the park, with glimpses of the larger lake viewed amid the richest woodland, while individual trees or groups diversify the slopes, and the palace is also seen to great advantage, with imposing effect and varied outline.

NEW IMPROVEMENTS

The upper lake is a beautiful expanse of water, which has been greatly improved since the present Duke and Duch-

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THE LIBRARY

ess of Marlborough entered into possession of the estate. It was formed artificially, but one would never suspect the intervention of the hand of man, so natural is the effect resulting from banks well planted and much woodland, which conceals any appearance of artificiality. It is delightful to walk by the bank, with silvery beech and other beautiful trees casting their shadows over one's path, and the glorious expanse of water lying in the hollow.

The flower garden and pleasure grounds of Blenheim palace are of great extent, well in keeping with the vast structure itself; in fact, they are the largest in England. During late years the various gardens have been maintained in a high degree of perfection. Upon the north side the palace stands out boldly, grass sweeping up to its walls; and observe, even without planting of any kind, that a certain dignity and charm belong to the place. From the terrace there is a lovely view of the Italian garden and of the glorious avenue, with its majestic breadth of turf between the fine trees. This outlook is one of the best features of Blenheim. The flower gardening is in a measure formal, but hard lines have been to a great extent softened, as in the beds upon the east front, and in the Italian garden there is free grouping of summer flowers with beautiful results in the way of color effects, while the handsome aloes in the vases lend a touch of color also. In the summer these beds are filled with bright flowers, and the effect is gorgeous. During late years many great and welcome improvements have been carried out, but not in any way to mar the original design. Everything is on such a vast scale at Blenheim that plants are of necessity freely and boldly placed to gain their full effect.

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OLD COLONIAL FURNITURE*

THERE is a rather shabby little shop on a rather shabby street not far up town, where a business is done that would not be suspected from outside appearances. It is from this shop that many of the wealthy residents of the city get their fine furniture in old designs, either the genuine article or a superior reproduction. The proprietor of the shop is a German, who learned his trade as a cabinet-maker over a half-century ago, when a man was taught his business in its entirety. When he started on a piece of furniture he made it every bit himself. A man like that knew his business from A to Z, and following it from the first half of the last century, gives a knowledge of general conditions not often found. The German cabinet-maker has not changed his business as other workers of his time have done, and still makes single pieces of furniture, and repairs old ones. The trend of the business is, however, quite different. Only the wealthiest families can afford to buy hand-made furniture, and the price for hand-work in these days of factory-made furniture of all kinds seems fabulous.



HEPPELWHITE CARD-TABLE, WITH INLAY IN MEANDER PATTERN

Repairing and putting in order the old pieces of furniture is also expensive, and often costs more than an entire new piece. A desk will not be put into condition for less than one hundred dollars, and it will cost forty dollars, at the lowest estimate, to make an old bureau presentable. But when the pieces are finished they can stand the test of American steam-heated houses, which are ruinous to furniture made in the days of open fireplaces or stoves. Much of the furniture called colonial does not date back to open fireplace days.

EVERYTHING IS CALLED "COLONIAL"

"Nowadays," says the veteran furniture-maker, "everything is called colonial, but there is only the smallest proportion of the pieces that sell for it that date back farther than to 1825 or 1835. Here is an old sideboard that is called colonial"—it was a tall, square affair, with mahogany doors and claw feet—"but there is nothing colonial about it. People think that all this carved and claw-footed furniture is colonial, but that is where they are mistaken. Take those old sofas, with elaborately carved ends and legs that curve in and claw feet, and every woman who has one will tell you that it is a colonial piece, but it does not date back probably later than 1835 or 1825.

"Here is a goose-neck rocker, the arms

* From The New York Times.

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carved in the shape of the curved neck and head of a goose. That is a good chair, though they were not all as comfortable, but they were being made when I was an apprentice, in 1846.

"It is not only that a piece of furniture is old that should make it valuable. It must be a good piece. But the good old pieces are getting more and more difficult to find. It is impossible almost to find anything in a place anywhere near a railroad, though you may find them occasionally in little towns off the regular lines of travel.

"Still we have an old sideboard here that came from the negro quarter over on Staten Island eleven years ago. That is a genuine old colonial piece, and it is beautifully inlaid. That was put in order and sold originally to a wealthy man, one who was well known here in New York. He had it for ten years, and then, leaving town, we bought it back from him in as good condition as when he took it. There are a good many stories of interest with these old pieces of furniture. We always try to get them when we can. But it would not do to tell them, for the furniture has gone into very many houses of prominent and wealthy people in the city.

PIECES WITH STORIES

"We had one settee of which we learned the history in some detail. Occasionally these old pieces have been given to servants by their employers, as possibly the old piece in Staten Island may have been. This settee was given by Mrs. Rhinelander many years ago to a seamstress whom she employed. This seamstress was married afterward, and had a daughter, to whom at her death she left her personal property. The daughter, then a woman of about fifty, sold the settee, with a melodion, for three dollars, to an auctioneer. We bought the settee at auction. The framework was of mahogany and the seat caned. It had experienced many vicissitudes. The framework had been gilded, then painted white, and then brown. The seat had been covered with carpet, and over that some boards had been tacked to make a firm seat. The settee now is a more satisfactory piece of furniture than when it was new, and has gone into one of the handsomest houses in the city.



AN ENGLISH PIECE—LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

"We buy old tables frequently to make the tops for large pieces of furniture. People have an idea that old parlor doors of mahogany can be used for furniture, but they are good for nothing for our work. They are filled with grooves and screw holes, mortised, and cut up in too many ways to be useful.

"One hears a great deal of Santo Domingo mahogany, which is supposed to be in all old pieces of furniture.



SHERATON WORK-TABLES

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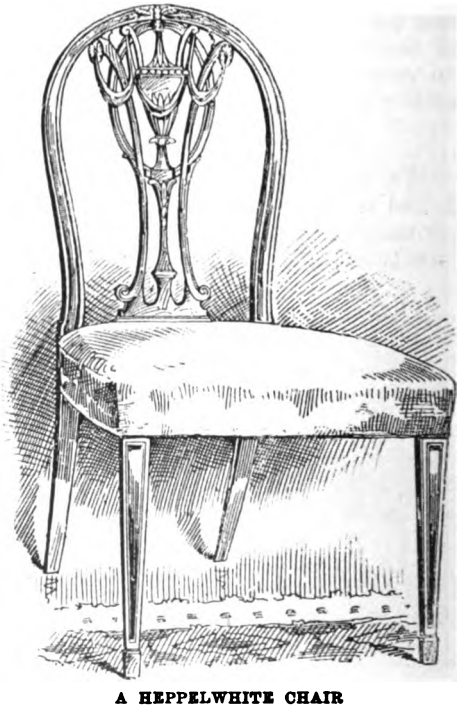
FIDDLE-BACK CHAIR WITH BANDY LEGS
Crompton, R.I.

That can be obtained now only in small logs that cannot be used to any advantage. The mahogany that goes into the general run of mahogany furniture nowadays is the Mexican mahogany, and it is nearly as soft as pine. The best mahogany to be found is the Cuban mahogany, from Santiago, which is much heavier and darker. The Santiago mahogany weighs six pounds to the square foot, and the Mexican only two and one-half pounds. The latter is easy to work, and for certain purposes very satisfactory. Practically the only purpose for which it cannot be used is for chairs, and it is not heavy enough for those. It is so light in color that it is always stained. The Cuban mahogany, while it is darker, is also slightly stained. People do not live long enough to see it change color from age. The Mexican mahogany never grows dark. We use the Cuban mahogany for the most conspicuous parts of the furniture, where it appears in large plain pieces, as in table tops. For many pieces, bedsteads, for instance, it would be too heavy and could not be moved without difficulty.

"For table tops we simply oil the mahogany. In old times the mahogany was all waxed. There were two ways of doing this—with the hard wax and with the soft. We have some old books giving a description of the different methods. For the hard wax with which table tops were finished, the wax was put on and ironed in with a hot iron, while for other parts of the furniture the wax was dissolved in turpentine and rubbed on with a cloth. There is a lighter colored mahogany on this side of the Island of Cuba, and there is a Honduras mahogany that is softer than the Mexican and has a coarse grain.

MODERN WORK THE BEST

"Many reproductions of old furniture are much better than the genuine old



A HEPPELWHITE CHAIR

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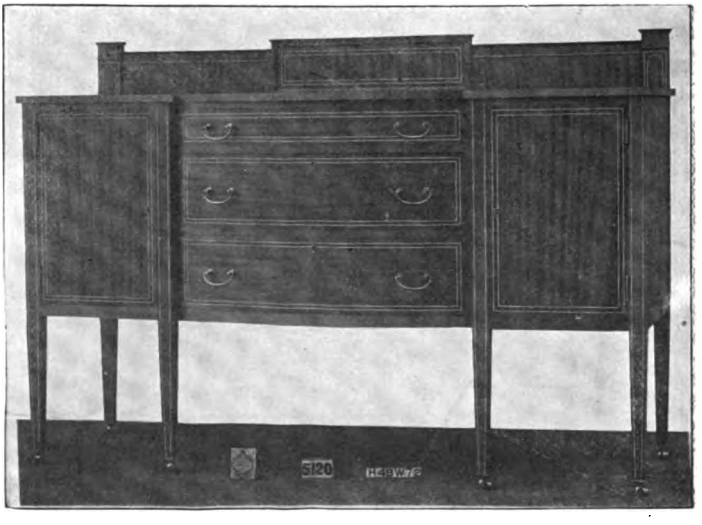
MODERN SHERATON

pieces. They did not do as good work in the old day as we do now, for they did not have the tools. There is none of the old furniture that will stand our houses with the cellar heat. It will all fall to pieces unless first put in a good up-to-date condition. It is not the work that was done that we admire in the furniture of the old days, but the fine lines. I like a genuine old piece when it is good and has been put in proper condition, but otherwise it is much better to go over on Fourteenth or Twenty-third Street and get good factory-made furniture.

"The sides of old bureaus and old desks always warp and split. They were made of a single piece of wood, and they will not stand the changes of temperature. Now we have better tools and we make panels, and we can utilize smaller pieces of wood in doing so. There is no objection to machine-work in itself. A machine will work much more accurately and do the work better than a man. They used machines to some extent in the old times. They had their turning lathes, and those were machines. No one thinks it would have been better to go back to the primitive ways of working of the savages. The reason that all machine-work is not as good as the hand-work is that a great deal is turned out at a time, and it is not possible to give each piece the individual attention it requires; there is not even time to see that the grain of the wood is right. It does not pay to make individual pieces of furniture by machine, for it takes practically as long to set the machine as it would to do the work by hand, and there is the expense of the machinery. Hand-work is expensive, for it is slow work.

"There is a quantity of new furniture made after old designs which very likely finds its way into some of the antique shops and is sold for old. There are a number of Italians in Brooklyn who make up furniture of soft mahogany, put it together carelessly, and sell it wherever they can. We have had them come here and beg us to buy it. Some dealers will keep only the genuine articles; others have all kinds mixed in together—the good and the bad—so that one part of the city, where are located many antique shops, has come to be called 'Fake Avenue.' People who buy don't know the difference.

"We can tell the different makes of old furniture by the details of the work.



SHERATON ADAPTATION

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We have an English desk here that we know is English by one single mark, if it had no others—the wood of the inside is oak, as the old English desks were made, while in America white pine is used. Some of the makers put their names on the larger pieces of furniture they sent out. We put our name on all of our pieces now. Some good old chairs now difficult to obtain are those of Heppelwhite, an English architect. We have the front of one of the chairs showing a little of the haircloth with which it was upholstered, and the rows of brass-headed nails arranged in scallops, and carved legs. Heppelwhite wrote a book upon furniture. He worked in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Old colonial furniture is so difficult to obtain that when an entire piece cannot be obtained we use what we have as a foundation and make the rest. Here is the lower part of a highboy showing the low drawers with the legs, while the upper drawers are missing. The highboys were always made in two pieces. We have one Phyfe chair, and had some foot benches by him, pretty, but useless, from which we made new pieces. Phyfe made the lyre-back chairs; they were his original design. When we get a good old piece of furniture we like to keep it for the design. Phyfe was before my day. His work began to degenerate after 1835.



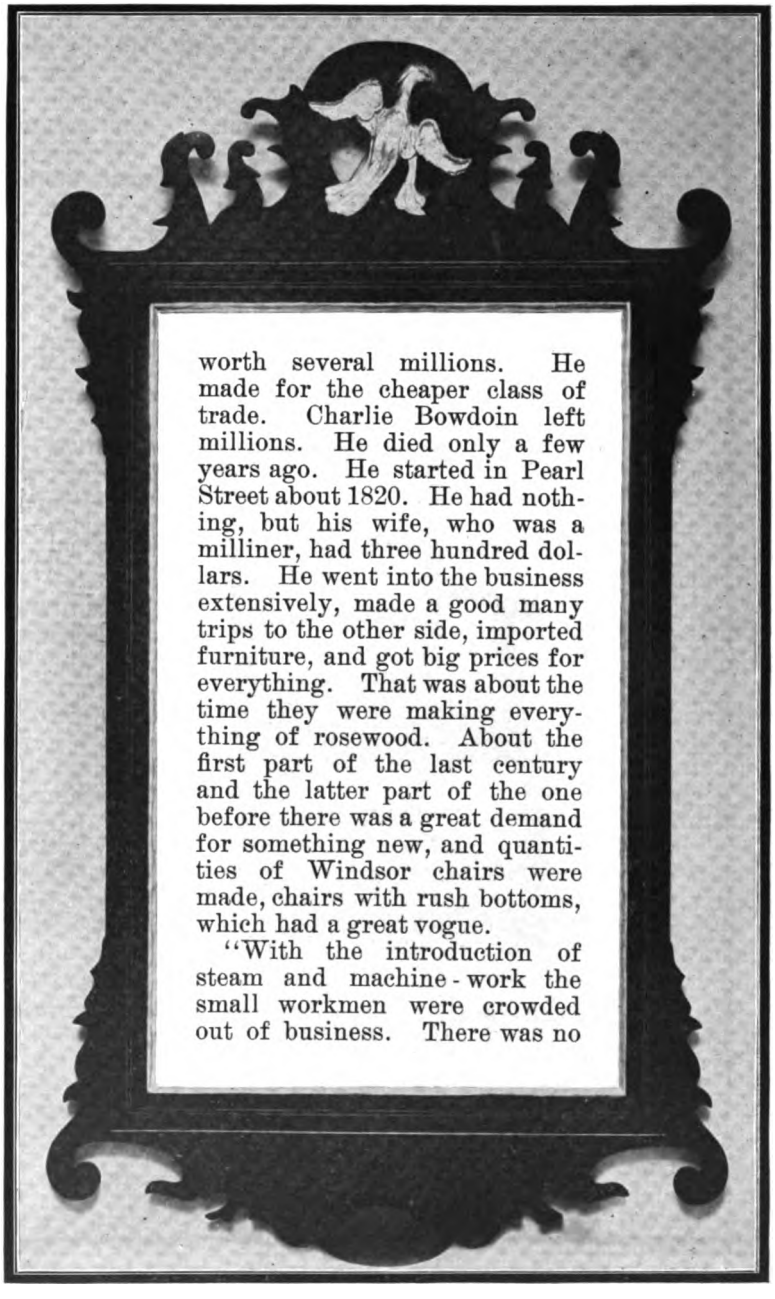
SHERATON SIDEBOARD AND OLD MIRROR

THEY HAD UNIONS

"The cabinet-makers in those early days had unions and strikes, as we have. They had a great deal of trouble, and a book was published, "The Price of Cabinet Work Agreed on by Employers," which was brought out in three editions, one in 1804, one in 1817, and the last in 1834. It gave the construction, styles, and prices; each piece of furniture had a fixed price.

"When I was learning my trade the work was done by men over on the east side. They centered in and around Attorney Street. They were most of them Germans, and each was in business for himself, and had one, two, and some of them a number of men. Some of the work was done outside for them. It was all hand-work. The men sold directly to dealers in the city. A good deal of work was sent South. New Orleans took a good deal, and a quantity went to the West Indies. Many of the men made money. Henry Weil died

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worth several millions. He made for the cheaper class of trade. Charlie Bowdoin left millions. He died only a few years ago. He started in Pearl Street about 1820. He had nothing, but his wife, who was a milliner, had three hundred dollars. He went into the business extensively, made a good many trips to the other side, imported furniture, and got big prices for everything. That was about the time they were making everything of rosewood. About the first part of the last century and the latter part of the one before there was a great demand for something new, and quantities of Windsor chairs were made, chairs with rush bottoms, which had a great vogue.

"With the introduction of steam and machine-work the small workmen were crowded out of business. There was no

LARGE CHIPPENDALE MIRROR, INLAY AND GILT

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SHERATON CHAIR IN THE MIDDLE. CHIPPENDALE CHAIRS AT EACH SIDE

money in hand-made furniture then.

"It was after the Centennial in 1876, I believe, that the mania for old-fashioned furniture began, and has been going on ever since. It is difficult to get anything now in Sheraton or Chippendale furniture, the style we call colonial. It is difficult to get Heppelwhite's chairs, though occasionally one may run across one. His chairs were his only good pieces. The others were overdone, though occasionally he would make a piece that was pretty good. We have one of the old Phyfe lyre-back chairs. We got it from the estate of one of his customers."

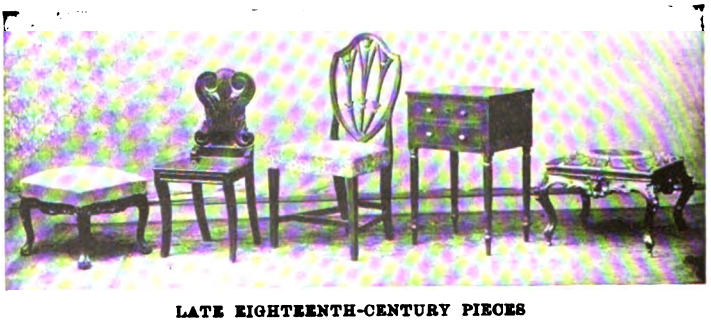
In an old scrapbook in the shop are interesting cards of the old furniture dealers of New York and vicinity, and in a frame is a bill from Duncan Phyfe, already mentioned, who had a shop in Fulton Street, then known as Partition Street. It is an original bill of sale made by him to an old citizen of New York, and shows some original sketches of chairs, in pencil. The greater part of the furniture was bought in by the heirs for almost fabulous sums.

There is one paper in the scrapbook which has on it the name of Matthew Egerton, Jr., New Brunswick, which came on the inside of an old sideboard, and one dining-table which had been resurrected from the past also bore this name.



CHIPPENDALE LADDER-BACK CHAIR ABOUT 1760

One antique-looking card is that of Elbert Anderson, with line-drawing wood-cuts of a secretary, a sideboard, and an old clock. Anderson was at one time at 5 Maiden Lane, and his address was changed in writing on the card to No. 53. The old directories say that these workers were in business about 1790. A wooden card is that of M. Allison, in business at 1 Vesey Street. Henry Launier of 60 Broad Street was a cabinet-maker whose work as shown on the dining-table bearing his card proved him to be a fine workman.



LATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PIECES

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DON DIEGO VELASQUEZ

BORN 1599, DIED 1660

BY JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON

Class Lecturer on the Collections of the Art Institute of Chicago.

THE full name of this greatest of Spanish painters was Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez. His father was of Portuguese extraction. However, Portugal had been, at the opening of the seventeenth century, for some time subject to Spain.

Tradition says that the father, though of a noble family, became a school-master in Seville. The maternal name, Velasquez, was adopted and used, throughout his life, by the painter, probably because the mother's family, also noble, was of higher rank than the De Silvas, from whom the artist sprang. Instances of this adoption of a maternal name, for this reason, are numberless in all European countries.

Many grandees of Spain are not rich, but their children are brought up as "gentle folk." The boy Diego, was educated seriously and trained to be a gentleman with every accomplishment, which he found a decided addition to his equipment, when he became the king's bosom friend.

To understand aright the qualities of this man's art, we must also understand the situation, especially in Italy, the art mother country, in the seventeenth century.

The wonderful Cinque-cento period of Italian art was a good while past, the word "Renaissance" was even worn out with improper use, as its traditions had become threadbare by abuse. The Renaissance was simply a rebirth of classic art and architecture; or, speaking strictly, the reuse of Roman art-forms, to which the Italians gave a somewhat new flavor, while sticking very closely to the forms. The Gothic art of such men as Botticelli, or Lippi, ceased. Da Vinci, Angelo, and Raphael created a better regulated art based on the study of Græco-Roman statues, or any other sort of classic remains.

The statues of Michel Angelo are astonishingly like some old Roman gods in marble, and Raphael's Madonnas are more like "the antique" than like the realities he posed in his studio.

But all these fine men with genius had died, leaving the art to the Caraccis, and these followed the antique statues so slavishly that in many cases their figures were merely copies of statues, done in colors. Their pupil, Guido Reni, made many times his "Ecce-Homo." Those faces are pure Græco-Roman, and the "Sibyl" of Carlo Dolci is an exact copy of the mother Niobe, except that it looks ill instead of classically distressed.

Let us keep clearly in mind that Reni and Dolci lived their lives at the same time that Velasquez lived his, Dolci being a few years his junior.

Italy was emphatically the mother country of European art, and sent her heart pulsations to the uttermost parts of Christendom, though they were not very much felt until the Cinque-cento period, as far as painting was concerned.

Wherever dried-up idealism is tyrannical there will always be rude, revolutionary realists to combat it. When Velasquez was a boy, an Italian named Caravaggio died. He was a rude fellow and despised the "antiques"; was ignorant of them entirely. A friend of his was Ribera, a Spaniard (a trifle older than Velasquez), who spent all of his life in Naples, painting every picturesque thing and liking it the better for being a little ugly. In any case, every figure and face had to be as unlike the sweetly sentimental "Ecce-Homo" of Reni as the study of real life could make it. This was not an affectation at all. The Spaniards of this period were all born with a vigorous perceptive faculty, which enabled them to catch the fleeting expression of a face as only one with genius for such things could. It was a national

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trait, and in it we find the secret of Velasquez's greatness. His art and that of Caravaggio and Ribera are one and the same, except that our subject's perceptions were still finer, and his nature better balanced. Guido Reni and Carlo Dolci never painted textures correctly, but made them "proper" and artificial. Ribera delighted to reproduce the exact texture of a sheep-skin coat, and to do it with bold brush daubs. Velasquez commenced in the same manner, but became a master traveler of that "golden middle street" we so often read about and find with such difficulty.

At this time, Rubens (just twenty-two years older than Velasquez) was a power in the art world, and he was by no means a classicist. Van Dyck was born in Antwerp at the same moment that our great Spaniard was born in Seville, and these two grew up together to make the world dispute as to which was the greater. I think the palm belongs to the Spaniard, though they were very near together in the measure of genius.

Spain was still vigorous in those days, and the Spanish very sincere. There were no art schools in Spain. Italy was full of art schools, but they had passed from blossom to seed, reducing all life-studies to a formula based on the antique. In Spain, an artistic aspirant was put to study in some older artist's studio, much as young doctors used to learn in the days previous to medical schools. The boys, having no "antiques" to copy, were put at painting pots and pans, vegetables, the cook, the beggar in rags, and, probably, nude life. However, the priests were disposed to think nudity sinful, and priests had much power. But they had a deal of sense, too, and let the artists alone if they avoided scandal. It is plain that the Spanish artists studied from nude life.

To this vigorous study of cooks, uncooked dinners, and untamed beggar boys, Velasquez took kindly. So did Murillo, about twenty years younger, as we can see by the examples in all the picture galleries. Murillo had the national genius for catching fleeting expression, and never quite ruined his perceptive faculties, even when led astray by the influence of Carlo Dolci's pictures, such of them as came to Spain.

The register, which all may read who visit the church of San Pedro, in Seville, tells us that little Velasquez was baptized on the 16th of June, 1599. While still a boy, and already showing his talent, a brute of a man, named Francisco Herrera (the elder) had him for pupil. This man was another Caravaggio, or a Ribera, the concentrated essence. To literalism in painting he added literalism of speech, as well as a heavy hand in the application of his ideas to canvas and to people. It was strong food for the boy; doubtless quite useful. But he left this studio, early and willingly, for that of the wise and gentle Pacheco.

Pacheco's gentlemanliness got into his art, which was politely conducted as were his social gatherings, to which all the gentry came to hear music and poetry, and to look at Pacheco's pretty daughter. However, Velasquez came a man early in life, as Spaniards do, and looked at the daughter to better purpose. When this influential artist found the talented young man his son-in-law, he took him around to see all the fine pictures in aristocratic houses, secured permission for him to copy them, brought him to the notice of the Chanoine Fonseca, an officer of the royal palace at the capital city, Madrid.

So Velasquez was invited to Madrid; the doors of the Prado opened to him; the treasures of the Escurial put at his disposal; more and more powerful friends attached to his interests. Among these was the Duke of Olivares, the prime favorite of Philip IV. The story runs along like a rivulet; an order to paint the king in armor, mounted, and an extensive landscape all about; winning the king's love, and all those little trifles which come to a man of genius when he once gets in the way of such things. Professional courtiers are great "bores" to their royal masters. A well-behaved and gentlemanly genius usually has all the attentions. The favor

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of the artist is more acceptable; so it becomes easy for him to win a king's affections.

When Rubens came to the court of Philip, on a diplomatic errand, it was Velasquez whom the king appointed official usher, to receive and present him at the palace. Probably the two painters sat up and talked until after bedtime that night.

Rubens had been in Italy, and advised the king to send Velasquez there at once.

Therefore, on the 10th of August, 1629, in a ducal war vessel (a sort of private yacht, I suppose) the painter sailed from Barcelona for Venice, where he was received by the Spanish ambassador and properly lodged in a palace. Copies, for the collection of Philip, were made of the great works of Titian, Veronese, and the other great Venetians; he went to Rome, saw Pope Urban VIII.; was put to lodge in the Vatican and given the keys to the private picture galleries; made crayon drawings of Angelo's "Last Judgment" and the "Sibyls" in the Sistine chapel, and also the "School of Athens" by Raphael, and had everything done for him that a petted painter could wish for.

But all the beautiful formalism of the Italians was lost upon Velasquez, except to give to his bold sincerity a slightly additional measure of refinement. It was all well for the Italians to glorify a blacksmith and call him "Vulcan." To the Spaniard he was no more than a man with a hammer and big muscles, and was liked better if his face and body bore the evidence of human birth and much hard anvil pounding.

He slipped off to Naples, incognito, and touched hands and hearts with one like minded, Ribera, and this friendship was never allowed to grow cold.

When the artist returned to Spain, the king lodged him in the palace (where a studio was fitted up) keeping one of the keys in his own pocket that he might steal in at all moments for his coveted hour of conversation. Indeed, the messenger who brought tidings of serious military defeats found the king, not in his council chamber, but watching Velasquez making a sketch.

Although the ecclesiastics of Spain listed pagan statues among the wicked things of earth, Velasquez brought home a fine line of antique casts and other art, laying the foundations of a public museum.

In his love of realism (tempered by extended education and native refinement) he could not always content himself with formal portrait painting; the sort of stately official art suited to aristocratic subjects. Many of his pictures of princes were far from those courtly presentments essential to the maintenance of royal dignity. In contrast to that equestrian portrait of the Infanta, Don Balthazar Carlos, a magnificent boy-prince, astride of a galloping horse too big for his chubby legs, and still appearing an ideal boy, a most noble son of a king, there is another, the same boy, loosely clad, his cap rakishly on one side, the dog, so often painted, erect and posturing, lying asleep as indifferent to the public as his little master. This is more lifelike than the formal picture (good as that is) and it gratified immensely the king's paternal heart and his love of good painter work. This was the sort of art that Philip used his private key and his stolen moments to encourage. It was made to please the fond father, not the unsympathetic public.

Thus the king loved and heaped honors upon his talented favorite; made him grand marshal of the palace, with an annuity of one thousand ducats; watched the finishing of a royal group, in which the painter's own portrait figured; seized his palette and going to the picture, painted on the artist's breast the insignia of an order that had heretofore been exclusively reserved for princes of the blood; all of which created no friends for the painter among the aristocrats who felt themselves insulted.

There exists an historical picture by Charles Lebrun, court painter to Louis XIV., of France, commemorative of a great festival given by Philip on the occasion of the marriage of the French

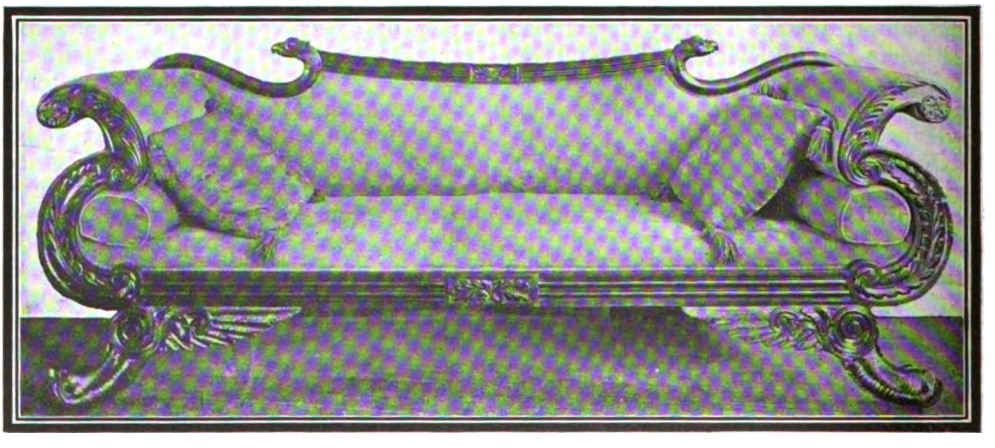
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king to the Infanta Maria Theresa. In the assemblage appears Velasquez. He is represented as old and careworn. This portrait of the artist is probably quite correct, as this festival (which Velasquez arranged, being marshal of the king's palace) cost him his life. On August 7, 1660, he died; done to death by his best friend. This hard fate is by no means an unusual incident in the experience of court painters. They are but exalted pets and royal slaves.

Ecclesiastics never liked Velasquez. He did few church decorations, but made up for it by executing superb palace pictures. Titian and Van Dyck are his rivals as great portrait painters. The Italian was many years dead when the Spaniard was born; the Fleming was exactly his contemporary. Titian was a man of wonderful imagination, and a rich colorist. Van Dyck never manifested keen imagination, but was a superb painter. Velasquez was probably the greatest man of the three, had wonderful imagination, power as a painter, and an abundance of that keenness of perception which marked all Spanish artists.

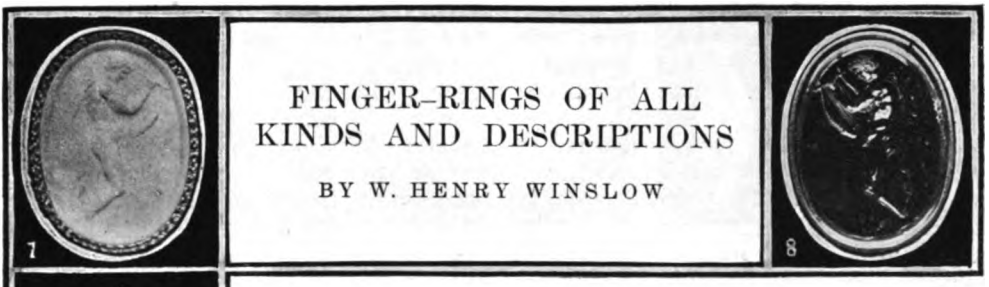
Nothing in the history of costume is more astonishing than the ugliness of women's gowns during the life of Velasquez, and nothing can equal the painter's ability to make fine art with such forbidding materials. The ladies wore hoops which spread out to a diameter nearly as great as their own height; greater than the height of many of the young princesses. These distenders were so expansive at the hips that the ladies' hands rested far outstretched on the top of the balloon. The shape of skirt and bodice was ungainly in the extreme. Still the pictures so show forth the genius of the painter that the world goes to them to worship great art.

Probably the work which more than any other reveals Velasquez's peculiar genius is the Reunion of Drinkers. These jolly men are not drunk and disorderly, like their counterpart in Saxon lands, but only delightfully merry. It is not a literal picture, though crowded with literalism. The group is carefully arranged and still appears natural. The landscape is natural and well painted, but is an arranged and artificial scene. Most of all, the faces show forth that extraordinary ability, already spoken of, to perceive the subtle character in each face. It is a picture that only a Spaniard could paint, and Velasquez was the champion artist amid his talented contemporaries.



A COLONIAL SOFA AT BEVERLY FARMS, MASSACHUSETTS

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FINGER-RINGS OF ALL KINDS AND DESCRIPTIONS

BY W. HENRY WINSLOW



IT will be well to begin in this paper by naming the different parts of the finger-ring, which, in its rudimentary form, is a hoop, having no projecting portion for seal or ornament. When it has such a projection the hoop becomes the shank. The frame, containing stone, miniature, hair, or what-not, is the collet or collar. When the collar has a flexible rim to hold its contents as a watch-crystal is held, this rim is the bezel. Sometimes the surface of the projecting part of a ring is incorrectly called by this name, while for the goldsmith the projection is the head, and the adjacent part of the shank the shoulders. Clamps or grips are the claw-like attachments to the collar, which hold the contents when a bezel cannot. The entire frame of the gem, stone, or whatever it may be, including bezel or clamps, is called the setting.

Of course fashion has meddled disastrously with rings, which have been and are, as a rule, in questionable taste. Yet there is a reasonable and legitimate standard for them, depending, in the first instance, on their purpose. For example, a seal ring should not be cumbrous or too gaudy for use, and a purely ornamental ring should not challenge every eye. It is a common notion that finery cannot be too fine, and those who should know better emulate the gem-laden odalisques of the harem. Neither the cost nor the intrinsic beauty of jewels necessarily has to do with their effect in point of art. It is harmony with one another and their wearers, and with the circumstances under which they are worn, which is needed. The finest stones are intolerable upon fingers too dirty or idle to justify their existence, and the brightest, crowded together without taste or restraint, are of far less art value than a bit of old window-glass from a master hand. It is the clever juxtaposition of gems, their use as foils, and their setting which constitute good jewelry. The color-sense of the Orient gives their rings a gorgeous harmony, but often too startling for a sober civilization.

The head of a ring should not be too large or small or projecting for the shoulders and shank, which should

1. Impression of No. 8. 2. Italian Troth Ring. 3. Poison Ring—center detached. 4. Memorial Ring. 5. Decade (prayer) Ring. 6. Nereid (Greek) Ring. 7. Luther's Marriage Ring—The Crucifixion. 8. Hermes—one of the most beautiful existing intaglios, 400 B.C.

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9. Egyptian Scarab. 10. Winged Victory (Greek) Ring. 11. Mortuary Ring. 12. Cameo Mask (Greek) Ring. 13. Scarab Reversed.

diminish in width to a point opposite the head, meeting the collar with a carefully drawn sweep. The scale of the ornament filling the space between collar and shank is of importance. Even Benvenuto Cellini's exquisite figures fail in this respect from their number and elaboration.

The origin of finger-rings antedates history, and their use is associated with nearly every human interest. They have been pledges of love and instruments of hatred, memorials of marriage and death, symbols of authority and subjection, of religious faith and superstitious fear, testifying to the ostentation of the rich and the longing for beauty in the poorest. There are betrothal and wedding, pugilists' and poisoners' rings; mourning-rings, pontifical and royal rings; slaves' rings, early Christian, Egyptian, amulet, and magic rings. The name annulaiis, which is borne by the first bone of the ring-finger, testifies to the comparative modernness of anatomical science. The unique function of the ring, at once pledge, evidence, and talisman, must have come from its suggestion of endlessness, and its being always on hand. How it was first used as an ornament must be conjectural; it is not unreasonable to suppose that both spiral and closed rings were hinted at by natural objects; a tendon or tendril twisted around finger, arm, or leg; a circle of bark or section of hollow bone.

The earliest extant rings are closed. One of these, of gold, found at Ghizeh, is engraved with the name of Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid, and is thought to be from four to five thousand years old. Compared with this another Egyptian signet ring, now in England, belongs to modern history, dating to the time when one of the Pharaohs "took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand," making him his viceroy, perhaps 1700 B. C. Yet this reign again is of vast antiquity beside that of Solomon, from 993 to 953 B. C., whose magic signet dazzles the childish imagination in the Arabian Nights, so that we yet remember how in the story of the fisherman, "King Solomon, the prophet of the Most High, had one of the rebel genii inclosed in a copper casket, on whose cover was the impression of the seal bearing the great name of God." The formidable word "Schemhamphorasch" was said to be cut upon that ring of his, which enabled him to build the temple, and which was stolen from one of his women while he bathed, by a demon named Sakhar, who took his form, forcing him to take the shape of a beggar. He regained his identity and kingdom only by recovering the signet from a fish which swallowed it in the sea where the demon threw it. The recovery of a precious ring from a fish's maw recurs throughout legendary literature, and probably perpetuates some real incident. The best known form of the fable is the familiar one of Polycrates, which incidentally illustrates the common superstition that misfortune may be averted by its anticipation.

Seeing that tradition and history bear witness to such extraordinary losses and recoveries, who shall say that even Solomon's ring may not be lying to-day deep down in the rubbish of old Jerusalem,

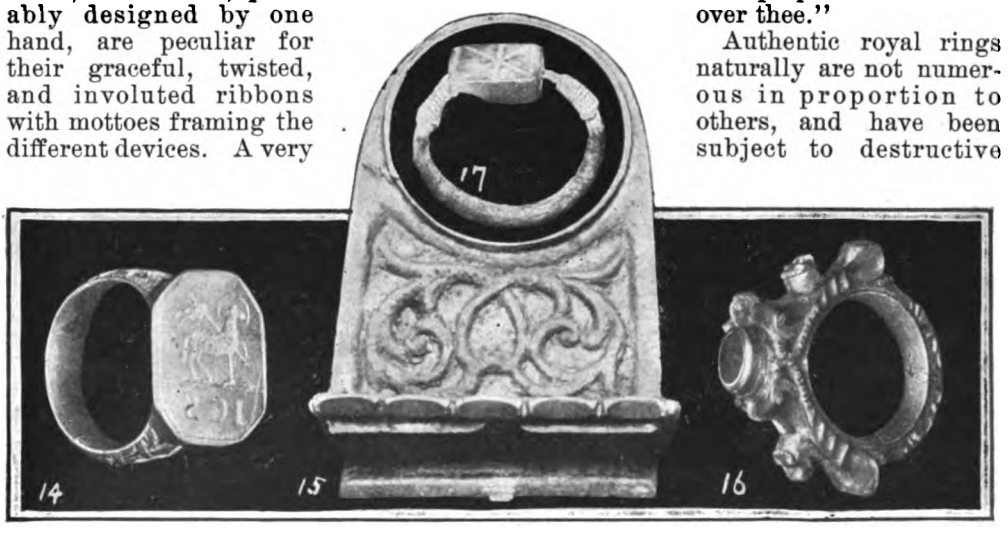
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as the earl of Argyll's lay for nearly three centuries trampled beneath Flodden Field, or Shakespeare's for two hundred years near the mill at Stratford, if it be his, which seems probable, the gold head bearing his initials intertwined with a cord. Luther's wedding ring, of silver covered with emblems of the crucifixion, is one of the historic rings now preserved.

The swallowing of rings has not been confined to fishes, a sard signet of Michel Angelo having been once gulped down by a greedy collector who was constrained by the Parisian custodian to follow it with an emetic. The most interesting anecdote connected with any ring is that concerning Queen Elizabeth and the earl of Essex, to the effect that when the favorite was disgraced and sentenced to the block, he bethought him of a ring given him by the queen with the promise of pardon, should he ask it, and return her pledge. The story goes that his messenger intrusted it by mistake to the wife of his enemy instead of her sister, and that it never reached Elizabeth till the lady lay dying and confessed everything, but was refused forgiveness by the incensed queen.

Three de' Medici rings of Cosmo, Lorenzo, and Pietro, probably designed by one hand, are peculiar for their graceful, twisted, and involuted ribbons with mottoes framing the different devices. A very large metal pyx ring, showing remnants of gilding, with an oblong box in place of a stone, the lid bearing the de' Medici arms, is in the Boston Art Museum, and is thought to have belonged to an ecclesiastic of that family, being used to convey the consecrated wafer at short notice. A well-known ring is "the fisherman's," put upon the finger of a pope after election by his chamberlain, and then engraved with the new papal name, and broken in presence of witnesses after his death. It is of metal, and bears a primitive figure of St. Peter in a boat with net and paddle, being used to seal documents of minor importance. The popes were once buried with their personal rings, as were Romish bishops in general, to which the preservation of old ecclesiastical rings is due. Many of them are set with sapphires, topazes, or crystals. Their papal and episcopal use is explained by the figure comparing the church to a bride. Investiture is accompanied by the words, "Receive the ring, the badge of fidelity, that . . . . you may guard without reproach the spouse of God that is the Holy Church." And the doge, throwing a ring into the lagoon, cried, "We espouse thee, O sea, in witness of our perpetual dominion over thee."

Authentic royal rings naturally are not numerous in proportion to others, and have been subject to destructive



14. Merchant's Ring. 15. Pyx Ring. 16. Schlag (fighting) Ring. 17. Egyptian Metal Ring, with swivel seal.

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agencies. That of Childeric, Clovis' father, for example, was discovered in his grave about the year 1600, where it had been for twelve hundred years, but was stolen from the Royal Library of Paris, after being preserved there two hundred years, and thrown into the Seine by the escaping thieves, to lie until the time comes for its next resurrection. It is of gold, with the king's bust and "Childerici regis" cut upon it. In 1780, in the tomb of the Emperor Frederic Hohenstaufen, grandson of Barbarossa, was found on a finger of his skeleton a splendid emerald ring, and near it a scarab amulet and "magic crystal."

An English lady lately owned a curiosity of capricious extravagance in the form of a ring cut from one solid emerald, edged with gold bands set with rubies, and having two emerald drops and two collars set with diamonds. This was the property of the son of the famous Akbar, emperor of Delhi. Two of the ugliest rings ever seen are respectively of old Roman and modern Californian origin, showing the kinship of vulgarity, no matter what the period. They are so bulky that it is easy to understand how the Roman fashion of light-weight summer rings came about. The Roman ring (for the thumb) dates from the first century, bearing in highest relief the bust of the Empress Plotina, with a diadem which is set with rows of gems, and it measures three inches in diameter, weighing not far from a pound. The other ring, also of gold, was given to President Pierce, in 1852, by the state of California, the square head being divided into smaller squares, each set with a nugget from a different mine. The shank was made of overlapping plates or scales, crowded with figures illustrative of the state's history.

Marriage-rings have been used in great variety. Jewish wedding-rings sometimes have been made with a clumsy projecting dome or temple roof in place of a stone. The gimmal, or twin ring, from the Latin *gemellus*, has appropriately served for marriage and betrothal. It is split, and easily separable into two thinner hoops. That of Sir Thomas Gresham, the great London merchant of the Tudor period, had inscribed on it, "*Quod Deus conjunxit, homo non separet*" (what God hath joined, man shall not separate), three words upon each part. A characteristic Italian betrothal ring is ornamented with coupled hearts.

There has been much fanciful dallying with the theme of death in the form of bones and skulls, often in white enamel upon black rings, and many memorial rings are decorated with urns and willows, or contain hair or miniatures. A death's-head ring is also used. One of these lurid toys shows, instead of seal, a coffin, a tiny skeleton coming to view when the coffin-lid is raised. The construction of poison rings is so curious that I give an example, the original being one of three in the Boston Fine Arts Museum. The central stone in a close gold setting, and detachable from the others, serves as the head of a minute screw, threaded near its sharp point, and made to project a hair's breadth beyond the inner surface of the ring. The little central cup received the poison, the stone being raised with a few turns, and replaced by as many reversed turns. A deadly drop found its way along the screw's thread to the scratch made by its point. The Borgian pope's rings, unlike this, did not injure the wearer, but poisoned the hand pressed in pretended amity, exuding poison into the prick made by a sharp ornament. As a safeguard against poisoning, there was the "toad-stone" ring, set with a species of trap-stone, sometimes cut in the form of a toad. It was supposed to change color in presence of poison, serving as antidote if powdered and swallowed.

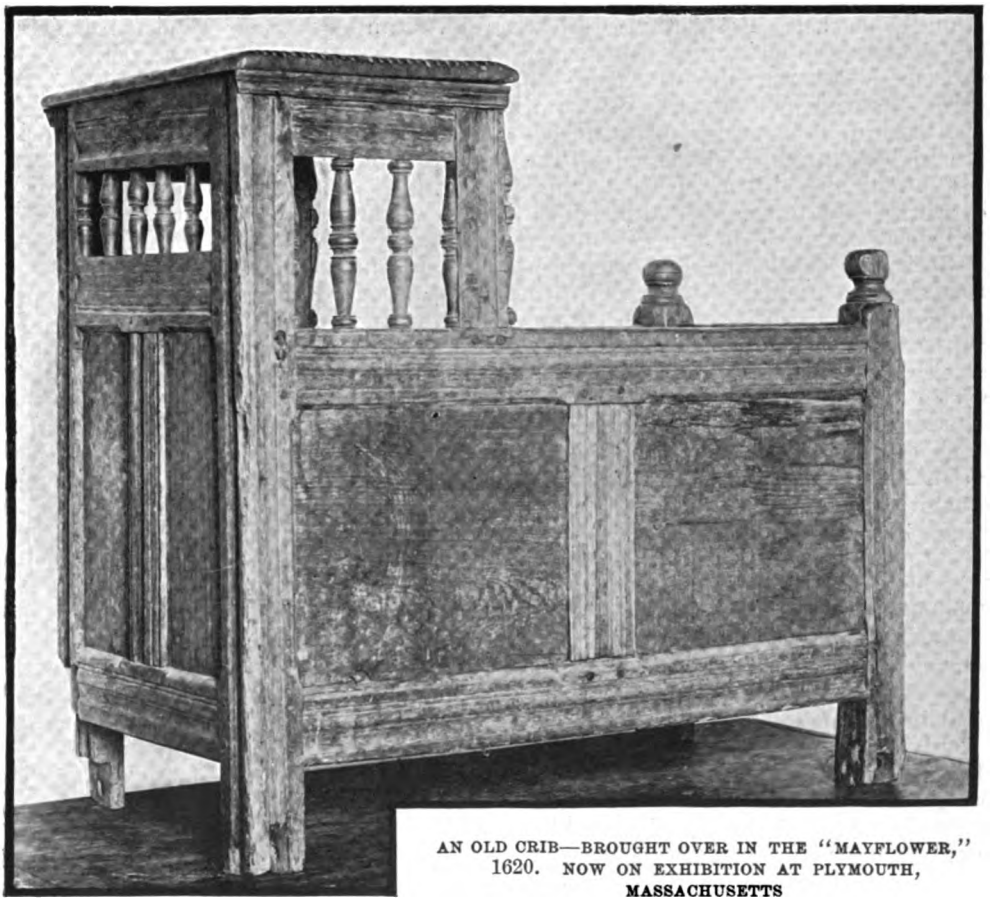
Scarabs have played a great part in Egyptian archæology, being religious emblems as well as amulets. The beetle they represent is first to appear in the fertilizing mud of the Nile after its yearly flood, warmed into life by the sun, and was the symbol of creative and resurrectionary power. It was worn by the living and the dead, three thou-

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sand once having been found in a single tomb; and we have seen that it was not considered out of place in that of a great German emperor. Scarabs were cut from basalt, jasper, lapis-lazuli, serpentine, and limestone, and molded from clay for baking and glazing. The flattened sides show invocations to and names of deities, inscriptions and devices. They were finally used as seals in rings and elsewhere.

Good Grecian and Græco-Roman rings are models of simple beauty. One from the well-known Marlborough collection bears a stone intaglio of Hermes with a lyre; another of Grecian design, the smallest of cameos, shows a delicate mask of Bacchus; a third is gold engraved with a nereid astride a sea-horse; and a fourth has a graceful victory, whose drapery and drooping wings are in the manner of Fra Angelico's angels, though of the fourth century. I have reproduced a merchant's ring, bearing his personal device in lieu of the prohibited coat of arms of his betters, also a silver decade or prayer ring, ten bosses serving to mark the repetition of as many aves; and a German fighting-ring, with cruel projecting knobs, akin to the brass "knuckles" of our time.

The dramatic and poetical use of rings from Chaucer to Browning would make enough material for another paper. Shakespeare alone might furnish it with his hundreds of allusions to them.



AN OLD CRIB—BROUGHT OVER IN THE "MAYFLOWER," 1620. NOW ON EXHIBITION AT PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

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MEN WHO WORKED IN PEWTER

BY H. J. L. J. MASSÉ

THE men who worked in pewter banded themselves together for commercial as well as social reasons at an early date in the history of the craft, but no trace of any official recognition of a guild or fellowship is found before 22 Edward III., *i. e.*, the year 1348, when the workers in pewter petitioned the lord mayor to make, or rather sanction, certain ordinances for the protection of their mystery. The petition was drawn up with a view to protect the pewter-men from dishonest dealers and unscrupulous workmen who may have wished to undersell the petitioners; and secondly, to prevent wares of inferior metal being put on the market. Restrictions were to be placed on the making of the pewter itself (the idea being borrowed from the restrictions made at Poictiers only a few years before), as inspectors or overseers were to be chosen from amongst "the most lawful and skilful in the trade." The workmanship, too, was to be supervised with great care, and to prevent any possibility of carelessness it was proposed that no unqualified person, *i. e.*, no one who had not been properly apprenticed, and who had thus become a lawful workman, should presume to embark in the trade. No secret working, *i. e.*, work done without the cognizance of the guild, and no working at night, was to be allowed, a restriction more probably framed with a view of diminishing the chance of secret profits than with a paternal care for the eyesight of the brethren.

The chief safeguard of the quality of the wares seems to have been the preliminary assay of the metal or alloy before it was made up, and the occasional inspection of the workshops was the only check upon the workmanship.

Disobedient members of the fraternity were punished for their first offense by the confiscation of the metal, for the second by confiscation of the metal and by punishments to be inflicted afterward by the lord mayor, and for the third offense by expulsion from the ranks of the pewterers.

A common device for fraudulent workmen was to send out articles manifestly too light and flimsy for the purposes for which they were required. To counteract this the articles in commonest use were standardized in 1430, and their weights fixed; articles of less weight were not allowed to be sold.

About 1438 the fraternity took it upon themselves to make some further regulations without troubling the authorities, but were promptly called to order and their ordinances, temporarily at any rate, annulled. Subsequently due submission being tendered, the petition to the "full honorable lords and sovereigns, the mayor and aldermen," begging for sanction to the new ordinances, was granted.

In 1444 the Wardens of the Mystery of Pewterers acquired the right to search and assay, *i. e.*, to test all tin that was brought into the city of London, either by land or by sea, and to claim one quarter of the metal. This seems an enormous percentage to claim, and no doubt some methods of evading the imposition were speedily devised.

The Mystery of Pewterers became a company in 1473, receiving its charter from Edward IV., and confirmation of the right to search and assay all goods made in pewter.

Thirty years later an act of Parliament forbade the selling of pewter elsewhere than on the pewterer's premises, or in an open market or fair. This same act made compulsory (it no doubt was optional before) the marking of the wares by the manufacturer as a kind of written warranty of their goodness.

Further statutes of 4 and 25 Henry VIII. extended the privileges of the company, and on the petition of the latter showing that articles of inferior quality

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were being made abroad, *i. e.*, in Germany, France, and Flanders, and imported over here, it was enacted that such wares were to be forfeited. To make quite sure of scotching foreign competition, no foreigners were to be permitted to practice the trade in England, even in the humblest capacity, and no Englishman was to exercise the pewterer's craft abroad, under penalty of becoming, *ipso facto*, an alien—a penalty which, considering the repute English pewter enjoyed over sea, seems heavy.

As might be expected, the compulsory marking led to abuses, the chief of which was the counterfeiting of well-known pewterers' marks by less clever workmen; and as late as the time of Queen Anne regulations stipulating "one man one mark" were made by the company, and establishing a penalty of forty shillings for disobedience. The same fine was to be awarded to pewterers who unduly puffed their own wares, or depreciated those of other workers with a view to supplanting them in business. How the revenue officers would rejoice were such a regulation—for other trades—in existence now.

In France the pewterers, or *potiers d'étain*—the tin potters or the potters of tin—worked under practically the same conditions, but with fewer restrictions. From Etienne Boileau's "Livre des Métiers" (1260), it appears that in Paris any one could become a pewterer provided he did good and lawful work, and that he might have as many assistants and apprentices as he liked. Working at night or on fête days was forbidden. The use of unusual alloys and the selling of pewter goods by unauthorized persons were forbidden under pain of forfeiture of the work and a fine. The workmen paid their taxes like other folk, and were liable, unless they were wardens of their corporation, to serve on the town watch till the age of sixty.

Early in the fourteenth century the payment to the crown of entrance fees on admission to the guild or brotherhood was made compulsory except in the case of the sons of master pewterers. These latter, even though not through their apprenticeship, could become pewterers provided that their workshop was managed by workmen who thoroughly knew the trade. Other towns in France were quite as important as Paris as centers of the pewter trade, *e. g.*, Troyes, Amiens, Poictiers, Rouen, Dijon, Limoges.

Paris pewter was not required to be stamped until the reign of Louis XIII. (1610–1643).

Parisian silversmiths were prohibited in 1545 from working in pewter, a regulation which was also made in Nuremberg in 1579.

In Germany, pewter work can be traced back quite as far as in France or elsewhere, the earliest record being an enactment made in 1324 at Augsburg, making provision for visits of inspection to the workshops by the sworn masters, who were empowered to test the metal for purity, and to fine those whose work was bad enough to be rejected and destroyed.

Nuremberg records, too, show that pewterers worked there, and that they formed the most important guild in that town. Equality and fraternity existed, but very little liberty, the guild rules settling every paltry detail of workshop practice ostensibly that only wares "in the eyes of all good, irreproachable, and without flaw" should be put on sale.

In Spain the headquarters of the tin and pewter trade seem to have been at Barcelona, a place well suited by its natural position for the purpose. No trace of any corporation or guild can be found before the fifteenth century, and the statutes closely resemble those of the more northern nations.

It is known that the Italians used large quantities of tin, but pewter work was done at Bologna, and in other towns, together with much tinning of other metals, which in many cases was done by workmen—tinkers as one might call them, who went about from place to place.

In Belgium and Holland the guilds go back to the beginning of the fourteenth

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century, though they no doubt existed long before the first official mention can be found referring to them by name. Bruges was perhaps always the headquarters, with Liège and Mons running it close as manufacturing centers. Bruges claims to have been an emporium for little porringers and flasks as early as 1303. The caravan trade for tin from Britain to the Rhine, via Flanders, made Bruges an important center.

The men of Mons, of Liège, and of Ghent can claim quite as early a date for the existence of the pewterer's craft. Of most of the early men who worked in pewter, and who are known to us by name, not much can be said.

Nuremberg had its pewterer, tin founder, or zinngiesser—Karel, or Carel, in 1324, whose work was known far and wide; and later in the same century Sébald Ruprecht became famous as the originator of a method of giving pewter or tin the appearance of silver. Such a trade was certain to be remunerative. In the sixteenth century again, Martin Harscher obtained renown by the excellence of his metal, which was said to be far superior to English metal in quality. Candlesticks and waterpots were his specialties. Harscher died in 1523. Another workman, Melchior Koch, who died in 1567, found a method of making his pewter look as though gilded with pure gold. Hans Lobsinger, again, is credited with devices more ingenious still. He knew, or thought he knew, how to make tin as plastic as wax, and after working the most elaborate works, knew how to temper the metal and render it quite hard. These secrets no doubt caused the goldsmiths to look to their laurels, and to procure, in 1579, the enactment of a regulation on the *ne sutor ultra crepidam* principle—that no pewterer might work in any metal but pewter, and as a sop to the pewterers, that no silversmith or goldsmith might work in pewter.

Gaspard (or Kaspar) Endterlein (or Enderlein), also of Nuremberg, was the famous maker of hanging candelabra. He seems, like Briot, to have been a die-sinker originally, and to have applied to pewter ware the minuteness of detail appropriate to other metals. By birth he was a Swiss, but he worked in Nuremberg, and died there in 1633. His fonts at the church of St. Laurenz are perhaps his best work.

François Briot, who probably flourished from about 1560–1625, or later, was born at Damblain en Bassigny, in Lorraine. The dates of his birth and death are not known, but as some of his best work was copied by Bernard Palissy in 1580, and as he was certainly living in 1615, the above dates may be taken to be nearly correct. Like Enderlein, he was a die-sinker and medal-maker by trade, and lived probably at Montbéliard, a town about half-way between Basle and Besançon, as he was in the service of Jean François of Wurtemburg, Count of Montbéliard, from 1585 to 1601.

In this latter year he was in some pecuniary trouble, as we find that he deposited as security for a loan several molds, "tant de bassin, aiguière, vase, salière, qu'autres." The work attributed to him is characterized as a rule by extreme delicacy, if not over-elaboration, and the wonderful detail would be more appropriate in works carried out in one of the precious metals. His works were much copied by Enderlein, who removed Briot's medallions and substituted his own. The original silver specimen of Briot's famous ewer and plaque seems to have been destroyed at Rouen in the troublous times of the Revolution.

The frieze for the hall of the principal building at Düsseldorf, where an exhibition is to be held next year, will measure 312 feet by 16 feet.

Glass paving is being introduced on a portion of the Alexander III. bridge, and in several other streets in Paris where the traffic is particularly heavy. It is extremely hard, and is said to have a resistance of over four tons to the square inch. Cold and heat have little effect upon the pavement.

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AMALIA KÜSSNER'S MINIATURES OF THE ASTOR FAMILY

THE pictures of the Astor ladies here reproduced are from miniatures by one whose own personality is as dainty, and yet as forceful, as her dainty and forceful brush—Amalia Küssner, now Mrs. Coudert. New Yorkers, who for several years have found pleasure in her work as an art, are rejoicing that marriage has neither dried her brushes nor left blank the surface of ivory.

In these portraits Amalia Küssner—Mrs. Coudert—has caught and given to the personality of her subjects, to the light that radiates from within them, to eye and mouth and ear and pose of head, the unmistakable sign of the patrician.



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR

Mrs. William Astor—or Mrs. Astor, as she is called, because she is the head of the family—is a woman who has all the qualifications for a leader of society. She is representative, and for years her entertainments have been always considered the most fashionable and aristocratic in the social world of New York. Each winter Mrs. Astor gives a series of dinners and one large evening reception. In summer, at Newport, there is another series of dinners, and some years a reception or lawn party is added. In Paris, Mrs. Astor has a beautiful apartment in the Avenue Champs Elysées, where in the early spring she gives a few dinners and perhaps a musicale. Mrs. Astor is most methodical as to her movements. She always sails for Europe the last week in February and returns the first week in July, when she goes to Newport. She opens her town house in November. She has had the same opera box at the Metropolitan Opera House for many years, and although there have been seasons in which she has been in mourning or in which she has preferred to remain abroad, the Astor box is never let. Either her daughter, Mrs. Orme Wilson, occupies it, or her niece, Mrs. Benjamin Welles, or some relative of the family—otherwise it is vacant. Mrs. Astor for years has never missed the first night at the opera, and she generally goes about twice a week, throughout the season. Although her children are all married, and she has young granddaughters in

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society, Mrs. Astor still keeps up an interest in all the functions of the fashionable world. Her health, which was in a precarious condition two years ago, and which obliged her to change her plans for Newport, has been fully restored, and last winter she missed very few entertainments of note.

It is said that her visiting-list embraces over two thousand names, and at her receptions you will meet people of gentle birth who have had the right to be members of New York society, but who are, some of them, unable to keep up with the lavish expenditures of the present time. Mrs. Astor has two daughters living, Mrs. Ogilvie Haig, who was formerly Mrs. Coleman Drayton, and Mrs. Marshall Orme Wilson. She has one son, Colonel John Jacob Astor, who married Miss Ava Willing, of Philadelphia. Two of her four daughters are dead. One of them was the wife of Mr. James J. Van Alen, and she has left three children, Miss May Van Alen, Miss Sara Van Alen, and Mr. J. Lawrence Van Alen, who was married last winter to Miss Daisy Post. Another daughter, now deceased, married Mr. J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, and a granddaughter, Miss Helen Roosevelt, made her début in society last winter.



MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR

Mrs. John Jacob Astor is one of two daughters of Mrs. Edward S. Willing, of Philadelphia. She was married to Colonel John Jacob Astor in 1891. She has two children, a son, Master Vincent Astor, now about nine years old, and a little daughter. She is considered to-day one of the most beautiful young matrons in New York society. She is tall, with an exquisite figure and complexion, and is rather more brunette than blond.

Mrs. Orme Wilson is the youngest of Mrs. Astor's daughters, and was married to Mr. Marshall Orme Wilson about sixteen years ago. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, and a brother of Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mrs. Michael Herbert, and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. The wedding of Mr. Wilson and Miss Astor was celebrated in the picture gallery of the Astor residence, then situated at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, where now stands the Astoria Hotel. It was a notable event of the autumn of 1885. Before her marriage Mrs. Wilson was a famous belle, and she is very accomplished, as were all of Mrs. Astor's daughters. She appeared at the famous Kermess at the Metropolitan Opera House, before her marriage, and danced most gracefully a peasant rondo.

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RESTORATION OF OLD PAINTINGS

IN many families there are treasures which are almost hidden under the grime of years. It requires merely carefulness and judgment to clean these up so that the colors are restored to their original values, and the works are shown to the best advantage.

All oil paintings suffer by the lapse of time, partly because they have been executed with unsuitable pigments, but especially from the use of improper vehicles and siccatives, partly from the destruction or unskilled application of the varnish, and partly from the contraction of dirt and dust which have established themselves too firmly to be amenable to treatment with soap and water. The best restorative treatment is that of Pettenkofer, of Munich, which may be divided into the following subdivisions: (*a*) removal of dust, dirt, and varnish; (*b*) repair of faulty places, such as cracks and bare patches; (*c*) restoring perished colors to their pristine condition. All three are often very difficult, the second being often the most difficult of the three.



MRS. ORME WILSON

Light and warmth are as essential to the life of a work of art as to that of a living thing, for their absence means the growth of fungi, which are as destructive to works of art as to those of nature. To produce, then, artificially the effect of the rays of the sun upon a damaged oil painting is the first problem that has to be solved. The first thing is to remove all moldiness from the surface of the picture. This should be done, as far as possible, with a dry cloth of coarse linen, or with not too stiff a brush. If any of the mold resists this treatment a liquid must be used to remove it, and the best is a solution of soap in spirits of turpentine, diluted with spirits of wine. This should be applied with a sponge or a soft brush. Either should be frequently cleaned as they remove the dirt from the surface of the picture. In exceptional cases, even this solution may fail, and then, but not unless, pure spirits of turpentine must be used. If the use of this liquid is necessary, it must be applied with the greatest care, to avoid dissolving any part of the painting itself.

Once the mold has been removed, we are in a position to judge of the effect that other agencies have exerted in the course of years upon the picture, and to see whether only certain colors or the whole picture has suffered, and whether

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the ground has been damaged or laid bare. In all cases the condition of the frame of the canvas must be examined. If the frame is rotten or broken, the canvas must now be stretched in a new one, if any success in the subsequent operations is to be expected.

The mold-free painting is now covered with repeated coats of spirits of turpentine, and exposed under it for a week or a fortnight to the rays of the sun. In very favorable weather good results may be observed in even less than the shorter time mentioned, and the whole picture will show up as if new, with all its original colors. Nothing more is then needed than to revarnish the picture. Pettenkofer closes up cracks by the use of alcohol, which dissolves and fuses together the sides of the cracks. To remove the old varnish bodily, substances are used which depend upon the nature of the varnish, which must therefore be determined.

The removing liquids must always be freshly made, and never bought. They consist of mixtures of linseed oil, poppy oil, oil of turpentine, balsam of copaiba, spirit of wine, ethereal oils, ammonia, and white soap. The cleansing liquid is applied and allowed to soak in until the varnish has sufficiently softened to be removed with a soft woolen or cotton cloth, used without force. Great experience and care are necessary in these operations. According to the nature and age of the varnish it will take very different periods to soften, and every precaution must be taken to avoid removing or injuring the pigments underneath.

If the sun-bath fails on parts of the picture, there is no remedy but the brush of an artist who will retouch the parts that require it with fresh color, and it goes without saying that only an artist can choose and apply the proper tints, and harmonize them with the rest of the picture. He must bear in mind that where a pigment has been destroyed beyond redemption, the grounding has suffered the same fate, and must therefore also be renewed. It is of the utmost importance to remove all damaged color, etc., with spatula and pumice, before applying fresh, which may otherwise be injuriously acted on by the old stuff. Places where the canvas has been laid bare have usually become more or less moldy, and should be plastered with a paste of plaster of Paris and glue before any attempt is made to restore the priming. Naturally great care and skill are needed to prevent these repaired patches from being distinguishable from the rest of the picture.

The revarnishing of a restored picture must, of course, be reserved until all new colors are perfectly dry, and must be done with a good mastic varnish, and under no circumstances with damar, copal, or amber.

Care is required in placing pictures in inhabited rooms. In the first place, they must not be hung on damp walls, or where they would be exposed to fumes of any kind likely to produce or encourage moldiness. The pictures must get light and air, and at the same time must not be exposed to the direct rays of the sun. Paintings on wood panels last longer than those on canvas, but the latter may be made much more durable by rubbing poppy oil and balsam of copaiba into the back of the canvas. This mixture soaks into the canvas, and protects the picture very thoroughly from any adverse influence, such as damp getting at the colors from behind. In front the varnish ought to be a sufficient safeguard to the pigments.

Peat is being extensively experimented with in Sweden as a substitute for coal. In a refinery peat is exclusively used instead of coal as a fuel.

The town of Davos, Switzerland, is considering a bold scheme for the abolition of all ordinary forms of fuel, so that the air may not be contaminated.

Paris's latest innovation in street lighting takes the form of oil lamps. They are enormous structures that give out one thousand candle-power each.

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OLD FURNITURE IN THE SOUTH

THE Charleston News lately published an interview with a woman who had been very successful in her hunt for old furniture in out-of-the-way places. It is rather an interesting account of the methods pursued, and in a way explains how it is that even to-day, after the general appreciation of old furniture is ten or twelve years old, there are still many genuine pieces unearthed each year.

"Hunting antique furniture is quite a science," said a lady who has her home filled with all kinds of rare and beautiful "antiques," which she has, as she expressed it, "picked up for a song."

"You thought the field had been pretty thoroughly gone over? Well, so it has to a certain extent; the old-furniture dealers here have covered the ground fairly well and bought up much of the beautiful stuff that used to fill the old homes here; they have even gone beyond Charleston into the neighboring islands and counties, where Washington and Tarleton were quartered at different times, and have secured whole carloads of perfect treasures in the way of old mahogany and brasses and chimes and silver, and they have not gotten it all. There's lots of it here still to be had for the hunting if you go about it in the right way.

"The beaten track has been worn out by this time, and it is only in byways that the things can be found now. Not everybody can pay two hundred dollars for a tester bed or fifty dollars for a Hepplewhite chair, but almost anybody would love to get one of either for a couple of dollars and have the glory of telling the story of where the thing was found. That, of course, does not happen every day. These things, in fact, are getting scarcer and scarcer and harder to find every day. There is such a mania for all these old things that the supply is not equal to the demand. Collectors, knowing Charleston to be an old revolutionary town, the home of innumerable rich colonial planters, naturally come here to buy, and they have taken away thousands of dollars' worth of early English and French furniture.

"Every little old side-street shop you pass here has pieces of old furniture, some very good, others very bad, according to the judgment and knowledge of the man offering them for sale. Just the other day the 'colored gentleman' who sells me soft-shell crabs had his shrimps for sale in one of the best pieces of Royal Meissen I have ever secured—marks in perfect order, not a chip on it—and I bought it for a quarter. I have gotten all my things just this way.



CHIPPENDALE SHERATON THE MARTHA WASHINGTON SEWING-TABLE

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"Going to the home of one of the negroes, who claimed to have some 'dog-feet chairs,' I found one of the most beautiful pieces of old George III. hall-marked silver I ever saw, a liquor-stand of exquisite design and workmanship, with only one of the bottles missing. I asked the mammy if she would sell this. She looked at me craftily and inquired how much I'd give her. I asked, with equal craft, how much she'd take. She informed me that she couldn't possibly take less than one dollar for it, as it had been one of her ma's 'weddin' presints.' If I hesitated it was only because of her absolute ignorance of its value and the audacity of the lie she had told. In the pause I made she lowered her price to seventy-five cents, and the bargain was closed.



A SHERATON PIECE

"Where do they get the things? Why, they are mostly stolen. During the war, and even as late as the earthquake, many of the houses here were deserted and many of them were rifled of their beautiful contents, and in some of the filthiest uptown tenements I have come across my very best specimens of carved and inlaid pieces. In many instances, however, the negroes have come legally by the things, buying them at auctions years ago, perhaps, where they had been placed for sale by people who did not know their value, and considered them only heavy, cumbersome, and old-fashioned in design and wood. In some few instances, very few, the negroes have inherited them from former masters, but in such cases neither love nor money can buy them. One old negro has inherited from his former owner the great brass door-knocker which it was his special duty to keep burnished during her life. At the death of the mistress the knocker was bequeathed to him, together with some of the valuable pieces of lion-footed furniture—an old tester bed, carved in pineapples, and its flight of steps being among them. The old man still bestows the same care upon them that he did in slavery days, and every day sees him at work with wax and turpentine and his bare hands polishing the glassy surface of his mahogany.

"But most of the things now in the possession of the negroes are in a shameful state of abuse and filthiness—sometimes to such an extent that not even the best workmanship can restore them. Whenever I buy things I have them carted in the back way and kept in the back yard. There they are scrubbed with disinfectant, if they are wood, and scraped carefully with broken glass. Silver and china I have boiled in a strong solution of soda water, and brass I soak for days in kerosene. O yes, it costs considerable to have some of the things repaired. Sometimes ten times the amount of money is spent in doing them over that they originally cost you, but even then they will cost you about one-fourth of what they would at a dealer's, and besides, you get all the excitement of running upon valuable treasures and finds in out-of-the-way corners. It lends an interest to the pastime that it would not possess otherwise, and it teaches you better than anything else could do to distinguish a genuine from an imitation antique if you ever do buy from a dealer."

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"THE DOLL'S HOUSE," AND TWO OTHERS

BY ROBERT C. SPENCER, JR.

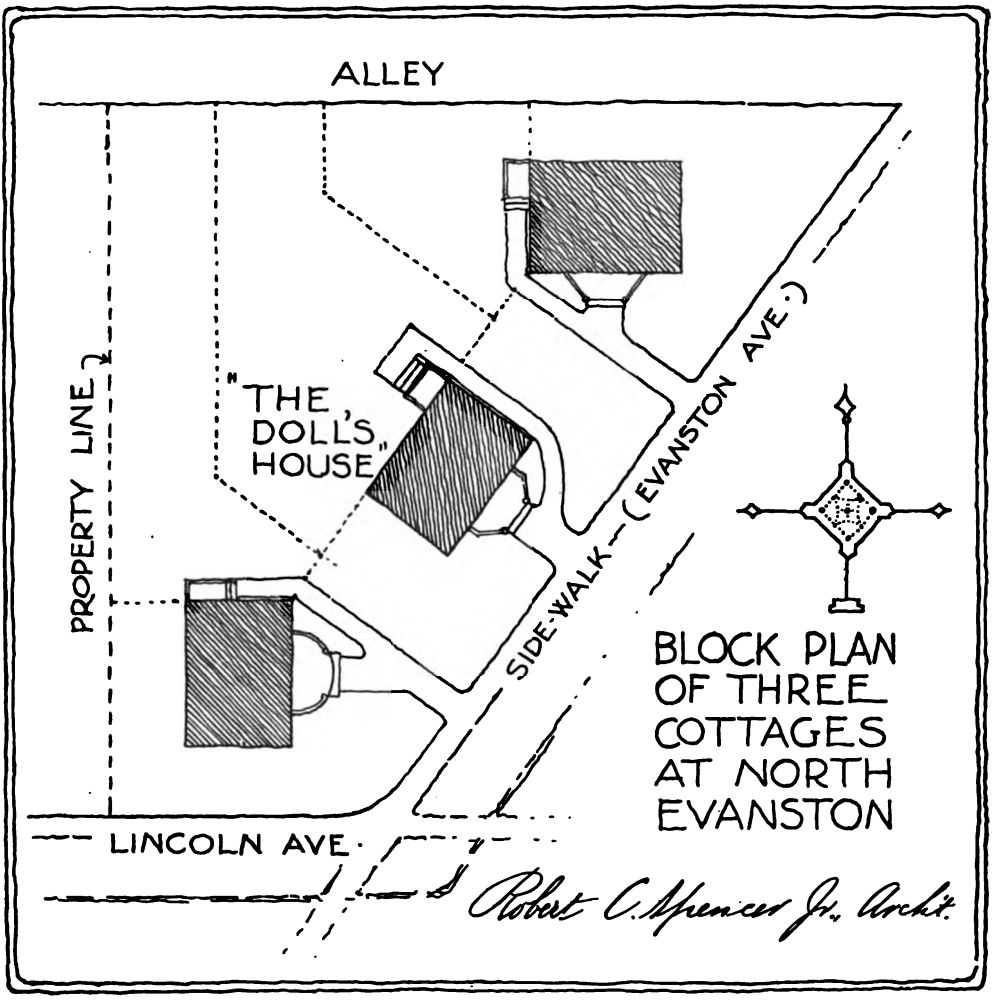
IN the November issue of this magazine was an article on the Cranford doll houses. The model for the first of these, and the subject of the first illustration in that article, is one of a group of three cottages at North Evanston which were built purely as an investment by a real estate dealer who was willing to have them thoughtfully and seriously designed, provided the experiment did not cost too much. Hard times and low prices favored the project, and the three realistic water-color drawings in *gouache* which the architect made after the working drawings, with mathematical accuracy and faithfulness to detail, were not long in the windows of the dealer's office before their counterparts in wood and brick were completed. The site was an irregular piece of ground, of a shape not common either in or around Chicago. Here is the architect's scheme of dividing into lots and placing the houses—so that each might be sold separately—and have alley abutment, the owner having failed to solve the problem satisfactorily.

To this happy scheme of ground-plan —this beginning of things on a broad basis — much of the effectiveness and charm of this little group of houses is due. It is evident that each respects the rights of the others and that each is helping the others. Although the site is restricted, there is no crowding, but a sense of ample room for all, with plenty of light and air, grass, trees, and vines, and a reasonable degree of privacy. Low screens with white posts cut off the garden from the common lawn in front and separate them from each other. The term "back yard" is a good one to get rid of in connection with the *cottage* beautiful as well as the house.

With minor modifications, the same floor plan was used for each of the three cottages, No. 2 on the block plan gaining a linen closet, and No. 3 being No. 1 reversed. Yet a decided variation in exteriors was demanded in order that the commercial exigencies of the case might be satisfied. No woman likes to live in a house exactly like her neighbor's or to have her costumes duplicated.

The family ego demands recognition in the house if anywhere. Of course flat-dwellers do not count. They have renounced their individuality, as far as a habitation is concerned, and must commonly be content with such limited opportunities for differentiating their household belongings from those of their neighbors as are afforded by the ready-made furniture and bric-à-brac of

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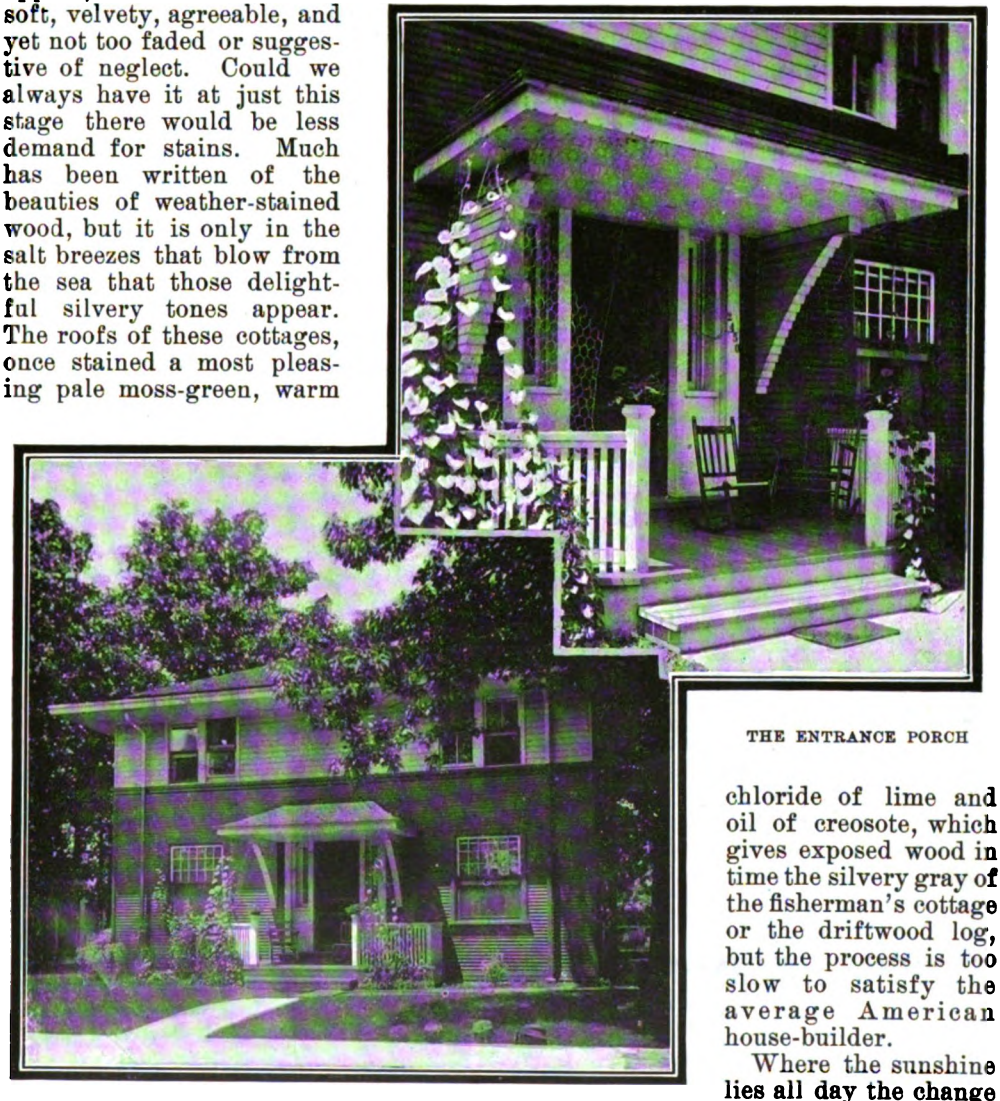


commerce. True, the average ready-made house, built to rent or to sell, is as much a misfit for a fine, simple individuality as the average brass bedstead or fierce Wilton rug. The recognition of the family ego, then, in most cases of rented or "boughten" homes must consist chiefly in having "something different." But these little cottages are so sweet and modest in their setting of soft green lawn, with leaf shadows playing on their weathered roofs, vines climbing over their porches, and a background of boughs and foliage piled dark behind them, that one can but imagine the dwellers therein to be as charming as their environment. The dainty wicker settle and sofa pillows on one of the porches; the simple window curtains swaying in the draughts that pass freely through the living-rooms; the glimpses of the furnishing within, and the soft voices of children at happy play, all tell the same story. "Love in a cottage" seems a very delightful possibility as one contemplates these. Much of their real beauty is lost in the photographs. Since some of them were taken, several years ago, the growth of trees and vines has helped the buildings, as they always

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help an architect's handiwork, I care not how "successful" it may be. Over the little Gothic porch of the northernmost cottage a grape-vine now runs riot and unites the beam abutments of its pointed vault. Time has just sufficiently mellowed the painted wood. At a certain stage, the hard greasy gloss of paint, its painfully dead opacity, seem to disappear, and its colors are soft, velvety, agreeable, and yet not too faded or suggestive of neglect. Could we always have it at just this stage there would be less demand for stains. Much has been written of the beauties of weather-stained wood, but it is only in the salt breezes that blow from the sea that those delightful silvery tones appear. The roofs of these cottages, once stained a most pleasing pale moss-green, warm and transparent, are now almost as black as the tree trunks.

Only paint on shingles will give a permanent light color, and paint on shingles hastens decay, although as yet no experiments have been made to discover the benefits due to sun reflection by very light colored surfaces. There is a bleaching oil, consisting chiefly of chloride of lime and oil of creosote, which gives exposed wood in time the silvery gray of the fisherman's cottage or the driftwood log, but the process is too slow to satisfy the average American house-builder.



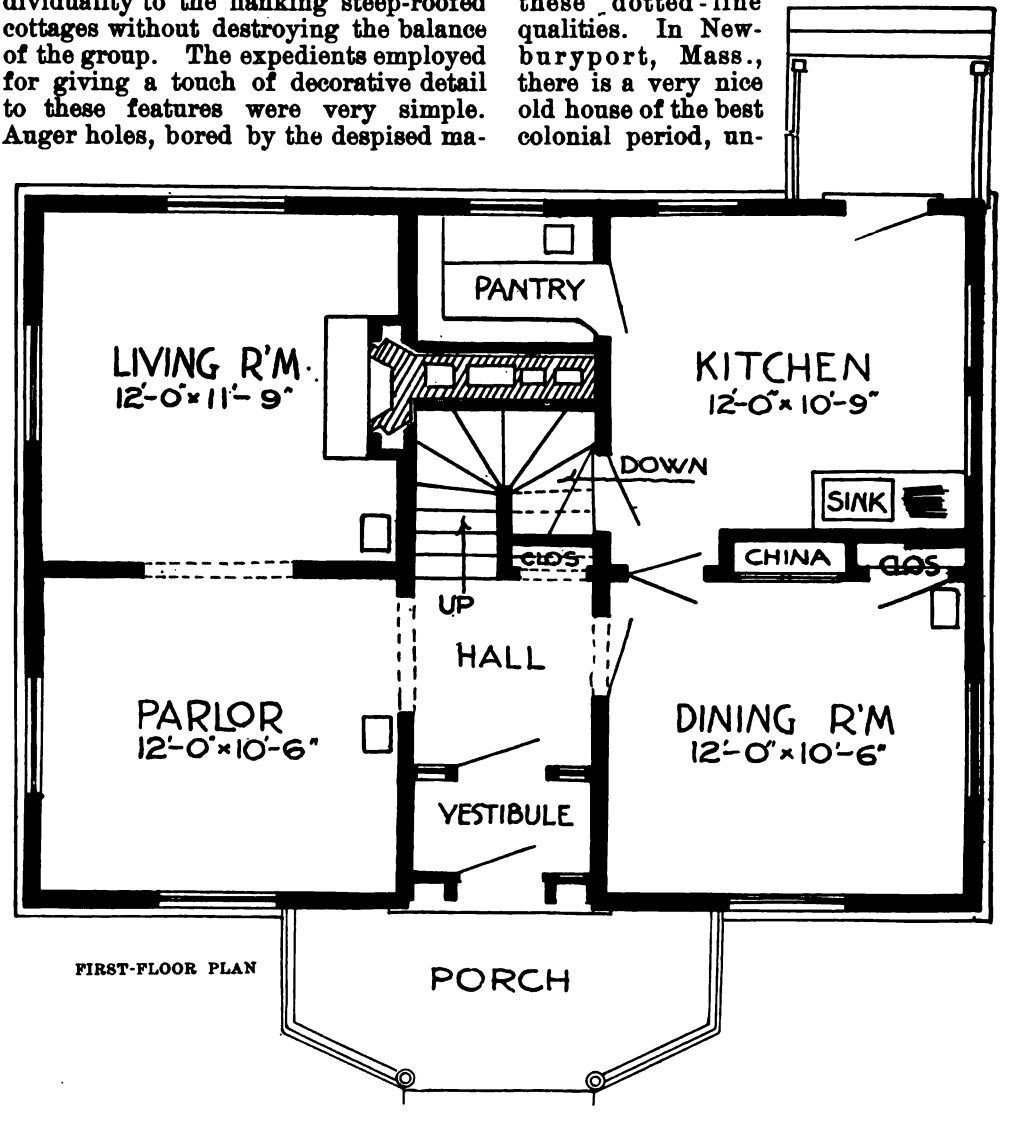
THE ENTRANCE PORCH

THE DOLL'S HOUSE

Where the sunshine lies all day the change is fairly rapid, but on

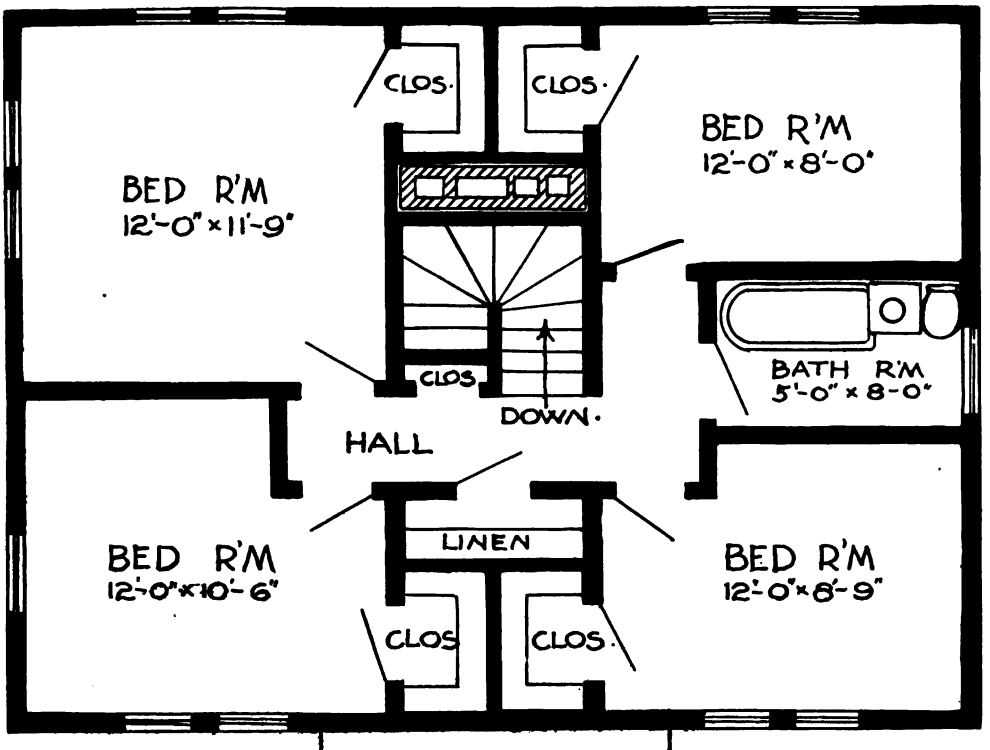
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shaded walls and roofs it is very, very slow. To return to the cottages, which are a nearly balanced group in color as in form composition, No. 1 is an indescribable dull buff and cream white. No. 2 a deep, dull red—almost purplish below, cream white above—while No. 3 is of that peculiar warm *café au lait* rarely seen and not easy to mix, closely related to the dull buff yet different. These color variations supplement variations in porches and dormers which give individuality to the flanking steep-roofed cottages without destroying the balance of the group. The expedients employed for giving a touch of decorative detail to these features were very simple. Auger holes, bored by the despised machine, give to the beams supporting the entrance-hood of No. 1 a more sparkling and effective surface decoration seen in shadow from the street than elaborate carving in relief would have given. The same auger-hole technique gives interest to the panels below the entrance sashes in each house. The repetition of these black dots produces a rich, linear effect quite similar to that of certain Pompeiian floor mosaics. Certain floors in the Chicago Public Library exemplify these dotted-line qualities. In Newburyport, Mass., there is a very nice old house of the best colonial period, un-



FIRST-FLOOR PLAN

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SECOND-FLOOR PLAN

der the cornice of which is a large oval or "quarter-sawed" molding, enriched with spiral lines of auger holes, a heavy line alternating with a lighter one, if I remember it rightly, and illustrating how the occasionally "inspired builder" adapted his decoration to his material and his tools, instead of imitating stone details in wood after the manner so common in colonial days.

So abused when first invented was the "jig" or hand-saw—chief instrument in the production of the "ginger-bread" work so loved by carpenter-architects until within very recent years, and still doing deadly work generally as a producer of hideous wooden "grilles," without which no cheap flat is complete—that it takes some courage to suggest that this machine may have a legitimate use. Here are the curved members in the little porch railings to give incident to the monotony of plain spindles. They are curved, it is true, while the grain of wood suggests a straight-line treatment, but the curvature is slight and quite as reasonable as that in Sheraton chair backs.

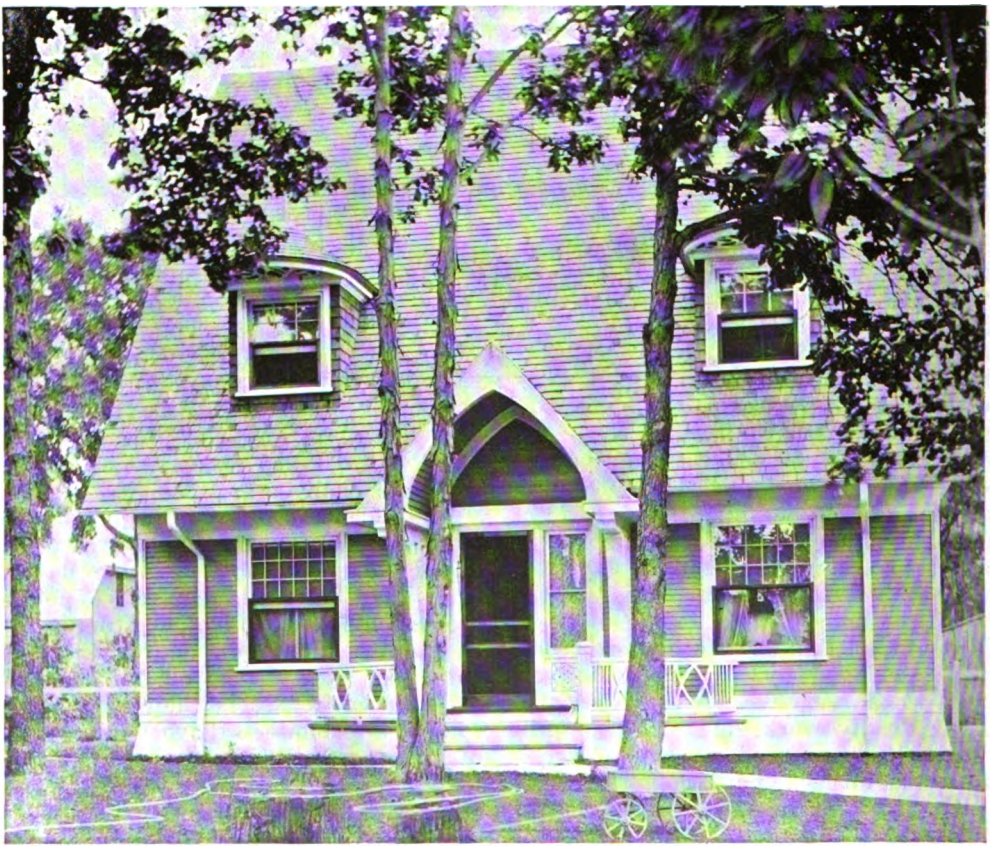
The dormer soffits of the north cottage are open traceries of sawed wood and help to accent its Gothic flavor. They give interest at effective points too, as one is sure to look up from below at the steep roof on approaching the entrance. One of the chief charms of these small houses is their exceptional lowness. Architects have a great deal of trouble with clients who have lived in houses of exaggerated vertical dimensions such as were in vogue thirty years ago. These people have become so accustomed to stilted proportions that it is

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difficult for them to be reconciled to others. You may tell them that the height of a room should be agreeably proportioned to its length and breadth, that moderately low rooms can be heated and cooled more readily than lofty ones, and that they will soon learn to appreciate and enjoy the sense of cosy shelter and comfort of the former. Prejudice dies hard.

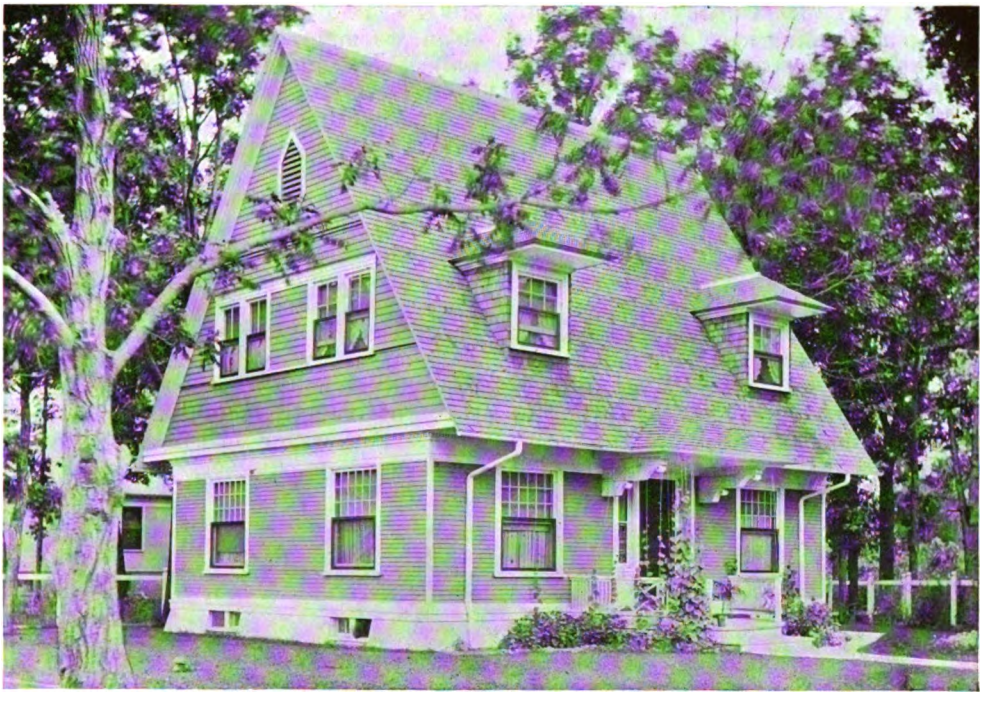
In these cottages the first floor is only three or four steps above the ground, the first story is eight feet six inches high in the clear, and the second story eight feet. The rapidity with which a room cools at night after a hot day depends upon the relative open window area, its freedom from obstructive curtains and draperies, and the height of the opening. Unless there is some outlet provided at or near the ceiling, the hot air lies almost stagnant above the window tops or meeting rail, as the case may be, for hours, diffusion taking place very slowly.

Lofty rooms are airy, then, only as their window openings are lofty, and the sash opened at the top in warm weather. These cottages illustrate two widely different yet constructively economical types. The steep roofs cutting the walls about three and a half feet above the second floor, and brought down to receive the projecting floor beams, which take the rafter thrust in good structural fashion, agreeably shade the windows below during the heat of the day, while the low hip-roof of the



COTTAGE NO. 3

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COTTAGE NO. 1

"Doll's House" with ample eaves shelters two full stories. On a slightly larger scale the steep roofs would furnish space for a very good attic; the low hip-roof affords no livable attic, but is the cheaper type to build. The bedrooms are good in both; each room in each house having cross-draft through windows on two sides, a very important point in summer, and each being so planned as to lose little desirable space in the slope of the roof, under which snugly tucked on stormy nights the children may be soothed to sleep by the rustle of leaves and the patter of raindrops on the shingles.

The tall two-storied box of a small house, with bold, heavy roof pitched at a stupid angle above, and a flight of eight or nine steep steps leading formidably up to its entrance, is impossible from an artistic standpoint. Don't rent one, buy one, or build one! Of course there are limits in low, homelike effects, below which it is unsafe to go, limits sometimes exceeded by architects with whom such effects have become a fad. A porch lintel or a doorway should not only be high enough to give safe head room to the "six-footer" with his hat on, it should look high enough, just as a structural support should satisfy the eye as well as the actual necessities of strength. Even a cottage should seem adequate to all its uses and in all its parts, though economy grant but a small margin.

Exaggeration in any direction always violates the law of simplicity which is fundamental to good architectural design.

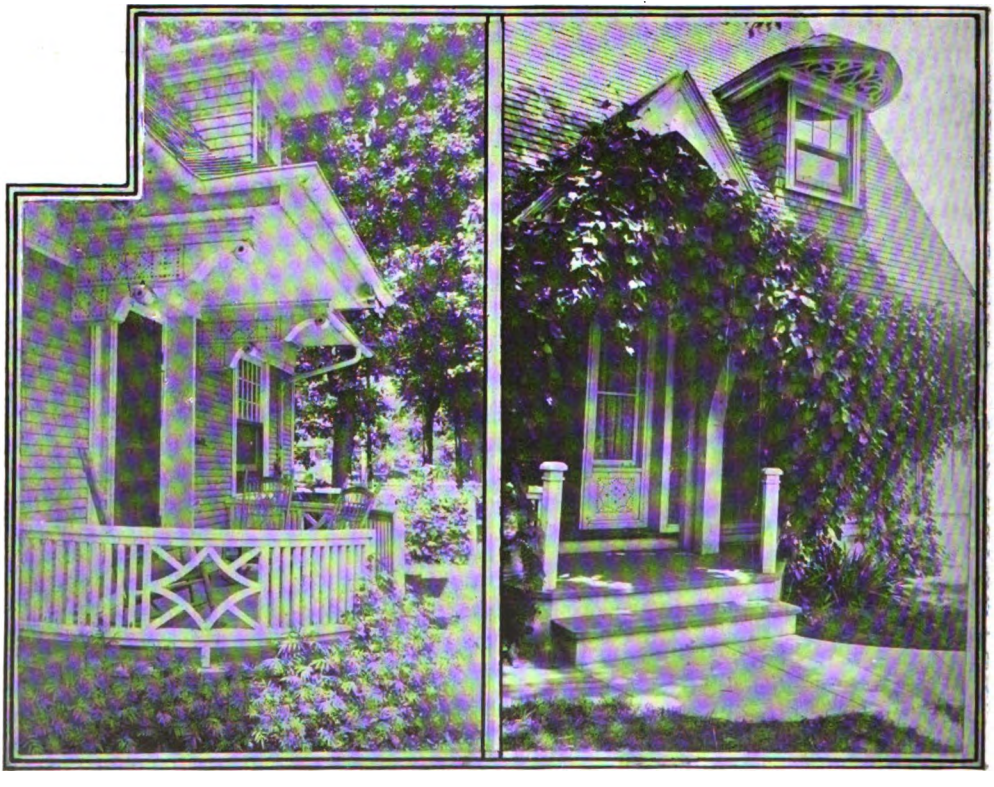
There are other tests in these cottages from which to preach little sermons on domestic architecture. There is the *porch* question, for one, but it must wait. I have said nothing of the floor plans, although they were studied and determined upon before the exteriors were considered in more than a very

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general way. It is always possible to develop a pleasing mass upon a simple, straightforward ground-plan. The compact, economical arrangement is seen at a glance, a sort of condensed miniature colonial plan in parlor and living-room are practically one, while the china-case and adjoining doors are symmetrically arranged in the dining-room. The central cottage of the group—named by friends of the present tenants "The Doll's House," before it was made famous by Cranford—is particularly fortunate in its present tenants who have, at their own expense, run a plate-shelf around the walls of the little dining-room, and stained all of the woodwork black to match the chairs and table. The dado below the shelf is a clean, warm green cartridge paper; the walls above and the ceiling are tinted a light greenish buff.

It is indeed a pleasure for an architect to look over his earlier work after a period of years and find it so appreciatively and tastefully cared for, as are all of these cottages, and that, too, by tenants.

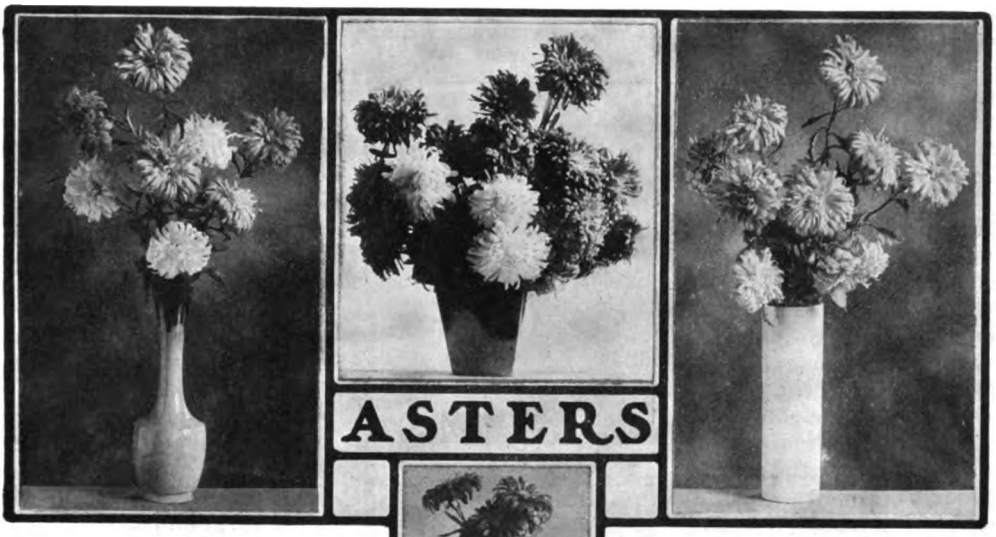
Would that in our larger habitations we might retain more of this sweet and comforting "homey-ness" of the cottage, or at least, in losing it, gain something as good to live with. Altogether the results here seem to justify, from every point of view, the building of really artistic houses, for investment purposes, no matter how humble.



THE ENTRANCE PORCHES

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LAVENDER AND WHITE GIANT COMET ASTERS VIOLET-RED



ASTERS

BY CLARENCE MOORES WEED



DWARF COMET ASTERS

FOR nearly a century the China aster has been one of the favorite blossoms of American gardens. Its ease of culture, the lasting qualities of the flowers, and its effectiveness both for bedding and indoor decoration have combined to make it universally beloved. Because of this, much attention has been given to the improvement of the various types that have appeared, so that the flower is now grown in many sets of varieties decidedly distinct from one another. The comet type is probably the most beautiful of these; it is especially characterized by having the petals flattened and curved backward in a way to suggest some of the more familiar sorts of chrysanthemums.

During the last few years these comet asters have been developed to great perfection, so that there are now available varieties in practically all the solid colors that the asters affect, as well as many very beautiful striped sorts. Great variation in size of plants may also be obtained, from dwarf sorts a few inches high to the giant branching comets two or three feet high.

These asters are very easily grown. The plants are often started in the greenhouse and transplanted to the garden when well developed, thus bringing them into bloom comparatively early, but I like better to start them in the garden out of doors and have them blossom from the middle of August to the end of September, the normal period for the plant. In this way it is very easy to have delightful beds of them in the garden or along the border, beds which are the cynosure of neighboring eyes as well as the source of an abundant supply of cut flowers.

Among the comet asters of solid colors, those of the red and violet hues are particularly attractive. If you take one of the modern color charts and turn to the series of tints between reds and violets you can match tint for tint from

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your aster bed. From a light violet-red you go step by step through red-violet to a pure and delightful violet. The pure whites are also very beautiful, while the blossoms in which the petals are striped with white and some color-tint are very attractive. There are many of these delightful combinations. One of the most charming is mauve and white; in a typical blossom the outside petals are pure, deep mauve; just inside of these the petals are of the same color but have a narrow margin of white. Toward the center the width of the white border increases so that the general effect of the central mass at a little distance is very light lavender, if not of a slightly tinted white. A very dainty combination is similar to this with the mauve replaced by lilac. And there are many other colors, both in the solid and the striped varieties, that are very beautiful.

WHITE AND VIOLET-RED COMET ASTERS



The usefulness of the comet asters for decorative purposes has been greatly increased since the introduction of the giant comets with their long stems and large blossoms. If your garden supplies these in a variety of colors you need not envy the owners of conservatories their chrysanthemums. For these comets are every bit as lovely and may be used to excellent advantage in the home. If you have a few simple flower jars of good form and without the objectionable decorations that too often are supposed to add to their attractiveness, you can find great pleasure in arranging the blossoms in them. The use of white and



WHITE



COMET ASTER PLANT



IN BAMBOO HOLDER

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one other color always gives a pleasing effect, although you can hardly fail to get good results in any combination of the different sorts. But it is unfortunate to mix these comet asters with other kinds of asters or other flowers. Their beauty is so distinctive that it shows to best advantage all alone.

Even if you have not the giant varieties, the smaller sorts may be used in less pretentious but equally beautiful arrangements in your jars and vases.

The comet asters are particularly well adapted for use in the bamboo wall-sticks which are to be had at the Japanese shops, and which are so strikingly effective when filled with the right sorts of flowers. The long-stemmed blossoms of the giant comets may be displayed in these holders against a plain background to great advantage, the soft and shining petals illumining the wall in a most beautiful manner. Any suggestion of stiffness or bilateral duplication in the arrangement should be avoided, the blossoms being arranged in such a manner as to give an appearance of that harmonious symmetry so much to be desired in floral compositions. These bamboo holders are inexpensive and may be used to advantage for many sorts of flowers besides the comet asters. When purchasing them be sure there is no crack anywhere.

One of the most satisfactory ways to use these asters for indoor decoration is to transplant them just as they come into bloom into artistic jardinieres. The smaller and medium-sized plants may thus be changed without ill effect if the soil about them is thoroughly soaked with water a few hours before they are taken up. I have not tried the giant plants with this method, but presume that they could also be transplanted if sufficient care were taken. For this purpose jars without a drainage hole may be used, as it is desirable to keep the roots wet to avoid wilting. The compact masses of beautiful blossoms will remain in good condition for about two weeks, if not exposed to direct sunshine, and make a very effective bit of decoration.

VIRTUES OF GLASS

PERHAPS one of the greatest enthusiasts on glass is M. Jules Henrivaux. He believes it to be the material of the future. He does not pretend that we can look for glass cannons, or glass men-of-war, or glass greyhounds of the ocean, but he does claim that glass is the best substance known to us for every kind of structural purpose, and especially for dwelling-houses. In short, if the visions of M. Henrivaux are realized, we shall all be living in glass houses before very long.

The point of the idea is sound in the inexhaustible supply of the materials from which glass is made, in its adaptability to all shapes and forms, its durability, and its cleanliness.

The new glass house will be absolutely clean and practicably indestructible. The whole of its surface can be washed, from the top story to the basement, without a trace of humidity being left. Dust cannot collect on its polished surface, and the spider will find no place on which to hang its cobwebs. As we all know, they have already begun to pave the streets of Paris with glass, and it is found that the substance, while practically indestructible, is admirably suited to the feet of both men and beasts; and as it neither holds nor makes any dirt, it is absurdly easy to clean.

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HOUSE BEAUTIFUL SUGGESTIONS IN PRACTICE

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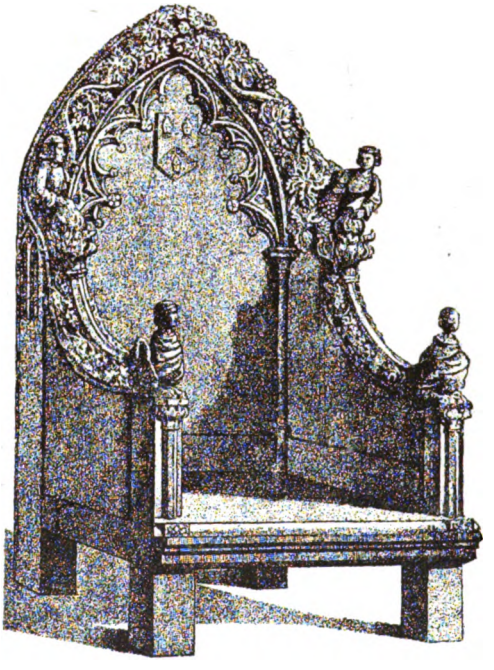
THE RESULT OF SOME HOUSE BEAUTIFUL SUGGESTIONS

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FURNITURE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

BY VIRGINIA ROBIE

THE fifteenth century was a period of transition. It marked the end of the Middle Ages and the beginning of modern history. Feudalism was crushed and a new civilization sprang into being. The keep, the drawbridge, the embattled tower, had no part in the architecture of the day, and with their passing the mode of living was greatly altered. The hall ceased to be the point about which the life of the house centered. It was no longer the scene of busy activity. The daïs, the minstrels' gallery, the long tables for the retainers, lost their significance. Dining in public went out of fashion. The lord of the manor added a room to the great hall and dined with his family in privacy. Life was more luxurious, but less picturesque than in an earlier and more chivalrous age.



ENGLISH MONASTERY CHAIR, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

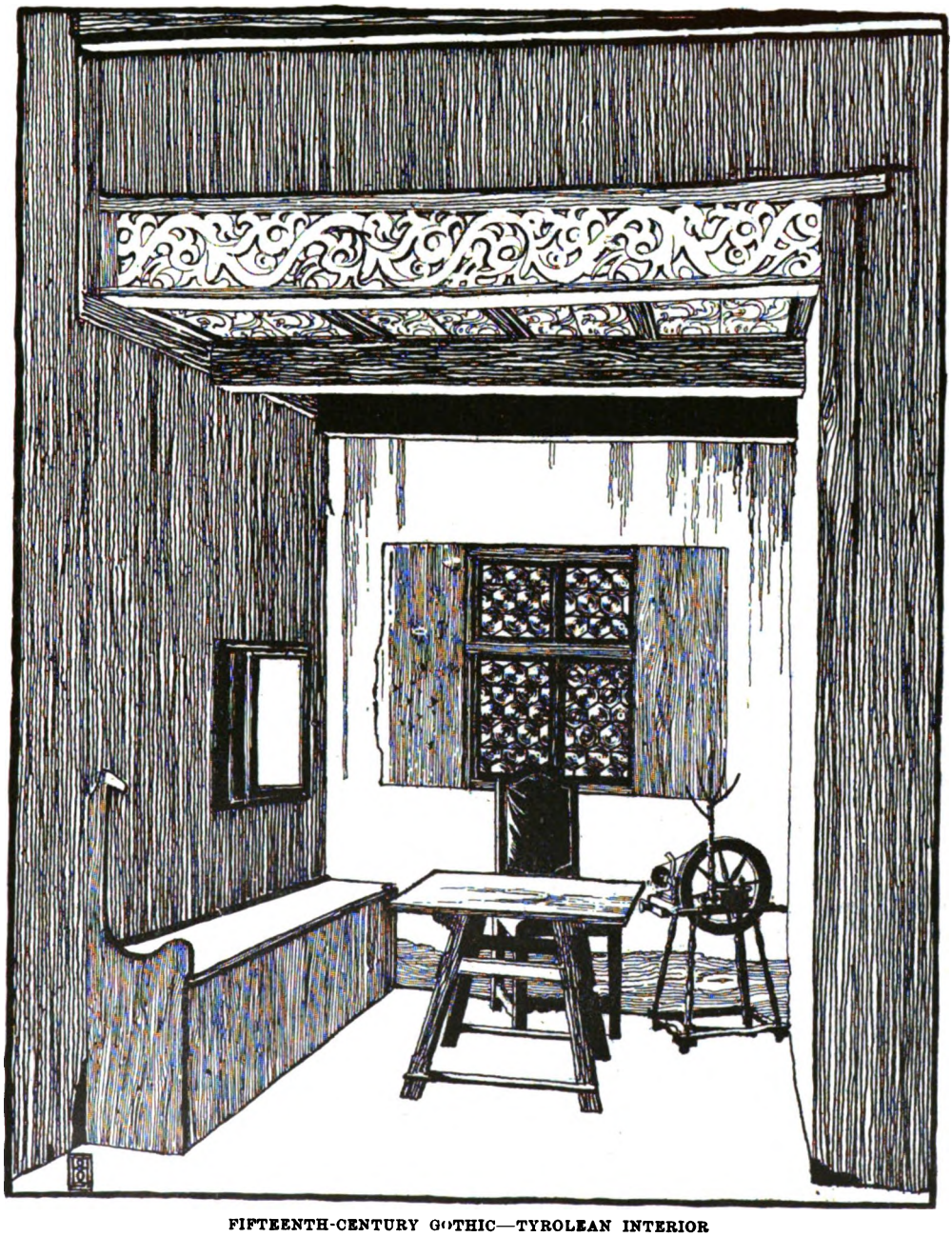
The century that witnessed the waning of mediævalism was one of great progress. The invention of gunpowder revolutionized war, that of the compass increased navigation, and that of printing ushered in the dawn of a new day, before which the darkness of the Middle Ages was swept away and an improved civilization took its place. It was an epoch of stirring events that included the War of the Roses, the conquest of Granada, the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, the capture of Constantinople, and the discovery of America.

ARCHITECTURE

Architecturally, the fifteenth century had less to its credit than the fourteenth. Houses embodied the characteristics of the debased Gothic, and while there was a greater variety of material used than at any previous time, buildings showed little constructive skill.

With the exception of the Hôtel de Cluny at Paris and the famous house of Jacques Cœur at Bourges, there are few dwellings on French soil of this period that show either beauty or force. In England, Hurstmonceux Hall in Sussex, erected by Sir Roger Fiennes, a brother of Lord Saye and Sele, and treasurer of the household under Henry VI., and Tattershall castle in Lincolnshire, built by Ralph, Lord Cromwell, treasurer of the exchequer under the same sovereign, are the best examples of English architecture of the day. Both are of Flemish brick with stone trimmings, and were the first mansions built in England of this material. Aside from these noble dwellings there is little fifteenth-century architecture in Great Britain that is especially notable. Houses of this age were not distinctive types. They were links between the fortified buildings of feudal times and the palatial homes of the Renaissance, and as such they are interesting chiefly from the historical point of view.

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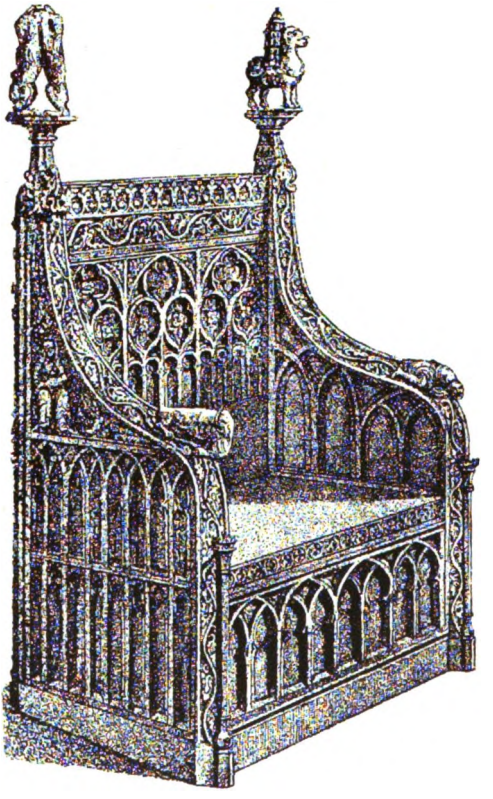


FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GOTHIC—TYROLEAN INTERIOR
From a drawing by Birch Burdette Long

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FURNITURE

The furniture of the early fifteenth century did not differ materially from that of the fourteenth. Designs remained strong and simple, and ornament was a means, not an end. But the day of Gothic simplicity was nearly over, and by the middle of the century the fate that had overtaken the architects pursued the furniture-makers. Having developed their art to the highest degree, they were not content to leave it undisturbed. Unable to improve, they needs must take away, by piling ornament upon ornament, until the original beauty was entirely effaced. Skill of hand remained; the brain back of the hand had deteriorated.



ENGLISH MONASTERY CHAIR, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

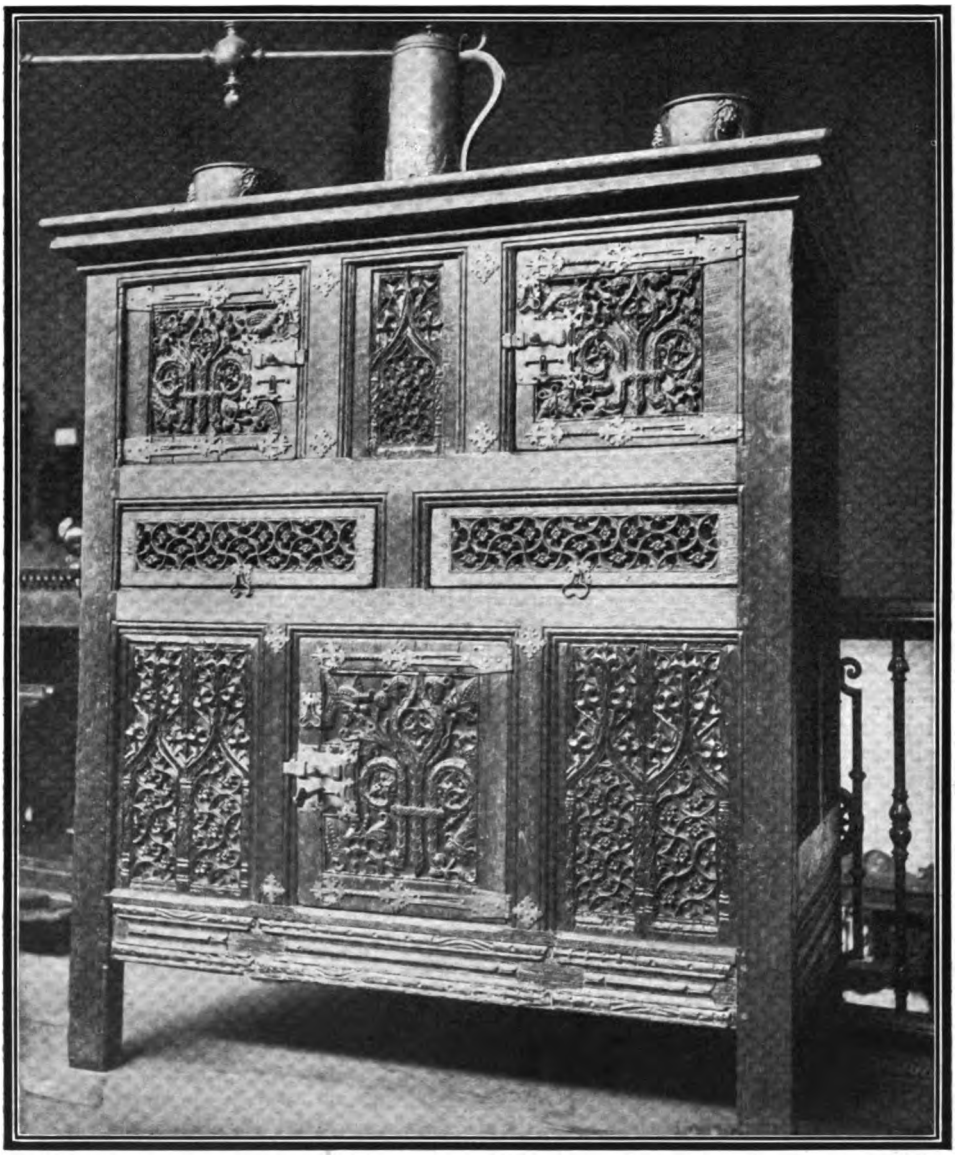
A waving form of ornament resembling a tongue of flame supplanted the geometrical tracery, while cinquefoils took the place of the earlier trefoils and quatrefoils. This flaming motive had dominated church architecture, to its great detriment, for more than a hundred years, and had given rise to the terms, Flamboyant, in France, Flowing, in England, and Fischblase, in Germany. Wood-carvers sought to surpass each other in the elaboration of this theme, and in fantastic combinations of foliage, grotesque animals and figures.

In early Gothic furniture animal forms were sometimes used as supports. They were now introduced as finials. Although the earlier pieces were often exceedingly crude in workmanship, and the animal supports usually much too small for the weight they upheld, they yet had some reason for being—some apparent use. But the animal finials of the fifteenth century had no excuse for being, served no purpose except to add to the incongruity and to lead the wood-carver into greater freaks of fancy. The English coronation chair is a good example of the first class, and the monastery chair reproduced in this article of the second.

Chairs more than any other pieces of furniture suffered at the hands of the artisan. Built on massive lines, they were little adapted for the overloaded system of decoration. Chests and cupboards, while lacking the simplicity which had hitherto been their chief charm, were by their construction less injured by complicated ornament. Many of the finest specimens of fifteenth-century woodwork were in the form of presses and cupboards. Bedsteads were too cumbersome in design, and except in the homes of the lower classes too ornate to be interesting. Tables had altered little in shape or purpose and were the sole articles of furniture to conform to severe lines and to unadorned surfaces.

It was an age of exaggeration in furniture, and scarcely less so in dress. The pointed cap, so long a feature of mediæval fashion, rose to enormous heights, and shoes were so elongated that walking with ease became a fine art. At the French court, ladies in formal attire

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A FLEMISH GOTHIC CABINET

could not pass through an ordinary doorway without lowering their heads, and the followers of Charles VII. were obliged to walk three feet apart in order to have sufficient space for the long and tortuous points of their shoes.

The resemblance between the architecture and the furniture of historic periods is plainly discernible. The similarity that costumes bear to both might also be cited. Many parallels could be drawn between Louis XIV. furniture and the gorgeous dress of that day, between the more ornate furniture of the reign of

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Louis XV. and the greater extravagance in fashions, between the simpler Louis XVI. furniture and the return of the French court under Marie Antoinette to a more refined mode of dress, between the classical furniture of Napoleon's time and the severe gowns of the empire, and between the stately furniture of the colonial period and the equally stately costumes.

So long as the pointed arch remained a vital force in architecture, furniture and dress reflected in a greater or lesser degree Gothic principles. This period included three centuries, and might well be called the Pointed Age.

WOOD

No strikingly novel pieces of furniture were evolved during the fifteenth century. New methods entered into construction and new effects were gained by combining different woods. English and German oak, French chestnut, Italian walnut, and Spanish cypress had long been famous, but their use was confined largely to the countries in which they were produced. But now woods were imported extensively, and we find Spanish cabinet-makers experimenting in the walnut of Italy, Italian artisans using the olive and cypress of Spain, French furniture-makers turning to Flanders and England for oak, and to the southern countries for the softer woods, and English workmen, while clinging mainly to oak, adding French chestnut and Spanish olive and cypress.

Italian walnut was as hard as oak and almost as enduring. Many of the choicest examples of the cabinet work of this period, found in museums and private collections, are in this beautiful dark wood. It was better adapted than oak for the lighter pieces of furniture, and its exquisite grain yielded to a more graceful form of ornament. In the hands of the Italian and Spanish craftsmen it became an ideal medium.

SPANISH WOODWORK

In Florence and Vargos were fashioned those chests and cupboards that placed the work of the South so far above that of the North. The Florentines had long demonstrated their ability, and in this century the people of Vargos nearly equaled them. Varguenо furniture was as celebrated as Cordovan leather.

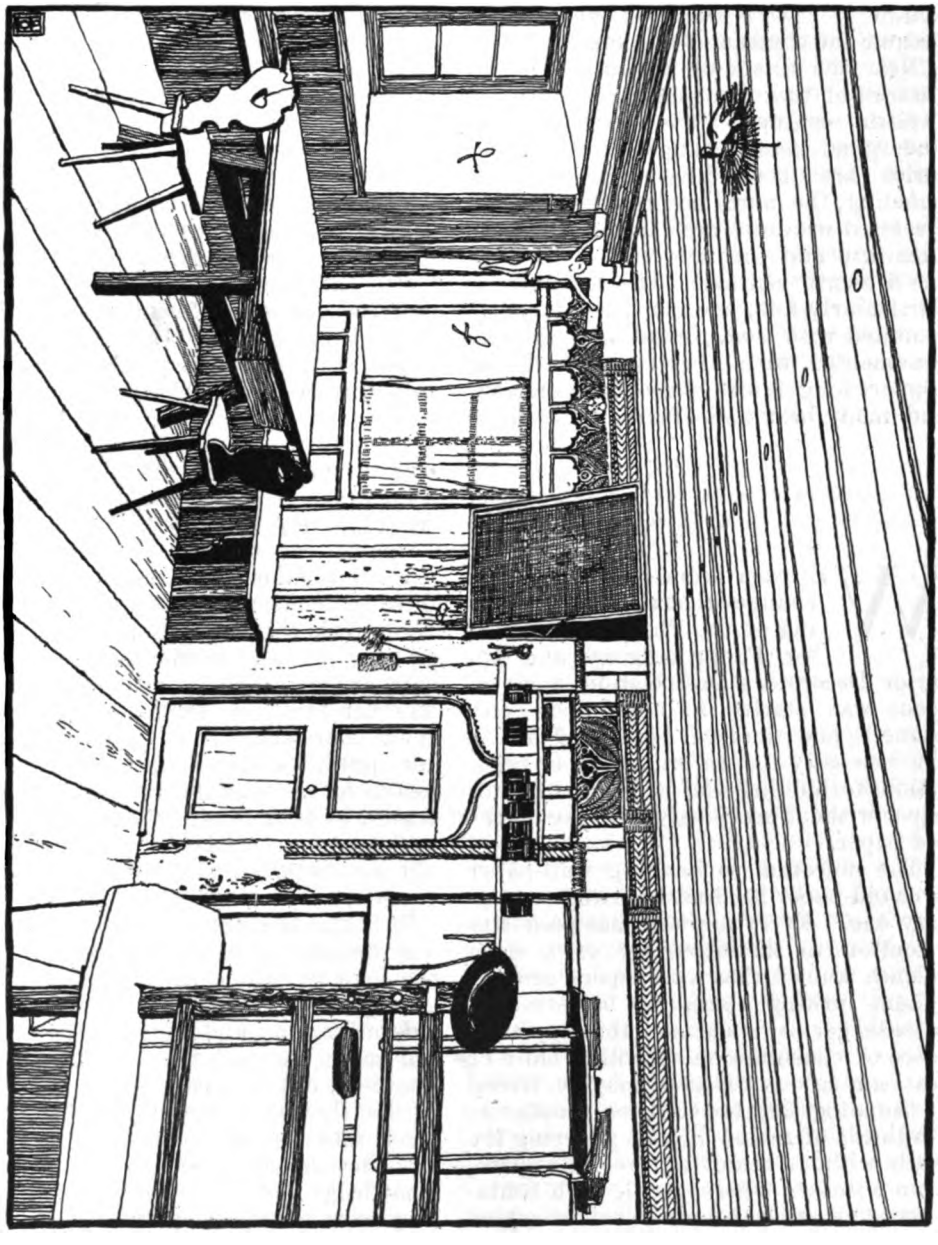
Flamboyant architecture had made little progress in Spain, and Spanish furniture was free from the absurdities found in the furniture of the North. Moorish traditions were deeply rooted and designs exhibited Saracen rather than Gothic influence. Gothic motives were not entirely absent, but they were largely overshadowed by the richer ornament of the East. Spain was the only European country that did not yield to the spell of the pointed arch. This worked for good in the fifteenth century, when all the other nations except Italy were well-nigh engulfed in Gothic detail. Italy's fine art perception saved her from the artistic blunders of her neighbors.

With the exception of the English monastery chairs, the pieces of furniture illustrated in this article are early fifteenth century. The German cupboard and chairs are of oak, the French chairs of chestnut, the Flemish cabinet of oak, and the Italian cabinet of walnut. The bedsteads are of Tyrolean workmanship and are both of oak. The bench is also from the Tyrol and is a good example of the refinement characteristic of the handicraft of that unique nation. It is interesting to compare the cabinets, as a similar motive is manifest in each. The cupboard is sturdily German and shows the high relief that was peculiar to the wood-carving of that century.

INTERIOR

The interiors reproduced are taken from homes in the Tyrol where much of the Gothic spirit has been preserved. Two of the pictures have an especial value, as they depict rooms in a peasant cottage and show that beauty of line and ornament was not confined to houses of one class. Few changes have taken place in the home life of the Tyrolese, and the woodwork and furniture of this

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FIFTEENTH CENTURY GOTHIC—PEASANT INTERIOR
Drawn by Birch Burdette Long

cottage remain as they were in the fifteenth century.

During the Middle Ages the Tyrol was alternately occupied by the French and the Germans, and the architecture and furniture combine both French and German tendencies. This is well illustrated in the fine old castles that cling to the mountain tops and make this country one of the most picturesque in all Europe. These feudal strongholds passed from one conquering baron to

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another. The schloss of one decade became the château of the next.

Near the village of Merau stands the château of that name dating back to the twelfth century. The exterior has undergone many changes, but the interior has been little altered. The paneling, the mural decorations, and the traceried windows are early Gothic, the furniture and the tapestries belong to the fifteenth century. The furniture is particularly fine, and consists of chests mounted with iron, presses and cabinets ornamented with hinges and locks of copper, long tables without decoration, and many beautiful chairs. The latter are similar to the old Roman cerules, and very unlike the English chairs of this period with their high backs and ponderous carving. The furniture of this old château represents the best of the late Gothic school.

Toward the end of the fifteenth century a great change took place in handicraft. A new force born in Italy gradually spread throughout Europe. Gothic art was not uprooted in a day, and a period of confusion in design followed in which the old forms were combined with the new principles of the Renaissance.

DISEASE AND WALL-PAPER

WE learn from one of our exchanges that at the last meeting of the Philadelphia Master Paper-hangers' and Interior Decorators' Association, a movement was started to urge upon city councils and the local boards of health the necessity for an ordinance or regulation forbidding the hanging of wall-paper without previously scraping off the old paper.

The objection to hanging wall-paper over old paper is almost entirely a sanitary one. Every one who has paid any attention to the discovery of modern science knows that wall-papers are excellent lurking places for bacteria and disease germs; and undoubtedly many cases of consumption and other more or less contagious diseases may be traced to the altogether too common practice of landlords of rented houses papering the walls without removing the old papers, even in cases where people with contagious diseases are known to have occupied the rooms. At a meeting of the Massachusetts State Society of Master Painters, a visitor stated that he had been called upon to hang paper over the old paper in a room of a house that was afterward offered for rent, where two children had just died from scarlet fever.

Such regulations should not be confined to tenement-houses, as they are in New York City, but they should apply equally to all residences, to offices, schoolrooms, and all apartments, whether they are public or private in their character. If it is necessary for the public welfare for the boards of health to make stringent regulations in regard to plumbing, it seems that it is even more essential that the removal of old wall-paper should receive equal attention.

It is true that paper-hangers, painters, and decorators may be looked upon by the general public as interested parties when they present the subject for consideration, and undoubtedly it would in a measure increase the amount of their business, but it should not be lost sight of that they know the subject better than those who are unfamiliar with the trade, and they are able to state from positive knowledge how often the simplest sanitary laws are violated by this most unhealthy practice. Not only should all old paper be removed from the walls, but the regulations should require that all walls should be washed down with carbolic acid or some other disinfectant before they are allowed to be repapered. It is only by taking such precautions as

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these that many cases of disease which now puzzle physicians to account for can be avoided.

This is a matter in which the master painters' associations could make themselves of great benefit to the community at large, if they would but set themselves earnestly at work to bring it before the local health boards. In doing this, they would not find it difficult to obtain the co-operation of the physicians, and would soon be able to stir up a sentiment in the community that would in every town demand the passage of such an ordinance, law, or regulation.

It is not generally known that oil and grease spots can be removed from the most delicately tinted wall-paper without seriously marring it. Some French chalk powdered in cold water should be applied to the spots and permitted to remain for at least twelve hours. The chalk can then be brushed off. If the grease spots still are visible put on more chalk, place a piece of brown paper on this and press for a few moments with a warm flat-iron.

Wall-paper can be fairly well cleaned with stale bread crumbs. Remove all dust from the paper with a feather duster and rub the paper downward with a large piece of bread, touching at each stroke about half a yard of paper. Care must be taken that the paper is not stretched by contact with the crust of the bread, neither must the stroke be made in a horizontal direction. When rubbing down, care should be taken to cut away the soiled part of the bread as often as necessary.

FIRE RISKS FROM ELECTRIC LIGHTING

WITH electric lighting, the overheating of ignitible material is the one danger to be apprehended. Such heating may result from various causes. The amount of heat generated by the transmission of electrical energy depends, in general terms, upon the resistance encountered in the conducting medium, the quantity of current flowing, and the rapidity of heat radiation.

For this reason, says Mr. H. S. Wynkoop, in Cassier's Magazine, a poorly constructed joint in wire laid in wooden molding may, by interposing a high resistance, develop a local heat sufficient to char the woodwork, which eventually bursts into flame; or a circuit designed for the supply of sixteen candle-power lamps may be called upon to carry the same number of lamps of thirty-two candle-power, thus doubling the flow of current and causing an increased heating effect throughout the entire length of wire; or a wire designed for carrying a certain current when strung on insulators and exposed to the air may be placed in wooden molding, at the whim of the tenant, who cannot understand why a larger wire is required for the latter method, because he does not stop to consider the decrease in the rate of heat radiation which results from the change. So, also, the presence of weak or defective insulation may cause a series of infinitesimal leaks from wire to wire, which, added together, assume finite proportions, and may result in adding to a circuit a burden entirely ignored in calculations of wire sizes.

To guard against this overheating the insertion of a "fuse" in the line is usually resorted to. This is a strip of metal of such material and cross-section as to insure its melting—and thus opening the circuit—upon the passage of a current sufficient to barely overheat the wire. The fuse, however, is no protection against the heat developed at bad joints, or at points where leakage from one wire to another (or to some other conducting medium) is localized. It

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prevents an excessive flow merely, not a flow along unauthorized paths or over improper obstructions. And yet heavy copper or iron wire is not infrequently used to replace these fuses, thus defeating the object of the device; and, indeed, cases are on record where the brass-capped fuse-plugs were filled solid with lead, in order, as the engineer expressed it, "to do away with the only weak part of the system." When a fuse "blows," it invariably scatters molten metal, which may communicate a dangerous degree of heat to the material upon which it falls; and yet very many people fail to understand why the inspector requires that the fusing appliance shall be inclosed in a non-combustible case.

The only protection against poor joints lies in the prevention of them. The best protection against local leakage consists in the adoption of a good insulating covering for the wires, and of such a method of construction as would permit of the operation of the circuits without leakage if the wires were entirely uncovered, in which case the insulation becomes an efficient factor of safety.

OTHER PEOPLE'S VIEWS

It is out of the question for the average reader to subscribe for all of the magazines which contain articles on House Beautiful subjects. The editor proposes, therefore, to print, from time to time, such extracts as may be interesting and helpful. The department will not aim to cover the whole field, but to give suggestions and notes from papers inaccessible to most readers.

"Foudroyant" Furniture

It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers, says the *Lady's Pictorial*, of the fact that the "Foudroyant" was Nelson's flag-ship, and therefore has good claim to be considered the ship of the century. But the "Foudroyant," like some other famous vessels, became, in time, a wreck as it were of its former self, and, after a checkered career, the time came when it was broken up and purchased by a syndicate, with the result that several firms are now making furniture which is both beautiful and historic from its timbers and copper, by virtue of a contract entered into, giving them the sole right to turn the wood and metal of the famous old ship to this interesting and practical purpose. The skilled craftsmen are now busily engaged in working up the old "Foudroyant" into escritoires, chairs, settees, etc., of exquisite designs, some of which, too, are historic, as they include replicas of such interesting actualities as the chair used by Lord Nelson's father, Admiral Byng's quaint old seat, a long settee used by Nelson, a chair arranged by Nelson and made from timbers of the Dutch prizes, and Nelson's own chair, with an anchor design carved on the back. They are also making cigar cabinets, hanging brackets, hanging cabinets, and bookcases, chests, afternoon tea tables, etc., in "Foudroyant" oak, at moderate prices, while similar designs can be had in ordinary oak at a lower rate.

Furniture Polish

The polish of furniture, modern pieces of course, is a lamentably perishable thing. Soap and water are fatal to this shiny surface, and home-made concoctions of alcohol, turpentine, wax, linseed oil, and mixtures of varnish and shellac are liable to leave a gummy, sticky surface. Before applying any sort of polish the article of furniture must be thoroughly rubbed, then the polish should be applied, and in a few minutes wiped off with a piece of dry cloth. Wide-meshed cheese cloth answers this purpose splendidly, as it leaves no lint, and after washing is even softer and better than ever.

For Flemish or black oak, or indeed any furniture that has a dull, waxy finish, a wax polish should be used, applied as just directed. If the piece of furniture is elaborately carved the polish should be applied with a small soft brush, then rubbed off with a bit of cheese cloth. For a few hours this application will make the furniture a trifle sticky, but as this polish soon dries away such an effect is not long noticeable.

For cleansing either white or colored enameled furniture soap and water may be used with perfect safety; but as gold furniture is only thinly enameled it is best to wipe this only with a dry chamois skin, as water or furniture preparations will entirely remove the burnished effect. A mixture of alcohol, whiting, and water is best for cleansing mirrors and glass set in furniture. This preparation should remain on about five minutes, and then be washed off, giving a final polish with a piece of dry cheese cloth.

To clean highly polished furniture the simplest method is to go over the surface with a

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cloth wet with paraffine oil and let it rest for an hour or more. This will soften the dirt and will fill any scratches with oil, thus preventing the water from reaching the wood. After the dirt is softened wash the surface with a soft cloth, with soap and water, using Castile or some other mild white soap; rub very dry and then wipe with a soft cloth wet with turpentine and paraffine oil. Let this rest for a short time, then polish with a soft cloth. When a surface is much marred or extremely dirty it will be well to omit the washing and clean the surface with powdered rotten stone and oil. Wipe clean and finish with the paraffine oil and turpentine.

For old mahogany rubbing with the hand is the best polisher. The natural oil and warmth of the palm are sufficient to produce a smooth, shining surface.

For old oak "elbow grease" in unlimited quantities is advisable.

Cellar Floors

Take four parts coarse gravel, or broken stones and sand, and one part each of lime and Portland cement, mix well in a shallow box, shoveling it over and over again. The sand, gravel and cement must be mixed together dry. The lime is slaked separately and mixed with the other ingredients in such proportion as will cement the whole mass together. Six or eight inches of this mixture is then laid on the floor and spread out level, and when set another coat is put on, consisting of one part cement and two parts sand. This last coating should not be less than one inch thick, and should be well troweled and made smooth on the surface. This, says the Architect and Builder, will answer for making the bottom of a cistern that is to be cemented up the sides with a lining of bricks. A cement of one part sand and two parts ashes and three parts clay, mixed with linseed oil, makes a hard and durable substance like stone, and will resist the weather almost like marble.

Cherry and Mahogany Stain

To give birch the appearance of cherry or mahogany, says the Canadian Architect and Builder, it should be rubbed with diluted nitric acid, after it has been planed and finished up with either scraper or No. 0 sandpaper. Afterward, to a filtered mixture of one ounce and a half of dragon's blood dissolved in a pint of alcohol add about half an ounce of carbonate of soda, the whole constituting a very thin liquid, which must be applied to the work with a soft brush. This process must be repeated with very little alteration, and at short intervals of time, until the work assumes the tint required. If the work has been well done and the composition properly made, the surface will assume quite a brilliancy. To complete the work raw linseed oil should be rubbed over the surface and wiped dry, as no portion of the oil should show on the work.

An architect's responsibilities to his client under the contract are neither few nor light. The conserving of the client's interest whilst dealing fairly with the contractor, says *Architecture*, is not the least onerous and difficult job. With responsible, conscientious builders—and we are glad to know that there are many such—an architect's difficulties and troubles are greatly lightened. There is more anxiety and loss attendant upon the proper supervision of doubtful contractors than can ever be recouped by low tendering. An architect should be required to act as if the interests of his client were his own, which, to all intents and purposes, they are; that he will allow no material departures from the specification; and that all that competent and conscientious oversight and control can do to insure a proper and satisfactory result shall be done. We have never been in favor of open competitive tendering, though we know it has the somewhat doubtful advantage of tending to cut down prices. We believe it best, in all cases where good work is required, to limit the tendering to a few selected builders known to the architect as reliable and competent men.

As architects, working towards an "indigenous and American" style, says a writer in Architecture, we are loath to admit a weakness for fashions in architecture. And yet the growing popularity in our northern states of the English domestic style and the decline of colonial forces us to this sad conviction. We have seen the rise and fall of Romanesque and the so-called "Queen Anne" and other fashionable styles, and apparently the end is not yet. We wonder if in the future we shall pass through successive periods of all the known styles, and where we shall look for inspiration when all have been tried! But we anticipate. Perhaps by that time we shall have attained to the much desired "indigenous and American architecture." That the English style is well suited to the requirements and climatic conditions of most sections of America there is no doubt. In Pittsburg it has suddenly and completely replaced colonial in the best of new domestic work, and there the change is a most agreeable one. The delicately tinted colonial houses are sadly out of place in a locality where it is necessary to repaint them each year in order to maintain a respectable appearance. For this reason, if for no other, the English style, with its more somber colors, should meet with approval in the "Smoky City."

Mr. Elmer Grey, a well-known contributor to THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, speaking on "Indigenous and Inventive Architecture for America" at the last convention of the Architectural League of America, said: "The nature of an architectural

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style is closely akin to the nature of the personal style of an individual. In the case of the individual it is, of course, the result of his continued endeavors to improve his character. In doing so he does not ape someone else, neither does he discard the example of heroic types that have lived before him, or who are living in his own time. He attempts to discover the laws which ruled or rule such lives, and endeavors to follow similar laws in arranging his own conduct. In much the same way is style in architecture evolved. We are not to copy past styles, neither are we to consider them useless as modern sources of inspiration. We are to try to discover the laws which governed their success, to discern how those laws should be modified to suit existing conditions, and then to apply them in the solution of our own problems. The result will be beauty, the exact nature of which we may not be able to define, but, like the quality in a man of which he is unconscious, but which others feel to be his personal atmosphere or style, it will be all the more vital and all the more precious because defying analysis."

The Cult of the Pigmy Tree.

It is a fantastic idea of the country chatelaine, who has a roomy hall or a generous piazza to have pigmy oaks and maples and pines from Japan, as ornaments and "conversation makers"—as one mischievous hostess put it.

Palms, fronds, orange trees, and rubber plants are more or less green and graceful, but they certainly lack the charm of novelty, and of what use is a fine country house and a pocketbook in proportion to one's tastes, if one does not introduce a bit of oddity and originality into one's domain?

These dwarf trees—only giants of the woods, such as towering pines and lofty oaks are dwarfed—are shown in the Japanese tea-gardens in Atlantic City, and there are some fine specimens of miniature oaks and maples in private collections in this city, but it has been left to the country householder who loves red orchids and blue hydrangeas to take up these wee trees as a fad and a hobby.

A few years ago the pigmy trees of Japan were comparatively unknown in this country. Nowadays their importation has increased to a considerable extent, and one experiences less amazement at sight of the microscopically perfect growths, the veriest pigmies of cedar, pine, oak, or maple, from a few inches to two or three feet in height, enjoying an evidently healthy though circumscribed existence in the china vases or bronze pans which help to make up such a charming scheme of decoration. There is a peculiar fascination about this ingenious if fantastic variety of arboriculture, which the Japanese have brought to perfection after generations of practice, handing the trees down in the family as valued heirlooms. Many of the specimens are known to be upward of 150 years old, and yet show no signs of decrepitude. The secret of starting them by preventing an abundant flow of sap, and, while the tree is kept well and healthy, arresting rapid vegetation, remains with their cultivators, from whom they must in the first instance be obtained.

They can be successfully kept in health in this country with very little trouble. When used for table decoration the golden rule is not to overwork them, but to allow them plenty of air and avoid any dry heat from gas or stove.

There is an infinite variety of these trees. There are the thujas or arbor-vitæ, with their dusky green folia e and tortuous stems: the peaceful Japanese larch, one specimen of which in a New York collection is said to be over 300 years old: the "umbrella" pine, about 18 inches high, and other miniature pines, planted singly, grouped in a lilliputian forest, or picturesquely growing on a piece of rock; cedars, oaks, and juniper trees, and even the pomegranate, the wistaria, the flowering peach or plum, or the cherry with its snowflake blossoms. Most exquisite of all, perhaps, both in form and color, are the Japanese maples, which, in their autumn garb, make vivid splashes of scarlet, gold, and bronzy purple against the more sombre background of conifer or cedar. At present their coloring is a delicate harmony of tender greens, pinks, and yellows, paling into white. So minute and, as it were, perfectly finished are they that in looking at them one is irresistibly reminded of the tree painting of the old Italian painters—the leaves are so few, so clearly defined, and so large in proportion to the branches from which they grow.

There are more varieties of the maple than of any other of the pigmy trees, and in early spring they should be planted out of doors and exposed to all weathers until in full leaf. Their effect in a border of low-growing shrubs of herbaceous plants is charming.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL'S EXPOSITION

It is a long time before Christmas, and probably our readers have given but little thought to holiday presents. But we do not want them to forget the opportunity offered them in the First National Exposition of Household Art, to be held this autumn.

There could be no better holiday gift than some article which will be useful in the household. Anything of this sort is eminently suitable and much more sensible than most presents. Whether it is a chair, a rug, or a picture, it is suitable and useful.

At the Coliseum, there will be gathered together, samples of nearly everything which helps to make a house a home. Dealers and manufacturers from all parts of the country will show their wares. Everything from a grand piano to a patent lawn sprinkler will be on exhibition. Under one roof one can make his selections from thousands of the newest and most improved household articles. No one city affords the variety of articles shown here; and even if it did, it would require months to make a store-to-store canvas.

If one is not in search of holiday gifts but intends to build in the spring, a visit to this exhibition will actually save him money. Here at a glance he will learn who makes the best mantels, and what they cost; he will learn where he can buy the best paint or stain; in short, he will see in working order everything that he will have to choose for his house.

For the interior of the house, there will be wall papers, furniture, rugs, cut glass, silverware, pianos, ranges, draperies; in fact, everything that is needed to furnish a house.

At the request of many firms, now at the Pan-American Exhibition, who want to transfer their entire exhibits to Chicago, we have decided to postpone the Exposition until later in the Fall. The exact date will be announced later.

For information about exhibiting, special railroad fares, hotels, etc., address

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Questions and Answers



The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Whenever the address is given and stamps are inclosed, replies will be sent by mail within three weeks.

Black Walnut

I have a small black-walnut sideboard. Is there any way to change it so that it could be used with oak furniture in a country house.

Brooklyn, N. Y. A. E. H.

We fear that we cannot give you any advice in regard to changing a black-walnut sideboard. Black walnut it is and black walnut it must remain. If the design is simple, and it has not a white marble top, it might be used in a room with dark oak furniture, although an oak sideboard would be much more satisfactory.

Books on Furniture

Can you recommend a book of designs of artistic furniture, antique or otherwise, satisfactory enough that designs may be selected from it and given to a first-class cabinet-maker to imitate? Bedroom furniture I am particularly in need of, and wish to have it hand-made. If you can help me in this matter you will greatly oblige me.

Coronado, Cal. F. T. E.

There are many books that should be helpful to you in selecting designs of the colonial period to be reproduced by a cabinet-maker. "The Furniture of Our Forefathers," by Miss Esther Singleton, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is the most complete book on the subject. Other good ones are the series of volumes on furniture and interiors by various writers, published by Geo. A. Polly & Co., Boston, and an excellent work is the portfolio entitled, "A Collection of Colonial Furniture, Measured and Drawn from Antique Examples," by Alvin Crocker Nye, published by William Helburn, New York City. Any good library ought to be able to provide you with the books on Chippendale and Sheraton.

A Seaside Cottage

Will you kindly answer the following questions: 1. How should a seaside cottage of seven rooms on one floor be painted? The building outside is all shingled. 2. How should the sitting-room, with its open-beam ceiling, be painted? Should the beams have a different shade or color from the ceiling? Should the walls from the ceiling to the picture molding have the same color as below?

Dark green paint is a good color to use in the interior of your seaside cottage, although much depends on your furnishings. The open-beam ceilings may be treated in several ways. The beams are usually painted or stained like the woodwork of the room. Much depends on the color of your walls. With yellow walls, for instance, and dark green wainscoting, doors, etc., we should advise painting the beams green.

With rooms ten feet in height, no frieze should be used, and the molding should be placed at the cornice line.

Two Rooms in Green

Will you give me a few suggestions for a room about fifteen feet square, finished in natural wood—cherry. The walls are about ten feet high. The mantel is simply a broad shelf of cherry and the front about the fireplace of green-brown tiling, with a framework of cherry. The carpet is of neutral shades, soft greens, browns, and rose.

The hall, which this room opens into, is papered with terra-cotta. Would you advise a colonial stripe or anything on that order? The carpet cannot be changed. The furniture is not promising, but more will be added later. There are an upright piano, ebony finish; one good old mahogany table; an oak rocking-chair, one of mahogany, both good design; an oak music-cabinet, all good design; two horrible pieces in the shape of a cherry-stained divan, covered with brown plush, and a stained walnut chair, with nondescript upholstering; one large chair with a walnut frame, and one smaller, which belonged in a "parlor set." These are well designed, but covered with different colors of satin damask.

I wish to ask also about a dining-room which is now papered in terra-cotta ingrain paper, with a ceiling a shade or two lighter. The border is painted by hand in oil and is a grape-vine with green leaves and purple and green grapes. It is a very effective thing and that must be left. It is painted on the top of each strip of paper and after it was hung was "touched

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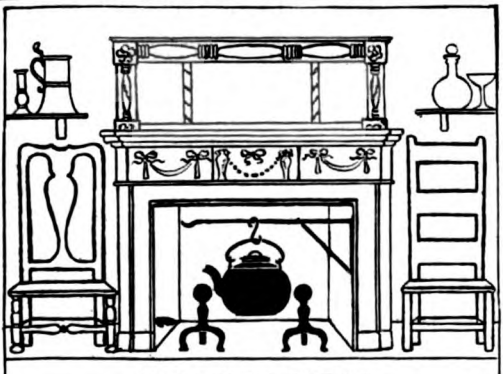
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

up," the stems being joined, etc., so when we are ready to paper again it is rather difficult to know how to put on the paper; if paper is put over the old and the border left, will that necessitate a molding? The woodwork is a lighter shade than the paper of terra-cotta. At one end is a china closet of oak, built into the wall. There are four doors in the room and two windows. The ceiling is ten and one-half feet high. The room now looks "tame" and colorless of course. There are now inside blinds which cannot be changed very well, it is so sunny at noon, and they seem to be better than shades.

Morrison, Ill. C. D. G.

We do not advise a colonial paper unless the woodwork and furnishings of the room are in the style of the colonial period. Your parlor opening from a terra-cotta hall would look well in dull green, particularly as the tiles in the mantel are green and that color is prominent in the carpet which you say cannot be removed.

Retain the mahogany furniture and gradually replace the objectionable pieces with good designs in that wood. The "horrible" divan, covered with brown plush, and the stained walnut chair, covered with nondescript upholstery, should be removed. Far better to have no furniture at all than pieces that are a constant annoyance.

We see but one way to change the color of your dining-room walls and still keep the hand-decorated border or frieze, and that is to paint or calcimine over the original paper to the edge of the grape-leaves. Green would be a much better color for the side walls than terra-cotta, and far more harmonious with the purple shades of the grapes. If green is used, the light terra-cotta woodwork should be painted a dark green and the blue shades in the grapes should be repeated in the curtains and cushions. With walls ten and one-half feet high the molding should be placed at the cornice line.

Possibly you may not care for two green rooms. We think, however, that a house with rooms of moderate size gains much in dignity and restfulness where two or more rooms follow the same general color scheme.

If you choose, the parlor could have a figured paper in green and yellow; or a yellow paper, plain or figured, would not be at all out of place. With yellow walls, green should be used in the upholstery to bind the two rooms together.

Colors for a Studio

I would like suggestions for moderate priced furnishings of a studio. It must contain what I already have of furniture—an old table of mahogany, hinged in the middle, one half of which rests against the wall; an old mahogany veneer bookcase; a table, stained like the mahogany, which has two leaves which let down; five chairs of curled maple, varnished and stained until almost as dark as the tables. What treatment of floor and walls would you advise for this and for the big corner of the attic studio,

"SUCCESSFUL HOUSES" is full of valuable suggestions on the decoration of the home.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

which is the tower, having five windows? In bedrooms are shams still used much. What would you advise in place of the much-used or abused shams.

New Haven, Conn. H. E. J.

For your studio we would suggest a green calcimine, walls and ceiling alike, with floor stained mahogany. For the tower a box seat upholstered in green denim and covered with many pillows in bright cotton stuffs would be effective. Pillow shams are no longer used, we are happy to say. An excellent way to treat a bed is to have a counterpane of cretonne with a French roll or bolster covered with the same material.

Papering a Cottage

Will you kindly give me suggestions in regard to papering our cottage. The sitting-room has hardwood floor and dark green and old pink rug, mahogany furniture; is a southwest room, and opens with wide doorway into dining-room, which has a dark red rug with small pattern and mahogany furniture, dark green plain velour portieres hung betwen these two rooms. The dining-room is a south room, a small library opens off the sitting-room, has a rug of sage green and old pink and black; north room mahogany furniture; two bedrooms open out of the dining-room, matting on the floors, brass bedsteads in both north rooms. They all have just the plain, white walls. Please let me know what you think would be best in the way of papering them. I like the plain paper best. Would you paper sitting-room and dining-room alike as they open together with very wide doorway, but sitting-room has green rug and dining-room a red rug. The dining-room has a red brick mantel. I think in a cottage where all rooms open together too many different colors do not look well. There is a small entrance hall about 6 by 6 feet opening into the sitting-room. A few suggestions in regard to colorings of paper will be very acceptable. Do you like the looks of the sectional book-cases in a small library?

MRS. H.

A small house gains in dignity when several rooms are papered alike. In your cottage we would suggest green cartridge paper with lighter green ceilings in the sitting-room and dining-room, using the rugs and portières now in the rooms. Dull Indian red in the library, and in the two small bedrooms a figured paper in ivory and old rose. Sectional book-cases are usually eight or ten inches deep and therefore rather out of place in a small library.

Furnishing a New Home

We are completing a new home, and I should be very glad of some suggestions you might offer upon the interior decoration and furnishing of same. Our house faces west: the reception-hall, stairs, and halls finished in oak—old English; has a front entrance of bevel plate-glass and side lights, opening in all seven feet in width; one window facing north—on either side of this

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

to be book-shelves, as we expect to use this as library, dimensions 13½ by 15. The parlor or living-room is furnished in Tobasco mahogany, corner mantel, sliding doors between hall and this room, one large window to west and smaller one to the south, dimensions 13½ by 17. Would it be well to furnish this room in mahogany? The dining-room opens off this room, sliding doors. This room has a triple window facing south, nine feet in width, center glass stationary, and one ordinary-sized window opening to the east. The windows in these rooms have upper sash of leaded glass. This room has no mantel, will be finished in quarter-sawed white oak. How would it do to firnish this in golden? Is to have a plate-rail and chair-rail. Would it be wise to dispense with either one of these rails? What is proper height to place these? Dimensions of this room are 13 by 18. Ceilings in all rooms, ten feet, and all floors oak. Shall have to get new furniture for dining-room, rugs for all rooms, and new curtains for all windows and draperies as well. I am anxious to have a pleasing combination of color. W. S. W.

Mahogany furniture should be used in the parlor finished in mahogany, and oak in old English shapes in the reception hall. We cannot recommend the "golden oak" finish on the quartered white oak of your dining-room. This room and the hall would look exceedingly well in a blue scheme of color—plain blue paper or burlap in the dining-room, and a large figured Chiswick paper in the hall, the latter possibly combining green with the blue. This combination would lead up to the parlor, which would be effective in green. With walls ten feet in height no frieze is required, and the molding should be placed at the cornice line. In the dining-room we do not advise the use of both a chair and a plate rail. One should be discarded, and in this case it had better be the chair-rail. In a room of your dimensions the plate-rail should be placed about seven feet from the baseboard.

Redecorating a Dining-Room

Will you kindly give me suggestions in regard to redecorating our dining-room? The room is 17 by 15, and has four windows to north, one to east, and one west, besides three small latticed ones over sewing-table. We built our home, an old English, where we could have a fine view of the hills, and to enjoy this we allowed too many windows for size of room, I suppose; but morning and afternoon sunshine were so tempting.

The open fireplace is of plain red brick, with shelf above finished same as the woodwork, white enamel. A corner cupboard is built in one corner, and there are three doors. Furniture is Flemish oak, very dark, almost ebony.

We had a blue burlap (Delft) put on walls two years ago, and twice it has come off. Burlap in library is satisfactory, so it must be plaster which is defective, and we must put on paper now. Can find no good shades of blue in cartridge paper. Do you know of any? Is not room too cut up by windows to use figured paper? I

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

also want to use again my blue china for decorating room. Would you advise changing color of room? The hall paper is Indian red cartridge, Flemish oak for woodwork; library coffee-color burlap, and morning-room a yellow figured paper. Rug in dining-room is a new Wilton, blue with red in pattern. Windows have small transoms above, and over each transom silk curtains have been shirred onto two rods; ruffled muslin curtains hang below at windows. How are such transoms and windows now treated?

T. S. C.

Blue is an excellent color for your dining-room, and it is to be regretted that the burlap will not adhere to the walls. The trouble is with the plaster. We are confident that the walls could be treated in such a way that the burlap would not come off. If you do not care to make a change in the walls, grass cloth could be used instead of burlap and would give much the same effect. It is more expensive, but more durable, and being of lighter weight would not annoy you by failing to stay in place.

Cartridge paper would serve your purpose, so also would the crepe paper which may be found in a fine strong blue. The latter is preferable to cartridge, coming in a better shade. Green is one of the most satisfactory colors in cartridge paper, and if you do not use grass cloth stained blue, green in this medium is recommended. The arrangement of your windows is admirable. If the silk is plain tone like the walls we have no suggestions to make. In regard to the use of figured paper, we think that you are quite right. Unless the pattern were very small and the design in self color, a plain paper should be chosen for a room having so many windows.

Colors for Curtains

Please answer these two questions:

1. For curtains, I have first green cloth shade on roller, next, lace curtain covering down to sill. What should come third, a valance, or curtains of silk or similar material same length as lace curtains, and hanging straight down?

2. Dining-room, has red Bokhara rug, with

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

green denim floor border, high English oak wainscoting; walls, red paper above wainscoting; ceiling, green border aud cream-yellow center. What color should the third (satin or silk) curtain be, red or green?

C. J. DE R.

For a third curtain we would advise one of silk or any material in harmony with the furnishings of the room—the color to be determined by the wall-paper. The curtains could have a valance with a breadth at each side hanging to the edge of sill. The outer hanging is not always necessary, and in some rooms quite a mistake.

In the dining-room the curtain should be red.

Paper for Dining-Room

I would like some suggestions for papering my dining-room. Our house is new and the woodwork and furniture of the dining-room strictly Flemish. The ceiling is heavily beamed, and the fireplace, or rather the mantel, is built of dark blue tile, six feet high, with shelf of Flemish oak; on either side of the fireplace are two small bay windows of leaded glass about five feet from the floor, or maybe four feet. There are two windows on the west side, so the room has sufficient light. I have thonght of using blue paper or burlap as high as the backs of my chairs, with tapestry paper to the ceiling, and having the ceiling tinted a very light cream color between the beams. Do you think this will make the room too dark or dreary?

A. C. C.

Inasmuch as you do not state the dimensions of your dining-room, we find it difficult to advise you definitely in regard to the papering. With so much dark woodwork a cream ceiling would be too pale. We would suggest a stronger tone between the beams. Blue burlap would be excellent for the side walls. If the room is high-studded, a deep and very decorative frieze combining blue, deep yellow, and possibly green, with a yellow ceiling, is advised. If the room is the usual height a better effect would be gained by covering the entire side wall with burlap, still retaining the deep yellow between the ceiling beams. The blue must be selected with great care. It should be dull rather than bright, and yet of sufficient strength to meet the yellow.

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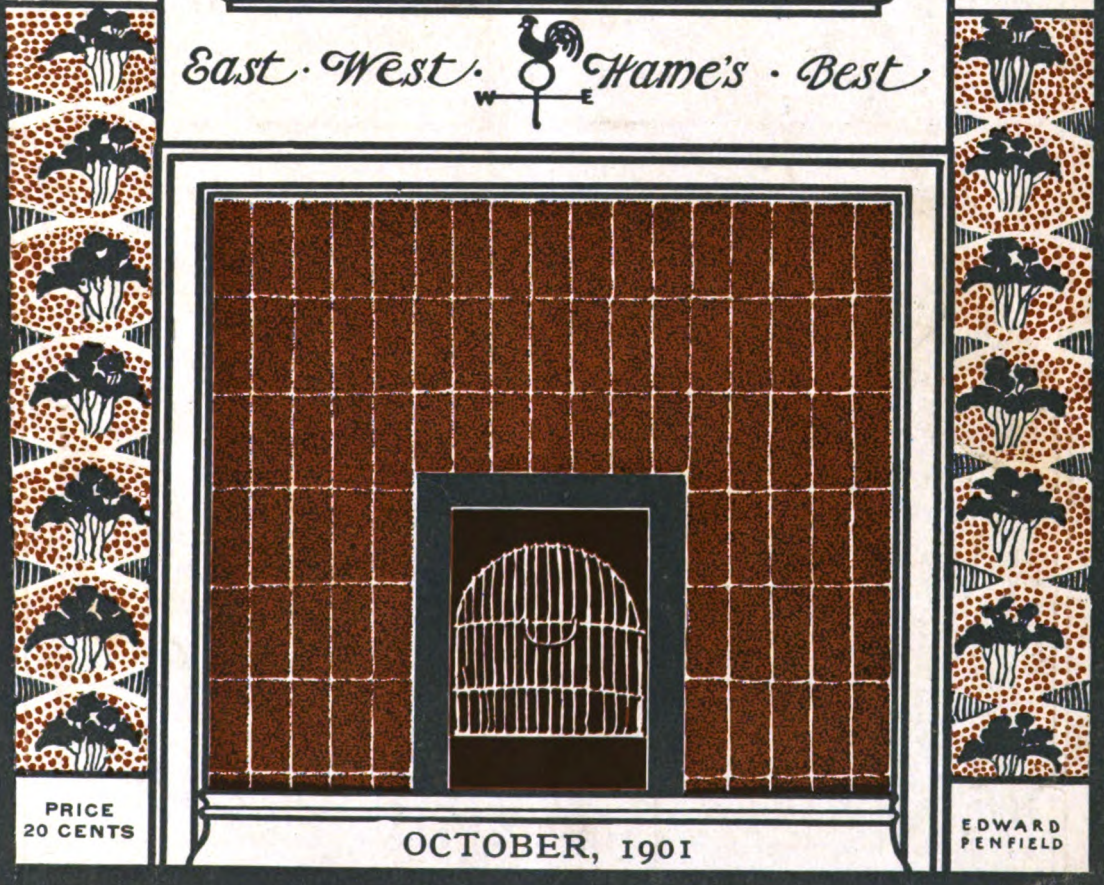
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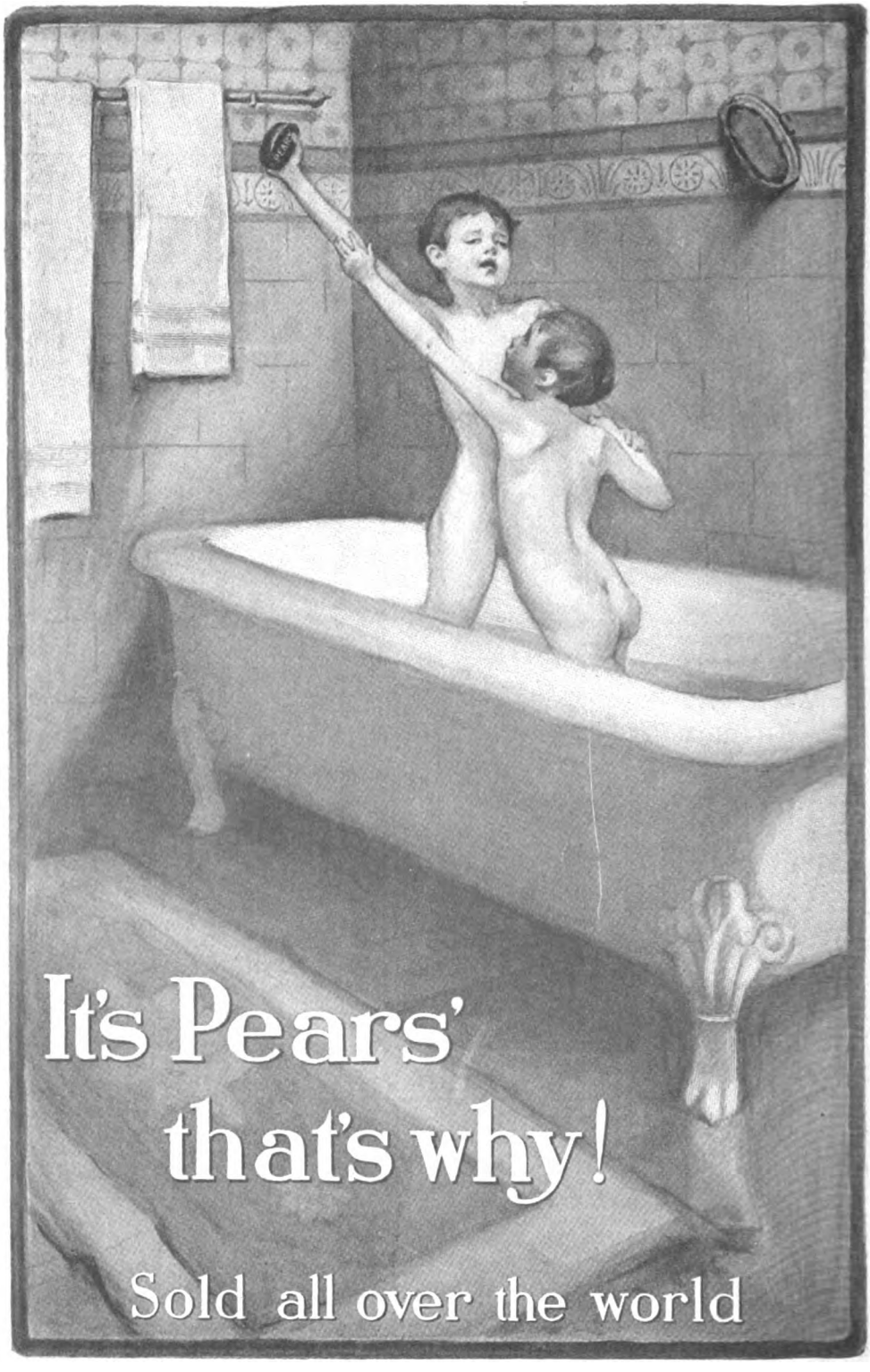
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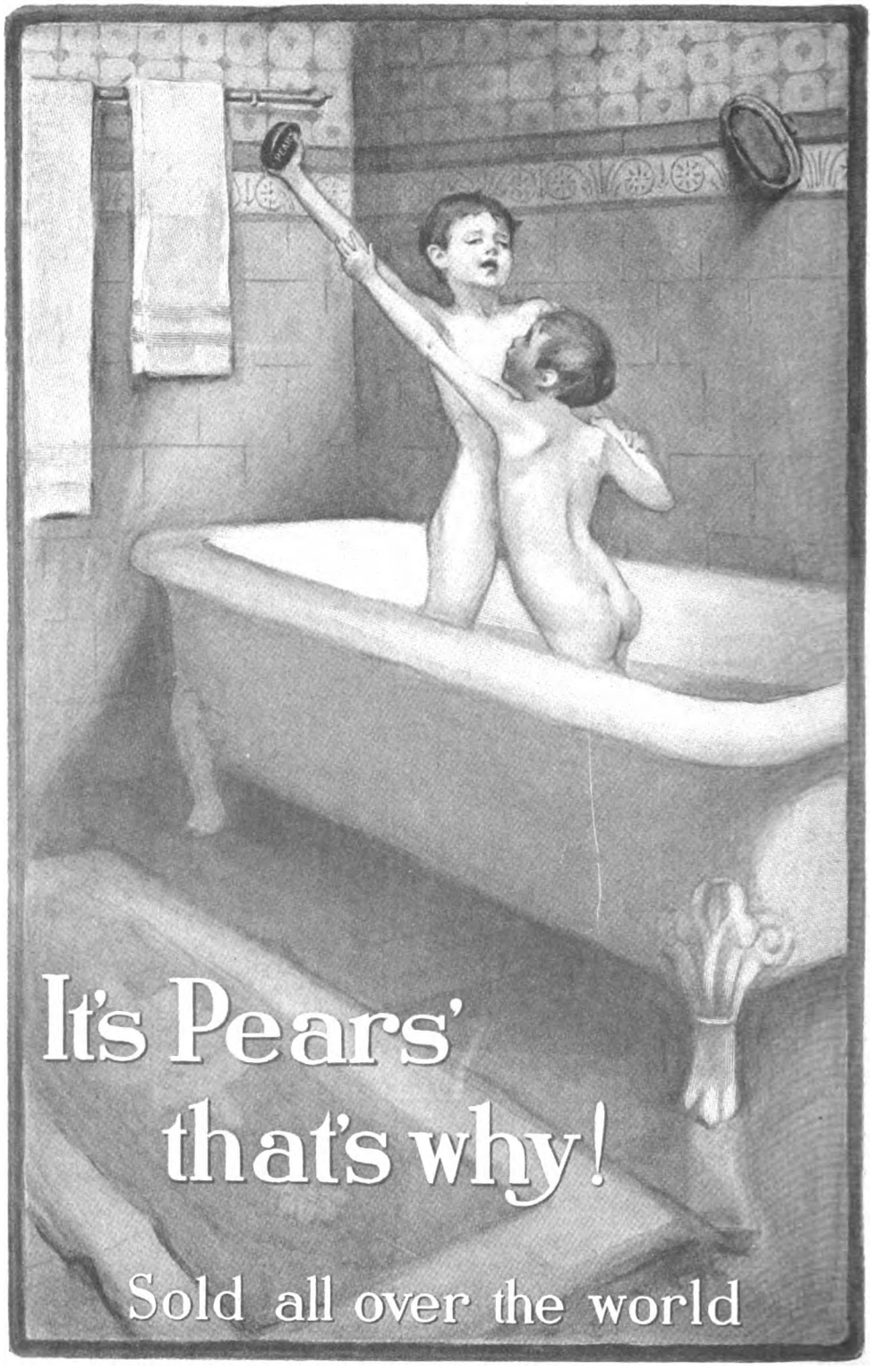
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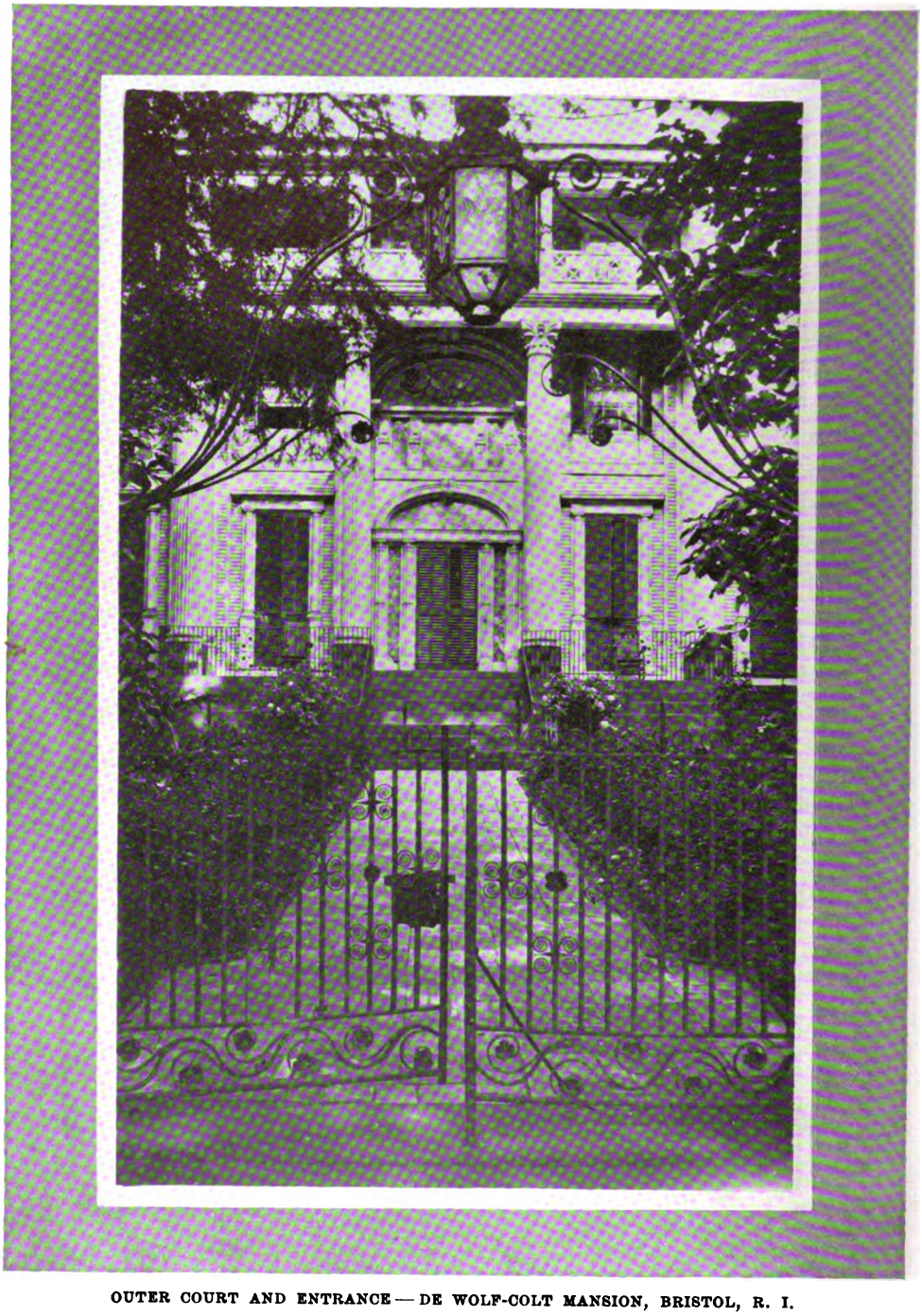
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OUTER COURT AND ENTRANCE — DE WOLF-COLT MANSION, BRISTOL, R. I.

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The House Beautiful

VOLUME TEN OCTOBER, 1901 NUMBER FIVE

The De Wolf-Myddleton House, built in 1808



The Bristol Renaissance

BY JOY WHEELER DOW

TO the American people at large, Bristol, Rhode Island, simply means the Herreshoffs and the "cup" defenders. For scarcely a newspaper paragraph dated from Bristol is printed which does not refer to these celebrated naval architects or their work. But we home-lovers know of other and dearer associations. With a position at once central and picturesque, to my mind, the finest to be mentioned along the shores of Narragansett Bay, surrounded by a veritable network of railway and steamboat lines, the delightful old town remains to-day isolated and inaccessible to a ridiculous degree.

The intending visitor must first go to Providence. Here he leaves his railway carriage at the main station, and engages a cabman to transport himself and baggage across the city. Upon his safe arrival at the terminus of the Providence, Warren, and Bristol trains he next consults a time-table of that system, and if he is very fortunate he may escape a further detention and change of cars at Warren, reaching his destination in due course of time. It would be useless for him to plan a more direct, or in fact any other, route, no matter from which point of the compass he hails. He may approach Bristol by the various means of travel usually at one's command as far as Narragansett Pier, as Newport, Jamestown, East Greenwich, and Rocky Point, even to Bristol Ferry itself, and find there no ferry after all. Whatever his wishes may be, or however great his determination to the contrary, he cannot do other than first go to Provi-

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dence and proceed to Bristol as before directed.

Two summers ago there was a convenient ferry plying hourly between Fall River and Mount Hope, which is only a short distance from Bristol village. But Bristol has an invincible repugnance to anything that savors of Mount Hope, and justly so, because of its unenviable reputation as an extremely plebeian resort. Still, at seven and one-half cents fare as against the five and thirty cents charged to Fall River by the railroad via Warren, one was often willing to run the gauntlet of the merry-go-rounds, shore dinner-counters, and rough-looking visitors, while the two-mile walk was rather beneficial to the fellow away on an outing, though now this side communication with the outside world is denied. Then once the lamented James Fiske, Jr., tried to give to Bristol its proper recognition, and for a while the celebrated steamers "Bristol" and "Providence" made it their eastern terminus; this, however, is beyond the recollection of modern travelers, who, having by the greatest perseverance gotten into Bristol, find there is no way of getting out of it unless, indeed, they turn themselves clear about and once more return to Providence.

Twice a day, during the season, an excursion boat calls for passengers to be taken in around by Tiverton, down past all the back yards of Aquidneck Island, to a remote, still more inaccessible spot called "Seaconnet." Sometimes, if the weather permits, the excursion boat lands its passengers for a brief tarry; but ordinarily they remain on board and are brought back to Bristol. And now, to further insult the town, the siren wail of the ubiquitous trolley is proposed to parallel the single-track steam railway to Providence, its projectors even demanding the right of way through Hope Street, an ancient thoroughfare of great beauty, which for a certain kind of charm has easily no peer in all New England. For the name of everything that is sacred, beautiful, and decent, I pray that the trolley may never invade Hope Street to destroy its hallowed atmosphere of restfulness and home, not a little influenced by a peculiar local architecture to be found nowhere else in the states—the outgrowth of a short but very brilliant art movement in Bristol, and to which the title of this paper respectfully refers.

My souvenirs of Bristol date from an early acquaintance. I remember driving down from Warren when I was quite a boy, and even at that epoch, the houses appeared to me as wondrously interesting. An amiable aunt, who had inherited an establishment at Warren which, by the way, included a moderately ancient dwelling-house built of stone and in the pointed Gothic style (once all the rage), was in the habit of spending her summers there. The Papasquæ and Ferry road drives were two of her favorites, so whenever I was fortunate enough to remain her guest I had ample opportunity of seeing Bristol. Returning home along Narragansett Bay at sunset was particularly enchanting, and supper, when we had Boston brown bread, with raisins in it, toasted. How amused I was over what I, at first, took to be a Tam O'Shanter worsted cap on the tea-pot! Everything was so delightfully strange, the Bristol houses and all. Colonel Colt's was then my favorite, and I used to look wistfully up at its beautiful rose window I could see glistening at the end of the deeply shaded walk through the courtyard; but I have since come to admire the Cabot Churchill and Maurice Babbitt houses respectively the more. Who can say what it is that makes the latter one so fascinating? For it has no effective approach like the De Wolf-Colt estate, being quite flush with the sidewalk line. In summer the foliage of great horse-chestnut trees overhangs its cornice, screening part of the front from view. It has just that prim air of the typical New England seaport, yet it is inviting—hospitable looking withal. A conventional row of wooden palings marks the sharp boundary line there is established between the old-fashioned garden and the street. For

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AN ANCIENT GARDEN GATE AT BRISTOL, R. I.

some distance to the side and an evidently greater distance to the rear of the mansion, the garden extends, as full as any one could wish of old garden paraphernalia — arbors, espaliers, and box, flowering shrubs grown to be trees beside the geometrical parterre that no ancient garden is yet complete without. Its doorway is the very essence of the Bristol Renaissance. Behind such a doorway it is easy for the romantic individual to imagine a broad hall with possibly a staircase hall leading off at right angles through a semicircular archway, wainscoted two feet and some inches high, and fluted Ionic pilasters symmetrically spacing off the wall surface above—all this woodwork to be in a soft ivory white finish. The panels between the pilasters, one pictures to himself, devoted to bucolic scenery woven in tapestry with an edging of gimp, and a preponderance of green color—just like the interior of Serena's house at Morristown described in "Miss Polly Fairfax."

I must state, however, in the interests of truth, that the Maurice Babbitt house at Bristol has no such fine hallway. It has really a very tiny hallway, around which the staircase winds, and as a carpenter would say "like lightning," which means that it is very steep. But a little disappointment of this kind which is liable to happen in most any old charmer of a house which has gotten away with one's affections may be readily remedied in a modern adaptation; and the chambers of the Maurice Babbitt house are delightfully square and airy. Diagonally from it across Hope Street stands the famous "house with the eagles," built in 1807. This belonged to Captain Churchill, sometime master of the United States privateer "Yankee." And how much prize merchandise converted into cash, or how many actual gold sovereigns, skilfully lifted from English merchantmen by that queen of privateers, have been carried in through its front door, I would not venture to estimate, when every blessed jack tar of the crew was accustomed to come home

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from a voyage with something like a cool thousand dollars to his credit. The four American eagles—exquisitely carved by United States sailors of the War of 1812—one poised upon each corner of the parapet rail, seem to be still in attitudes of exultation over their master's prowess. The proportions, cornices, and details of Captain Churchill's house could not easily be improved upon; and its hallway is more in keeping with its character. In modern usage it would require somewhat more attic than is shown; but were a client to inquire of me which of the two houses, the Maurice Babbitt or the Cabot Churchill, it would be best to take as a model for a new house scheme, I should have to reply very frankly, "I don't know," for I have no preference. Understand, however, that it would be the same enthusiastic lack of preference that the old colored mammy expressed for her twin grandsons upon paying them a first visit when she exclaimed: "George Washington is certainly mostest like his farder dan Andrew Jackson am; but deys bof angels!"

James De Wolf was the pioneer of the Bristol Renaissance. Before the close of the eighteenth century, John De Wolf had already built in the center of the village what looked from the outside to be a severely plain dwelling, though its interior was beautifully wainscoted, and further embellished by much hand-carving; but before the extravagant note was sounded by "Captain Jim," as he is called in Bristol, the houses were generally not more pretentious than is illustrated in the house erected by Timothy French, at the corner of Hope and Union streets, in 1800. 1803, however, saw the completion of the great mansion which sets in the center of extensive grounds two miles back from the village, and inclosed by a wall of such vast circumference that its lines seem to recede out of sight in perspective. A grand semicircle and gate which is not now in use, formed the entrance—one entrance at least. There appear to have been several. This was Captain Jim's home, where he probably conceived many of his daring enterprises, and where he was accustomed to figure out the possible returns from those intensely lucrative maritime ventures far-famed to this day. He subsequently planned a still more sumptuous estate, which was to occupy a whole block of High Street, and to be his town residence. But this latter plan was never carried into execution, though huge blocks of building stone upon the site are still pointed out to any one who is interested. Next, William De Wolf, with perhaps the truer art instincts of any of the remarkable, family built the Papasquæ house in 1808, and was followed by George De Wolf's masterpiece in 1810. The house on Papasquæ neck (De Wolf-Middleton) has the situation par excellence of them all, and evidently was selected by the eye of a connoisseur. The illustration can give the reader no idea of the magnificent marine prospect there is to be had, for instance, from the east porch, nor of the ideal setting which charms one as he looks upon it across the water from the Bristol wharves. All three of the enormous mansions just mentioned have two fronts apiece. It is the right way to build a country seat—a north and a south front, or an east and a west one—but never a rear, if it can be avoided. It would be perfectly proper for a visitor to present himself at either of the front doors, ring the bell, or use the knocker, though, in the case of the Papasquæ house, the drive leads to the less imposing entrance. There are graceful, elliptic staircases, ingeniously contrived, in the center of the plans, respectively, and winding to the third floors. As I remember them, the rooms are broken by platforms at convenient intervals, and from the upper halls so reached open a sufficient number of chambers, I truly believe, to keep and lodge comfortably all the participants of a small and early cotillon over a stormy night.

The constructive element that lends more individuality to the Bristol Renaissance than any other one feature is the cupola motive, "amplification of the cupola" let us call it. There are celebrated villas in Italy where the cupola

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THE FRENCH-MUNRO HOUSE





THE INNER COURT — DE WOLF-COLT HOUSE

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was broadened and flattened as in the villa Pamphili-Doria * at Rome, for example, and certain architects of the transitional period in America made the cupola double, i. e., united two side by side upon occasion; but such development was always ugly. It remained for Russell Warren and his contemporary architects at Bristol to amplify the cupola with success. In the Norris house this was accomplished by reducing the dimensions of the third story three feet all around, and by instituting the device of a double parapet rail. The Norris house is the acme of this remarkable development. I do not see how it could be carried further. Strange as it looks when at first considered critically, the Norris house is a very beautiful design, and I wonder that no one nowadays employs its unique kind of construction. Perhaps it is because Bristol dwells in such seclusion that architects know nothing of its treasures. The Fales house, again diagonally across the way, is not entirely so pleasing a solution of the cupola problem, although nearer the conventional Italian idea of the matter. Still its triple mass is in perfect proportion, and with less wood-carving of florid Gothic detail upon its balcony, and without the ear-like side-lights of the central attic window, which belong to the "modern invention" category, would be no mean second in the art of cupola amplification. An interesting doorway with a strong rococo bias, that leads off the balcony, would do very well indeed, like the Sheeny's showcase, if it only had "a little more chance at the sidewalk," but it is stultified behind the tawdry Gothic eaves of the balcony.

You may turn Greek and Roman columns, likewise fashion the classic brackets of wood, if you please, and people will call it "colonial," and say it is all right. But be wary how you employ wood for exterior detail upon your building, in the pointed and flamboyant Gothic languages, because there is no time-honored precedent or fond tradition which will serve as an authority for such a proceeding. It has not the same hall-mark that by universal consent in America is conceded to eighteenth century work in the orders.

Directly opposite the Fales house, upon the east side of Hope Street, stands the De Wolf-Colt mansion, of which I have already found several occasions to speak, and together with its outer and inner courts is the most noted of all the Bristol houses. I think deservedly so, for it combines the distinctive features of the Bristol Renaissance in a singularly happy manner. The cupola motive is here simply suggested by the attic story, which includes an attic portico, a bold conception of Russell Warren. Then the enrichments of the portico itself, its carefully studied depth, or rather lack of depth, which enhances so well the effect of the leaded rose window and of the elaborately molded entrance, and whereby a modicum of that priceless blessing, sunshine, may reach every square foot of the western elevation. All this goes to strengthen the Bristol atmosphere, the whole design being surmounted by the Bristol parapet rail. I will venture to say that there are no other colonial rails equal to these in refinement of detail. There are no two exactly alike, and what is still more remarkable, they are all equally beautiful. The rail upon the "house with the eagles" is my favorite, however; also do I think the cornice of the Maurice Babbitt house the best of all its charming contemporaries.

During benighted upheavals of transitory fashions some of the Bristol houses were extensively altered, of course, destroying utterly the architectonic value in every case. But the halcyon days of privateering and slave-trading were prolific of so many fine specimens of home architecture that more than enough remain intact to be adequately treated in a single magazine article of some length, and moreover, which are not likely to suffer vandalism

*To put the cart before the horse in order to be patriotic, this finest of the Roman villas, built by Pope Innocent X. for his nephew, Prince Pamphili, is Bristol Renaissance, but not nearly so good in mass, actually, as are the wooden buildings of the Rhode Island town.

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THE NORRIS HOUSE, BRISTOL, R. I.

from an age of increasing veneration such as ours. I have called them "halcyon days" because they were all of that for Bristol, although rather rough days no doubt for the victims—the poor "blacks" and the despoiled merchantmen of Great Britain. "One gains by what another is bereft," for if the legend of the anathema that was launched upon the inconsequent heads of our first parents be true, the anathema is still operative and visible in all our concerns, and in defense of Bristol's not over-charitable industries in the early part of the nineteenth century, I will say that I have yet to read of a more cruel institution than the one we have ever with us, so graphically presented by Mr. Bellamy's stage-coach in "Looking Backward." The Bristol line of stages was a small local franchise which was easily bought out; but our own is a universal trust. It is encouraging to believe that as education advances, many of the hardships are bound to be eliminated from the problem; if one cannot hope for all. I fear some of them are fixed charges. The commutation ticket business in "Looking Backward" is, of course, amusing nonsense. The charm of that book must forever rest with the vivid picture of the mail coach, the afternoon tour of nineteenth century Boston, and the dinner party at Edith Bartlett's. These episodes will be read by our grandchildren with the same grim satisfaction they afford us. No, we shall hardly outgrow the disgrace of that inexcusable charge upon the forbidden "winter pippins." But the team that now drag the coach along are being treated lavishly to free libraries by one of those who ride upon its top—though I know they have much greater need of something to eat—and the day is not far off when, like all humane drivers, in rough places there will be volunteers who actually get down from their seats and help to drag the coach along, in so much that we shall thereby prove to the Proprietor of all our troubles that some of us indeed are three-quarters white if once, in an evil hour, perhaps, we did

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exhibit our inordinate greed for apples. But they no longer build houses in Bristol—that is, houses to compare with the old ones. It is yachts instead. They are racing yachts. And although not one of them—not even the "cup" defenders could beat the average trolley car or boy on a bicycle, they are said to be very swift. The factor of speed is but a relative thing in the mind of the true sportsman. He will glide slowly along under a light breeze, in his Herreshoff boat, and so long as there is another boat to outsail he is contented, though that very day he may have complained that the "Bay State Limited," which makes the run between New York and Boston in five hours, was ten minutes late. However, the building and maintaining of yachts supplies a splendid means for those who ride upon the top of the coach of putting large sums of their money in circulation, so you see yachts have their nobler mission, though that phase of the expensive sport which strips the yachts of their furniture and comforts for racing purposes appeals to certain temperaments only, just as there are certain other temperaments which are quite as much edified to collect postage stamps and dried butterflies, and it is this phase which flourishes at Bristol. But surely every one must have a home, and the deeper a man's concern grows in the magic word of four letters, the more the wealth of suggestion respectfully offered by this dear old town* down in Rhode Island must appeal to his consideration.

*Since writing the foregoing article it has been whispered to me that the *serene aftermath* following the turbulent days of privateering and slave trading in Bristol, the same about which I have expressed so much enthusiasm, is but a mere veneer,—that I have entirely overlooked a sub-strata of picturesque dissipation,—that the owl *fiacres* of Paris and Vienna are scarcely less busy upon missions of revelry than are those of Bristol, and that some of the venerable shrines themselves have been the scenes of tragedies. The sad bit of gossip brings to my mind a scene from the play of "Sweet Lavender" when that attraction was running at the Lyceum. An architect could hardly be infatuated with old houses in quite the same way that Lavender was infatuated with Clement Hale on the stage, but his infatuation is nearly as intense. And I remember the arguments set forth by the old lawyer—inimitably acted by Le Moyne—to prove to Lavender the unworthiness of "Clem" for her devotion, though in my case it is *Bristol*. Lavender (Louise Dillon) was sitting on the floor beside the lawyer's chair listening. Step by step the circumstantial evidence was cunningly unfolded. If there was a fiber in Richard Phenyl's voice which told all too plainly of his own sympathy for his protégées—"Clem and Lavie"—in their love affair. The old lawyer had once been young himself; but he managed to dissemble a little summing up, at last, by the aid of an impressive horoscope. He spoke with great deliberation while Lavender was crying. "A boy like Clem," he said, "would be very apt, in a moment of excitement, to lay all loss of estate at the door of the little doll's house." Here Richard Phenyl paused, and there came a trying silence. The theater seemed to grow very dark, and I am ashamed to say that the stage grew very blurry—the figure of Lavender too as she rose and looked into the footlights. But I did not miss a syllable of her lines—they were wondrously reassuring lines when it was as though the stability of the earth itself had been called into question. And shall the same words not serve *me* when I appear to be in need of something as steadfast to fall back upon—

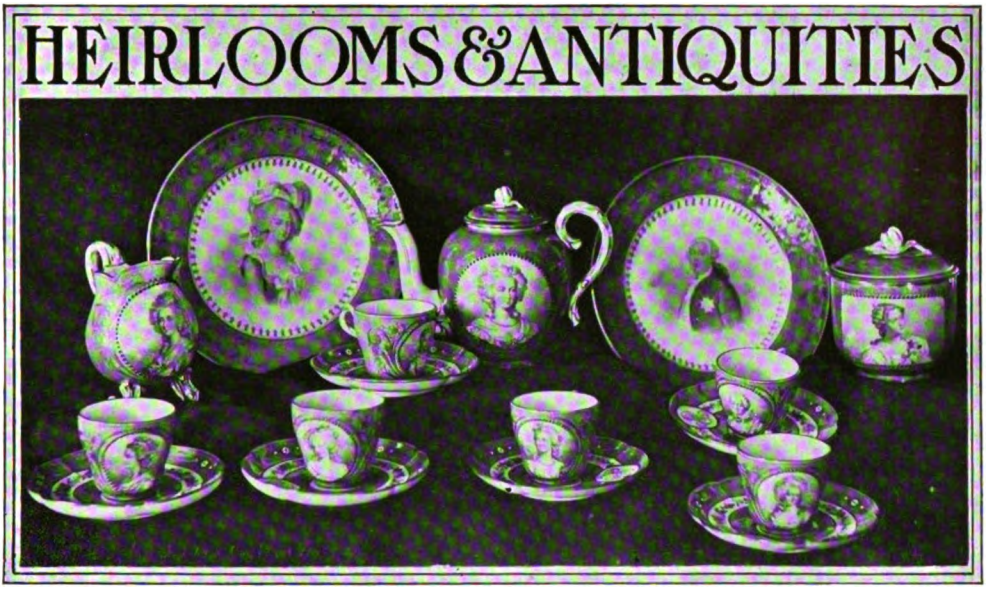
"*I will not believe it of Clem!*"

The Collector of Cabinets

COLLECTING old cabinets is a hobby for millionaires only, but the number of oppressively rich folks must be increasing every day if one is to take the word of the antique shops, where these old treasures in teakwood and mahogany and gilt, polished, inlaid, carved, and painted are found, and bought at extravagant figures. Most of these old cabinets have "pasts." They come from old French, Irish, or Italian castles, where collections of fine furniture are handed down from one generation to another. Among the precious pieces of furniture shown by one antique dealer is a cabinet of the Jacobean period, fitted with drawers, and of very graceful outline. Then there are cabinets from various countries. An old Florentine cabinet is inlaid with tortoise-shell, mounted on a stand, and in excellent condition; another of the seventeenth century, and also Florentine, is inlaid with marble and ivory; while a quaint old Chinese lac cabinet has its inside fitted with drawers, and is also mounted on a stand. Beautiful cabinets such as these are very ornamental placed among correspondingly old furniture. At Arundel Castle there is a gallery full of magnificent old cabinets from all parts of the world.

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HEIRLOOMS & ANTIQUITIES



SÈVRES

BY CHARLOTTE WHITCOMB

FOR an unpretentious city of its size, the metropolis of Minnesota is believed to be exceptional in the number of its citizens possessing table services of fine and costly manufacture.

When THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL made room for an article descriptive of these table services and examples of decorative pieces of porcelain which might be found, the object was to interest the general reader and also to enlighten the men and women of the older sections of our common country as to the civilization of the unconsidered (or considered impossible) West.

Investigation was rewarded by an embarrassment of riches in the modern output of the best factories: Royal Worcester, Crown-Derby, Haviland, Lambeth, Doulton, etc., but little by little, a piece here and a dozen pieces there, so many hitherto unsuspected treasures in heirlooms and antiques were found that the article on Modern Porcelain is laid over for another time, and its place is more worthily filled with descriptions and illustrations of our treasure trove.

Many lovely specimens of old colonial ware and pieces of early American manufacture were found, but as they are duplicates of what have been recently produced in these pages the rarer specimens of Davenport, old Delft, Dresden-Meissen, Sèvres, and Wedgwood are shown instead of them.

A veritably old piece of pottery or of porcelain, the best of its kind, has intrinsic value and is of great interest to the connoisseur whether the piece be found in the hands of the importer or in the cabinet of the collector, but when it is discovered in a home where it has been an heirloom for generations it becomes a sacred thing.

DAVENPORT WARE

In one illustration are pieces of a dinner set owned by George C. Cochrane, LL.D., of Minneapolis; this set has been in the possession of his family since the first decade of the nineteenth century,

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when it was given to his ancestor, Sir Archibald Dunbar, of Elgin, Scotland, by the prince of Wales, afterward George IV. The original service contained nine hundred pieces. There were twenty platters ranging in size from the little squab holder six inches in length to a dish three and one-half feet long. There is no place in the modern dining-room for such mammoth platters and the larger ones are all packed away, but this set of Davenport ware, or what is needed of it, is in every-day use in Mr. Cochrane's family, and has always been in such use since his earliest remembrance.

"It is wonderful, the integrity of this old ware!" says Mrs. Cochrane. "Not many pieces have been broken; the handles remain upon the cups and covers, the saucers are not nicked, the tea-pot does not grow brown from stain, nor have the platters soaked grease." The goose-bills in the painted decoration are as clear a red as when, a little boy, Mr. Cochrane loved to discover them amid the intricacies of the blue and gold of the design.

ITS RESPECTABILITY

There is to me something very satisfactory about Davenport ware. An old-fashioned friend suggests, "Perhaps it is its respectability." I am inclined to that view myself the more I consider it, for it has a very adequate air of respectability—one which would hold its own in company with the most gorgeous display of the modern manufactory. The glaze is not at all vitreous; neither is it too soft in texture, and the decoration of the set under consideration, like most of the output of the Longport factory, is excellent in design and color.

Mr. A. H. Linton, of Minneapolis, has some splendid examples of old Dresden. A beautiful plate has been placed in a gold frame and is used as a wall decoration. It is quite worthy of such distinction, for it is an effective bit of color and as soft in execution as a good painting. It represents a cardinal in his ecclesiastical robes of red, the picture being inclosed in a decorative border.

An oval fruit-dish is decorated with wreaths and bouquets of flowers. The perforated border on this lovely dish adds to its delicate beauty. The ground is white, the floral decoration in pink, and the rococo scroll-work in soft tones of green.

DRESDEN CHINA

He has also two plates and a cup and saucer—parts of one set. They show intricate gilded borders and medallions in the Chinese style; in the medallions, flowers and seaports alternate as decorative motives.

There is, besides, a salver in classical shape and decoration. The body of the picture is decorated with a mythological group in different colors on a cream-colored ground. The color of the salver and the upper part of the pitcher is a dark, rich red. The lower part of the base shows rich colors on a cream-colored ground, and the base is red with a scroll-work of gold. The rich decoration of these darker pieces of Dresden, with the careful painting of the groups of figures and landscapes, would seem to place them in the Marcolini period. They are of great beauty, and are fine specimens of the best wares of the *fabrique* at Dresden in Saxony.

DRESDEN PORCELAIN

In an illustration on page 275 the pieces of old Dresden porcelain shown are undoubtedly genuine antiques, as they have been in Mr. Cochrane's family over one hundred years. This fact precludes the possibility of their belonging to modern Meissen porcelain, which is now so cleverly decorated in imitation of old Meissen as to puzzle connoisseurs. One need not study the *fabrique* mark to know where to place this beautiful porcelain. Its form, purity of glaze, and chasteness of decoration, all declare it to belong to the time of Kandler. The vase seen in the illustration is one of a pair known as the jeweled vases. Each one is in two parts, the vase proper lifting from the pedestal. It is a peculiarity of the work of that

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period that vases, clocks, figures, etc., were prepared for mounts, and the mark of the *fabrique* was placed at the back side of thebase. In this beautiful vase the so-called jewels (vivid and lustrous bits of pink and of green) are set in a black band circling the lower part of the vase below the handles. The lip of the vase, the handles, and the band about the pedestal are of dull gold.



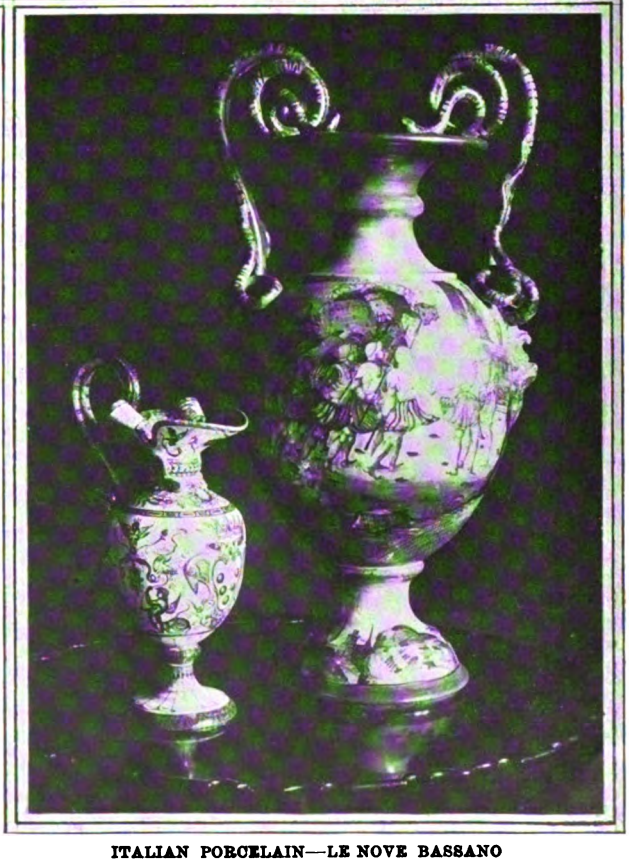
DAVENPORT WARE

The cup and saucer, from which a martyred bishop (Latimer of England) more than once drank tea, are correct in shape and dainty in decoration. The band about the inner edge at the top of both cup and saucer is of gold.

A CURIOUS TEA-POT

Very unique is the third piece which consists of a tea-pot resting on a receptacle for a night lamp. The little lamp is placed in the lower vessel which has perforations in the sides as shown in the illustration; the heat generated by the lamp keeps the contents of the tea-pot hot.

Now that really fine old



ITALIAN PORCELAIN—LE NOVE BASSANO

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Meissen porcelain is so exceedingly rare, and the prices it realizes are so very high, the owner of these antiques is to be congratulated on possessing such fine pieces in so perfect a condition.

The city also boasts some cabinet pieces of Dresden manufacture of good shape and picturesque color. A cup and saucer, with decorations in high relief, have a white ground, the buds and leaves of the decoration being tinged with pink. Another cup is decorated with overlapping petals of pink, and a third represents a rose, while its saucer represents its corona of green leaves.

Still another cup and saucer is very good. Its ground color is the much-prized *gros bleu* or *bleu de roi*, while the medallion of flowers and the marginal borders are very carefully painted. These three cups and saucers bear the mark of the Dresden manufactory adopted since the Marcolini period; that is, the crossed swords. This mark may be discerned on the bottom of them all.

A vase bears the letters: K. P. M., collection of Mrs. Vrooman Wood, an importer of Minneapolis.

ITALIAN PORCELAIN

On page 273 we show two very beautiful pieces of Italian porcelain from the *fabrique* known as Le Nove Bassano, near Venice, and are owned by Mr. A. R. Linton. The vase, though undated, was probably made subsequent to 1753. The subject of the decoration is classical and bears a close resemblance to the work of Le Brun. The coloring is rich and clear, and the painting is very carefully done.

The pitcher is graceful in shape. The color about the top is *gros bleu*. The decorations below are in lovely blues and yellows, while the handles on both pieces are unique and distinctive, being in the form of serpents, and in shades of green and brown. The pitcher bears the *fabrique* mark of a cock outlined in blue.

The specimens of Delft illustrated on pages 274 and 275 are owned by a gentleman resident in Minneapolis. His collection, which is large and very complete, would seem to include examples of Delft ware from the earliest manufacture down to a recent period. It was acquired by him during his residence in Holland while serving as American consul. The specimens illus-



CHELSEA-DERBY

(Königliche Porzellan Manufactur) under the imperial globe and cross, and is from the manufactory at Berlin. The color is rich, dark blue, shading into apple green. The shape is good, and the piece quite interesting. All these pieces are from the



VASE AND POTPOURRI JARS—OLD DELFT

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TOBACCO JARS—OLD DELFT



OLD DRESDEN-MEISSEN

trated bear the *fabrique* mark *B.: P.*, which would place their manufacture at about 1750. There are older pieces in plates and cups, but these were selected for their individuality. They have much of the feeling and character of Oriental porcelain, and in the fine color (Oriental blue) and peculiar bluish white of the ground, they closely resemble the famous "blue-and-white" of their Chinese models. These pot-pourri vases and tobacco jars are very attractive specimens of the best Delft of their period.

WEDGWOOD

Some beautiful specimens of Wedgwood are owned by George C. Cochrane, Esq., and have been in his family for several generations. The oldest piece is the little loving cup. It is a specimen of the most perfect of Josiah Wedgwood's famous cream-colored ware. The color of this piece is a clear sulphur yellow. The decoration is a border about the top, on which, in low relief, is a procession of peacocks with dragging tails.

A pitcher and sugar bowl are jasper, in delicate blue-and-white. The pitcher bears a hunting scene and the sugar bowl very chastely drawn classical figures. A bowl is also jasper ware, but in the rarer combination of brown-and-white. The decoration represents figures and groups of figures from mythology.

There is no doubt but that these pieces of the Wedgwood jasper ware were manufactured at the factory at Etruria, and that the decorations were designed by the celebrated sculptor Flaxman. They are certainly worthy of him and of the great master potter of England, of whom Gladstone wrote: "England has long taken a lead among the nations of Europe for the cheapness of her manufactures; not so for their beauty, and if the day shall ever come when she shall be as eminent in true taste as she is now in economy of production, my belief is that that result will probably be due to no other single man in so great a degree as to Wedgwood."

SÈVRES

The old Sèvres porcelain, shown in the headpiece to this article, is a "Marie Antoinette" tea-service owned by Mrs. F. B. Semple. The *fabrique* mark shows these pieces to have been made at Sèvres at the period when, under the patronage of Louis Quinze, the most artistic blending of the body and decoration was attained, and when the *pâte tendre* was at its perfection.

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The dark color in all the pieces is the beautiful old tone of blue known as *bleu de roi*. In the larger pieces this is overlaid with a tracery of gold. Each saucer bears a band in which is painted a garland of tiny flowers. While the colors are pure, the effect is indescribably soft and delicate. The medallion laid on the band in each saucer bears a monogram composed of the letters M. A.

As may be seen in the illustration, each piece displays a miniature of Marie Antoinette, and no two are alike. The faces are lovely below the powdered hair, while each costume shows one or more of the new colors of their time, known as *Du Barry* or *Du Pompadour* (pink); *pomme verte*, *jaune claire et jonquille*, *turquoise bleu*, etc.

This cabinet of porcelain is one of the most attractive of Mrs. Semple's valuable possessions.

CHELSEA-DERBY

Genuine examples of the best output of the Derby works, whether Chelsea-Derby or Crown-Derby, are on good authority pronounced equal in both paste and decoration to good Sèvres porcelain.

The pieces shown on page 274 are genuine Derby, being heirlooms in the family of the English gentleman at present possessing them. They represent two or more sets, but the coloring in all is similar and the decoration and *fabrique* marks place all the pieces in the one period, and that the best known to the Derby works.

The ground color in the borders is a beautiful crimson lake, and other colors introduced into the decoration are green, pink, and *gros bleu*—the whole being relieved by gilt traceries.

The distinctive mark of the Derby factory at the time these pieces were produced was a number incised or scratched in the paste. Sometimes the marks were colored, red, blue, or puce. Some of these specimens are marked in color and some have the number very carelessly scratched in the paste, but the marks, color, and decoration place the pieces in the Chelsea-Derby period, from 1769 to 1784.

To make this paper fairly representative of the treasures of ceramics owned in Minneapolis, it should show pieces from the collections of Mr. T. B. Walker and Mr. J. C. Young, as well as specimens of Lowestoft, Royal Worcester, old Chelsea, Minton, and Canton in the possession of other well-known families. These are reserved for a later article.

The Fad for Old Jewelry

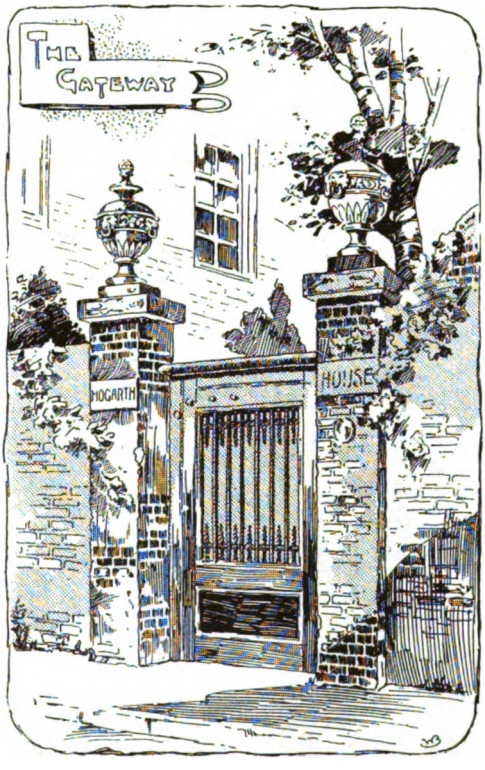
AMONG the many revivals of old fashions for the beginning of the new century none is more decided than the fancy for old jewelry; the older and quainter the better. Old ornaments of all kinds are available if only they be good of their kind, says the *Woman's Home Companion*. Parisian goldsmiths are reproducing antique jewelry, and in England the pawnbrokers' shops are ransacked for what has escaped the melting pot.

Great-grandfathers' knee-buckles—silver, gold, or paste—make the most desirable of belt buckles, while nothing in neckwear is more stylish than a band of velvet ribbon fastened with an old shoe-buckle. Fashionable women who have inherited the ornaments of past generations are bringing forth such treasures and taking them to the jewelers to be adapted. Most of them need to have something done to them before they can be worn, but none of them is altered or reset.

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HOGARTH'S HOUSE IN LONDON

ENGLAND is perhaps so rich in historic houses that the destruction of even a number of them makes little difference, yet to us in America, where history is still in her swaddling-clothes, it must always seem a pity that places associated with the lives of great men should be allowed to disappear. It is more than likely that one more old house will share the ignominious fate of many others, owing to lack of public interest, or to want of information on the part of those who value the mementoes of genius and are prepared to contribute to their preservation.

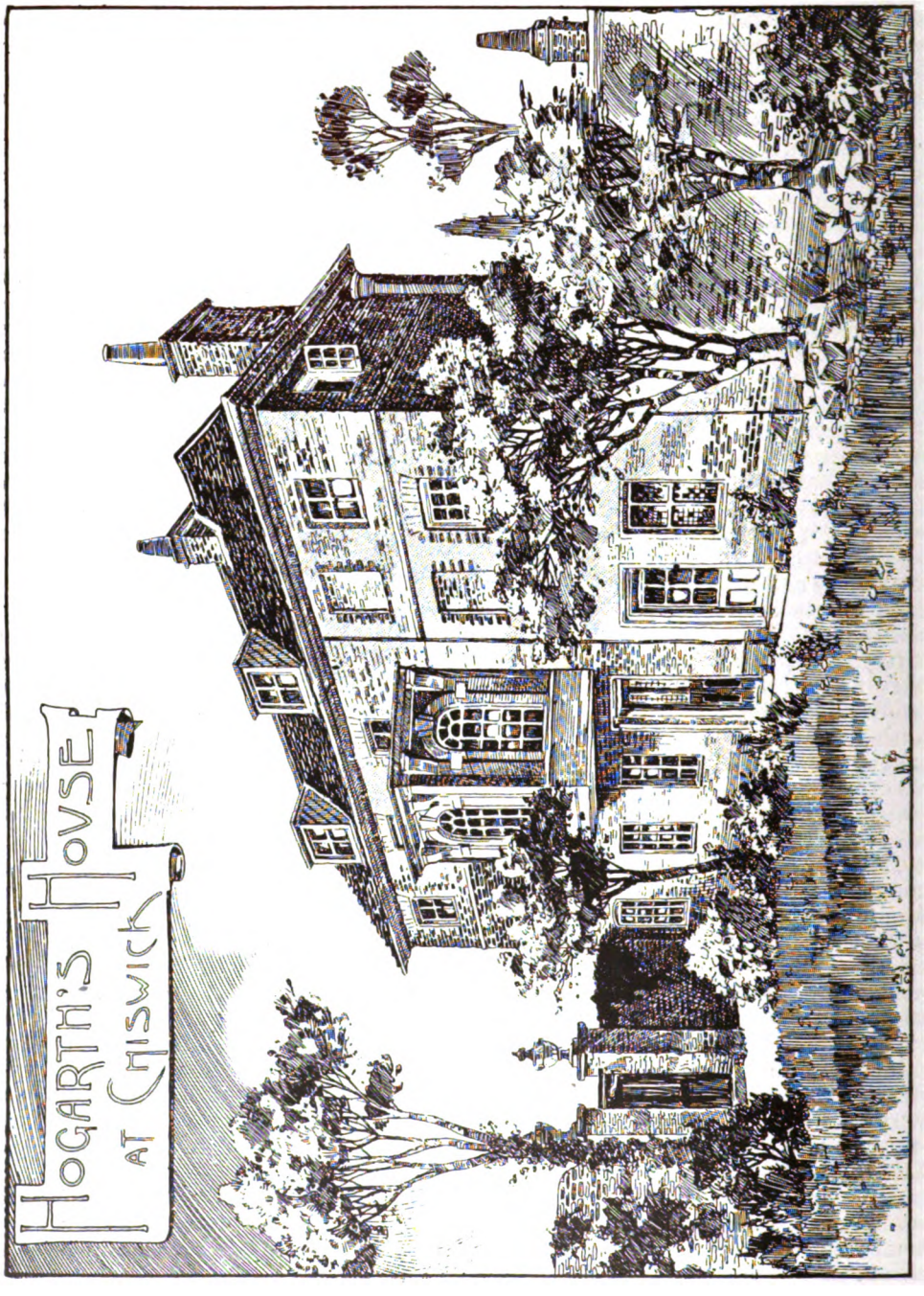


Hogarth House, as it is called, stands in Chiswick, which at the time when this house was built was a country village within a few miles of London. Although the house is now the oasis, as it were, in the midst of a sea of small cottage property, it has preserved up to the present—for how long in the future it remains with the people to decide—a fine garden of about an acre in extent, well wooded, and forming a pleasant setting to the building itself.

It was not until Hogarth was considerably advanced in his career that he became possessed of this country villa. The great artist was born, as is well known, in the neighborhood of the Old Bailey in 1697, and he had a hard struggle as an apprentice to a silversmith, and then as an engraver and designer, before he finally succeeded in winning the favor of Dame Fortune. However, in 1749 he acquired his house. As a matter of fact the place was originally in the possession of Sir James Thornhill, the sergeant-painter to the king, and from one of the rooms in the house at Chiswick, Hogarth eloped with Miss Thornhill. It was some years before the knight was reconciled to his son-in-law, but Mrs. Hogarth, as she then was, took an opportunity that occurred for exhibiting some of her husband's best works, and elicited words of praise from her father, who soon made friends with Hogarth, and found in him a famous champion for the rest of his life. Thornhill, at the court of the Hanoverians, had to vie with foreign rivals like La Guerre and Verrio, as well as with his fellow countryman, William Kent, who was much esteemed in his own time as an architect. Hogarth was a valiant champion of his father-in-law, and ultimately, though not without some difficulty, succeeded to the post of sergeant-painter.

Both George Augustus Sala and Thackeray have given us excellent pictures of this sturdy Britisher, with bluff manners, and, perhaps, a touch of coarseness, inherited from his yeomen forefathers of Westmoreland. In Thackeray's essay

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there is a description of a jaunt made by Hogarth, his brother-in-law, Thornhill, Scott, Tothall, and Forrest by road and boat to Sheerness. "Hogarth and his friends, quitting the 'Bedford Arms,' Covent Garden, with a song, took water to Billingsgate, exchanging compliments with the bargemen as they went down the river. At Billingsgate, Hogarth made a 'caracatura' of a facetious porter, called the Duke of Puddledock, who agreeably entertained the party with the humors of the place. Hence they took a Gravesend boat for themselves; had straw to lie upon, and a tilt over their heads, they say, and went down the river at night, sleeping and singing jolly choruses.

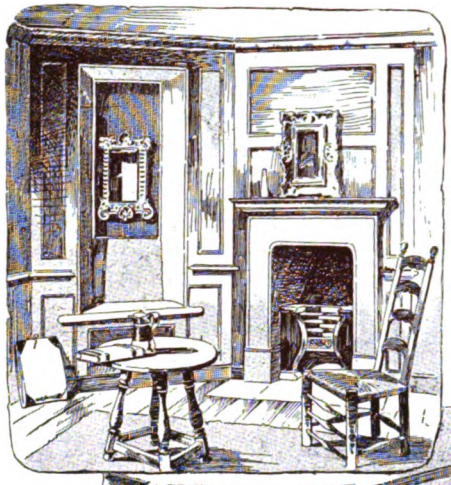
"They arrived at Gravesend at six, when they washed their faces and hands, and had their wigs powdered. Then they sallied forth for Rochester on foot, and drank by the way three pots of ale. At one o'clock they went to dinner, with excellent port, and a quantity more beer, and afterwards Hogarthand Scott played at hopscotch in the Town Hall. It would appear that they slept most of them in one room, and this chronicler of the party describes them all as waking at seven o'clock, and telling each other their dreams. You have rough sketches by Hogarth of the incidents of this holiday excursion. The sturdy little painter is seen sprawling over a plank to a boat at Gravesend: the whole company are represented in one design, in a fisherman's room, where they had all passed the night. One gentleman in a nightcap is shaving himself; another is being shaved by the fisherman; a third, with a handkerchief over his bald pate, is taking his breakfast; and Hogarth is sketching the whole scene.

"They describe at night how they returned to their quarters, drank to their friends, as usual, emptied several cans of good flip, all singing merrily.

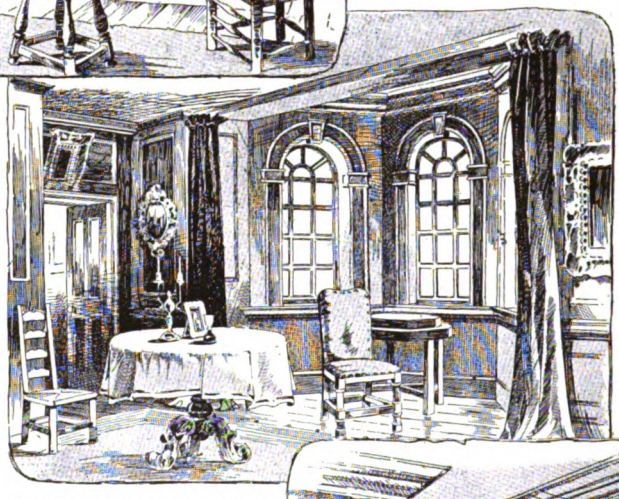
"It is a jolly party of tradesmen



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THE DINING-ROOM



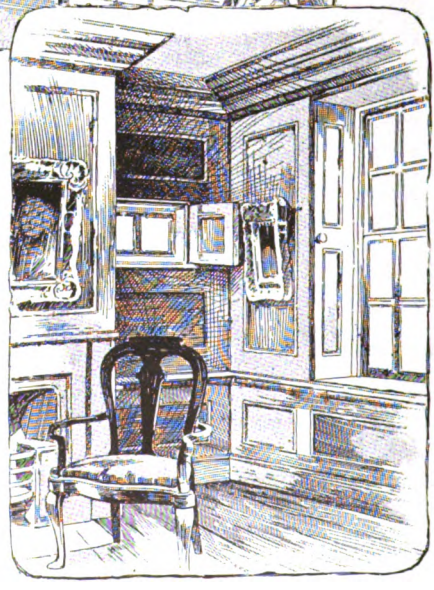
THE DRAWING-ROOM WITH THE LARGE BAY WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE GARDEN

engaged at high jinks. These were the manners and pleasures of Hogarth of his time very likely, of men not very refined, but honest and merry. It is a brave London citizen, with John Bull habits, prejudices, and pleasures."

The picture referred to of the gathering in the fisherman's house at Sheppey is reproduced in G. A. Sala's book, and we can well imagine Hogarth bringing a party of friends down to his house at Chiswick, and enjoying all the way much of the same kind of fun.

When Sir James Thornhill died, the artist came into possession of the house. This was in 1749, and he occupied it till his death in 1764, after which time it was the property of his widow, who left it to a lady from whose executors it was bought by the Rev. Mr. Cary, the famous translator of Dante.

The illustrations give a good idea of what the house is like. In the garden in the front is the mulberry tree which stood there in the eighteenth century, and the two urns on the gateway were presented to his friend Hogarth by David Garrick. The drawing-room with the bay windows is a fine apartment, and like the rest of the house, is completely wood-paneled. It was from this room that Miss Thornhill is said to have eloped. In the dining-room, over the mantel-piece, was originally a sketch of five heads, which was the work of Hogarth, and bore the inscription "Five Jolly Fellows." The Rev. Mr. Cary's son states that this picture was destroyed in the absence of the family by over-zealous servants engaged in cleaning. Another sketch gives a glimpse of a queer little staircase by which one mounts to tiny, cramped garrets, on



A ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR
Miss Thornhill eloped from this room with Hogarth.

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the floor of which one dare hardly step for the dry rot which has set in.

In the garden, which even yet maintains many rural charms, and is mercifully separated from the surrounding building land by a high wall, were to be seen two monuments; the one "Alass, poor Dick, 1760, aged 11," and the other, "Life to the last enjoyed, here Pompey lies." The first inscription refers to a pet bird, and the second to a pet dog, which was apparently the favorite of Mrs. Hogarth, who probably left it to the lady to whom she bequeathed the house, as she, herself, died some years before the date on this monument. This dog is not the animal depicted in the portrait of Hogarth in the National Gallery. The name of that creature is, appropriately enough, "Crab."

The sketches give some idea of the impression created by what is a fine eighteenth-century residence, set within its own garden walls in a neighborhood made historic by the famous conflict between Rupert and the Earl of Essex, and the death of Charles James Fox and George Canning at Chiswick House, near at hand, and is yet more precious still as a monument of an artist who exemplified in his character to a high degree the traditional virtues and vices of our race, and of whom Dr. Johnson wrote

"The hand of him here torpid lies,
Who drew th' essential forms of grace;
Here, cloth'd in death, th' attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face."

And Garrick, the better known verses:

"Farewell! great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of Art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.

If Genius fire thee, reader stay;
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here!"



UP THESE STAIRS ARE THE GARRETS IN WHICH HOGARTH IS SAID TO HAVE LODGED SOME OF HIS MODELS WHILE COMPLETING HIS PICTURES

Notes on Lighting

Notre Dame, Paris, which has hitherto been lighted simply by wax candles, is in future to be illuminated by electricity. The cost is estimated at $90,000.

Various parts of Lincoln Cathedral are now electrically lighted, and experiments are being proceeded with for the lighting of the choir with this illuminant.

Thirty-two of the smaller towns in Germany are lighted by acetylene gas, and a number of other plants are in course of erection. The gas is also used by the railroads for lighting passenger cars.

It is said that small portable acetylene lamps, charged for eight to ten hours, are coming much into use in collieries in Germany. In Alsace, acetylene is much used in works and color-printing establishments.

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AN ENGLISHMAN ON AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

NOTES BY FREDERIC HARRISON

IN a recent number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL appeared an article by Mr. John C. Paget, summing up the architectural achievements of this country. We now print some notes by Mr. Frederic Harrison on the same subject treated more specifically. Americans cannot but feel interested in their buildings, and the opinions of a distinguished English visitor will be read with thoughtful attention. The article is reprinted from the New York *Times Saturday Review:*

The White House, as the Executive Mansion is called, is interesting for its historic associations, which exactly cover the nineteenth century, with its portraits and reminiscences of presidents and statesmen, and its characteristic simplicity and modest appointments. It is not a convenient residence for a president with such great responsibilities. But, as the term of residence is usually so short, and the associations of the house are so rich, it would be a pity to change it for a pretentious modern palace. In the meantime the quiet old mansion, merely a fine Georgian country-house in a pleasant park, serves to remind the American citizen of the democratic origin of his Chief Magistrate, who certainly is not yet an emperor. The White House was a residence suitable for men like Jefferson, Lincoln, and Grant, and it seems a not unfitting office for their successors.

The Capitol at Washington struck me as being the most effective mass of public buildings in the world, especially when viewed at some distance, and from the park in which it stands. I am well aware of certain constructive defects which have been insisted on by Fergusson and other critics; and no one pretends that it is a perfect design of the highest order either in originality or style. But as an effective public edifice of a grandiose kind, I doubt if any capital city can show its equal. This is largely due to the admirable proportions of its central dome group, which I hold to be, from the pictorial point of view, more successful than those of St. Peter's, the Cathedral of Florence, Hagia Sophia, St. Isaac's, the Panthéon, St. Paul's, or the new Cathedral of Berlin. But the unique effect is still more due to the magnificent site which the Capitol at Washington enjoys. I have no hesitation in saying that the site of the Capitol is the noblest in the world, if we exclude that of the Parthenon in its pristine glory. Neither Rome nor Constantinople, nor Florence, nor Paris, nor Berlin, nor London possesses any central eminence with broad open spaces on all sides, crowned by a vast pile covering nearly four acres and rising to a height of nearly three hundred feet, which seems to dominate the whole city. Washington is the only capital city which has this colossal center or crown. And Londoners can imagine the effect if their St. Paul's stood in an open park reaching from the Temple to Finsbury Circus, and the great creation of Wren were dazzling white marble, and soared into an atmosphere of sunny light.

Of all that I saw in America, I look back with most emotion to my visit to Mount Vernon, the home and burial-place of George Washington. I saw it on a lovely spring day, amid thousands of pilgrims, in the inauguration week. On a finely wooded bluff, rising above the grand Potomac River, stands the plain but spacious wooden house of the Founder of the Republic. It has been preserved and partly restored with perfect taste, the original furniture, pictures, and ornaments supplemented by fit contemporary pieces. It enables one perfectly to conjure up an image of the homely, large, and generous life of the President before the war called him to the field, and after he had retired from all cares of state. We fancy him sitting

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under the spacious eastern portico, with its eight tall columns, looking out over the broad landscape of forest and river, or lying in his last sleep in the simple bed, with its dimity coverlet, and then laid to rest in the rural tomb below the house, which he ordered himself, and in which his descendants have insisted on keeping his remains. General Grant lies beside the Hudson at New York, in a magnificent mausoleum palpably imitated from the tomb of Napoleon in the Invalides. How infinitely more fitting and more touching is the Spartan simplicity of Washington's burial-place—an austere cell within his own ancestral ground; yet not a morning's drive from the splendid capital which the nation has named after its heroic founder—how much more fitting and more touching is this than the imperial mausoleum to which they have carried the bones of the tyrant who ruined France! It has been frequently attempted to remove the sarcophagus in which Washington lies from Mount Vernon, his home, to place it under the dome of the Capitol. But as yet it has been wisely decided to do nothing that can impair the unique legend which has gathered round the memory of the Western Cincinnatus.

America is making violent efforts to evolve a national architecture, but as yet it has produced little but miscellaneous imitations of European types and some wonderful constructive devices. A walk along the Broadway and Fifth Avenue of New York leaves the impression of an extraordinary medley of incongruous styles, highly ingenious adaptations, admirable artistic workmanship, triumphs of mechanics, the lavish use of splendid materials, and an architectural pot-pourri which almost rivals the Rue des Nations at the Paris Exposition of 1900. There are some excellent copies of European buildings, such as the Giralda of Seville, Venetian palaces, châteaux from Touraine, Palladian loggie, and here and there a German schloss. There are some beautiful revivals of fine-art, such as the thirteenth-century Gothic of St. Patrick's, the Italian palaces of the Metropolitan and University clubs and the Renaissance palaces of the Vanderbilts. Facing Central Park, each millionaire seems to have commissioned his architect to build him a mansion of any ancient style from Byzantine to the last French empire, provided only it was in contrast to the style of his neighbors. So commissioned, the artist has lavished skilful carving, singular ingenuity, and noble material in stone, marble, and mosaic. Many of these are interesting experiments, and some are beautiful, but the general effect of such rampant eclecticism is rather bewildering.

In constructive novelties the American builder is consummate. Among these are the Brobdingnagian piles of twenty stories, the substitution of lifts for staircases, the construction of edifices of steel, the profuse use of stone and marble as ornament rather than as material, the multiplication of baths, heating-apparatus, electric and other mechanical devices, and the intensely modern and up-to-date contrivances which put to shame the clumsy conservatism of the Old World. Nothing in Europe since the fall of old Rome and Byzantium, not even Genoa in its prime, has equaled the lavish use of magnificent marble columns, granite blocks, and ornamental stone as we see it to-day in the United States. The Illinois Trust bank of Chicago—a vast marble palace—is, I suppose, the most sumptuous and one of the most beautiful commercial edifices in the world, and its safety-deposit vaults are among the sights of that city.

The reckless use of precious marbles seems to threaten exhaustion of the quarries, but one is assured that they are ample for all demands. Why more use is not made in Europe of the magnificent marbles of America is not very obvious. But we certainly might easily adopt some of the constructive devices of their builders. Not, one trusts, the outrageous towers of Babel, in twenty or twenty-four floors and five hundred rooms, built of steel, and faced with granite as a veneer, which are seen in

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New York and Chicago, and hopelessly disfigure both cities. If these became general, the streets would become dark and windy cañons, and human nature would call out for their suppression. But the British architect has much to learn from modern American builders. In matters of construction, contrivance, the free use of new kinds of stone and wood, of plumbing, heating, and the minor arts of fitting, the belated European in America feels himself a Rip Van Winkle, whirled into a new century and a later civilization.

AN OLD SCENIC WALL-PAPER

A SUBSCRIBER has very kindly sent us the photograph here reproduced. We quote from her letter:

"I take the liberty of inclosing a photograph of a room in our summer home in a Massachusetts village. The house was built in 1818, and the scenic wall-paper was put on at that time by the builder, who imported it from England. As you will notice, the buildings and all the scenes are taken from Paris. We use the room for a morning-room, or rather, an informal reception-room. I have used green willow furniture with crimson cushions and find it much more harmonious than the mahogany furniture of the period. Notwithstanding the years since the paper was hung, it is in almost perfect condition, and the colors retain their depth. The man from whom we purchased the property was very proud of the 'old-fashioned room,' so-called, and he carried the key to it in his pocket. The key, by the way, was quite like the Blue Beard key in appearance. The locks were the primitive box lock, which we were obliged to do away with. In their place we use an oval brass knob and plate with beading for finish."



A SCENIC WALL-PAPER HUNG IN 1818

St. Peter's at Rome was illuminated for the first time with the new electric light installation during Easter. The spectacle was witnessed by over eighty thousand people.

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HAS ARCHITECTURE GONE MAD IN GERMANY?

BY JOHN C. PAGET

THE determination of the new school of architects in Germany to turn their backs upon all the good work done in past ages and strike out a new line of advance for themselves is producing results so extraordinary as to call for some words of protest. All architectural art until the Renaissance grew gradually, and each fresh step in its progress was taken in answer to some demand, usually constructive, and met some want. The Renaissance for a time seemed to break through this, for it was a revival of earlier forms; but its finest examples of building are based upon the great principles of the art. They must be judged by the same standard as their predecessors; they are successful or not in so far as they conform to taste, proportion, and fitness. From the Renaissance we date our domestic and most of our civil architecture, and in each of the principal European countries a national style arose at that period, England retaining much Gothic detail, or detail derived from Gothic; France exhibiting bold and often beautiful roof treatment; Germany displaying great freedom and profusion in ornament; Italy working more or less upon the fact that the Renaissance was a revival of her national building forms. Of all these the architecture of Germany was the one least restrained by great underlying principles: it produced many buildings to which we apply such words as quaint, charming, or picturesque, but open to criticism in that the quaint and the picturesque seem to constitute the style and there is little else.

THE OLD GERMAN STYLE

When our latter-day rebuilding period commenced in Germany, and cities began to be laid out upon modern plans, there were two systems contending for the mastery—one the Italian, derived from classic sources, the other the picturesque, or Old German. The latter won the day in the end, and the result is the confused architecture of modern Germany, tormented with too many curves and too many finials, too much roof and too much breaking-up of the roof, and a general restlessness and striving after effect. In all these, however, there was some sort of governing idea: it was at least supposed to be the German Renaissance. Quite recently, however, a new departure has been taken and all convention cast aside; a new style is to be created; taste, dignity, and proportion are sneered at as old-fashioned; new forms are being adopted, mostly ugly and meaningless; the grotesque is everywhere, and decoration has gone mad. Interiors are deluged with curves and unintelligible, useless features; all ordinary details of house-building are altered out of recognition. It would seem as if German architecture were about to be lost altogether, so violent is the change, so extraordinary the result: the evolution extends to the minutest details, and has worked havoc not only with roofs and dormers, cupolas, and gables, but amongst tables and sideboards, armchairs and stoves. A perfect mania for the grotesque has seized upon designers; you must never restrain a fancy or an idea on pain of being dubbed old-fashioned, hide-bound, and conventional. Where any sort of analysis of these frantic creations is possible, we find that the new style—or, rather, the new practice—consists of taking details from everywhere, exaggerating them, distorting them, and flinging them in a shower upon a single design.

The step-gable—a familiar but not very satisfactory feature all over the North of Europe—has grown gigantic, and is made more conspicuous by long, narrow, vertical panels under each step, ornamented (so the designer probably imagined) by lines resembling rude tracery. Towers show external staircases and a profusion of little curved buttress-

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es; they are terminated by cupolas of amazing ugliness. Many of the worst features of older German buildings, especially those that are quite useless, are reproduced and exaggerated; the curiously curved pediments often seen over windows reappear with additional curves; the windows themselves are treated so as to bewilder the spectator.

If some of these exteriors seem, at a little distance, to retain some of the forms usually associated with what we call a building, their interiors suggest a nightmare. One characteristic is common to them all: they are full of strange curves, often introduced without rhyme or reason. Another is a curious kind of openwork in wood forming perfectly needless brackets under beams and lintels; it is applied with reckless exuberance to screens and partitions; the curves, growing wilder as they ascend, reappear on the frieze and expire on the ceiling, where a large spider dipped in ink could produce a better effect if allowed complete freedom.

TRANSPLANTED DETAILS

The oddities are in some cases derived from Japan, and exhibit the hopelessness of attempting to transplant the peculiar and characteristic forms of the Far East to Europe. We are speaking of forms only, of details transplanted without rhyme or reason from one climate and surroundings to another. Where there is no violent change in climate, building materials, or the habits of the nation, it is possible sometimes for a race of conquerors to bring their architecture with them bodily and impose it upon the conquered, as the Moors did in Southern Spain. But in such cases the details have generally been modified, and at last the style itself, by new surroundings, and we cannot but admire the exquisite skill with which forms and materials have been adapted, often resulting in an artistic compromise. So, again, an almost exact copy, though perhaps on a reduced scale, of a foreign building has been made as a plaything, a palace of pleasure, or a hunting-box for a sovereign of profuse taste. But the present phase of German building and decoration has nothing in common with these; it is an arbitrary caprice, a discordant medley, a reckless defiance flung in the face of the public by men who know how weak the mind of the multitude is, how few ever judge for themselves or will express their judgment. There can be little doubt that, unless very carefully watched and restrained, the mania for absolutely novel forms, for daring but useless experiments, will spread very rapidly over Europe; already we have seen the Castle Bérenger in Paris, whilst a host of small novelties are appearing in the work of the enterprising builder in England. There, however, and in France, a protest will be made against fantastic novelties meeting no want and working out no legitimate development; will a word be spoken in time in Germany? The truth is that Germany is in greater danger from this movement than her neighbors, for the picturesque is already the ruling idea in her civil and domestic buildings, which require order and repression above all things; license has been carried far enough. She owes it to herself at once to rescue her architecture from the slough of eccentricity and exaggeration into which it appears to be falling. For this same eccentricity is developed not only in her architecture: it breaks out in the furniture, the fitments, wall-papers, domestic utensils; in fact, it permeates and paralyzes the whole range of artistic design. The maddening ingenuity of form and outline in German design is absolutely bewildering. It is genius, but genius working on wrong lines. And the fact that genius is being wasted on meretricious and inartistic work must cause a pang in the heart of every conscientious architect and art-worker. It is almost an axiom that countries distinguished for their commercial abilities or military renown rarely give birth to great artists. Possibly Germany's system of military service has much to answer for.

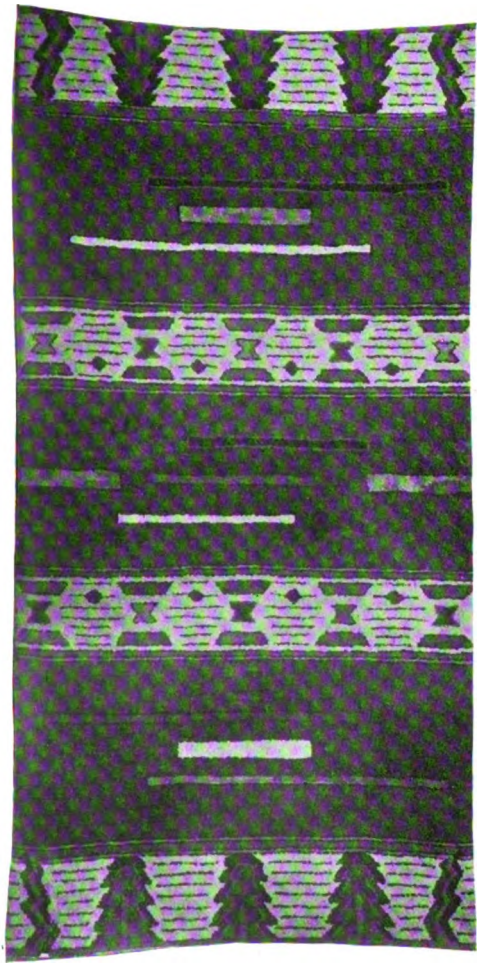
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ABNÀKEE RUG-MAKING AS A VILLAGE INDUSTRY

BY KATHARINE E. MILLER

IN the decoration of modern homes, handwork bears an essential part, and no portion of the furniture is more an expression of good taste than the rugs, that not only cover the floor, but are thrown over chair and couch, and adorn the walls like tapestry hangings.

Recent development of a home industry has brought the Abnàkee rug to view. Its habitat is Pequaket, New Hampshire, and the conjunction of Indian terms in name and locality, is in thorough harmony with the use of North American Indian designs as the basis of its ornament.



INDIAN CROSS-STRIPE—OLD ROSE AND IVORY

The Abnàkee rug is a modern and practical adaptation of the old-fashioned rag carpet, familiar occupation of housewives and daughters in New England farm homes. Yet, one who recalls the drawn or hooked rag mats of his grandmother's parlor, with their crude color combinations, and no attainment of beauty, will scarcely recognize the process as the same that produces the Abnàkee rug with its simple, direct ornament, and beautiful soft tones. In its finished state the Abnàkee rug is an ornamental carpet of neutral color, varying in size and pattern. The ground is usually a solid tone with a contrasting ornament laid in the center, or as a border, embodying an Indian totem or savage design.

In all its processes it is the work of village women and girls, guided by Mrs. Helen R. Albee, who is both designer and director, as well as originator of the industry. As a home industry it engages the efforts of the untrained and unskilled, who in return for their labor derive just compensation and a growing sense of beauty in form and color. Through the various processes they acquire knowledge and become trained workers. They gain employment for their leisure hours, and earn remuneration for conscientious labor.

The development of home industries in different parts of the country has imbued the village workers with new spirit, and given them an incentive in daily drudgery. They learn to respect an humble occupation when it has become a source of income, and they experience that sense of independence which is the inalienable possession of the world's worker.

The Abnàkee rug is the gradual outgrowth of a suggestion dropped on fer-

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tile soil. No additional beauty had come to the drawn rug, as the years of hooking rags passed in the farm homes, until it occurred to an artistic mind to apply a knowledge of design, a feeling for color, and a sense of form. Native thrift and economy had directed the efforts of the rag carpet-makers, by which they found profitable use for odds and ends in the rag-bag. Artistic perception became the dominant influence in the modern rug. The evolution of the Abnàkee rug, with its warm tints of red, green, blue, and dull yellow, from the rag mat of a former generation was induced by condition and circumstance. It applies old principles to new uses.

Fresh from a period of practical study in New York, Mrs. Albee conceived the plan of adopting a solid color for the groundwork and of applying artistic ornament. She found, by experiment with chemicals and dyes, that flannel strips took colors evenly and a better rug was possible. She carried her suggestion and advice to the village women to secure their co-operation. They met her willingly, but in absolute ignorance.

At first, utilizing art forms for the central ornament, she afterward saw greater consistency in the use of savage ornament, and she began to employ North American designs almost exclusively. Abnàkee is a modified form of the general name for the Indian tribes of Maine and of New Hampshire, including the Pequaket Indians, and the cipher woven on the label of the Abnàkee rugs is an Indian totem which appears on a treaty between the Abnàkees and the English.



ABNÀKEE JEWELED WALL-RUG—OLD ROSE AND IVORY

Once a demand for the product was established, the village workers awakened to genuine interest. Mrs. Albee began to see greater possibilities for the industry. She met with hearty encouragement among the professional designers, who had at first looked askance at the project, and questioned the marketable quality of a hooked rag rug. She was surrounded by a mere handful of workers, but they had attained originality and artistic beauty in their product, and she began to hear words of praise where formerly there had been silent questioning. Individuality was stamped in both pattern and coloring, and an humble occupation was accepted as an honorable industry.



GERMAN RENAISSANCE—ROYAL BLUE AND WHITE

The variety that appears in the Abnàkee rug is the result of individual choice, for each rug meets especial requirements, and the "made-to-order" feature gives a character to the industry that even the village people appreciate. At first the industry was conducted in so quiet a way as to attract little notice outside the immediate circle of workers. An order received, the work was immediately given out in the village, and the labor progressed until the task was done.

Perhaps not more than twenty individual workers have been employed in the last four years, but each in turn has felt the influence of beauty, and acquired proficiency in construction. It has been a slow process, for as yet no trained guidance has been substituted for Mrs. Albee's, and during her occasional absence from Pequaket, no progress is made. Special orders require intelligent

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supervision, an exact knowledge of color, in order to match samples, also an artistic feeling for color to successfully combine other colors and secure harmony.

That these qualities are not common is obvious, for among all the workers no one has appeared who possessed either qualification to a perceptible degree. Though the industry is simple in its processes, it presupposes knowledge and efficiency in the director. This point of view is most discouraging to the original promoter, but it emphasizes the need of trained perception and suggests a new field of endeavor for self-supporting women.

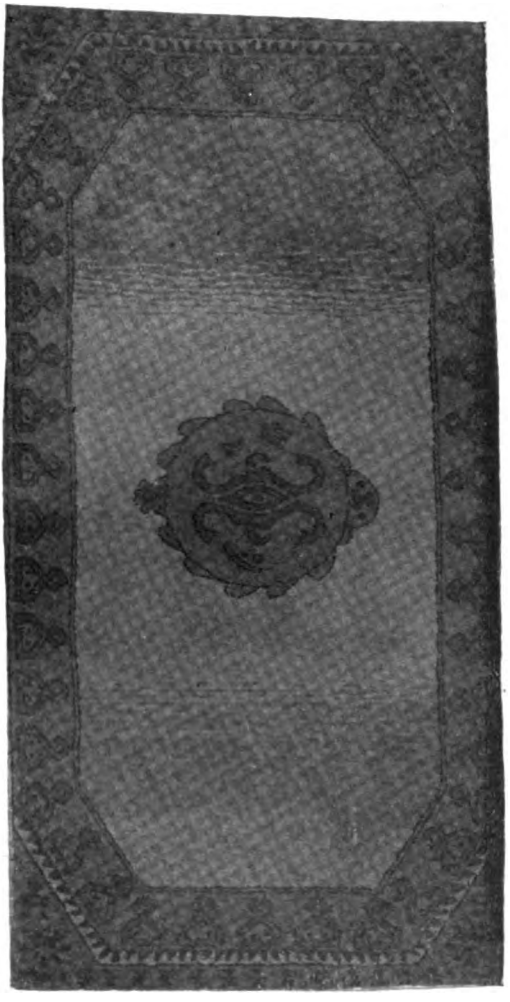
Enterprises similar to the Abnàkee rug industry could be inaugurated in a dozen communities, but at the head of each must be a trained artist with knowledge of design, executive ability, and originality. With such directors there would be no limit to the scope of the work, for each would exercise her own individuality and the product would bear the imprint of her taste and judgment.

In its broadest aspect the industry seems to offer a fine field for art students, both because it is practically untried, therefore not overcrowded, and because it suggests numberless opportunities for the individual expression of taste working under the least technical difficulties. In its crude form the work is done by countless women all through New England, Nova Scotia, and the middle Atlantic states. All it needs is intelligent direction to make it profitable to the worker and community at large.

That this condition exists is demonstrated. Last spring the promoter of the Abnàkee industry was in receipt of five applications for teachers to be placed at the head of similar industrial enterprises in as many sections, and she had not one worker she could command. Much interest has been aroused in the subject, for during the four years since the industry was inaugurated, Mrs. Albee has received innumerable inquiries regarding the work. She has exhibited in arts and crafts societies all over the country. The work as a practical industry has been exploited before state and general federations of woman's clubs, both in the East and West, and she has replied to hundreds of letters relative to the industry.

In spite of this active discussion, it is not known that one person has emulated her example or carried out her idea.

A striking feature of the Abnàkee rug as a hand product is the comparative rapidity of its execution which enables it to be sold for a reasonable price. A clever worker can in seven or eight hours



PERUVIAN DESIGN—YELLOW AND GREEN

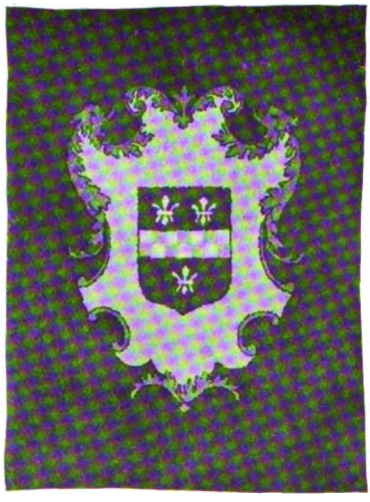
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do from three to four square feet. Great rapidity accomplishes one square foot in an hour or little over. A skilled worker could make in one day a rug three by five feet, valued at fifteen dollars and a half. Another size, three by six feet, commands twenty-one dollars. A simpler pattern, three by five feet, is marked thirteen dollars. Size and figures are quoted to give a definite idea of the value of the industry.

Any reproduction of the Abnàkee rug in photograph conveys little sense of its chief beauty, which lies in neutral and harmonious coloring. Yet pictures may suggest the effect of ground and ornament.

The method of hooking through a web foundation strips of cloth or flannel which are dipped in dyes to secure the desired color, is practically the same as that employed by the native workers. An effect of Oriental softness is attained by clipping the loops on the right side, leaving the raw ends to produce the pile finish. The decoration is applied directly from a study of savage ornament.

In a book written by Mrs. Albee recently, "The Mountain Playmates," she incorporates a chapter, entitled, "The Enchanted Rug," which relates directly to the Abnàkee rug industry. Lately she has prepared a manual of instruction under the title, "Abnàkee Rugs," describing the establishment of the industry, and its relations to the people employed, and outlining the methods in use, with a view to aiding workers who contemplate a similar enterprise, or who may desire to personally engage in the occupation at home.



HERALDIC WALL-RUG

There are four Abnàkee rugs at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, under the general exhibit of the National Arts Club of New York City. They are excellent examples, and convey a clear impression of a charming and profitable home industry, which, it is to be hoped, as the knowledge of Mrs. Albee's work spreads, other villages will take up.

The Monument to Rosa Bonheur

Rosa Bonheur was for a long time the only woman-artist who had the distinction of belonging to the Legion of Honor. Her brother Isidore Jules has presented to the town of Fontainebleau a monument to the memory of Rosa, which has been unveiled with fitting ceremonies by the inspector of fine arts. The pedestal, twelve feet high, is of granite and stands on a broad base of stone. On the sides of the pedestal are bronze-reliefs representing "The Horse Fair," Rosa Bonheur's masterpiece in the Metropolitan Museum, and her painting, "Labourage nivernais." In front is a profile of the artist in bronze surrounded by a laurel-wreath. To indicate her eminence as a painter of animals, and especially of cattle, there is a bronze bull on the pedestal. Paintings by Rosa Bonheur are to be seen in the National Gallery, London, a rare concession on the part of the managers of that fine collection; for beside hers there are few specimens of foreign work — an Ary Scheffer, a Bonvin, and a Costa. Rosa Bonheur may be said to have started the new fashion for women to use a man's saddle on horseback and wear hunting-dress in the country. She used to scour Fontainebleau forest in mannish garb.

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BOTTICELLI

BORN 1447: DIED 1515

BY JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON

Class Lecturer on the Collections of the Art Institute of Chicago

SOME say that Alessandro Filipepi, which is the real name of the man coming down to history as Sandro Botticelli, was born in 1437. Those few years are so far away that none of us care about them. His father, observing that he was very bright, gave him the best possible education. So I suppose that no poverty afflicted his youth, or shaped his character in any way. In fact, it is declared that the boy was inclined to extravagance, so much so that the careful father put him as apprentice with a goldsmith, in order to make him practical. This nice little story would be of much more worth except for the fact that almost all the painters of that time were made goldsmiths in the beginning. That was the wage-earning art work of the period, just as it is now, except that our young fellows go into illustrating also. Artists had to prove their right to be artists then, just as they do now. It was to the "Botticelli workshop" that they sent him, and that's where he got his name—"Sandro" for short, and the name of the shop which started him out. It was a very common custom. Strange to say, the same way of doing it prevailed in Japan, and still does. No artist there goes by his family name, but by a studio name.

Leonardo da Vinci was only five years younger than Botticelli, and Raphael only thirty-six years younger. Both these great men and also Michael Angelo were in full tide of work long before he died. Did he affect them or shape their style? Quite probably very little; the real master of the entire company was Masaccio, who was the master of Filippo Lippi, and he in turn of Botticelli. When you read that Perugino was the master of Raphael, please do not believe it entirely. The man who teaches a youth to mix colors is not always really his master. Perhaps it is pretty safe to declare that all the art of the great Renaissance painters harks back to Masaccio. If we do not understand this fact thoroughly, then the art of Botticelli has little meaning. "To Masaccio must be accorded the distinguishing merit, as an historical painter, of being the first to technically perfect the motives and progress suggested by Giotto," says Jarvis. It is plain enough that it is so, when one looks at his work. Little by little the style had changed from the rigid forms of the old Gothic, to those better shapes learned from the study of the antique statues. Each of the great men had done his part, but with Masaccio there came into existence the first real art school. Not that he was actually a teacher, but because all the great men mentioned went to the place where his pictures were to study together—the first art schoolhouse. They found a more realistic art there than any done before.

Filippo Lippi, the Carmelite monk, belonged to the monastery where all this went on; that is, the one where the pictures by Masaccio were painted, and he was the pupil of the older man. He went far beyond his master in literalism, but the credit runs back to Masaccio, as for some reason the latter's work made the greater impression. Lippi was a strange exemplification of the fact that the character of a man does not always show forth in his work. He was a shocking rake who painted the tenderest of religious pictures, and ran away with the novice who sat to him as model. In fact, he was a rake in every direction, and in all things, except his picture-making. He interests us because Botticelli was his pupil, and got his art tendencies at the hands of this bold, bad man.

As Botticelli kept quiet and attended to his work without getting into any bad scrapes, nobody cares to write about him,

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whereas pages are not enough to satisfy the love of the picturesque sins of Lippi. Our artist is pretty dry from the point of view of life incident; he did nothing but go to Rome, paint a couple of decorations in the lower panels of the Sistine Chapel, get his pay for them, and go back to his home in Florence without a ripple of excitement. If we keep in mind that the pope who called him was Sixtus IV. (pope in 1471), and that the ruler of Florence, Cosimo Medici (the elder, who died 1468), was his patron, as he had been of Lippi, and that Botticelli finally became a religious disciple of Savonarola (which did not help along his art any), that he fell into poverty so that the great Lorenzo Medici, having come to power, had to extend charity to him; if we remember this short story, there is nothing else. Yes, one more point: during the latter years of his life, the friendship of the decaying Medici family did not do anybody good, so the artist became very obscure, was attacked with paralysis, and died in 1515. They buried him well, in the church which knew his christening, and his art grew old-fashioned. His was the last of the Gothic art; what is called "the fifteenth-century art."

Leonardo, who trod so closely upon him, was the first of the "modern painters." As Leonardo painted, so do men paint until this day. Here is the dividing line; it is customary to speak of Leonardo as a sixteenth-century artist. His portrait of Mona Lisa, in the Louvre, is so exactly the type of all modern portraits that it is difficult to imagine that it was done four hundred years ago.

As Botticelli was the last of his line, and the new form of art appealed to the love of naturalness, nobody paid attention to his work for several centuries. It was looked upon as good enough for the old times, but not especially pretty; not even quaint enough. Giotto, two hundred years earlier, was so very quaint that he was looked at, and so was the angelic Angelico, but Botticelli was only a last note, too much like a modern but still one of the awkward school.

Quite possibly, it was the pre-Raphaelites who waked up the world to the reappreciation of all the fifteenth-century painters. By examining the works of Ghirlandajo, Lippi, or Botticelli any one can see where Rossetti and Burne-Jones found their inspiration. Those long necks, which have excited wonder in so many minds, and those somewhat strange expressions, can be seen all about in these pictures. Rossetti created his own type, of course, but the sentiment was previous to the art of Raphael, or "pre-Raphaelite." Pre-Leonardo would have been a more correct appellation of the movement.

The reason why the pictures of Masaccio attracted all the painters to study, instead of those by Filippo Lippi, is to be found in the superior dignity of the former's work. He still maintained the monumental poses, the decorative element, in his design, whereas Lippi, who was an artist to his last drop of blood, made prettier figures, more like the real, handsome women who posed for him. We like faces and figures which appeal to our senses, perhaps to our passions. Lippi was a passionate man, and worked his feelings into his figures sometimes. He could make a Madonna as spiritual as any one, but did not always do so. This accounts for the going back to Masaccio by that illustrious coterie of sixteenth-century painters. Indeed, Botticelli was much more like the Gothic school than Lippi. It is his strange, Gothic quaintness, united to a great measure of naturalness, which causes us to admire him again after all these years of neglect.

There has been a great revolution in public taste during the last thirty years. Whether or not due to the influence of the pre-Raphaelites, we certainly have learned to love that which we used to think very little worthy of our attention. The taste of the artists has changed. As, for example, in the matter of models for nude figures; those designs made for the sake of grace and beauty, in and of themselves, and for no story-telling purpose. Thirty years ago the model had

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to be very plump, and with well-rounded form. Little by little the taste has changed until now a slight figure is preferred, one somewhat lean, one that will give a lithe line, even a line approaching the Gothic awkwardness of Botticelli. Perhaps it is only a reaction growing out of the fact that the other sort had reached its limit and there had to be a revulsion, a return to more primitive forms. It is difficult to account for changes in taste. Within thirty years the Japanese influence has done much. We have awakened to a comprehension of the beauty of those charming, flattened prints, so very like the forms of the painters who designed before Raphael commenced to make forms over-round.

There are two large pictures in the Louvre, by Botticelli, which arrested my attention the last time I passed that way because they were so extraordinarily like some of those superb Japanese pictures which I had been looking at in another gallery. The pose of the figures, the color, and the general effect were the same. It startled me into the belief that here was one of the causes of the change in sentiment. Certain it is, that we have departed from the graceful and merely pretty and do things differently. The poster is a return to the old Gothic principles. We can see it in the work of John Sargent, J. Alden Weir, Abbot Thayer, Edwin E. Abbey, and a host of French, German, and English painters.

During three hundred years the school of Raphael has ruled the painter world; it is time things became different. The Bouguereau sweetness had to give way. It was high time to get a pungent taste in the mouth. We are like the street gamin who had been received into a Christian home, but tiring of the clean napkins, towels, sheets, and clean language of his kindly benefactress, crept off to the attic where he could swear softly and get a taste in his mouth. The art is even leaning toward the grotesque. There was an element of grotesqueness in Botticelli's drawing, making it picturesque and piquant, a most agreeable little queerness, just enough for a flavor. The purists of the last generation called it *gaucherie*, being bound by academic traditions. With them, correct drawing was a religion, but we are just now pretty good sinners, loving flavor more than hard facts.

The tide had turned against the continuous production of religious pictures, so that Botticelli gave to Cosimo Medici a number of good pagan allegories, such as the Birth of Venus, the famous Allegory of Spring and the Mars and Venus. The latter (National gallery, London) shows Venus fully dressed, but Mars entirely nude. Several little fauns are shouting at the sleepy Mars, as if to awaken him to the presence of his beautiful neighbor. The frank acknowledgment of the physical conditions in the subject is softened by the demureness of Venus and her complete drapery. In no case does this artist indulge in any vulgarities, though many other Italian artists did so. He is always reserved and refined in his presentations of love. His Birth of Venus is so breezy, so full of the freshness of the seaside, and still so simply decorative in treatment, that the most exacting puritan cannot grumble.

Best known and perhaps most beautiful, is the Allegory of Spring. In the center is Venus, over whom hovers a cupid. To the left are the Graces with Mercury. These are flanked on the right by the figure of reproductiveness, whom a wind-god is capturing. As a part of this group, Flora stands, triumphant, beautiful, and airy. In all the range of art, there is no finer figure than this. No painter of the school of Raphael has made anything so good. All of them would have ruined it with over-effort, lost the magnificent simplicity of that long drapery, the delightful "innocence" of the flower-flecked stuff, the poise of the figure. That face is doubtless a portrait, of whom we know not. There is much more individuality in it than in the majority of faces of the period. The lips are full but not lustful, the eyes are dreamy, but still she carries an air of triumph, as she treads the flowers which

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have sprung up to meet her. Best of all is the reserved dignity in her bearing. The Graces would not bear criticism by a school man, the drawing is not very good, but, as has been said, there is a certain quaintness about them that pleases the present taste. For the Venus, the same person posed as for that same character in the Mars and Venus, spoken of. She was Simonetta, the lady-love of Cosimo Medici. Her face is visible in many of Botticelli's pictures, as he made a type of her much in the same manner as that which we know as "the Gibson Girl," in recent publications; not an absolute likeness. Many of the artist's faces are sweetly sad, though still not grave; there is longing not akin to pain, and dreaminess in keeping with the tender, wakeful moments.

The color of this "Spring" is delicate rather than strong; the blues have maintained themselves, but are not as rank as in many old pictures. Of course the greens have gone to gray, so that no one can tell what was their original color, but that is a favor, because they are agreeable. No painter of this period had arrived at the point of skill in painting flesh which the next generation easily attained; the colors being still somewhat brownish inclined to yellow. All over the picture is a sort of golden gray, most agreeable to see. This time the picture is in the Academy of Fine Arts, at Florence. (No. 26, in room V.)

The painter of religious pictures was not very free in those days, perhaps he never can be at any period. Botticelli was accused of heresy, because his angels, in the Assumption, were not entirely orthodox. The monks veiled the work from the public gaze, though it is now on view again. It is the one with the Virgin on clouds, waited upon by patriarchs and apostles, amid angels saluting with song; Matteo Palmieri and his wife kneeling below. But art was an aristocrat in Florence. We can place the period, and understand the conditions, by remembering that Michael Angelo's great figure of Moses so delighted the city that a commission was appointed to determine a site for its placement, and that all the great citizens and artists gathered in consultation, among them Botticelli. Portraiture was becoming common, and this artist did his part well, though always with the flavor of formality marking his period.

Botticelli was never the pet of princes, though well treated by them. Such winsome reprobates as Lippi are the men loved by the world of lords and commoners alike; the temper of our subject was too colorless. At the age of sixty-eight, if the unreliable dates make no mistakes, he died, and the "Gothic period" was ended.

House Refuse

LONDON is far behind many other large towns in the matter of the collection of house refuse, says the British Medical Journal. Even the weekly emptying of the dustbin, required under by-law, is often precarious, and in time of public holidays the call of the dustman is not infrequently omitted altogether, and offensive garbage accumulates for a fortnight or longer, to the annoyance and danger of the smaller occupier especially.

The London county council at a recent meeting decided to amend the existing by-law so as to secure a collection of house refuse at least twice a week. Edinburgh collects daily from every house, and in some business thoroughfares in London this is already the practice.

The general use of the sanitary dustbin has been a valuable improvement upon the old filth-soaked receptacle, which was rarely, if ever, completely emptied. We sincerely trust that this modest advance upon the present weekly collection may take effect immediately, and that the local sanitary authorities will place no obstacle in the way of its accomplishment.

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FURNITURE OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

BY VIRGINIA ROBIE

"IN the work of the Renaissance," writes John Addington Symonds, "all the great nations of Europe shared. But it must never be forgotten that the true Renaissance began in Italy. In art, in scholarship, in science, in the mediation between antique culture and the modern intellect, the Italians took the lead, handing to Germany and France and England the restored humanities complete. Spain and England have since done more for the exploration and colonization of the world. Germany achieved the labor of the Reformation almost single-handed. France has collected, centralized, and diffused intelligence with irresistible energy. But if we return to the first origins of the Renaissance, we find that at a time when the rest of Europe was inert, Italy had already begun to organize the various elements of the modern spirit, and to set the fashions whereby the other great nations should live and learn. . . . .

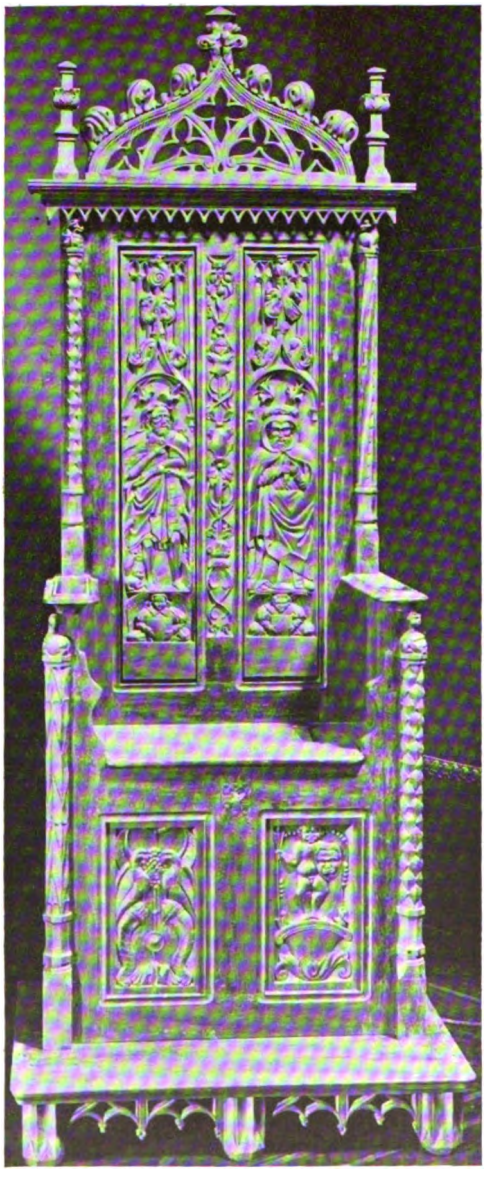


SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CHEST OF DRAWERS—LUCCA

"We cannot refer the whole phenomena of the Renaissance to any one cause or circumstance, or limit them within the field of any one department of human knowledge. If we ask the students of art what they mean by the Renaissance, they will reply that it was the revolution effected in architecture, painting, and sculpture by the recovery of antique monuments. Students of literature, philosophy, and theology see in the Renaissance that discovery of manuscripts, that passion for antiquity, that progress in philology and criticism which led to a correct knowledge of the classics, to a fresh taste in poetry, to new systems of thought, to more accurate analysis, and finally to the Lutheran schism and the emancipation of the conscience. Men of science will discourse about the discovery of the solar system by Copernicus and Galileo, the anatomy of Vesalius, and Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood. The political historian, again, has his own answer to the question. The extinction of feudalism, the development of the great nationalities of Europe, the growth of monarchy, the limitation of the ecclesiastical authority, and the erection of the papacy into an Italian kingdom, and in the last place, the gradual emergence of that sense of popular freedom which exploded in the Revolution;—these are the aspects of the movement which engross his attention. Jurists will describe the dissolution of legal frictions based upon the false decretals, the acquisition of a true text of the Roman Code, and the attempt to introduce a rational method into the theory of modern jurisprudence. Men whose attention has been turned to the history of discoveries and inventions will relate the exploration of America and the East, or will point to

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the benefits conferred upon the world by the arts of printing and engraving, by the compass and the telescope, by paper and by gunpowder. Yet neither any one of these answers, taken separately, nor indeed all taken together, will offer a solution of the problem.



GOTHIC CHAIRS WITH RENAISSANCE PANELS—IN THE PARMA MUSEUM. TRANSITIONAL PERIOD

WHAT RENAISSANCE MEANS

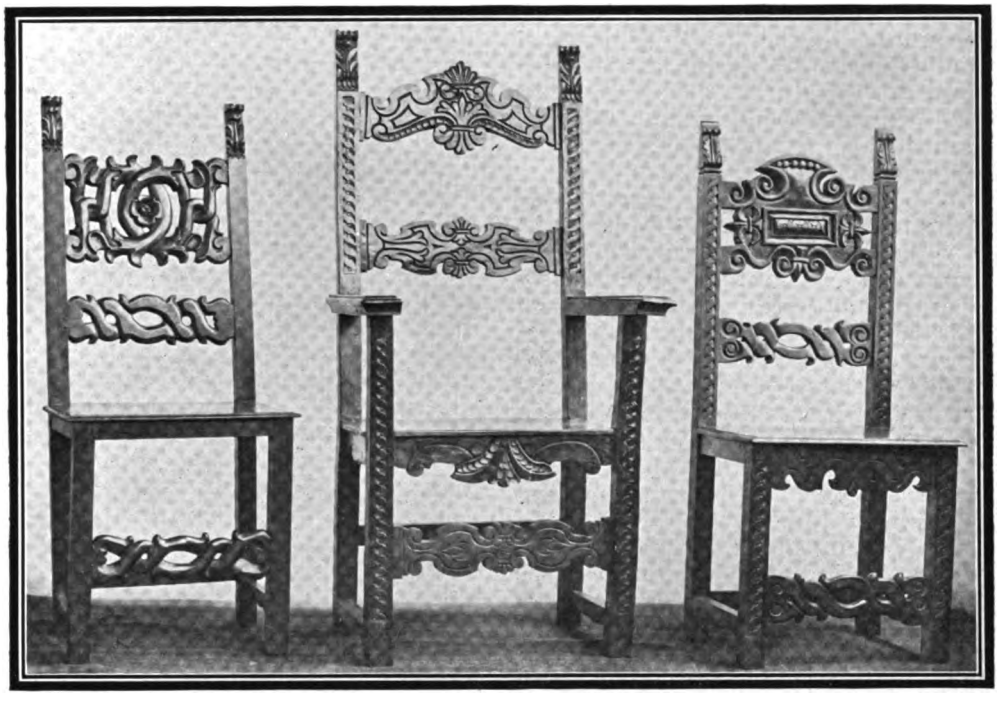
"By the term Renaissance, or new birth, is indicated a natural movement, not to be explained by this or that characteristic, but to be accepted as an effort of humanity for which at length the time had come, and in the onward progress of which we still participate. The history of the Renaissance is not the history of arts, or of sciences, or of literature, or even of nations. It is no mere political mutation, no new fashion of art, no restoration of classical standards of taste. The arts and the inventions, the knowledge and the books which suddenly became vital at the time of the Renaissance, had long lain neglected on the shores of the Dead Sea of the Middle Ages. It was not their discovery which caused the Renaissance. It was the intellectual energy, the spontaneous outburst of intelligence, which enabled mankind at that moment to make use of them."

Broadly speaking, the Renaissance had three distinct styles: The tre-cento, quatro-cento, and cinque-cento. The first was developed between the years 1300 and 1400, and its influence was confined to architecture and sculpture. Giotto, Arnolfo di Cambia, Andrea Taffi Orcagna, and Nicola Pisano were its chief exponents. The quatro-cento belonged to the fifteenth century, and was a more classic style than its predecessors. The work of Luca della Robbia, of Donatello, and Ghiberti, and of Filippo Brunelleschi are magnificent examples of the second division.

CINQUE-CENTO

The cinque-cento was the culmination of the art of the Renaissance, and is associated with the mighty names of da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. The former styles were but preparation for the architecture, sculpture, painting, and decorative arts of the sixteenth century. Under the patronage of the popes and the powerful Medici family, pictures were painted, statues carved, tapestries woven, metals wrought in a manner that the world had never seen before.

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CHAIRS IN THE LUCCA MUSEUM—EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

"During that period," to quote from Symonds again, "the entire nation seemed to be endowed with an instinct for the beautiful and with the capacity for producing it in every form."

No article was too commonplace to receive the attention of great artists. The same care that was expended on the façade of a cathedral or the interior of a palace was bestowed on the simplest piece of woodwork. The carved chairs, the painted crests, and the inlaid cabinets all show that perfection of detail that characterizes the boldest undertakings. It was this wonderful *ensemble*, this linking of the fine and decorative arts, that made the Renaissance the golden age of achievement.

THE THREE STYLES

It was not until the cinque-cento period that furniture showed traces of the classic revival. Woodworkers clung to Gothic designs long after stone-cutters had discarded them. Thus some of the tre-cento and quatro-cento motives are exhibited in the furniture of the sixteenth century. It is well in studying the woodwork of this epoch to keep in mind the leading features of the three styles. The tre-cento consisted of interlacing lines combined with simple tracery and conventionalized foliage. The tracery was Saracen rather than Gothic, and entirely free from symbolism. The quatro-cento blended the festoon, the garland, the band, and the cartouche with naturalistic fruit and flowers. The cinque-cento was a restoration of classic details, and included the fret, the arabesque, the anthemion, the scroll, and the acanthus. The arabesque or grotesque, as it was termed from its discovery in a Roman grotto, was composed of vases, shields, masks, animal forms, and floral emblems. Symmetry, balance, and perfect proportions, united with faultless execution, saved the arabesque from

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becoming a grotesque in both senses of the word. In the hands of Raphael, Giulio Romano, Sansovino, and the Lombardi this type of ornament reached a high degree of beauty. Raphael's work in the loggia of the vatican is a splendid example of the arabesque.

Woodworkers adapted these three styles to the furniture of the day, and it is to their credit that they produced harmony, and not confusion. The backs of chairs did not resemble palace doors, nor did the columns of cabinets suggest Greek colonades. There was a fine sense of fitness between the object and its ornament. Herein was a vast difference between the handiwork of the Renaissance and that of the Gothic period. Gothic furniture as a whole was oppressively architectural.

The lids of chests and the doors of cupboards were often church façades in miniature, and the finials of chairs and settles diminutive church spires. Gothic art was ecclesiastical rather than secular, and Gothic furniture, with few exceptions, was fitted for monasteries rather than homes.

RENAISSANCE FURNITURE

The Renaissance raised furniture-making to an art. Pupils were apprenticed to a master, and studied with him until they had perfected their craft, when they opened workshops of their own. The pieces produced in these great studio-shops united beauty with utility. For the first time, designs were made with reference to their setting. The furniture of the private dwelling was suggestive of neither cathedrals nor abbeys. It was made with a careful regard for the needs of the owner, his station and manner of living. Thus houses possessed a harmony that had hitherto been absent.

The arrangement of furniture was greatly altered. Chairs and chests were no longer placed stiffly against the walls. According to one old writer, the sixteenth century loosed the furniture from the side of the room and distributed it "here and there in the manner agreeable to modern taste." With its changed position came a change in the construction and character of each article. The cabinet became a cabinet in the modern meaning of the word. It was no longer a press or a cupboard. The table lost its severe lines and plain surfaces, and developed into an ornamental piece of furniture. Wood-carvers, as if to atone for past neglect, lavished their highest skill upon it. The chair was completely transformed. It refused to be classified under one or two heads. There was the chair for the hall, the dining-room, and the bed-chamber, and chairs for all sorts and conditions of men. They were imposing, simple, massive, or graceful, as the occasion demanded. They were, however, always comfortable. Upholstered seats were introduced during this period. Hitherto chair cushions were movable; they were now a part of the seat. This was a radical change and gave rise to a new class of workmen—upholsterers. Tapestry and stamped and painted leathers were utilized in the new craft.

THE SIDEBOARD

Among the sixteenth-century pieces of furniture that were unknown at an earlier date was the sideboard. The *credence* and the *dressoir* have already been mentioned. The sideboard was longer and lower than these mediæval pieces, and without shelves. One of the earliest references to the sideboard is in the journal of Benvenuto Cellini. To this prince of silversmiths we are indebted for many picturesque glimpses. Sometimes it is an interview with Michael Angelo, sometimes a visit to the pope, sometimes a line about a piece of furniture. "Meanwhile, I contrived, by means of a pupil of Raffaello da Urbino, to get an order for one of those great water vessels called *acquereccia*, which are used for ornaments to place on a sideboard. He wanted a pair made of equal size. One of them he intrusted to Lucagnolo and the other to me."

Another writer of the same period says in a letter: "When I entered the house of Maestro Giovanni, of whom I may

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STATE DINING-ROOM AND HALL OF ST. BERNARD IN THE VINCIGLIATA, FLORENCE

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have spoken, I was given bread and wine from the sideboard and pressed to lodge for the night." In this letter is a second reference of interest. "On my way out of the city, I fell in with three youths whom I thought to be students. Two were weavers from Palermo, and the third a wood-carver on his way to the palace to receive orders for a marriage coffer. I hoped to learn more of his errand, but he talked little and refused to tarry for wine."

Unfortunately the letter gives no clue to the palace nor to the noble lady for whom the coffer was intended.

In the list of new furniture was the chest of drawers. This was placed in the bed-chamber and was the forerunner of the bureau. During the sixteenth century the bed took on a new form. The massive Gothic bed was no longer tolerated. A lighter, more movable structure superseded it. Slender columns upheld a canopy of brocade or tapestry, and curtains of similar material inclosed the sides. The Renaissance bed was not a four-poster in the colonial acceptance of the word, for the back was completely encased in wood. This headboard, if such it may be called, was richly carved and occasionally displayed the arms and insignia of the family. Beds were not always made with columns at the base. The one shown in the bedchamber of the Vincigliata has exquisitely carved figures, typifying sleep, instead of the lower columns. Bedrooms of this period were more comfortable than they had been at any previous time. Panes of glass were no longer a luxury. With larger windows came more light and better ventilation. A brighter, happier atmosphere was the result. This changed condition was not confined to the upper story. The lower part of the house was equally transformed. The shadowy corners, the dimly lighted staircases, and the dark passageways were of the past. The perpetual twilight of the mediæval dwelling gave place to the sunshine of the Renaissance.

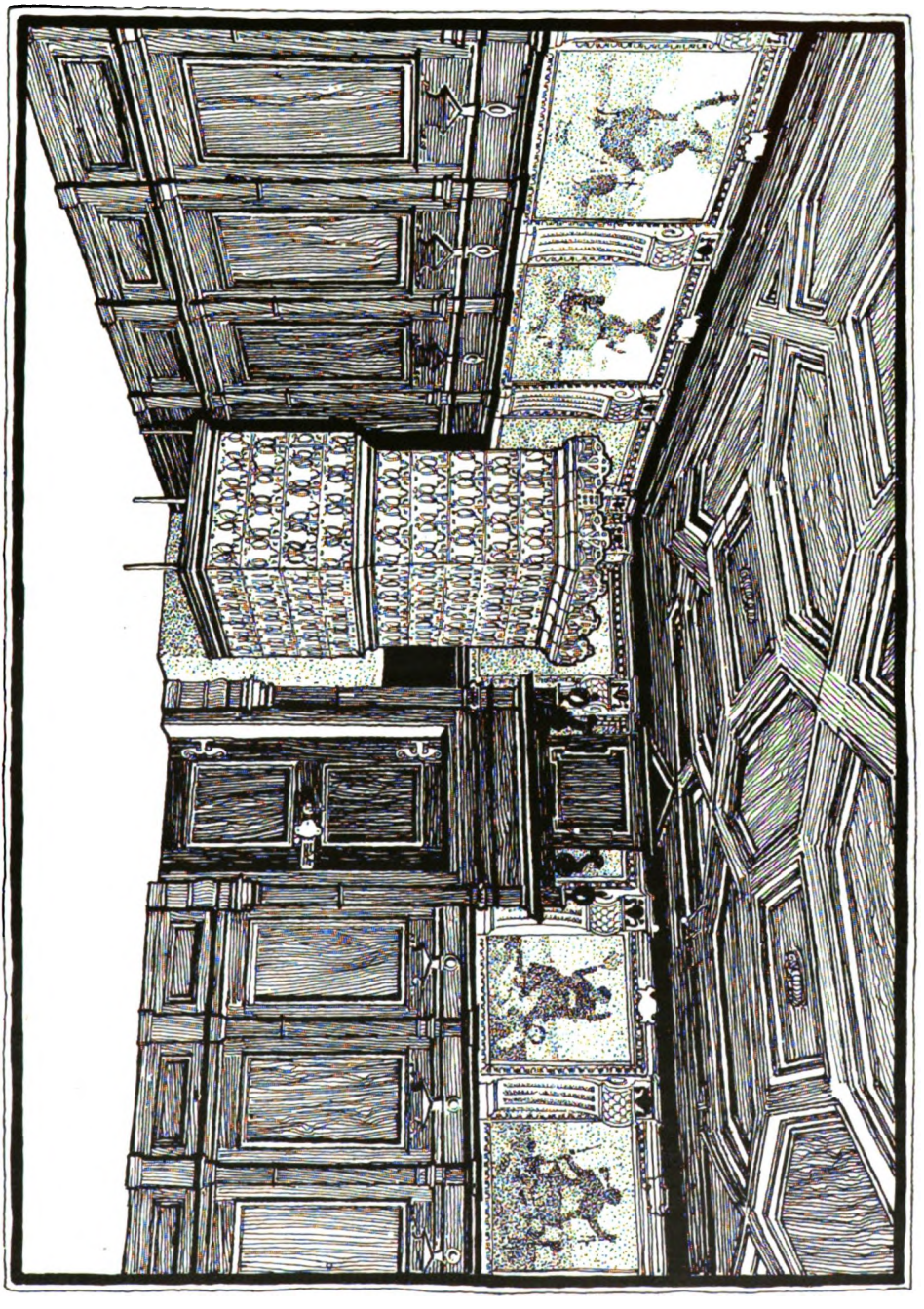
Among the host of articles that added to the comfort and convenience of the Italian house were clocks, mirrors, and screens. Clocks were not the invention of this century, but they were little used until this period. They were of small dimensions, elaborated, incased in metal, and sometimes ornamented with *pietra-durá*—an inlay of ivory, horn, mother-of-pearl, and lapis lazuli. Screens were of stamped and painted leather, and were usually imported from Spain. Mirrors were of two varieties. The common ones were of polished steel, the more costly ones of glass. The frames in both cases were of metal and highly decorated. It was in the small furnishings that the art of the house was at fault. Mirror frames, clock cases, and candlesticks passed the border-line of good taste. The most ornate object in the house, however, was the pair of bellows that hung by the hearth. The fireplace was nobly constructed, the andirons were designed in the same spirit, but on the bellows was lavished every fantastic detail of Renaissance ornament. Many of these articles have outlasted the better handiwork of the sixteenth century. The South Kensington Museum has a famous pair, and not long ago one sold in London for twenty-five hundred dollars.

COFFERS

Chests gained rather than diminished in importance during the Renaissance. They were no longer used as seats, for chairs were abundant. They were no longer needed as receptacles for armor and implements of the chase, for hunting had fallen into disuse, and the sixteenth century was one of peace. The housekeeper did not require them for her many household stores, as more convenient pieces of furniture were designed especially for her. The family plate was no longer concealed in them, as the silver was displayed on the sideboard by day and hidden in a safe at night.

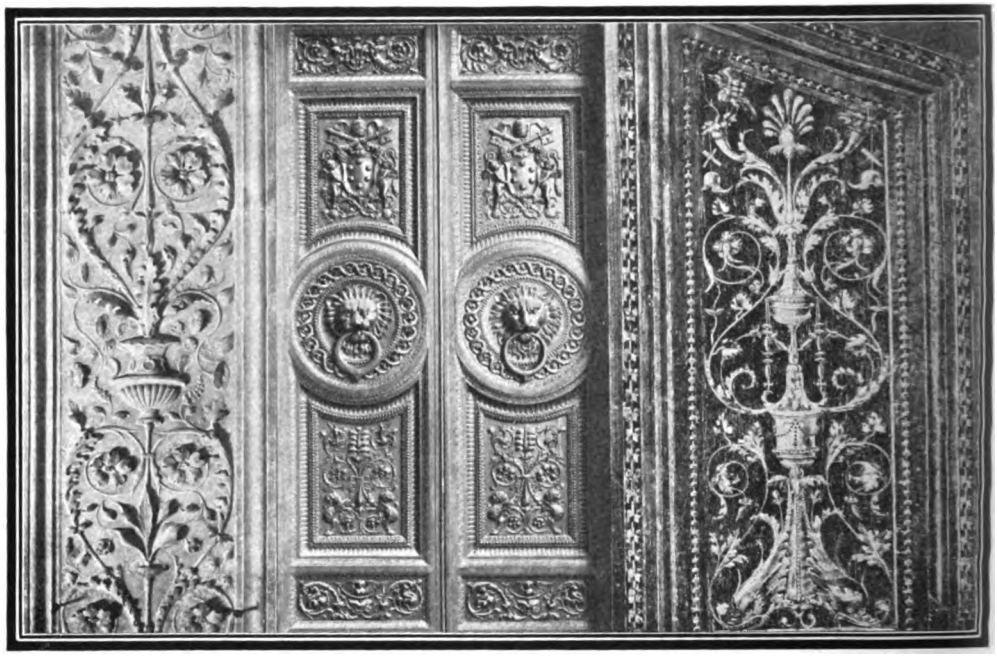
As dower or marriage coffers, the chests or *cassoni* of the Renaissance developed into works of art. Many artists made their reputations in this

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HALL IN SCHLOSS VETHURNS—Drawn by Birch Burdette Long

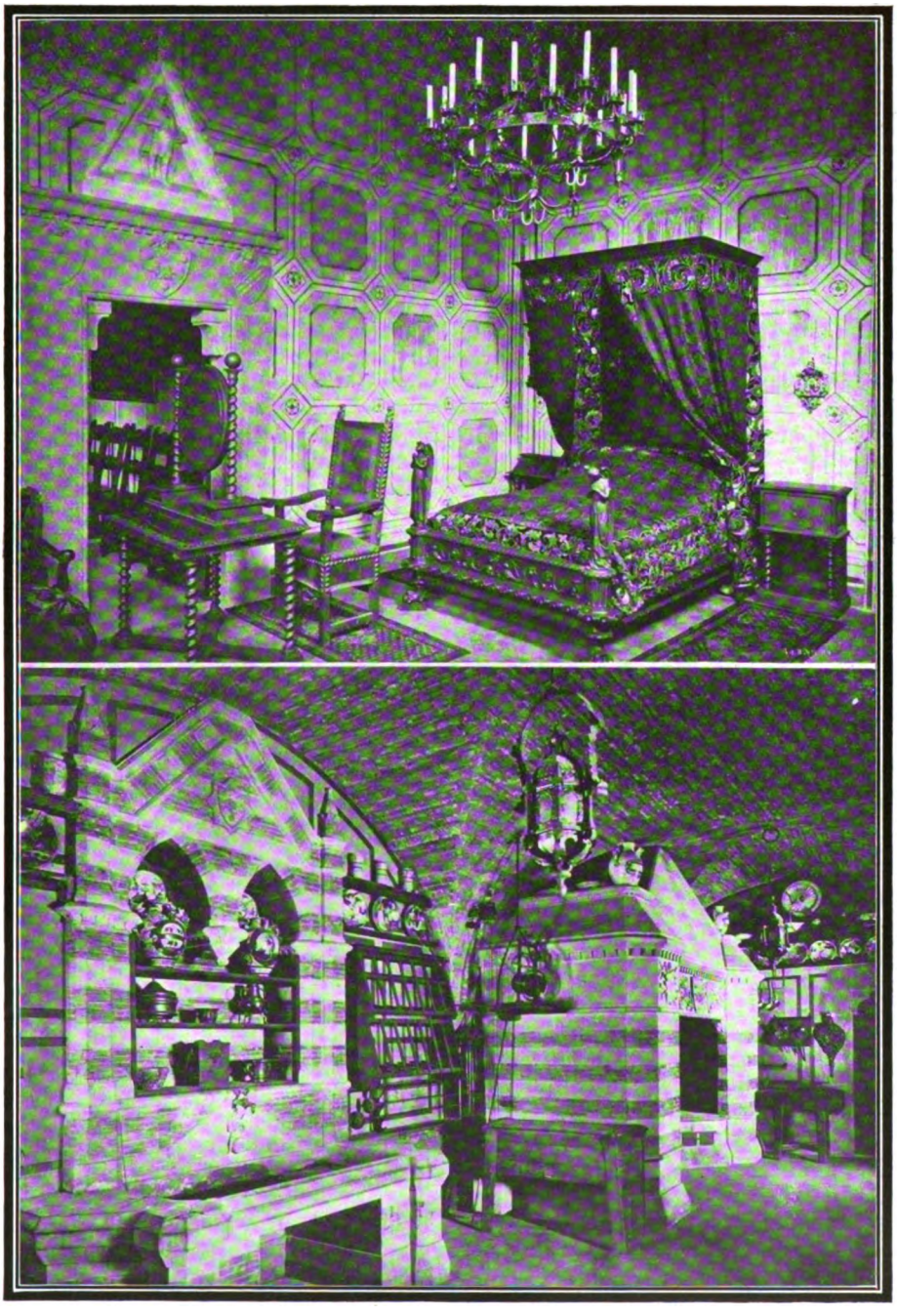
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RENAISSANCE ORNAMENT — DOOR OF THE VATICAN, Designed by Raffaello, Cinque-Cento Ornament — SCREEN OF INTARSIA, Work of Carthusian Monks, Pavia

field alone. The finest *gesso* work, the purest gilding, the most intricate *intarsia*, and the best type of casing entered into the construction of these coffers. The cartouche or scrolled and pierced shield was often a motive in the carved chests. Acanthus leaves and delicately modeled garlands were also favorite designs. One Andrea di Cosimo was noted for his skill in adapting the cartouche. Vasari says of him: "It would not be possible to describe the vast number of decorations in coffers and other works of similar kind executed by Andrea di Cosimo, seeing that the whole city is full of them. I must, therefore, decline the enumeration of them, but I cannot omit to mention the circular escutcheons which were prepared by this artist, and to such an extent that there could hardly be a wedding solemnized but that Andrea must have his shops filled with such works either for one or another of the citizens." Many coffers were decorated with *gesso*, a composition of paint and gold leaf. But the most beautiful ones were of *intarsia*. In the fifteenth century *intarsia*, or the inlaying of colored woods etched by hot irons, was little known outside of the Carthusian Monasteries. In the sixteenth century its fame reached the courts of Francis I. and Henry VIII. The inlay was composed of natural and dyed woods scorched with hot sand or irons and polished with penetrating oils. Geometrical patterns, copied from mosaics, cinque-cento ornament, landscapes, and figures, were executed in this medium. Each artist had his own methods of preparing the colors, and these secrets were carefully guarded. Among the famous workers in *intarsia*, the *intarsia-toris*, as they were called, were Fra Raffaello di Brescia, Fra Damiano di Bergamo, and Fra Bartolomeo di Poli. These men were monks of the Carthusian and Dominican orders, but they made marriage coffers as well as choir stalls and sacristy presses. A notable piece of this sixteenth-century

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BED-CHAMBER AND KITCHEN IN THE VINCIGLIATA, FLORENCE

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marquetry is the screen in the Charter House at Pavia, decorated by Fra Bartolomeo. Another celebrated example is the *chasse* containing the relics of St. Dominic in the church of Bergamo. This *chasse* was executed by Fra Damiano, but it is called "Charles V.'s *intarsia*." When Charles V. of Spain visited Bergamo he refused to believe that the *chasse* was made of inlaid wood, declaring it was the work of the brush. Nor was he convinced until a piece of the wood was removed. In memory of this occasion, and the tribute paid to the monk's skill, the wood was never replaced. Many museums and private collections contain beautiful specimens of this Renaissance inlay.

THE CASTELLO DI VINCIGLIATA

Situated on high land overlooking Florence and Fiesole is the Castello di Vincigliata, rich in sixteenth-century treasures. The present owner is an American, Mr. John Temple Leader, who has spent a fortune in restoring it. Although the castle is not used as a dwelling, there is no suggestion of a museum in the arrangement of Mr. Leader's collection, which includes furniture of unusual beauty, rare pieces of silver and bronze, and exquisite enamels, faience, and glass. Part of the building antedates the Renaissance, and the rooms in this section have been sympathetically treated.

The early ecclesiastical history of Vincigliata has not been forgotten. The furnishings of the hall of St. Bernard, dating back to the fourteenth century, are very consistent. The woodwork and quaint paintings are original. The state dining-room contains many excellent pieces of wood-carving, *intarsia*, and fine old pictures. The walls are uniquely paneled, and the vaulted ceiling is decorated in heraldic devices. The great stone kitchen did not need restoration.

Twice a week Mr. Leader opens the doors of Vincigliata to the public. To the student of Renaissance furniture this old castle is a treasure-house.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

BY JOHN A. MORRIS

ONE of the most important duties of Alexandra, the new queen of England, is the government of her royal household, numbering a thousand people. These employees cost in the aggregate about $660,000 a year in salaries, while an average of $860,000 a year is paid to "the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker," and the other tradespeople who feed the members of the household. No servant has ever been known to be discharged from the palaces; and when a marriage takes place the couple is usually provided with a small post, carrying with it a residence. Most of the royal lodges are occupied by couples who have served royalty for many years.

The only additions to the royal household since the time of Henry VIII. are two steam-apparatus men. A servant, officially known as the waxfitter, receives a salary of $300 a year for arranging all the candles, while two others—a first and second lamplighter—get $500 a year each for lighting them, as well as all the lamps in the place. It costs $1,460 to have the table laid by five functionaries, whose official designations are table-deckers. The only work they do is to lay the tablecloth and see that the plates, dishes, and cutlery are fairly set forth. The salary of the chief butler, who looks after the wine, is $2,500 a year.

Sixty young women serve in the capacity of housemaids at Windsor. The kitchen is ruled over by a chef whose salary is $3,500 a year. Under him are four master-cooks, who receive $1,000 a year each for their services. Then there

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are two assistant cooks, two roasting cooks, sixteen apprentices, half a dozen kitchen maids, two yeomen of the kitchen, and the clerk of the kitchen, who guards the expenditures, keeps the accounts, and does the carving. He receives $1,500 a year. The confectioners get $1,500 and $1,200 each.

A functionary known as the official rat-catcher of the house of royalty receives $375 a year, and is the only servant whose salary is provided outside the civil list. Every session of the House of Commons, in committee of supply, considers this vote and gravely agrees to it. The royal washing costs $10,000 yearly, and is done in a picturesque stone building near Richmond Park, called the Royal Laundry. The linen is carried to and from the laundry in cedar boxes bearing brass plates inscribed with the different names; for instance, "The King, 1," "The Queen, 2," "Princess Victoria." The boxes carrying the household linen are marked with the initials of the palace, "W. C." or "B. P." Primrose soap, slightly scented and quite free from alkalies, is used, and is extremely costly. Queen Alexandra's body linen is exquisitely fine and severely plain, and she never wears a flannel petticoat after it has once been washed.

The private apartments of Queen Alexandra at Windsor, which is the official royal residence, consists of four rooms—the audience chamber, the sitting-room, bedroom, and dressing-room. They are on the first floor of that portion of the castle known as the Victorian tower, and are approached from without by a secluded portico, where the queen may enter her carriage unobserved by any one except her immediate attendants. The suite of rooms is entered through two large double doors of oak, picked out with gold and paneled in Gothic style. A small elevator, built of stout oak wood and upholstered in crimson, conveys the queen from the portico up to her room. In the audience chamber the queen receives visitors, either on business or pleasure. Her sitting-room faces south, and is of great height. From a wide oriel window can be seen a fine view of Long Walk, the Home Park, and the Great Park. There is a magnificent marble mantel, and a fireplace in this room, and beech logs are the only things used for fuel. In a cabinet in the room are kept the sixty leather-bound volumes or catalogues in which is the inventory of all the furniture and ornaments of Windsor Castle—china, glass, silver, draperies, and furniture of the seven hundred apartments. This inventory was made by order of Queen Victoria, and in accordance with her ideas. The most costly dinner service in the world is at Windsor Castle. It is of solid gold, and valued at $4,000,000. The late Queen was practical always, and systematic, and this is further evidence of the executive ability which reached even to the details of the management of her great household.

AN OLD DUTCH HOUSE ON THE HUDSON

BY WILLIAM MORSE COLE

ABOUT thirty miles north of New York City, on either side of the Hudson River, is a region famous for its association with the sad story of Major André, and as the scene of the delightful "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Throughout this region are scattered houses of the type described by Washington Irving, most of them small, all of them simple. Usually they are long and narrow, with the end to the road and the front door in the middle of one side. Almost invariably a veranda runs along the front from end to end. The type is not beautiful, but occasionally when vines have grown

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FROM THE FRONT



FROM THE ROAD

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upon a house of this type the result is a charm which very often fails many a vine-clad house of better architectural lines.

Perhaps the best example of this sort is an old house at Nyack, on the western shore of the Hudson directly opposite Tarrytown, where perhaps was the watchdog that Ichabod Crane heard as he left Katrina Van Tassel's on the fateful night. The lines of the house are sufficiently indicated by the accompanying photographs. The hall runs through the house from front to back, with a half-door at either end, the rear door opening upon a garden as shown in the full-front picture. The walls are more than two feet thick, and only after a season of hot weather lasting several days does the house become uncomfortably warm, though Nyack, lying in the valley of the river between high hills, is a hot village. The material of the walls is dark red sandstone, undressed, and in some parts of the wall, as shown in the picture of the end of the house, in blocks of irregular shape. This sandstone is native, and is akin to that which in many parts of New Jersey gives a sort of sunset glow to the open ground. One feels almost that the house is an outcropping ledge, so much a part of the earth seems the wonderful harmony of the coarse white mortar, the rough, irregular blocks of rich red rock, and the deep green of the climbing vines. A friend and I came upon it unawares one day, lingered long in view of it, returned to it a few hours later, and finally, a few weeks later, made a pilgrimage to get its picture. It seemed to us more clearly to recall the youth of America, to be pre-eminently native, than any building in Plymouth, or Dedham, or elsewhere, though no doubt the others were older by a century and more.

THE FLOWER BEAUTIFUL

BY CLARENCE MOORES WEED

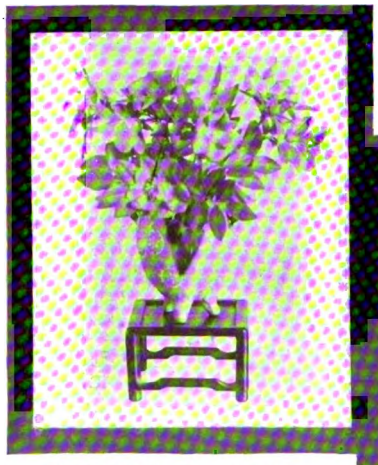
IT seems strange that with all the attention which has recently been given to the awakening of the artistic spirit in the things of common life, so little interest has been shown in the development of an adequate appreciation of the Flower Beautiful for interior decoration. Even where they are used in lavish profusion, it is rarely that one sees flowers so displayed as to bring out their beauty in harmony with their surroundings. The only general attempt of recent years to better the conditions of such display is the fashion of utilizing plants grown by the Japanese, for which enormous prices have sometimes been paid by leaders in wealthy social circles.

There is no question that in this matter of flower arrangement we have much to learn from the Japanese. But I do not believe that we are to learn it to best advantage by following blindly the details of their systems, which are so interwoven with the customs and traditions of the race that they can never mean to us what they do to the native of Japan. We can learn from them, however, the lessons of respect for flowers, of the beauty of line, of the possibilities of a symmetry, of the laws of color harmony, and of the preciousness of beauty without regard to price. We can also get from the Japanese the most artistic flower receptacles in the world, and utilize them in working out the problem for ourselves.

In its best estate a flower arrangement is a work of art, and as such it should conform to the requirements of other works of art, with such adaptations as may be made necessary by the nature of the materials employed. One of the first requirements in all art is that of harmony or unity, without which beauty in any complete sense cannot exist.

The first requirement of unity in

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WILD ROSES IN A MEDALLION JAR

flower arrangement is that the composition shall impress one as a harmonious whole, not as several unrelated things placed near together; its impression of oneness must be distinct and unmistakable. This really involves all the rest, and it is well to have the idea clearly in mind as we proceed.

HARMONY AS TO THE RECEPTACLE

To have an arrangement of flowers we must have a receptacle for holding in place the stems and blossoms. Out of doors the plants are held in the earth by their roots, and the blossom-bearing stems rise from a surface which may be simply the rich brown of the bare earth, or the mottled browns of the carpet of fallen leaves, or the lovely greens of grass and sedge. All of these are subdued colors, which do not distract the attention from the blossoms above —such tones as the artists in following nature have chosen for the backgrounds of their pictures. From this we may well take a hint and remember that the receptacle for the flowers is not to be in itself the center of attraction,



BLUE FLAG IN AN IRIS JAR

but is so to harmonize with the blossoms as to display them to best advantage. Once this is clearly in mind we shall discard the jardinières and vases on which elaborate and realistic bouquets have been painted by would be decorators, for we shall realize that it is an insult to the flowers to attempt to vie with their peerless beauty by the crude pictures on such receptacles. The only sort of decoration which is permissible is something that is purely conventional; should it be a flower design, it is better that it be of the same kind as is to be displayed in the jar.

Similar considerations should lead us to be careful as to the colors of the flower receptacle. Brilliant hues, especially in combination, attract the attention from the flowers and thus interfere with the unity of the composition. Instead of these, quiet grays and browns and greens, in monotone or in harmonious combinations, will be chosen. Such tones may be used to advantage with flowers of many colors without violating the principles of harmony.



GERANIUMS IN A JAPANESE JAR

And the same love of unity will lead

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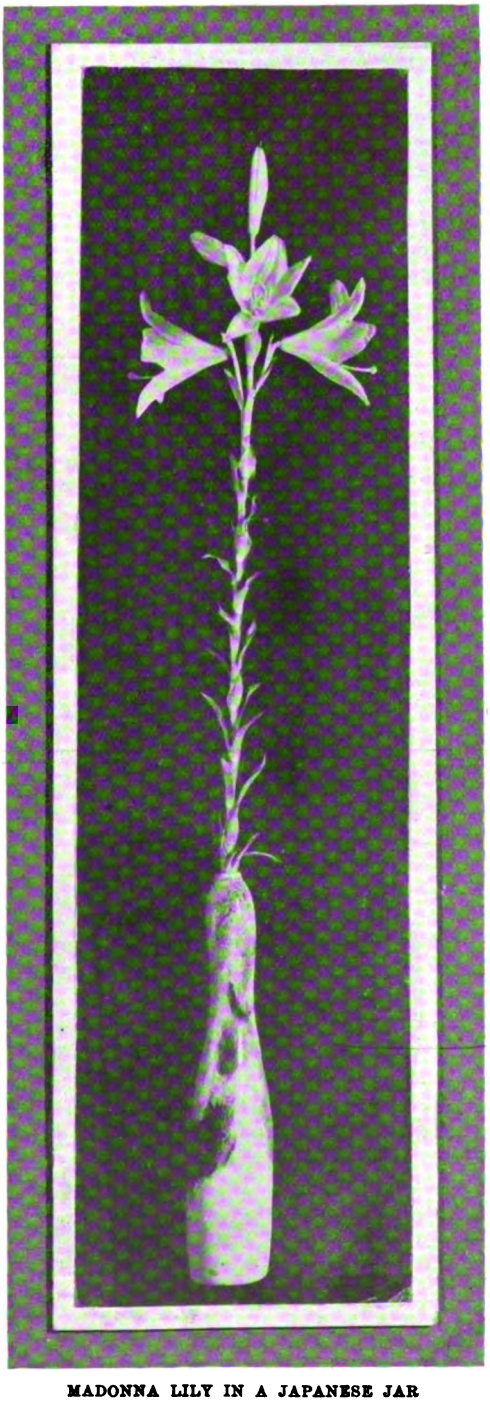
us to restrict our choice of receptacles to those designed primarily for holding flowers. Water pitchers and fruit cans may serve a temporary purpose in keeping flowers from wilting, but they can never serve to bring out in the mind of the appreciative observer the full beauty of the blossoms; the obtrusive thought of the other uses of the receptacle is too disturbing. The extent to which one will use with satisfaction the decorative Japanese pitchers as flower receptacles will probably depend upon one's taste. I confess that in my own case I have been led to abandon them more and more with each passing year.

HARMONY AS TO FORM

Most of us will probably best approach this phase of our subject by remembering Thoreau's advice: "Simplify, simplify." With nine out of ten of the floral decorations one sees, the chief sin is that of complexity. The beauty of flowers is so simple that it is best shown when we do not attempt elaborate arrangements, for then almost invariably we get away from Nature and are astray.

The determination of unity as to form in its relation to the receptacle depends largely upon the character of growth of the plant used. One who loves flowers and lives with them comes to have an intuitive feeling for the lines of growth of the plants, which will guide him in their arrangement more surely than any formal rules. In general, however, every one will agree that a light and graceful plant requires an airy, delicate vase—transparent it may be—while a strong and strenuous plant requires a solid and substantial jar. The lines of the receptacle should also conform in some tangible manner with the lines of growth of the plant.

A few examples will serve to illustrate these points better than any abstract discussion. In the picture of three stems of gladiolus the jar is heavy and solid as such thick stems and large blossom masses require; its lines are straight, and it tapers from bottom to top in a way to suggest a truncate cone. Notice

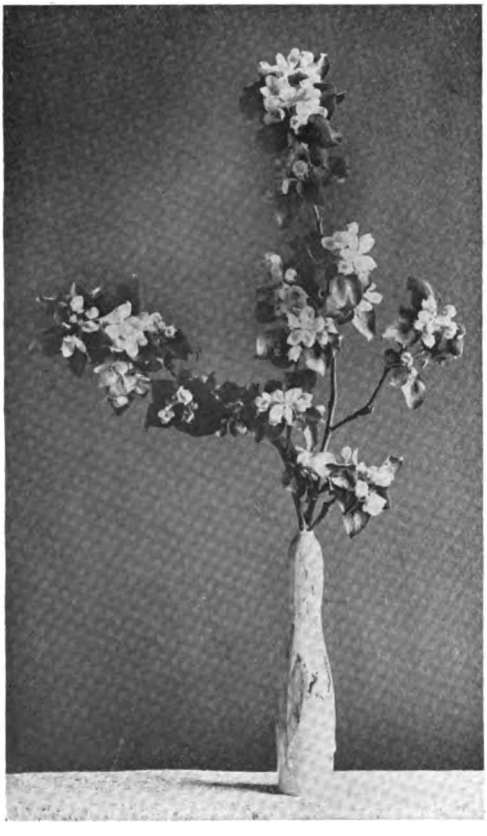


MADONNA LILY IN A JAPANESE JAR

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the echo of these in the flower arrangement; see first that the general outline above the jar is similar to that of the jar itself; then see how the straight lines of the outer surface are repeated in the straight outer margins of the stems on both sides; see the suggestion of a vertical line in the middle of the jar, made by the shadows, and how its effect is continued upward by the middle blossom stem. Notice, also, how the triangle, which is the dominant note in this composition, is repeated in the form of the individual blossoms, as the straight lines are also echoed by the margins of the leaves.

Now compare this gladiolus composition with the very different picture of the yellow lady's-slipper in a green Hampshire vase. These lady's-slippers



APPLE BLOSSOMS IN A JAPANESE JAR

are among the most bizarre of blossoms with the dominant note in their structure a rounded fullness; this is shown in the leaves somewhat, but more especially in the blossoms. The oddly rounded vase, with its projecting feet below and its long arms above, is repeated in a way in the strange blossoms with their projecting sepals.

Notice, also, the picture of the long-stemmed tulips in an Izumo vase; see how the general outline of the lower part of the jar is echoed in large in the arrangement as a whole and in small in the shape of the individual blossoms. Notice, too, how the graceful lines of force in the outline of the vase are repeated in the inimitable curves of the blossom stems and how the straight margins of the leaves help in the unity of the composition.

To display one or two blossom-bearing apple twigs in such a way as to bring out their beauty is not always an easy task. I sometimes use for this purpose the curious Japanese jar shown in the accompanying picture. See how the curved outline of the jar is repeated in the principal vertical branch while the outline of the composition as a whole is in such striking contrast to that of the jar as to be harmonious. But a simpler unity is attained in using this same jar for a stem of Madonna lilies as in another picture. See how the straight line is continued from the bottom of the jar to the tip of the bud on the end of the flower stalk.

Notwithstanding their beauty, wild roses are not often used with satisfaction for indoor decorations. In most vases or jars they look out of place, and one involuntarily wishes they were back on their bushes out of doors. With such an oddly rounded medallion jar as is shown in the rose picture herewith, however, this difficulty is avoided. A beautiful arrangement is easily brought about which impresses one as in harmony with the spirit of the flower.

Harmony may be attained either by repetition or by contrast. A good example of the latter is shown in the pic-

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ture of Mikado poppies; here we have a solid, straight-lined jar surmounted by the jagged poppy leaves, with edges so incised that they make a striking contrast to the straight line below; then above these leaves are the smooth outlines of the flower stems, surmounted again by the jagged outlines of the blossoms.

HARMONY AS TO LINE

If you stop to analyze the beauty of a flower you will be surprised to find how it is chiefly dependent upon two things: beauty of line and beauty of color. In these pictures in black-and-white, the color element is not present, so that whatever attractiveness they possess is chiefly due to the effect of line. An intelligent consideration of this phase of the subject will readily show that the flower receptacle should rely upon its beauty of line for its chief attractiveness. For this purpose its outline should be continuous rather than a broken surface, and its coloring should be such as not to interfere with its effect of line. These facts at once rule out the cut-glass vases whose outer surface is cut into innumerable projections that break up the continuous line, and the Cloissonné and other expensive vases in which the decoration is elaborate. The harmony of line is all-important.



YELLOW LADY'S-SLIPPERS IN A GREEN HAMPSHIRE VASE



RED-AND-PINK GLADIOLUS IN A GRAY JAPANESE JAR



TULIPS IN AN IZUMO VASE

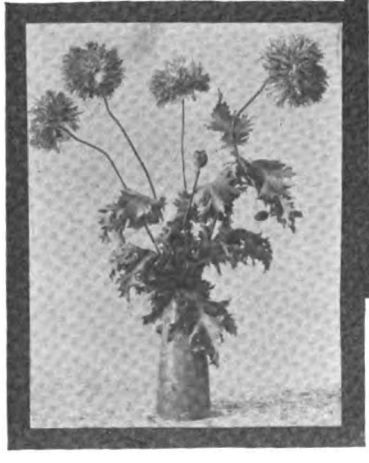


HONEYSUCKLE BLOSSOMS IN A GLASS ROSE-BOWL

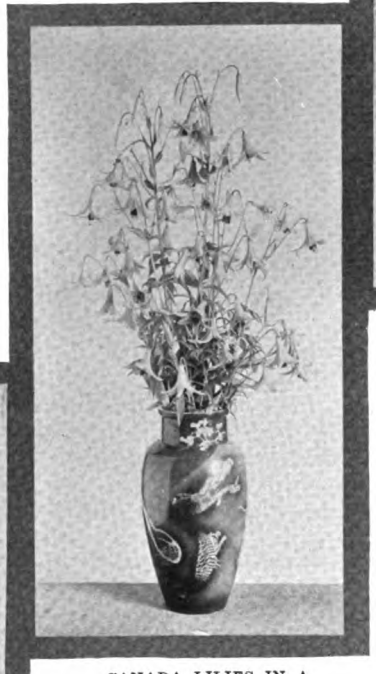
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HARMONY AS TO DECORATION

Aside from the simplicity of colors harmoniously blended by the potter—as in most of the Japanese vases shown in the accompanying pictures—the only safe decoration is the simplest of conventional designs, preferably, perhaps, of flowers. But even the simplest of conventionalized flower designs strictly limits the usefulness of the vase as a flower receptacle; for any adequate sense of unity will prevent one from using for asters a jar decorated with sweet peas. In general it is safer to use such a jar only for the sort of flower that is shown in the decoration. In such cases the repetition increases the sense of unity, as, for example, in the iris composition shown herewith—a composition that is nearly ideal in the simplicity of its unity. Throughout it is a study in repetition. See how the general outline of the jar is repeated in the position of the outer leaves, and the simple lines of force of the vase are repeated in those of leaf and stem and flower. In the same way the plant repeats the conventional decorations on the side of the jar. To see how the same receptacle may be used with less happy effect imagine its use for the goldenrod. Think how incongruous would be such a juxtaposition of the iris, a typical spring blossom, and the goldenrod, a typical autumn blossom. Surely it needs no special intuition to see the violation of harmony in such a display.



MIKADO POPPIES IN A GRAY JAPANESE JAR



CANADA LILIES IN A JAPANESE JAR



DOUBLE BUTTERCUPS IN A JAPANESE JAR

A peculiar fitness as to decoration is shown in the accompanying picture of double buttercups. On the jar are modeled leaves that seem to be conventionalized from the leaves of the blossoms so that the composition is one of striking harmony.

HARMONY AS TO PROPORTION

A point that is well worth bearing in mind is that of the relative height of the receptacle and the flower composition. In vertical arrangements the best proportion seems to be about one to two; that is, to have the height of the vase one-third the height of the whole composition. A little study of the pictures will help to make this clear. This is the

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proportion in the pictures of the iris in the iris vase, the tulip in the Izumo vase, and the apple blossoms in a bluish jar. It is better to have the height of the vase proportionately longer than shorter, as may be seen by comparing the picture of the jar of meadow lilies in which the flowers occupy a space only one and a half times the height of the receptacle with that of the jar of gladiolus in which the flowers occupy three times the height of the jar, and make the composition seem a little top-heavy.

In broader compositions the receptacle may well occupy a greater proportional height than in vertical arrangements. That this does not lead to inharmonious results may be seen from the picture of the honeysuckle blossoms in a glass rose-bowl or the geraniums in a Japanese jar.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

INEXPENSIVE COUNTRY HOUSES IN ENGLAND

BY B

SHREWD people, with none too much of the world's goods, have found it extremely profitable to go into the remote parts of the country, particularly in the wilds of Essex and Norfolk, and take old houses and country seats at ridiculously low terms, which they occupy for a short period and then let them to their friends; thereby gaining a good summer's outing, and securing it at no cost to themselves. There are many old places in Essex which may be had for practically nothing. The agricultural depression which set in there many years ago drove the occupants of many fine manor houses out into the world, and the places which once bustled with life became silent and went to rack and ruin. I know of a lovely old hall half a dozen miles from Saffron Walden, a quaint old town in Essex, which has stood empty a dozen years or more. It is surrounded with mighty trees and beautiful meadows, but its interior is sadly in want of repair. Its only inhabitants are bats and owls. A few hundred pounds would put it right, and the rental is only $175 per year! Of course, it cannot be lived in by a man whose business is in town, but for one fond of country life it would be an ideal home. Close to it lives a friend of mine who inhabits an old Elizabethan castle in which, in fact, Queen Elizabeth once held her court. My friend lords it over a demesne of five hundred acres, and has a shooting of nearly two thousand acres more.

I look forward to a general occupation of these unused country houses in the near future. The advance of the motor car industry is bound to revive their drooping spirits to a great extent, but first we shall have to infuse a new spirit into the mind of the bucolic legislator. The fact is that the country police look with a jaundiced eye upon automobiles, and endeavor to thwart their progress as much as possible. Now, if I lived in one of these Essex castles, which I hope to do some day, I should want to be able to come to town at least three or four times a week, and for this purpose I would require an automobile, because the railways are too awful. Now, what does the gentle country policeman do to prevent me from reaching town under the hour? He lies in wait behind a hedge, and if he thinks I am going faster than a miserable ten miles an hour on a lonely country road, where forty miles would not be dangerous, he jumps up and blows a shrill whistle, which is heard by the next "bobby," who is also behind a hedge, and this guardian of the traditions of prehistoric England jumps up—leisurely—and puts up his hand. And the next day I am mulcted in the sum of £5 for "endangering the public safety."

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Mahogany

SPANISH, Honduras, and bay mahogany are all produced by the same kind of tree, namely, the true mahogany tree, swietenia mahogania. The distinguishing names were originally given in reference to the localities from which the wood was principally shipped. Thus, the Spanish mahogany came from Cuba and some other West Indian islands and parts belonging to Spain; Honduras mahogany came from the province of Honduras, in Central America, chiefly from the neighborhood of the mouth of the Rio Hondo; while baywood, or bay mahogany, was obtained from various places around the coast of the bay of Honduras. The mahogany procured from these three districts varied considerably in color, in hardness, and in figure, the Spanish wood being much the best and the baywood the poorest. Now, of course, mahogany wood is obtained from many other districts and ports in Central America, as, for example, Tabasco, Minatitlan, Tecolutla, Panama, Costa Rica, and St. Domingo; but to the average woodworker only three grades exist—namely, Spanish, Honduras, and baywood—chiefly because each of these three names has come to represent an arbitrary standard of quality, color, and figure, regardless of the origin. Beyond saying that the baywood is the soft, light, straight-grained, and pinkish (nearly white) material, and that the Spanish is the dark, ruddy brown, often cross-grained, and curly wood, no definite rule can be given; observation will soon disclose the ordinary limits of each term. Some regard the chalky deposit in the pores of dark-colored mahogany as conclusive evidence that the wood is of Spanish origin, but the occurrence of this substance is by no means an infallible test.

Venetian Glass to Regain Its Old Place

AFTER searching high and low for odd and beautiful wedding presents, one usually comes to the conclusion that nothing is handsomer than cut crystal, exquisitely fine engraved intaglio glass, and the beautiful colored Bohemian and Venetian crystals that look like soap bubbles—so graceful, so luminous, and so fragilely beautiful are they. Silver seems positively gross beside these exquisite wedding presents.

Venetian glass is enjoying a special boom just now, although it has never ceased to be admired and sought after by connoisseurs since the fifteenth century saw its first fragile specimens. When all Italy was in a whirl of art and beauty owing to the Renaissance, this lovely glass was first made. Later its making became almost a lost art, but owing to the efforts of two English artists it is once more obtainable. Connoisseurs say the new specimens compare very favorably with the old.

Some of the modern designs are copied direct from examples still to be found of work done in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The varieties are infinite. There is rich, deeply tinted "Roman" blue glass, the tawny yellow "Giallo d'Oro," the pale "Aquamarina," the "Reticella" ware, and the "Pagliesco" glass.

Originality is one of the charms of the colorings of this glass. As the wine-glass or vase is held to the light and turned in the hand, touches of gold arise as it seems from nowhere, flash out into brilliance, and then disappear into the luminous purple reflections of the glass, only to make room for more of the clouds of tiny golden specks which beam out into brightness as they approach the light and then in turn die away. As table decoration Venetian glass has absolutely no equal, the transparency and depth of its color and the presence of the gold in its composition causing it to light up at night in a way possible in no other make of glass.

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The Linen-Closet

"SILVER, linen, and fine manners should be used every day," some one has remarked. Linen, at any rate, should be used, and used equally if it is to keep its whiteness. To insure this orderly employment of towels, sheeting, napkins, and tablecloths there must be some systematic arrangements, if the housekeeper wants her work to be as light as possible and the wheels of the household machinery to run smoothly.

One clever housewife has managed this by dividing her shelves and marking the spaces appropriately, as "Huck Towels," "Hemstitched Towels," "Damask Towels for Blue Chamber," "Towels and Sheets for Back Room," and "Nursery Sheets and Towels." Each week's wear is tied with a separate colored ribbon, and matching ribbons numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., are handy for reference. With the blue ribbon empty there can be no question as to which color's turn is next.

This housekeeper also suggests dividing the towel shelf and marking the divisions with the days of the week. Thus use can be regular. To insure that with napkins always take out the fresh ones from the bottom of the pile, or else put the clean ones underneath as they come from the wash. Keep shelves and drawers as nearly free as possible from dust. A good way to do it is to curtain them with white oilcloth daintily scalloped along the bottom and deep enough to reach from shelf to shelf. Tack the upper part to the shelf edge and along the bottom sew stout hooks eight or ten inches apart. Opposite every hook in the shelf above and below put in a tiny brass screw-eye. Hook down the curtains after the shelves are filled and hook them up out of the way in taking down or putting up linen.

An ingenious way to light a dark linen-closet if there is no gas or but little outside light is to have a clear glass lantern with wire guards outside the glass. Swing it by a light chain pulley some little way in front of the shelves. Thus a touch sends it up or down, throwing the light wherever it may be needed.

A linen-closet always suggests the necessity of some faint, appropriate fragrance. Rose-leaf sachets give the linen an exquisitely delicate odor. Gather freshly opened petals and dry them in the shade. When thoroughly dry, mix with them half their own bulk of dry lemon peel and calamus root, both grated. Strew the mixture thickly over sheets of wadding and tack the wadding between either cheese cloth or China silk. Fasten the sachets to the closet walls or lay them along the shelves. Now and again give them an hour's sunning. It freshens them wonderfully and brings out the odor anew. Lavender is the scent par excellence, and the fashion of our grandmothers' days of lavender-scented sheets is coming back again.

Notes on Ventilation

Miss Alice Ravenhill, in a recent lecture, said it was essential to proper ventilation that the fresh air should enter the upper portion of the room where the heat gathered, as by this means it became warm before descending to the level of the persons standing or sitting in the room, thus making no perceptible draught. Colds, or what we generally call colds, were most often caused by the person shutting himself up in a closed room and closing all ventilating apertures.

She advised people in every case to sleep with some method of ventilation in the bedroom. Personally, wherever she went, she always took with her, or had made, a board six inches in depth, and

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the exact width of the window sash. This board she inserted edgeways between the bottom sash, and thus her bedroom was ventilated by the current of air which gained entrance in the narrow slit provided at the top and bottom of the sash. If there was a strong wind, and the possibility of a draught, it was her custom to place a strip of cotton wool along the narrow opening provided, and this succeeded in converting the wind into small streams of air, which were imperceptible.

Another means of ventilating their windows was to drill little holes through the sashes. If they were unable to do that, some other course should be adopted. She wished that it was illegal to build a bedroom without a fireplace. Many houses were now being ventilated through grates placed in the outer walls provided with hoppers on the inner side. These grates should not be less than twelve inches by six inches. Some builders, she was sorry to say, were now putting in those so-called ventilators not larger than two inches by two and one-half inches. This was decidedly wrong, and was calculated to lull the occupants into a false sense of security, thus doing considerably more harm than good.

A Wonderful Clock

Frank Bohacek has a wonderful clock, upon which he has been working silently and secretly for nineteen years. It has made him the hero and wizard of Chicago's Bohemia. His name is spoken with fear and reverence by his neighbors who have been permitted to gaze upon the wonderful work which threatens to crowd the old Bohemian watchmaker and his wife out of their comfortable home at 6504 Winchester Avenue, the place having become too small for them and the clock.

For twenty years the clock has been the dream and one passion of the old man, and now that it is almost completed he is delighted. It is a giant among such curiosities, and was so large when the work on it was begun that Bohacek had to move into a two-story frame house, which he built purposely to accommodate the clock. It stands nineteen feet high and is fifteen feet square at the base.

The one part that remains to be added is an orchestra and a phonographic attachment, which will do the talking for the thirty automatons carved by the Bohemian wood-carvers, the only outside assistance Bohacek called to aid him. The largest one is in the center, and on it are represented the sun, the moon, the earth, and the four seasons. The sun is successfully imitated by a large red electric globe, which is placed in the center of the dial.

To the outside edge is added a world globe. A silver moon revolves about it monthly, and planet and satellite make the circle around the sun in 365 days. The world globe, or earth, revolves every twenty-four hours.

Surrounding the huge dial the seasons are painted and through them the planet and satellite pass accurately. The second dial is of the ordinary clock. The third is a twenty-four-hour dial. The fourth is one having three hands, which mark respectively the day, the month, and the week of the year. Inside the clock are located the thirty figures which pass every half hour before an opening above the dials. Here is represented every President from Washington down to McKinley. The others are figures of Uncle Sam, Dewey, Franklin, Columbus, Columbia, and an Indian. The clock rivals the Strasburg wonder, and has thus far cost the maker four thousand dollars. It is operated by five sixty-pound weights and will run eight days without winding.—*Chicago News.*

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SOME NOTES ON BOOKS

We have had so many evidences of the friendliness of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL readers that we call their attention to the books we publish, with a certain confidence in their interest. Our autumn list is just ready, and while it is not a very large one, its selection is, we believe, not lacking in evidences of taste and judgment. In the spring we took a stand somewhat unusual among publishers. We determined at that time to accept no manuscripts which we had not read and which were not in themselves worthy of publication. We figured that the policy of accepting a manuscript by a well-known author and relying on the author's name for a sale, was a bad one. We published our spring books because we thought they were good and thought that others would like them. How our policy has worked is shown by the following:

"Graustark: the Story of a Love Behind a Throne," the first book of an unknown author, is now the fourth best selling book in the United States; over sixty thousand copies have already been sold; it is the best selling book in Canada; a large edition has been placed in England, the dramatic rights have been sold to Miss Mary Mannering, who will produce the play during the coming season.

"By the Waters of Babylon," by Mrs. Reginald de Koven, is now in its third edition, and is frequently mentioned in the trade reports among the best selling books.

"The Inn of the Silver Moon" is one of the best selling books in New York. It has never had an unfavorable press review, and it is especially recommended in the lists of best books in the New York *Times Saturday Review* and *Life*.

"The Love of an Uncrowned Queen" is now in its fourth edition, and librarians of public libraries in all the large cities report that it is one of the books for which there is the most demand. It is one of the most popular books ever listed by the *Book Lovers' Library*.

"Ezra Caine," and "Euphrosyne and Her Golden Book," are just out and have not had time to become widely known. As we told you in the beginning, we did not expect that they would be popular, but we published them because it would have been a crime to refuse them.

Our publications for the autumn were chosen after much consideration and are the result of a very severe reading process. We believe they will meet with as general approval as the spring books.

"Graustark," it is needless to say, appears first on the fall list. We estimate that over two hundred thousand copies will be sold within the next six or eight months. Every one is going to read it; first, because it is a thrilling, splendid story, and secondly, because not to know it will argue a neglect of current literature one would seek to avoid.

Beside "Graustark" we shall issue the following:

"The Christmas Garland: A Miscellany of Verses, Stories, and Essays," by well-known authors. Illustrated in colors. Two editions. Limited edition de luxe, bound in white padded silk, gilt edges, in a box, $3.50 net. Popular edition, bound in white vellum cloth, gilt top, in a box, $2.00. A modern revival of the "Gift Book" so popular in this country fifty years or more ago. It is believed the public will welcome a collection of verses and stories by the best known writers, selected with judgment, and printed and bound with taste.

The authors include Octave Thanet, Maurice Thompson (author of "Alice of Old Vincennes"), Maria Louise Pool, George Ade, Louise Chandler Moulton, Clyde Fitch, John Burroughs, I. Zangwill, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, John Kendrick Bangs, Edmund Gosse, Robert Louis Stevenson, and many others. The illustrations are all in color and cover a wide variety of popular subjects. The book is admirably adapted to the holiday season, beautifully printed, bound, and boxed.

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"Animals," by Wallace Rice. Illustrated in color. Octavo, cloth, $2.00. A book which describes for both old and young the characteristics and habits of wild animals in a most entertaining and breezy way. It makes them alive and vivid to the imagination. One of the chief features of the book is the splendid collection of animal portraits. These illustrations are included in the volume by an arrangement with the Nature Study Company, which furnished the illustrations for "Bird Neighbors."

"The Golfer's Rubáiyát," by H. W. Boynton. With decorative borders. 16mo, $1.00. A very amusing little volume of quatrains in Omar's style, embellished with borders, showing the Oriental popularity of golf and its accompanying pleasures.

"One Forty-two: The Reformed Messenger Boy," by Henry M. Hyde. Fully illustrated. Uniform in size and style with "Checkers." 16mo, cloth, $1.25. A collection of stories of a reformed messenger boy, told with much humor. They properly belong in the same class with "Artie," "Checkers," "Pink Marsh," and the other "slang classics" published by Herbert S. Stone & Company.

"Ruskin's Principles of Art Criticism," by Ida M. Street, sometime western collegiate alumni fellow in English Literature at the University of Michigan. Students find Ruskin's principles of art scattered through so many volumes, and so interwoven with criticisms of life and literature, without any attempt to arrange them in a convenient form for comparison or reference, that they often fail to get a clear conception of his principles of art in their relation to each other. The purpose of this book is to meet this difficulty by setting forth in detail Ruskin's philosophy of art. In the several chapters are considered the principles or laws which Ruskin believes form the basis of all æsthetic criticism, and following each chapter is a series of extended extracts from Ruskin's works, in which he discusses these principles, and which serve to illustrate and verify the author's exposition of the subject. These extracts, together with the additional references to Ruskin's various writings, furnish the student with ample material for an extended study of the great critic's philosophy of art. The main purpose of the book, however, is general culture rather than technical instruction. Its aim is to aid the general student in forming a standard by which to judge all works of art, and not simply to discuss technical points in the criticism of pictures.

"The Last of the Knickerbockers," a comedy romance, by Herman K. Vielé, (author of "The Inn of the Silver Moon"). 12mo, cloth, $1.50. Mr. Vielé has followed up the success of the fantastic little tale, which was so popular last season, with a "comedy romance," which promises to add very substantially to his reputation. In the first place, he handles the English language like a literary artist; his style is continuously charming. In addition to this, he tells a story of a young girl—the last of a Knickerbocker family—pretty, modern, up-to-date, yet showing constantly the influence of her family traditions. She meets, in a sufficiently unconventional way, a young man from the West, and their love story is the story of the book. Mr. Vielé's situations are fantastic and delightful, and he gives to New York all the picturesqueness of the New Amsterdam it once was. The book is certain to be very successful.

"Aubrey Beardsley's Drawings to Illustrate the Works of Edgar Allan Poe." Beautifully printed on Japan paper. In a portfolio quarto, $5.00 net. Edition limited to two hundred and fifty sets.

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Questions and Answers



The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Whenever the address is given and stamps are inclosed, replies will be sent by mail within three weeks.

Paper for Dining-Room

Kindly give me suggestions by mail regarding paper for my dining-room. It is 12 by 15, ceiling eleven feet high; is situated in the southwest corner of the house; has one window in south end and two on west side; there is no shade, consequently room is very light. There are four doors opening into it, one from hall, one from basement, and one from kitchen. Three of these doors are side by side in north end of room. The woodwork is varnished chestnut, and sideboard is oak. The carpet is green and yellow. None of our other rooms are papered as yet. The numerous doors make the woodwork a prominent feature, as is also the brightness of the room.

The floor is hard pine. Would you advise a rug instead of carpet, and if so, what color scheme would you advise? Do you think a plate-rack would add to the appearance of the room, and what should be its style and where placed? All furniture in room is oak.

F. A. C.

For your dining-room, which has so much sunshine, either red or green would be excellent. Yellow should be avoided as that color heightens the effect of sunlight. Red on the other hand, absorbs the sun's rays and will darken a room more than any other color. Green has a tendency to tone down the light, and as you have a carpet in which green predominates this shade is advised for the side walls. The green selected should be strong, in order to meet the woodwork, which is comparatively dark.

As the floor is hard pine, we would earnestly recommend a rug instead of the carpet. With green wall-paper a rug in which green and other dull tones were blended would be harmonious. A plate-rack of good design filled with decorative plates would add to the room. From the plan of the doors and windows we imagine that it would look well on the east wall, but if there is sufficient space between the windows on the west wall it would be more effective there. Should you use a plate-rail, it should be like the woodwork of the room; if simply a plate-rack, it should be of oak, like the furniture.

Harmony in a Parlor

Our parlors are large and high, opening into each other by Grecian columns, woodwork enameled in white and gold. Each room has a simple low mantel of black mottled (slightly) marble. One has two north windows, the other a north and an east. Furniture is to be mahogany. What paper, as to color and kind, do you suggest? What drapery, if any, for the mantels? What style of furniture?

The hall is a long dark one with hardwood floor of stained oak, oriental rugs. What color and kind of paper, also what device in sofa or seat or ornament would relieve this hall of its air of stiffness and give a "home-like" touch?

Dining-room woodwork in the old-fashioned "ingrain" light oak effect of twenty years ago. It has a north and a south exposure. What paper here, and what furniture, besides mahogany?

What paper can be used in north bed-chamber with a suite of light oak? In a south and west bedchamber with a suite of walnut? What will redeem the wood mantels of these bedrooms? Please advise as to woodworks and floors, and curtains for these last two.

If hardwood floors are not desired in the parlors, what do you advise? Because of soft-coal dust, delicate colors, at least colors easily soiled, are forbidden.

J. W. S.

It will be impossible to obtain a harmonious effect with white-and-gold woodwork and mantels of mottled black marble, no matter how attractive the furniture and wall-papers. Either woodwork or mantel must undergo a radical change. We earnestly advocate removing both mantels and substituting ones of wood, the designs to be in accordance with the woodwork of the rooms. If this is too expensive the mantels could be painted ivory white. We have seen several marble mantels thus treated, although we do not entirely like anything so artificial as painted marble. We deplore the use of gold in the woodwork, and think that you will be rewarded for the expense and trouble of removing it by the gain in the beauty of the room. In a Louis XV. drawing-room, white and gold is appropriate, but not in the usual parlor.

Granting that the mantels have been removed

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

or painted white, and that the gold has been eliminated from the woodwork, you now have an excellent foundation. We like your choice of mahogany for the furniture. Colonial shapes should be selected, which will be admirable with the woodwork. Inasmuch as the exposure of the room is north, and the other northeast, yellow paper is advised for both rooms. There should be no portière at the opening between the rooms, nor should the mantel be draped in any way. A colonial stripe would look exceedingly well on the walls. We note that the rooms are high, but the proportions are so good that the stripe will not be out of place. The paper should meet a wide molding of white placed at the cornice-line. The ceilings should be a paler yellow.

The dark hall would be attractive hung in a plain saffron burlap, or if burlap is more expensive than your plan calls for, a deep saffron calcimine would be very effective. This will not give your house a too yellow appearance, but on the contrary will lead up to the paler shades of the parlors, and make the hall much more homelike. An old-fashioned settle will give, we think, the touch you desire.

In the dining-room with the light oak woodwork a gobelin blue color scheme is suggested. If part of your dining-room furniture is mahogany, the rest should be of that wood. Old rose and ivory white would be suitable in the north chamber. Some of the new papers combine these colors in a very agreeable way, and there are hosts of cretonnes and pretty cotton stuffs that carry out the same scheme. In the southwest bedroom walls of soft green, with the ceiling papered in blue bachelor's buttons would be quaint and unusual, the curtains repeating the blue. We know of nothing that will redeem the mantels. Draping them would only heighten their ugliness. Perhaps later they can be removed and simple designs be substituted. We could advise you more definitely if we knew what the present woodwork in the rooms is. Painting the woodwork and floors a dark green would be a simple way of treating them and in harmony with the proposed color schemes.

Our preference would be for a hardwood floor in the parlor, stained mahogany. The woodwork, paper, and furniture would have a much richer effect than were a carpet used. But if hardwood floors are not desired a carpet would appear to be the only alternative.

Color Schemes

We already possess a few articles of furniture, and are buying others gradually. We shall soon furnish a home, and I should be grateful for your advice concerning color schemes.

Our dining-room furniture is Flemish oak (black), the chairs having dark red leather seats. What would you suggest for woodwork in this room, floor, mantel, wall, and ceiling coloring, and curtains? I greatly desire to have the room bright and cheerful.

For a living-room we have at present a Khiva, rich old rose predominating, a modern mahog-

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

any inlaid table and chair, and Morris chair and Davenport in mahogany. Will you advise concerning the color of walls, ceiling, hangings, and, to conform with your suggestion, an appropriate covering for the Davenport, as well as cushions for the Morris chair.

The furniture for our bedroom consists of a beautiful mahogany bed, dressing-case, and chiffonier. What would be a dainty color scheme? We wish to furnish another bedroom prettily, but inexpensively. What would you suggest?

We have two old-fashioned black walnut chairs upholstered in rose red. The chairs are not of good design, being heavily ornamented, but must be used. Where?

We have no hall furniture purchased. Will you suggest wood finish, wall coloring, and one or two single pieces for a small hall?

Our living-room may embrace the library space. I am sorry not to submit definite plans to you, but our home is not built yet, and until it is, we shall occupy a new city apartment, where we shall have some license in determining color arrangements. The furniture, however, will be bought with reference to our desires for our home, and so, in advance, we are trying to think up suggestive plans. We shall furnish modestly, but our pieces can be very nice, and we do want our house to have an air of good taste and simple beauty.

Much yellow does not please me, but red, green, dark old rose, pink, and blues are all able to make me happy. B. S.

In your dining-room, furnished in Flemish oak, the woodwork should be Flemish also. Indian red would be effective on the side walls with a light tan mixed with the rough plaster of the ceiling. Curtains of cream-colored net, without additional draperies, are advised for all of the windows. A plate-rail filled with pewter would be extremely decorative against the red wall, and would add much to the attractiveness of the room.

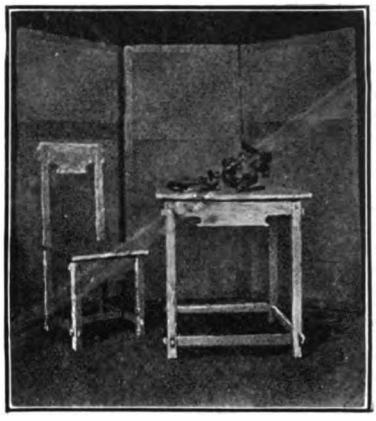
In the living-room either the rich old rose of the Khiva or a silvery green would look well on the walls. A Chiswick paper combining these two colors would also be appropriate. With the latter scheme a green corduroy would be best for the Davenport, with cushions of English cretonne for the Morris chair in shades of the paper.

One bedroom would be dainty in pink and ivory, with white painted furniture, and the other a "dye-pot" blue, with mahogany furniture; or if less expensive furniture is desired here, good shapes stained green would be effective and unusual with the blue.

In treating a hall, so much depends on its position in regard to the other rooms that it is hard to give advice off-hand. Green burlap with mahogany furniture is appropriate in many houses, and burlap in a strong tone with good shapes in Flemish oak is usually a safe combination. But as your house is not yet built, we would advise that the character and general plan of the house, especially the woodwork, be decided before much attention is given to the furniture.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Must the ugly chairs of black walnut upholstered in red be retained at any cost? We cannot advise you where to place them, for we would honestly say to discard them altogether. Better no chairs at all than those that are a constant annoyance.

We have not suggested yellow in any of the rooms, as we note your dislike for it. Color plays an important part in our happiness—perhaps more so than most of us realize. If one color gives pleasure while another gives offense, the latter should be carefully avoided. The color question is not given half enough attention, and we are glad to find one who has just decided ideas on the subject.

Hand-Weaving

I write to ask if you can give me any information, either directly or through your readers, on the subject of hand-weaving. I have brought from Sweden a hand-loom, and learned to weave when in that country, both the plain domestic weaving as well as the beautiful art-weaving that is being revived there. I am much interested in all such work, and having read in your February number an article on "Textile Material," thought you might possibly give me the information I seek, namely: How and where to procure the materials necessary for my weaving? Cotton yarn as well as woolen, and silk and linen, and would it be possible to get the material undyed and use my own dyes, and if there is such a thing in this country as hand-spun yarn? All this is an undiscovered country to me as yet, and I am at a loss to know where to begin, and can think of no better beginning than your delightful magazine. I am afraid it will be difficult to get in this country the rich old colors that I used in my Swedish work. If you can give me any information, I shall be greatly obliged. E. B. N.

Miss Hill, of Hull House, Chicago, is an authority on weaving and the hand-loom. We would suggest that you write to her in regard to your work. Mrs. Watson, of the Chicago Arts and Crafts Society, has experimented most successfully with hand dyes. She may be addressed in care of the Society, Woman's Temple, La Salle Street, Chicago. The article in THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL on "Abnakee Rugs" may give you some suggestions.

Framing Photographs

I have some photographs and half-tones that I wish to hang in a bedroom. The furniture is curly maple; the walls old pink; the woodwork ivory white. Will you kindly advise me with regard to frames which would harmonize with the above-mentioned surroundings? M. C. S.

Photographs and half-tones should be framed in dark wood. On the other hand, old-rose walls and ivory paint demand delicate frames in light wood or in gold. Our advice would be not to place the black-and-whites in the pink room,

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

but hang elsewhere; or better still, keep in convenient portfolios. If, however, the hanging of them in the bedroom is much desired, we feel that the pictures should be sacrificed to the setting rather than the setting to the pictures, and that white frames should be used.

Furnishing a Parlor

Will you kindly give me advice in regard to decorating, and some of the furnishings of a parlor 15 by 16 feet, 9 feet 4 inches high.

The furniture is mahogany, except one table which is a hardwood similar to walnut. The covering of the furniture is dark red, brown, and dark green damask. Had thought of papering in dark green, plain walls and figured ceiling. Would shade like inclosed sample be good to have woodwork enameled in ivory white? Would it be a good plan to put a narrow, curved molding at the joint of the wall and ceiling and place the picture molding directly below that? If not, what should be done?

In the archway leading to next room is a narrow grille of wood like table. Should that be stained mahogany?

Wish to have a new floor. Would any kind of hardwood stained mahogany be suitable?

Have a brass flower stand; intend to buy a jardinière for it. What style would you advise?

E. P.

The sample of green which you sent to us will go well with white woodwork With walls nine feet four inches in height we would suggest a plain rather than a figured ceiling, and a wide, flat molding rather than a curved one. With mahogany furniture a floor of any hardwood stained mahogany would be appropriate. The choice of a jardinière is a wise one. A piece of old brass or a bit of green or yellow pottery, or even a jar of strong blue would be effective with deep green walls. The brass stand or pedestal we cannot indorse, and feel that you will help the appearance of the room amazingly by discarding it.

A Small Den

Will you kindly give me some suggestions as to furnishing a room to be used as a small den

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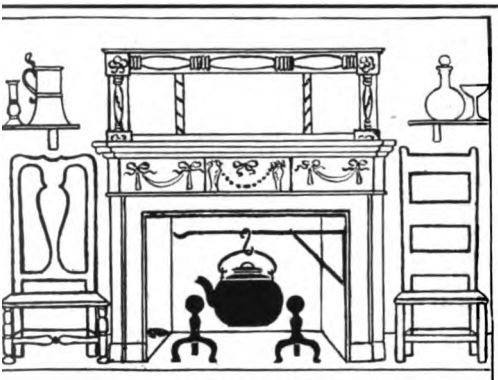
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

or sitting-room? The room is 11 by 11½ feet and contains one window, which faces west. The room contains two closets. The walls are tinted a deep yellow and the woodwork is white pine, which does not go well with the walls, but which I cannot have changed at present. The furniture I have for it consists of one oak table, a lamp, and two oak chairs. The floor is stained a light brown. At the window I have white ruffled curtains with a border of yellow flowers and leaves. D. E. M.

If your walls and woodwork are not in harmony, and the latter cannot be changed, the simplest thing to do would be to repaint the walls at once. Either green or blue combines well with white pine; red should be avoided.

In a room so small there is not space for many pieces of furniture. Shallow book-shelves might be placed between the windows, and they would add much to the livable qualities of the room. You do not state what the oak furniture is—whether light, or dark, or stained oak. Flemish or weathered oak would look exceedingly well in such a room as yours—which is half den, half sitting-room. With green walls the curtains now at the windows might be retained.

Chairs and Table for Dining-Room

In choosing chairs and table for dining-room, would you advise the severely plain rush bottom chairs of the "New Furniture" in dark or weathered oak, or the traditional mahogany. A fair price would be paid but the main consideration would be the question of lasting and pleasing as long as they last. H. M. S.

Whether you use mahogany or weathered oak furniture in your dining-room depends entirely upon the character of your room. With a colonial setting the oak should be avoided, and with Flemish or old English surroundings the mahogany is decidedly out of place. In a nondescript room, where no particular style is followed, weathered oak tables and chairs could be used, but the sideboard should be of the same wood. It is rather a dresser in weathered oak—not a sideboard—and is high and narrow. Both oak and mahogany are lasting, and when in harmony with its setting, furniture in either wood could hardly weary one.

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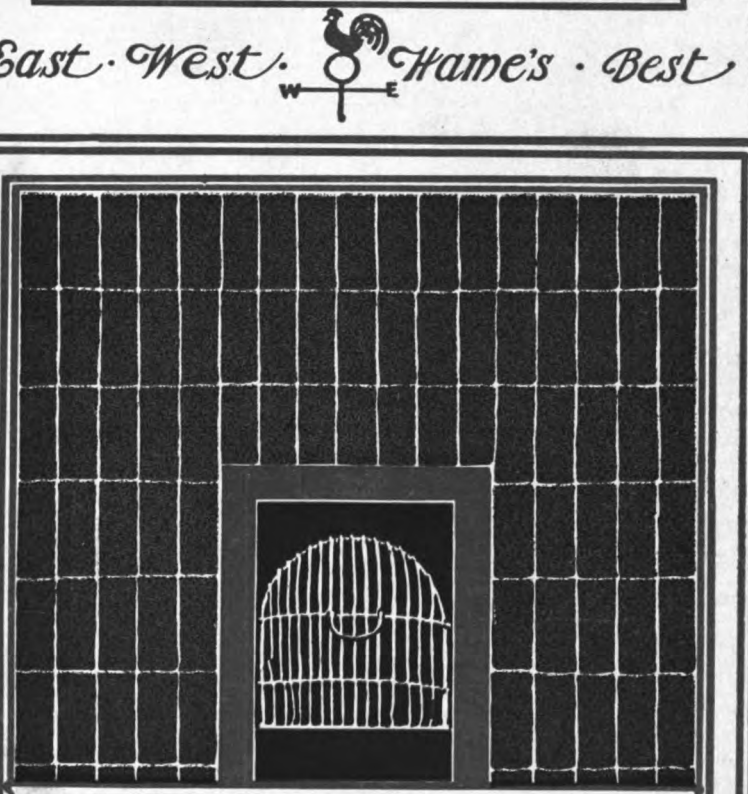
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NOVEMBER, 1901

EDWARD PENFIELD

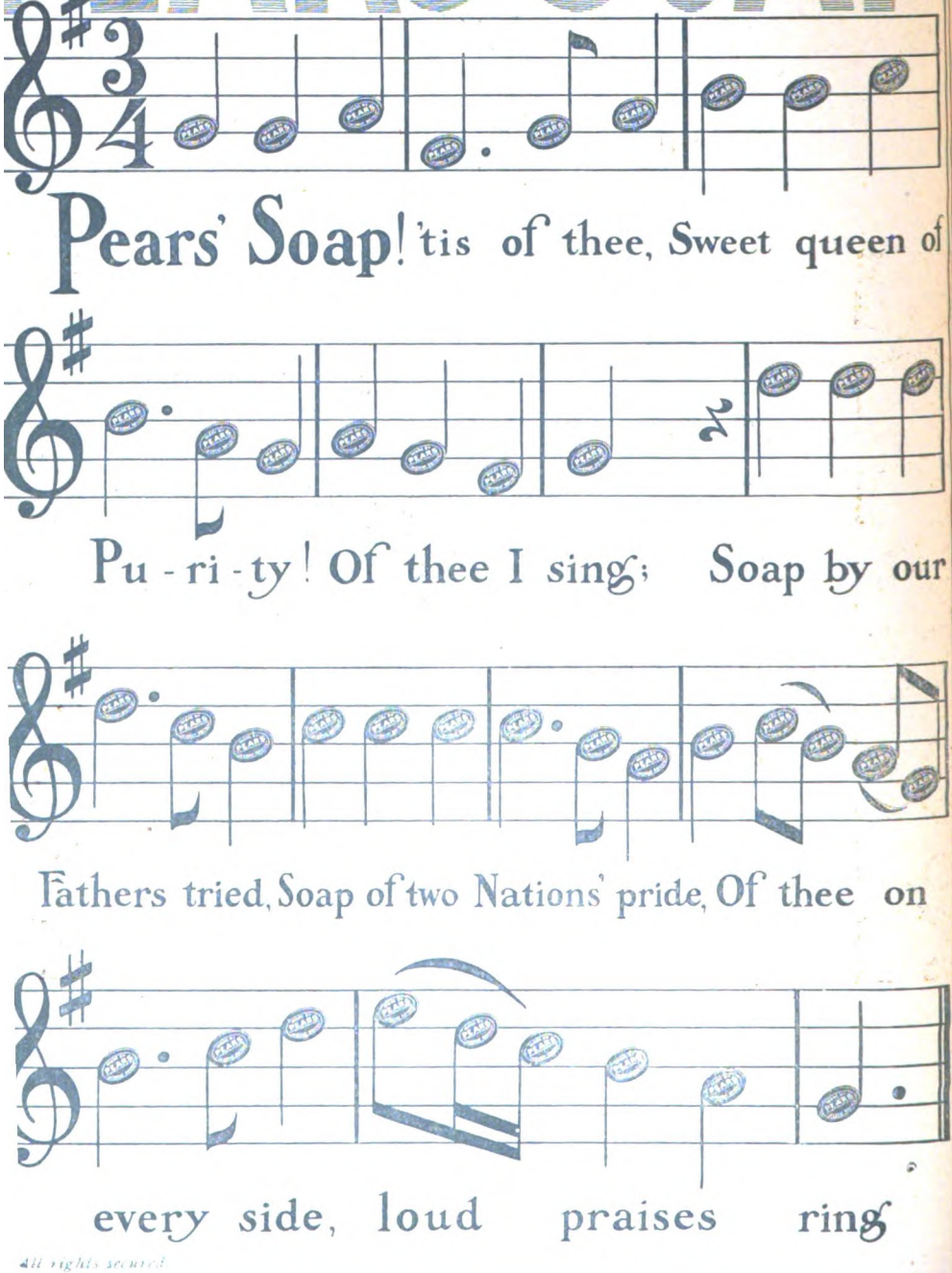
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ONE SPEECH ONE AIR ONE SOAP

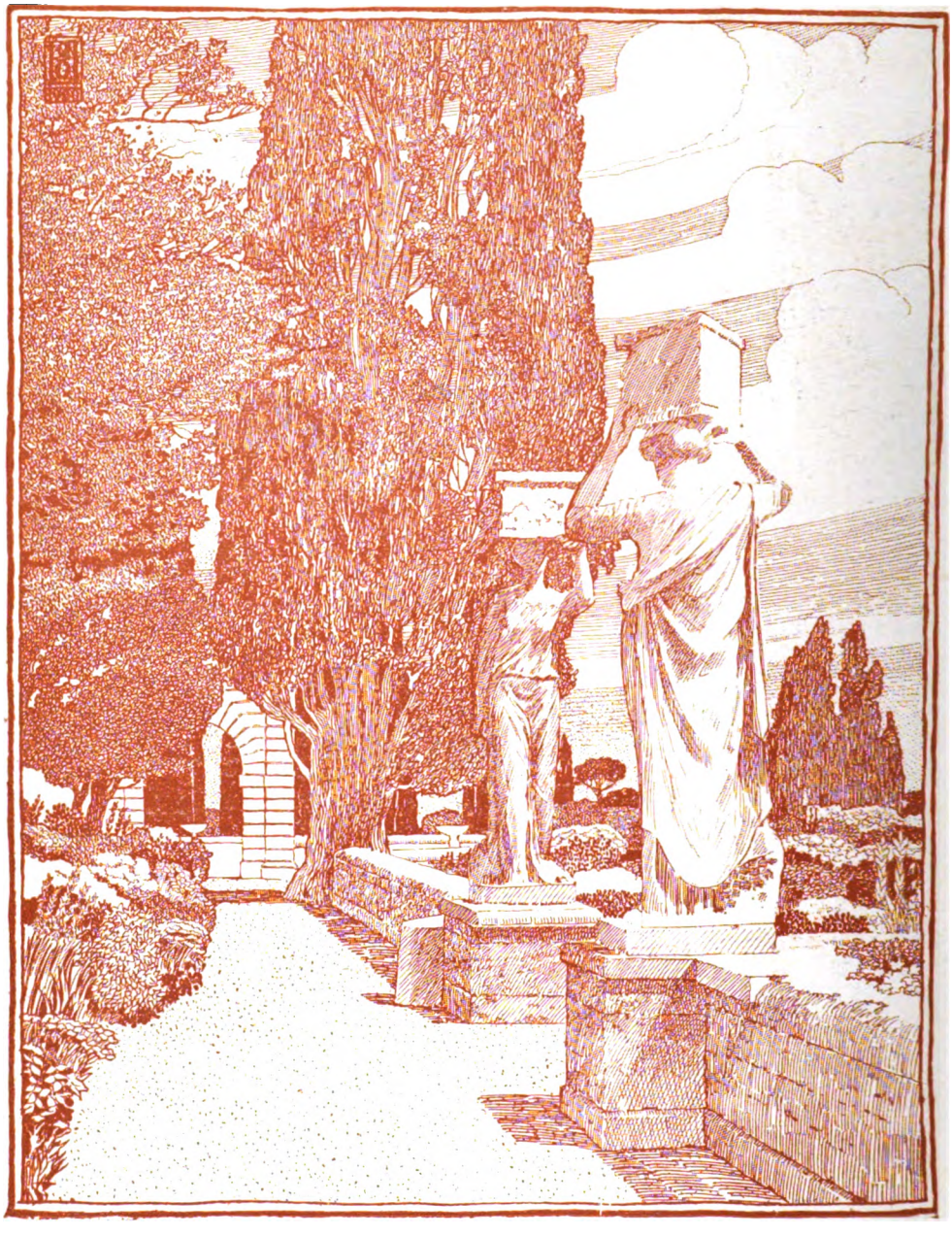
PEARS' SOAP



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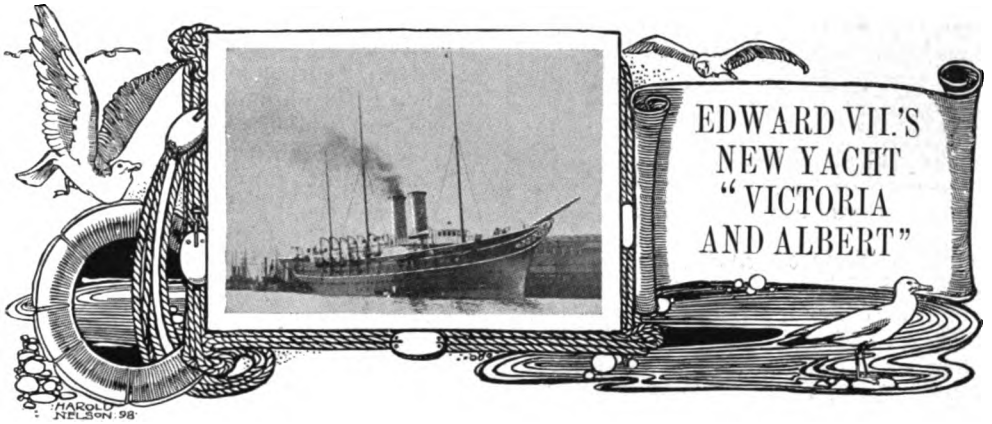
Drawn by Birch Burdette Long

THE GARDEN WALL—VILLA CAPRAROLA

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The House Beautiful

VOLUME TEN NOVEMBER, 1901 NUMBER SIX



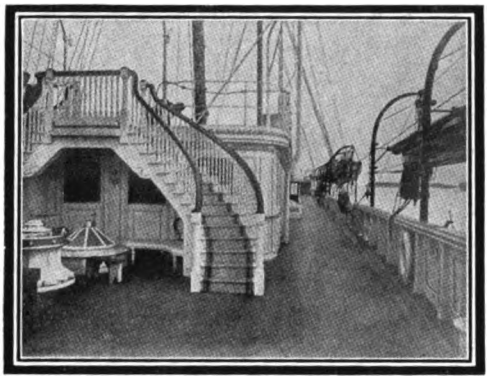
IN accordance with King Edward's wishes, the keynote of the various decorative schemes throughout his new yacht, the "Victoria and Albert," is simplicity; indeed, in many of the rooms the decoration, which has been carried out by Messrs. Waring, of London, from special designs prepared in their studio under his Majesty's personal direction, is characterized by an almost severe restraint in the matter of ornament. The simplicity, however, is exquisitely conceived, and the acme of refinement has been reached both in design and execution. The aim of the decorators has been to combine the maximum of comfort with the greatest delicacy of artistic treatment, and it is an open secret that the king's experience and taste have been of invaluable help in this respect, as he possesses a singular grasp of such matters, and the practical quality of his arrangements has been a conspicuous feature in the preparation of the vessel.

The principal apartments are situated on the main and upper decks, the entire range of rooms on the former being appropriated for the private cabins and suites of their Majesties, Princess Victoria, and royal and noble guests. On the upper deck are situated the state dining-saloon, the reception-room, the smoking and conversation rooms, etc. From the royal entry port, on the main deck level, the principal corridor, of a Georgian type, paneled in sycamore in a bold and simple style, runs fore and aft. This is furnished with fine specimen pieces of old English furniture, and laid with a rich crimson pile carpet.

The private suites of the king and queen are arranged on one side of this corridor, in the fore part of the vessel. In the king's private state-room is a refined and interesting adaptation of the "Colonial" Adams's style. The walls are enameled in white, and the carpet is a rich blue, matched in the blue morocco of the chairs. A white chimney-piece in one angle, with an antique brass fender, tones in well with this; and the two port-hole windows are made, by an ingenious device, to contribute to the decorative effect. All the furniture is of richly grained mahogany, slightly inlaid with other woods; the hangings are of a finely patterned silk, and the

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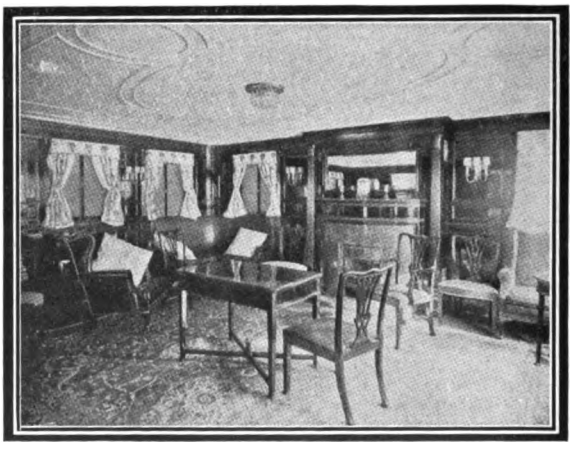
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THE PROMENADE-DECK

metal work is of gilt bronze, specially designed. The electrical fittings are also of original design. The furniture comprises chairs of the Queen Anne type, an early Georgian bookcase, a writing-table, and a couch, and all the details are *en suite*, even the beautiful blotter-cases, ornamented with the royal crown in silver, being strictly in keeping with the general note of the upholstering.

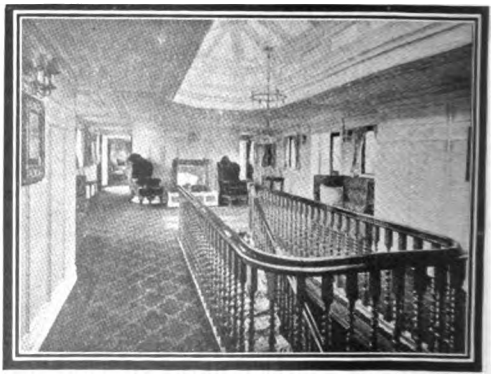
Adjacent to this is the king's bath and dressing room. The onyx washing-table and tesselated floor are noticeable features. The bedroom, also designed in the "Colonial" Adams's style, is characterized by delightful freshness of invention and some quaintness of feeling. The swinging bedstead, which is severely simple, is of silver-plated metal, without draperies or hangings. At each side are tables and convenient shelves. The furniture in this room is of satinwood, the metal work is silver-plated, the carpet is of English make and specially woven, and all the curtains and hangings are of chintz.



THE KING'S SMOKING-ROOM

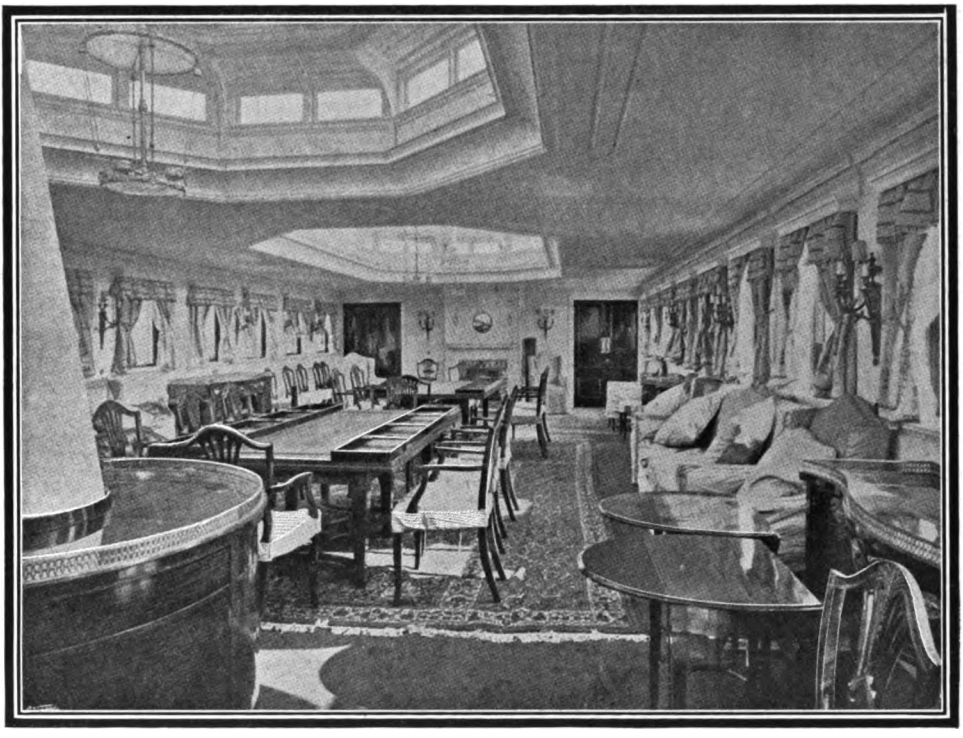
The queen's bedroom is decorated in the purest Adams's style, paneled in white, and has a canopied bed, with draperies suspended from the ceiling. The furniture is of beautifully grained satinwood with silvered fittings; it consists of an elaborate dressing-table with glass top, a corner secrétaire surmounted with a little china-cabinet, fitted wardrobes, and Adams's chairs. The scheme of color is green, the silk hangings and curtains and the upholstery constituting a soft and agreeable harmony. The coverlet of the bed has an elaborately worked monogram of her Majesty and a crown. The dressing-room contains a beautiful bath, and an inlaid satinwood dressing-table with front and side mirrors; and in addition there is a cheval glass forming a movable panel in the wall.

On the other side of the corridor is the royal drawing-room, which is exquisitely



THE ROYAL STAIRWAY

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THE ROYAL DINING-SALOON

decorated in the character of the Adams's style, with a leaning to Louis XVI. The walls, where not pierced with the three windows, are paneled in white, the furniture being of exquisitely hand-painted satinwood, and the hangings of blue silk. On the sea side there is a large pedestal writing-table, flanked with two small semi-circular tables. At the end opposite the fireplace is a grand piano, the treatment of which may be considered the latest triumph of the designer's art in its adaptation of severe constructional lines to simplicity and delicacy. Bookcases, comfortable lounge seats, and charmingly designed oval tables form part of the equipment, and the room is conspicuous for having been most carefully thought out in every detail, so that in a comparatively small compass is found everything that can possibly contribute to comfort and enjoyment during life at sea.

PRINCESS VICTORIA'S SUITE

Princess Victoria's suite is exceedingly pretty, and consists of a bedroom with bath and dressing rooms. The walls of the bedroom are covered with a delicate chintz above the paneled white dado. The color note of the blue carpet is suggested both in the chintz and in the canopied drapery of the bed. There are also delightful cabins for the lords and ladies in waiting, each treated with a different scheme, chintz being freely used, and the appointments throughout marked by excellent taste.

The dining-room for the royal suite, situated in the after part of the main deck, is in the late Georgian style, and in order to accommodate itself to the shape of the stern, nearly semi-circular in plan, with sloping walls, very much like the quarter-deck room of an old man-of-war. The sideboards, dining-table (curved to follow the plan), and

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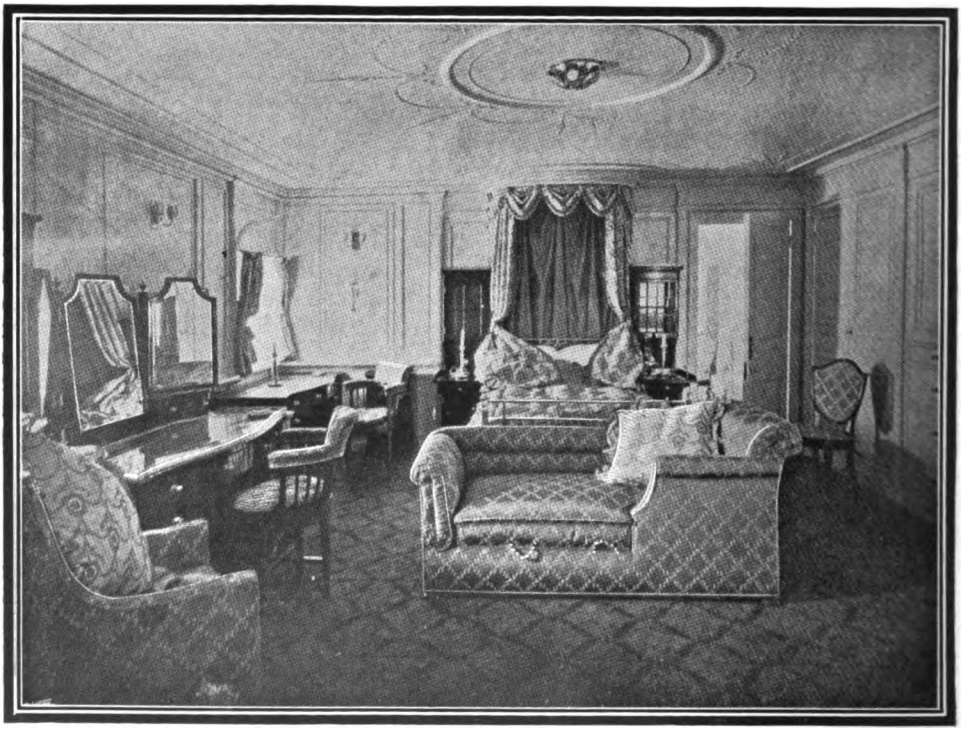
bookcases are of light oak, and the upholstering of the chairs is in crimson morocco.

A GEORGIAN STAIRCASE

The royal staircase leading to the upper deck is in Georgian character—wide, in one flight, and of easy ascent—giving access to an anteroom remarkable for its fine proportions and lines. The sconce wall-lights are of silvered bronze, the ceiling is divided with ribs, and at the far end is the smoking-room, three sides of which are windowed. This apartment, which is rather of a Chippendale character, is paneled with fine dark mahogany right up to the ceiling, and the bookcase, the coffee, writing, and card tables, and luxurious lounges, with coverings in deep royal red leather, are also of rich mahogany. Mention should be made of the fine Persian carpet, also of the Chippendale chairs copied from a fine old model; and the rounded front of the chimneypiece, with its dog-grate and *rosso antico* marble slips, gives an added eighteenth-century note to a delightful room.

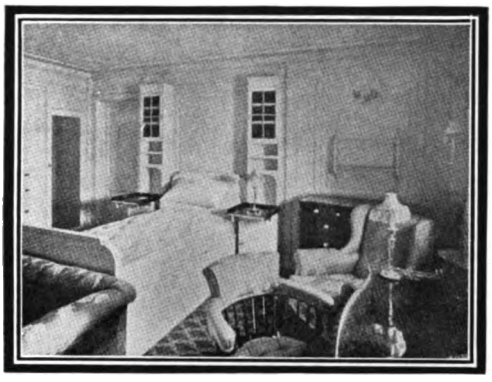
THE DINING-ROOM

The only other room on the upper deck to which it is necessary to refer is the state dining-room, an apartment of fine dimensions in the true English Adams's style, paneled in white from floor to ceiling, and accented with a pilaster treatment. There are twenty-six windows and two large skylights, having a special decorative treatment in harmony with the general style. The furniture is of the Sheraton type, made of satinwood inlaid with darker woods. Forty-four persons can dine at a table which is interesting for its combination of graceful contour and solid workmanship. There are three fine Teheran carpets on the floor, one of which is an antique throne-carpet. The chairs and



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S BEDROOM

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THE KING'S BEDROOM



THE KING'S WRITING-ROOM

settees are covered in fine blue morocco. The upper part of the chimneypiece is noticeable for the Old World treatment of a convex mirror, flanked with a couple of Wedgwood plaques. The general result of the dining-room scheme is a pretty, simple, very refined treatment. One interesting feature is a large embroidered curtain, or portière, which can be transferred from one part to another, and utilized for the purpose of dividing the room when greater seclusion is required.

The exterior of the state-rooms is decorated in the Georgian style, with a white and gold carved cornice supported on brackets. The roof is arranged as a promenade-deck.

FINE COUNTRY ESTATES

THE last decade has marked what may be called the rise of the American country place. Within those ten years more country estates have been made by wealthy city men than the United States held before. This sudden springing up of country homes seems likely to continue until America will be as much the home of country gentlemen and gentlemen farmers as Great Britain.

There is a tendency among those afflicted with Anglophobia to imagine that men who go out of the city to make rural homes are merely aping the English, and in some cases this is true, but on the whole there is no aping whatever. Instead, Americans are building country places for the same reason that their Old World cousins did—because life away from the city turmoil appeals to them. Heretofore Americans have been too busy or too poor to make such places, but as fortunes were established and rapid transit facilities became more effective, the longing of city men for the country could be gratified.

A great deal of superfluous eloquence and ink has been wasted in setting forth the evils that come from the making of great estates by the rich. Usually the cry has been that such monopoly of land is inconsistent with the principles of democracy. Horace bewailed the fact that Roman plutocrats were using all the green fields to make their villas, and equally accurate and sentimental individuals have sung a similar song very many times since. But it is a notable fact among the rich Americans that just now their tendency is toward the redeeming of land which has been of no use in the past. Thus, the famous country place of George Vanderbilt—Biltmore,

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at Asheville, North Carolina—has not taken fields from cultivation, but on the other hand, has taken almost worthless mountain land, never of great value agriculturally, its timbers ruined by the fires which mountaineers build annually, and seeks to make of it a farm and forest preserve. Likewise, the large estates on Long Island consist chiefly of cut-over timber land, on which no farm produce can be raised save when fertilizer of more value than the resulting crops is used. Or if one go the other way from New York he will find the beginning of half a dozen large estates laid in the Shawangunk Mountains, where land sells for one dollar an acre. Likewise, in Michigan, on the sandy shore of a pine-fringed lake, the late millionaire David Ward, made his country home by hiring some scores of men with teams to draw clay and cover his sandy fields to a depth of several inches. Going south, one finds would-be country gentlemen prospecting the mountain lands of Tennessee and buying up the worn-out farms of Virginia.

It is an interesting fact that among these various places there are scarcely any two alike. They are not made as mere commonplace farms with the time-honored fixtures, but about each one is some peculiar feature which serves to give character to the whole. Rich men are able to carry out their hobbies and fads as poor men cannot, and we see very often these pet ideas cropping out in their country places in a way that makes every such place unique.

No better illustration of this tendency can be found than in Biltmore. Here the pet idea is the forest. Mr. Vanderbilt is making a forest which his descendants may one day point out as the finest of its kind in America, if not in the world. There are more than one hundred thousand acres in the tract. Most of it was used before it became Vanderbilt's property as pasture ground by native mountain farmers. To make the grass better fires were kindled every year to run through the leaves and low brush and clear the ground for grass which sprang up to make good grazing. These fires killed small trees and did much harm to larger ones. As years went by they practically ruined the forest and made of the whole stretch merely a poor grazing land. Mr. Vanderbilt set to work remaking this woodland. The best forestry experts in the world were consulted or employed. Rangers were placed in the woods to prevent fires and guard the game. Trees were planted by the thousands, and room for young growth was made by the cutting down of dead or mature trees. As a result Biltmore will, in the course of some decades, become a wonderful forest—not a paying investment, but a great, deep, primitive forest worth traveling many miles to see.

Just slightly akin to this building of a forest is the making of a country home in one already in existence. Such was the plan adopted by Clarence H. Mackay in his new Long Island home. This consists of a marble mansion set in the midst of dense woods.

There are two country houses on Long Island, near Great South Bay, that have equally strange features. One belongs to an artist. It has none of the magnificence of the others, for the reason that few artists may indulge in palace building for pleasure. But its situation on a bleak sand bluff rising treeless and unsheltered from the beach speaks of the longings of the soul which designed it—longing for the roaring of old ocean and the stormy contentions of the elements. The other is the plaything of a millionaire sugar man. It consists of some half dozen buildings on the shores of an artificial canal dug from the bay to the steps of the mansion. The idea is Venetian. The millionaire steps from his door into a rowboat and rows to his barn or his yacht. On summer evenings guests are entertained in rowboat parties on this canal, while music from an orchestra in the mansion furnishes the one element needed to make a moonlight night upon the water perfect.

Small islands have an attraction for the makers of country homes. There is something about owning an island, of

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being its ruler, that savors of kingship and brings special gladness to the heart of one who tires of the conventions of a city. For this reason many islands of the great lake region have been purchased and turned into homesteads by wealthy men. There are half a dozen such near Gananoque, in the Thousand Islands. As one enters the Lake Erie battle-ground, Put-in-Bay, he sees the palace of Jay Cooke rising from a beautiful little green island on the right. Ascending further one passes, at the mouth of Detroit River, Slocum's Island, the home of Elliot J. Slocum, a millionaire of Michigan. Still higher in the river one passes Walkerville, famous as the manufacturing place of a certain whiskey, and just above, in Lake St. Clair, the island home of the manufacturers. It is a magnificent home, with mansion, farm, stables and a fast steam yacht.

Perhaps the English idea of a country place is carried out more nearly in the estates along Great South Bay, Long Island, than anywhere else. Idle Hour, the Vanderbilt place, is typical. The dwelling is an immense brick mansion, while about are all the accompaniments one pictures as part of a noble's home in Great Britain. There are the conservatory and the green-houses, the walks and drives, the farm and gardens. Besides there are heating plant, lighting plant, waterworks, and stables—possessions that might well make many a small city turn green with envy. Then, too, there are the forests with their deer, pheasants, and squirrels, all guarded by a gamekeeper and his assistant foresters. At first there was a tendency along local Long Islanders to resent this exclusiveness in the matter of forests and game, but soon they found that no one on Idle Hour killed either deer or birds, even when the former became so numerous that the landscape gardener went well-nigh distracted at their raids upon his trees. So they multiplied and swarmed over the boundaries to the land of their neighbors, where the hunting became yearly better and better. Not greatly different from this are the Ashton and Cutting homes in the same vicinity.

Fine stables are an accompaniment of country places. One never reads of an Old World gentleman farmer who did not boast of his fine saddle and harness horses. Nor is the case likely to be different here. One of the most inspiring sights on Long Island is to see a line of horseback riders sweeping down a country road or across some uncultivated field. But there is little breeding of fast horses there. Long Islanders, with a few exceptions, go more on good riders and hunters. It is in the neighborhood of Philadelphia that fast trotting and running stock is raised. A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and B. F. Clyde, of the Clyde steamer line, both have fine stables where they spend recreation moments in watching or superintending the management of fine race horses.

Often the raising of one or another sort of stock is the main feature about which the whole place centers. Now it is trotting horses, again it is sheep or cattle. George Vanderbilt took prizes at a Chicago live stock show with his Biltmore pigs. W. Bayard Cutting has received prizes for his fine wool sheep. A. J. Cassatt has certificates from half a dozen shows testifying to the superiority of his cattle.

Now and then a man will have several ideas which he desires to carry out in the making of estates, and he sets about the construction of different country places as a result. Typical of this class is William C. Whitney. Mr. Whitney is a lover not only of country life but of horses, of forests, and of sport. His likings have been carried out in the making of half a dozen estates that are all unique in their way. In the Adirondacks he has a forest preserve which is to be treated much after the manner of Biltmore forests and kept as a perpetual woodland. In Massachusetts is the October Mountain game preserve, where he has made a home for game, large and small, such as filled the primitive American woods. His place in Kentucky is to

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satisfy the ambition of a lover of fast horses. Here broad acres of blue grass, palace-like barns, and high-salaried experts all go to make an environment which Mr. Whitney believes will one day produce a record-breaking horse. But one need not go to Kentucky to see Mr. Whitney's unique efforts at horse-raising. His farm on Long Island has one feature which speaks of the way he and other millionaire farmers do business. This is the barn. Rain would insist on falling sometimes when the horses should be in training on the track. But rain could not stop the plans of an enterprising American of money, and Mr. Whitney proceeded to construct a barn so big that a complete running track was made beneath its roof. Here in bad weather his horses are trained as effectively as though the sun were shining and the outdoor tracks were good.

What will be the effect of this new country life upon America and the Americans would be hard to predict. Certain it is, however, that it marks the permanent coming to the New World of an institution which has thrived in past centuries in the old. Soon its effect must be marked. It will creep into literature, and the country gentleman's estate, his parties, his game-keeper, and his days of shooting will be found in American as well as English novels.

In general this country life must have a beneficial effect on American bone and sinew, and must result in a general improvement of muscle, manners, and morals.



THE FLOWER BEAUTIFUL

(CONCLUDED)

BY CLARENCE MOORES WEED

HARMONY AS TO COLOR

TO secure unity as to color in a display of flowers, it is simply necessary to follow the well-known principles of color harmony. Artists have quite generally agreed upon five sorts of these harmonies; namely, contrasted, dominant, complementary, analagous, and perfected. Each of these may be easily worked out in a flower arrangement, by the careful selection of the flowers and receptacles.

When what the artist calls an active color, such as any of the ordinary tones of the spectrum, is combined with a passive color, such as gray or black or white, there results a contrasting harmony. Thus one of the accompanying photographs shows white lilacs in a dark blue jar, making a striking contrast. A less marked contrast is shown in the picture of long-stemmed white tulips in a yellow Izumo jar, which has, as well, a special grace of line. The dominant harmonies are very different from this. In these, different tones of the same color are placed together, such as the arrangement of a light tint of blue with a dark shade of blue. In the picture of goldenrod in a yellow Izumo jar we have an

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IN THE TIME OF THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS—TOKIO.
From a Japanese photograph

example of such a dominant harmony in yellows. When two colors that are opposite each other in the spectrum circuit are placed together, we have a complementary harmony. Thus blue and orange-yellow are complementary; also yellow and violet-blue, violet and green-yellow, green and violet-red, blue-green and red, and green-blue and orange. Harmonies of this kind are peculiarly pleasing, and may be made with a great variety of flowers. One who has a selection of the modern sorts of asters or sweet peas at his disposal can arrange very effective combinations, especially in the violet and blue series of colors.

When tones from neighboring colors in the spectrum circuit are placed near together, we have an analogous harmony. Thus the yellow-green flowers of the common spurge in a green-yellow vase form an analogous harmony, though a less attractive one than can be made by utilizing neighboring tones of violet and blue, or yellow and orange.

The perfected harmony is not often to be attempted; it results when two analogous harmonies, the general colors of which are complementary to each other, are placed together. It is very effective when properly carried out.

It is a simple matter to arrange flowers with reference to one of the first four of these principles of harmony, and the color effect is much better than when they are disregarded. The principle of contrast is much better introduced to advantage in a complementary harmony by using white flowers in addition to those of the other colors, as the effect is thus accentuated.

THE QUESTION OF SYMMETRY

A feeling for bilateral symmetry seems to be firmly fixed in the Occidental mind. Too often bric-à-brac is displayed on the mantel-shelf in pairs, and very commonly

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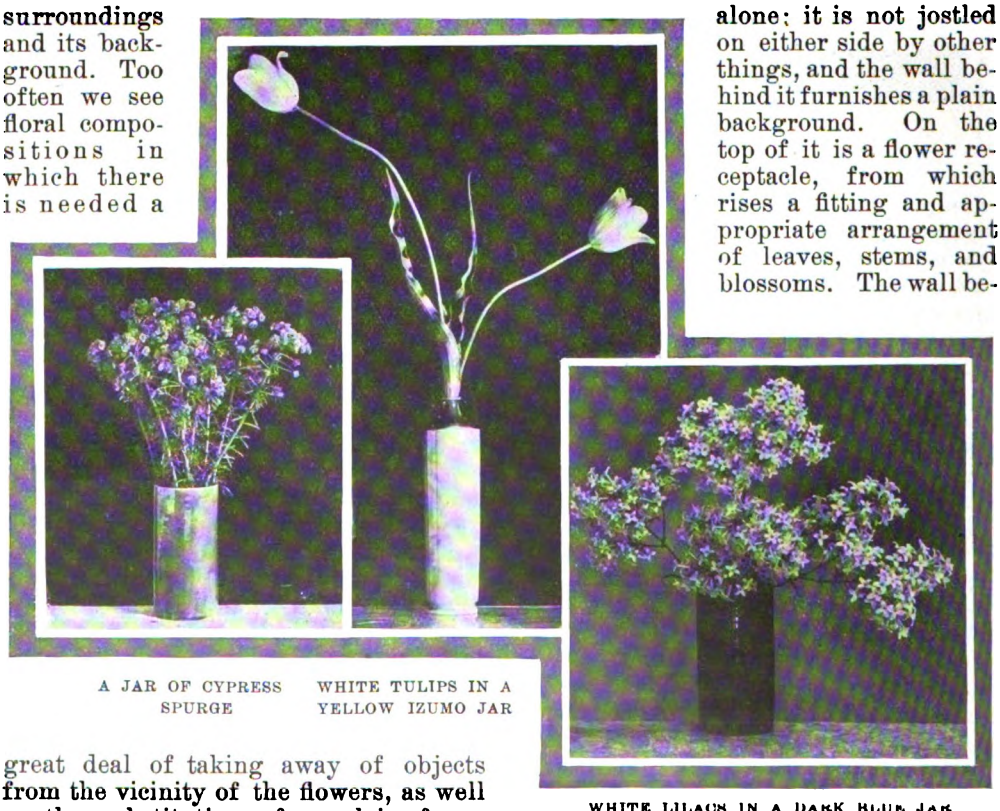
our decorative schemes are carried out in duplicate. In arranging flowers, however, it is well to eradicate this feeling from our minds, and to follow the Japanese in striving to get a harmonious asymmetry, which is much more beautiful than the bilateral kind. Most of these pictures furnish examples of this sort of asymmetry; the white tulips in a yellow jar are perhaps as good an example as any.

HARMONY AS TO SURROUNDINGS

The final test of a flower arrangement is that of all beauty—the test expressed by the French in the saying that beauty exists when nothing can be added and nothing taken away to improve the effect. Perhaps in no way are we more likely to show our lack of appreciation of the Flower Beautiful than in this matter of its surroundings and its background. Too often we see floral compositions in which there is needed a great deal of taking away of objects from the vicinity of the flowers, as well as the substitution of a plain for a figured background. The placing of flowers is as important as arrangement.

When we want to do justice to the Picture Beautiful we place it on a wall by itself against a plain background, and we either place around it a frame or mat that shuts it off from the surroundings, or we use both mat and frame. Why do we do this? Is it not simply that the picture may be seen alone, without having its unity marred by other things obtruding themselves upon it?

Now, what in effect is a well-displayed array of flowers but a Picture Beautiful? Should we not give them the same opportunity to convey their message to the soul of the beholder, undisturbed by the jarring notes of inharmonious things? Study a flower display in a Japanese interior: there is the table on the raised platform along one side of the room. The table stands alone; it is not jostled on either side by other things, and the wall behind it furnishes a plain background. On the top of it is a flower receptacle, from which rises a fitting and appropriate arrangement of leaves, stems, and blossoms. The wall be-



A JAR OF CYPRESS SPURGE

WHITE TULIPS IN A YELLOW IZUMO JAR

WHITE LILACS IN A DARK BLUE JAR

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THE MAPLES IN AUTUMN—TOKIO
From a Japanese photograph

hind the plant is also plain, and there is hung upon it, a little to one side of the flowers, a long scroll, on which is a painting that harmonizes in subject with the spirit of the flowers.

Around this display there is no massing of bric-à-brac; the wall is not covered with a figured paper, nor is it crowded with pictures. Through the simplicity and harmony of the surroundings the flowers have an opportunity to convey to the beholder their message of peace and beauty.

Is this not better than our luxurious and disorderly way of displaying flowers? Would it not be better to clear out one of our stuffy rooms, and utilize our bric-à-brac one piece at a time, and then only when it serves a useful purpose, remembering that decoration for decoration's sake has no excuse for being. And could we not substitute to advantage plain wall-paper of beautiful tones of gray and green and brown for the ornately figured designs that the art of the paper-hanger would force upon us. Surely by these means we could more nearly do justice to our Flowers Beautiful.

HARMONY AS TO SEASON

One of the greatest delights that a lover of the outer world can have is that feeling which responds to the spiritual appeal of each of the passing seasons.

> "To make this earth, our hermitage,
> A changeful and a cheerful page,
> God's bright and intricate device
> Of days and seasons doth suffice."

So sang Stevenson, and so sings every one whose soul is alive to the ineffable spirit that seems to brood over the habitable world at each changing of the year. Spring, summer, autumn, winter—how differently these affect us, and how much they add to the charm and rhythm of

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existence! "To the attentive eye," as Emerson wrote, "each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field it beholds every hour a picture which was never seen before and which shall never be seen again." It is well worth while to enjoy as much as we may the delight of each passing season, accepting frankly what Nature gives us, and not attempting to mix her blessings as we so commonly do in our floral decorations. For the flowers are the beautiful notes in which Nature prints the music of the spheres, revealing to us more than anything else the rhythm of the season.



GOLDENROD IN A YELLOW IZUMO JAR

Now, Nature does not mix asters with anemones, or golden rod with apple blossoms. The delight of each is distinct, and each belongs to its peculiar season. In our use of flowers we may well follow the Japanese in learning this lesson of seasonableness. For a decorator in Japan is glad to use indoors the flower which at the time is especially in evidence out-of-doors. At any other season he has no use for it; he has too discriminating an appreciation of the unity of the life of nature and humanity. Mr. Conder, who has made an elaborate study of Japanese methods of using flowers, tells us that "April blossoms used in any other month would appear to the flower artist as incongruous and out of place as winter clothing worn in summer-time." By bringing in the symbol of the passing season where it may be studied in detail, and the simple loveliness of its beauty may be admired, we not only bring inside some of the delight of the great playground outside, but we also thus increase our appreciation of the outward beauty, and come to feel more deeply the rhythmical movement of the universe. This feeling was expressed long ago by the Japanese Emperor Shomii in these lines to Komio, his favorite consort:

"This gathered cherry branch can scarce convey
A fancy of the blossom-laden tree,
Blooming in sunlight; could I show it thee,
Thoughts of its beauty would drive sleep away."

And so it is that to the out-of-doorling—if I may use another of Miss Guiney's expressive phrases—each time of the year has its special delight. In Japan the people have long recognized this fact, and have incorporated it into their living. In early spring occur the plum and cherry festivals, when the people enjoy to the utmost the beauty of the leafless, blossom-laden boughs.

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VIEWING THE IRIS GARDENS
From a Japanese photograph

Then follow throughout the season the displays of iris and other flowers, until in autumn the glories of the maple foliage fittingly end the summer pageant.

THE SEASON'S DECORATIONS

In this sort of appreciation of flowers we are far behind the Japanese. The idea of costliness is so often dominant with us, that even in summer we are likely to prefer expensive hothouse exotics to the beautiful flowers that surround us out-of-doors. Yet surely this is not a feeling to be encouraged. How richly we are blessed with Nature's decorations from the blossoming of the first willow shrub to that of the last purple aster! And with a garden at our command, how much of beauty is available from the blooming of the first tulip to that of the last chrysanthemum!

In April the soft yellows and grays and browns of the willows adorn the landscape with a peculiar and evanescent beauty—a beauty that appropriately embodies the spirit of the opening season. The clustered masses of willow pussies give the larger effects to the pictured landscape, while the finer details are given expression in the hosts of starlike bluets, delicate spring beauties, golden marigolds, yellow adder's-tongues, and many others. In the garden the daffodils store the mind for future memories, while the hyacinths and tulips and pansies gladden it with their color and perfume.

In May the brilliant masses of apple bloom replace the more modest willow blossoms in the open landscape, while the lily-like trillium, the dainty bellwort, the harlequined columbine, the precious violet, and many another lovely blossom reveal their beauty in the leafing woods. In the garden this month sees the glory of the long-stemmed tulips, the golden beauty of the double buttercups, the gorgeous blossoms of the oriental poppies, and many another plant that man has modified for his delight.

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In June the pageant moves from the orchard to the meadow, where the white daisies and yellow buttercups make pleasing harmony; while in the lowlands the blue flags display their modest blossoms, and in the woods the pink lady's-slippers reveal their orchid beauty. In the garden the roses are with us again, as is also the dear delight of poppy bloom, while the nasturtiums, phlox, and many other flowers are freely blossoming.

In July the pageant is turned over to the lilies. The meadows, "flushed with the tender bloom" of the yellow lilies, seem a miracle of grace, while the gardens are alight with the immaculate beauty of the Madonna lilies. This display continues well through August, until it is replaced in the fields by the golden rods and asters, and in the gardens by the dahlias and chrysanthemums.

Surely in all these flowers, and the hundreds of others of which space forbids mention, there is sufficient material to adorn our homes with fitting grace. Shall it not enter into our hearts to understand that this God-given beauty is for our enjoyment? And shall we not realize that the little child who looks with loving tenderness upon the simple beauty of a wild flower is nearer the kingdom of heaven than is the adult whose admiration is awakened only by the costly rarity of a tropical orchid?

THE LACE-MAKERS OF BELGIUM

BY LAURA ALEX SMITH

THERE seems every reason why the women of Flanders should find their chief industry in the dainty work which has been a characteristic of that land for more than five centuries. Flanders is the home of pillow lace, and the classic country of its development. There are no fewer than a thousand lace schools in Belgium, and it is said that there are as many different kinds of lace-workers in Leopold's kingdom as there are spiders in nature. Each of the Belgian lace-making towns has its own particular *points*, the patterns of which are handed down from mother to daughter, and in which there is never the very smallest deviation from the original. It is the most conservative industry in the whole world.

Now and again one of these towns makes a little departure by introducing into its schools some different kind of lace, as when, for instance, Turnhout took up the Mechlin patterns, and Alost and Ypres the Alençon and Valenciennes designs. Indeed, the latter *dentelle* is now almost a universal pattern amongst the Flemish *spelaewerksters*, and together with torchon and some other coarse makes of guipure, it forms, perhaps, the most profitable branch of the industry.

It is interesting to note that certain women keep to certain parts of the work in making some of the more complicated patterns. There are *drocheleuses*, who only are responsible for the ground; the *platteuses*, who manipulate the flowers separately—all designs are called "flowers"—the *faiseuses de point à l'aiguille*, who work the figures and the ground together; the *strigueuses* attach the flowers to the ground; the *faneuse* works her "figures" by piercing holes or cutting out pieces of the foundation; and so on throughout the whole of the process.

Brussels lace, of which, by the way, the very finest specimens can be made only in the town itself, goes through many hands; the beautiful Mechlin point through only one. In some of the *béguinages* of the different towns the nuns have been successful with their Brussels point. There is a strange touch of locality in the Valenciennes of the Flemish lace centers. In Bruges the bobbins are twisted only twice; in Alost

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and Ypres four and five times; in the opinion of the women of the last place the more often the better. Courtrai and Ghent depart even a little more from the general style in their bobbin routine. Antwerp still retains a lace of its own, *pottenkant*, or "pot-lace," which forms the much admired lappets of their caps. This *pottenkant* is almost identical with some of the Russian furniture lace, made in the north of that country. Bruges has also a specialty in its *guipure de Bruges*, or *point duchesse*, sometimes styled the "Belgian Honiton." This is a brilliant white pillow lace of flowers, united by *barrettes* or *brides*.



FLEMISH LACE-MAKERS AT WORK

In this delightful old city the lace-makers chiefly congregate in the Rue des Carmes and the adjacent streets. The women sit in rows, as our sketch shows; and as their occupation is an entirely silent one, they are able to break the monotony of the day by singing and talking. The cradle generally forms a conspicuous picture in the group as it swings from a high trestle. Sometimes the song is a lullaby, and in this case it is sung by the mother or grandmother, in charge of the little one. Here is a translation of one of these hush-songs:

An angel comes down from heaven, bringing joyful news to the shepherds. Listen, listen, shepherds; leave your sheep, and come into the manger, where you will find a Child who is to save you.

In Courtrai, the young girls prefer to do their lace-making by themselves—that is, without the elder women of the community; and here again we find the lace-makers' song very much in evidence. A favorite one is in praise of St. Anne, the patron of the *dentellières*. It runs:

The fête of St. Anne is over. I have spent all my money; I am much distressed; I have no appetite, no heart to do anything: my work is a burden; I wish it were every day the fête of St. Anne.

This last seems fairly unsatisfactory as regards the state of mind of the singer, but the lace-maker is probably, like other people, inclined to wish for a continuance of cakes and ale, and a cessation of the bobbin-twirling. This same twirling, though, may be said to have saved one hundred and fifty Flemish women from ruin in the sixteenth century, and if it is not called upon to do the same for them to-day, it is because the lace-making has never been ousted from the country, and the facilities for exporting it are greater than they were in the days of Charles V. The success of the Flemish lace is largely due to the fact that the flax from which it is made is a native product.

The saddest of all these lace-making towns is decidedly Mechlin, for there is now neither life nor glory left in it. When the great canal from Antwerp and Brussels was being made the good people of Mechlin refused to let it pass through the town, and in our own century they excluded the railway as long as they possibly could. It is the prettiest of all the Flemish laces, with its exquisitely transparent ground and fine design, and Napoleon possibly paid Antwerp Cathedral the highest of compliments when he likened the spire to *dentelle de Malines*.

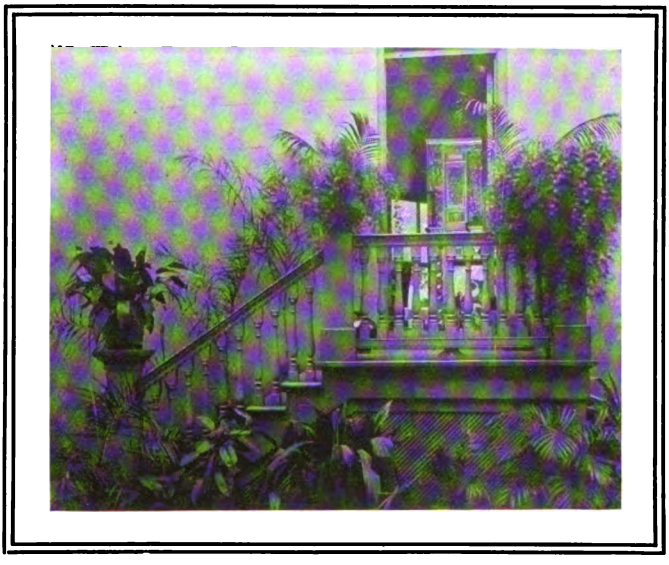
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A NEW ORLEANS STUDIO

BY ELLEN EUSTIS

INDIVIDUALITY and originality always lend interest, and these characteristics are strongly emphasized in this delightful New Orleans studio, which is far more than a mere work-shop, as the term is often understood.

Designed and arranged by the artistic owner as his studio and music-room, he has successfully followed the style and character of the Renaissance in his plan and decoration.



THE STAIRWAY TO THE STUDIO

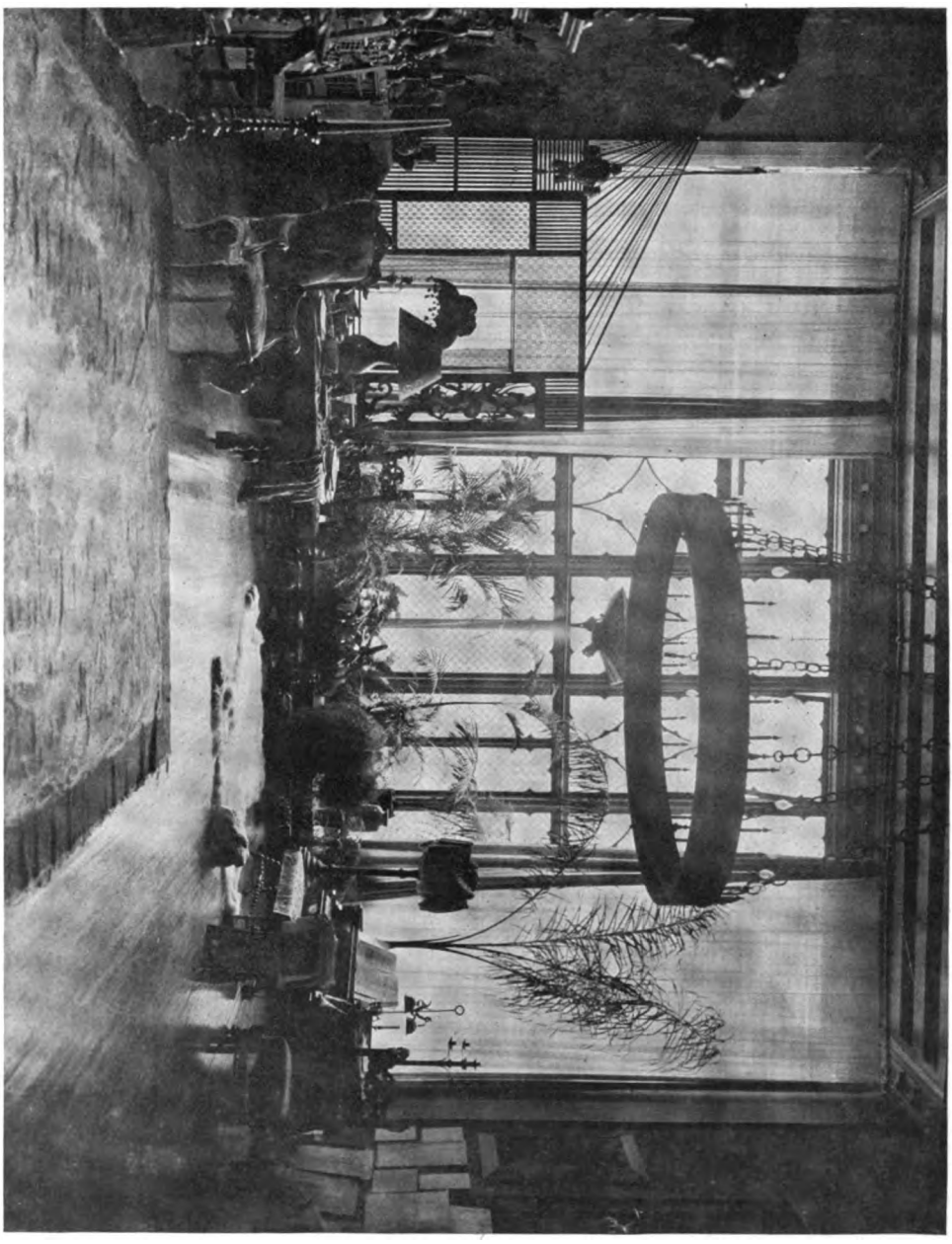
An addition to the main house, the studio forms a wing towards the northwest; large, airy, well-proportioned, the actual dimensions being fifty by thirty feet, with a twenty-three-foot ceiling. The floor is several feet higher than the floor of the main house, and steps lead up to the wide entrance from the adjoining room.

The color which dominates the entire room is an almost indescribable shade; it is both green and gray, not cold but soft and restful, forming an excellent background for the tapestries, pictures, curious carvings, and pretty pieces of pottery. These objects and other furnishings give sufficient brightness and variety to the uniform coloring to prevent monotony, and yet nothing mars the exquisite blending of colors, so that part of the success of the room is due to its harmony. This charming indefinable coloring has been very aptly compared to the varying tints of an opal.

On entering, one faces a great window, formed by a series of small windows, with leaded panes of clear glass through which the afternoon sunlight streams into the room. Tall palms and numerous plants in odd jars of copper, brass, and green pottery fill the slightly raised platform in front of the window, and among them a little fountain splashes and adds a cheerful note. Soft, thin, green silk curtains hang from a brass rod before the window, to be drawn across if the light becomes too intense. Recently a large plaster of the "Winged Victory" has been placed just in front of the platform, where it stands out in all its beauty, and seems to spring forward from the plants to greet one. The walls are covered with burlap, and with heavily beamed ceiling and other woodwork, are painted a pleasant shade of greenish gray.

The fireplace and mantel are an interesting feature. The carved portions and the columns of the mantel once formed an altar in a church in north Italy of the

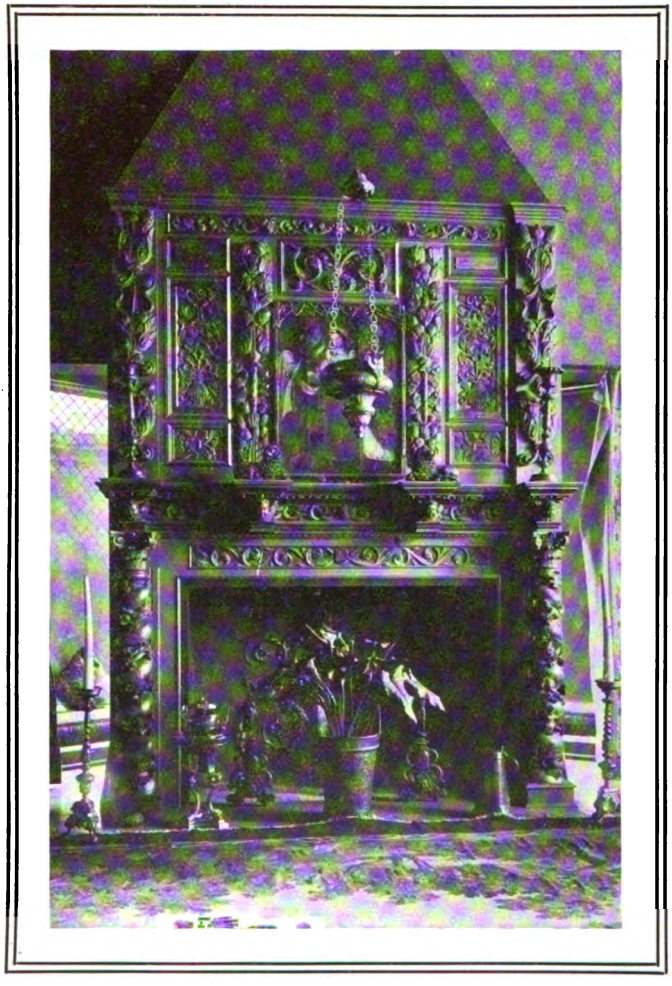
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THE STUDIO—AS ONE ENTERS

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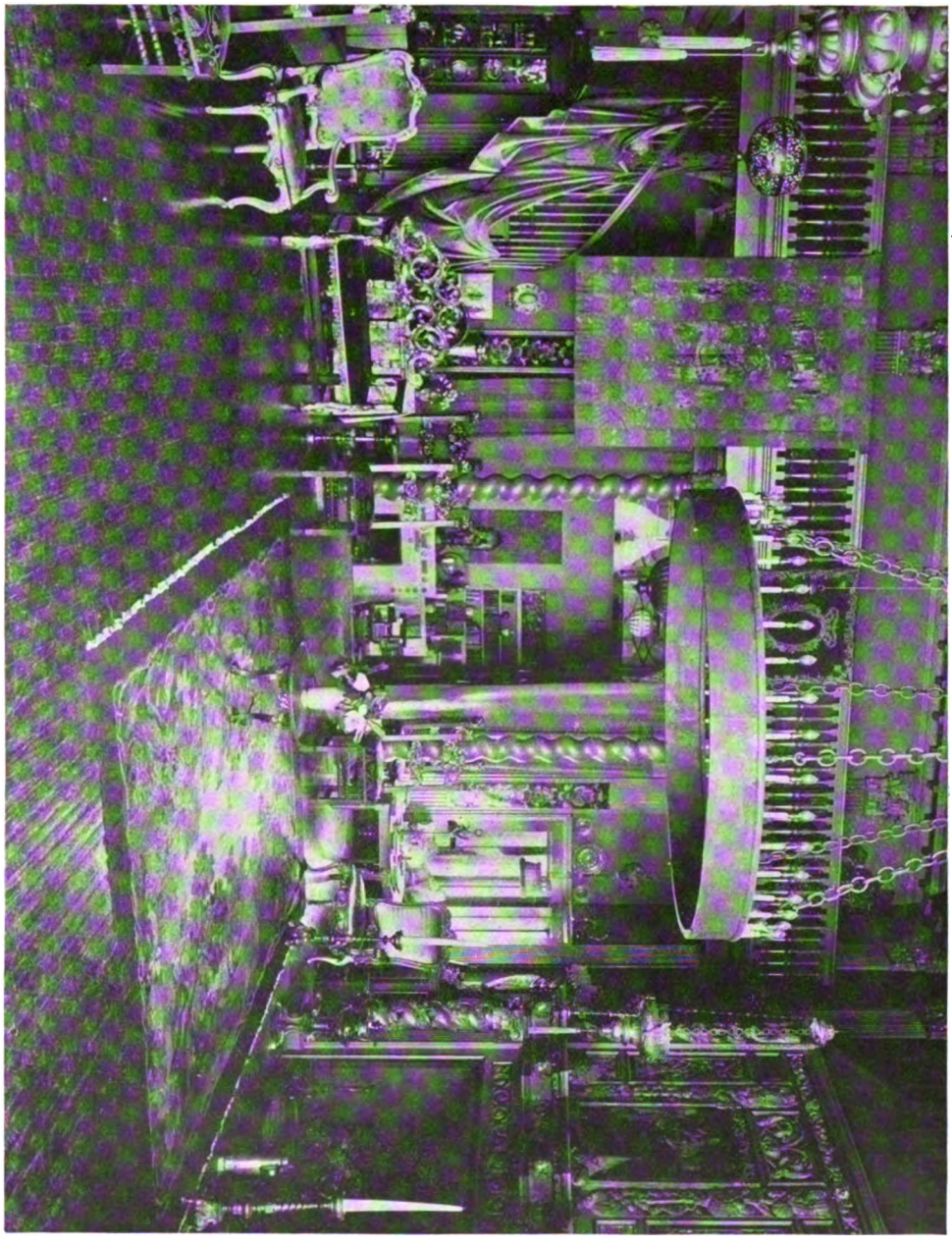
Renaissance period. The finely carved wood, gilded and painted, still retaining the beautiful old tints, harmonizes well with the greenish gray of the painted mantel. The picture, which has been set in over the mantel-shelf, is of the time and school of Perugino, but was not originally part of the altar. The fireplace is of wrought iron and of small greenish tiles. The andirons, of heavy bronze, were taken from the Villa Medici. From the alcove back of the mantel one has a glimpse of a lovely garden.



THE FIREPLACE

In one corner of the room is a low book-case painted to match the woodwork, with curtains of heavy reds in a paler shade. The top shelf holds unusual bits of carvings, pottery, and other objects of interest and beauty collected during many journeys, while above the shelf hangs a fine old tapestry. Near by is a substantial round table likewise painted, covered with a piece of handsome old brocade, upon which are books, magazines, photographs, and a good lamp. The fretwork screen and the divan seen in the illustration have been removed since the photographs were taken. The screen was not in keeping with the character of the room, and its removal proved a great improvement. The piano, with two curious antique brass candelabra and a tall brass lamp, occupies the opposite corner. The low divan against the wall is well supplied with cushions covered with silk and brocades in pretty old colors, toning in with the greenish gray of the divan cover. Above the divan hangs an Aubusson tapestry and many studies and paintings, among the latter being Mr. Albert Herter's well-known water-color, "The Danaides." Opposite the mantel a hooded doorway with large, twisted columns leads out to the steps into a paved court. A corner cupboard, painted green-gray, with glass doors,

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THE STUDIO—SHOWING THE BALCONY

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A CORNER OF THE STUDIO

contains a supply of white and gold china and glass for afternoon tea or an occasional supper party, and in the adjoining corner is a convenient low round table, also painted, near a cushioned seat beneath two small casement windows. The portières at the entrance and at the alcove are of heavy reds, a paler shade of the wall color, with panels of brocade in shades of old rose and pink.

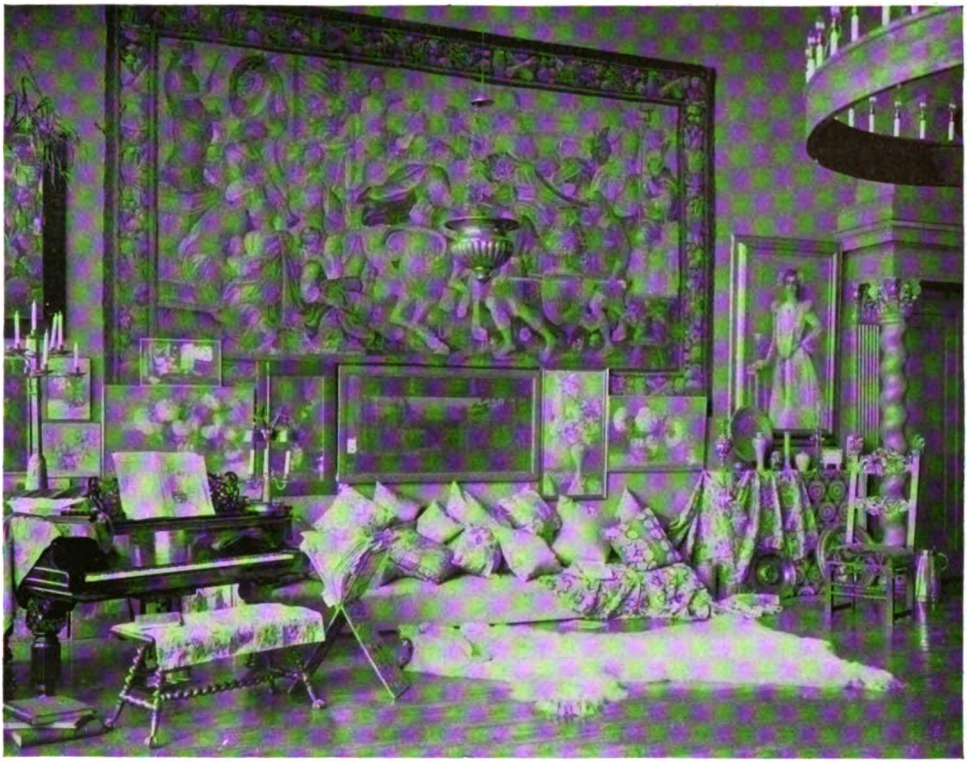
The eight high-backed chairs with seats of green velvet were found in an old palace in Naples. Solid, handsomely carved, gold tipped, they belong to a time long gone by, and now add to the dignity of this present-day room. One or two plain Morris chairs, painted greenish gray, with cushions to match, add a touch of real comfort.

The only covering on the polished hardwood floor is a huge white bear skin and a large Aubusson rug, a woodland scene in dull greens, brown, and cream.

The massive chandelier, suspended from the beamed ceiling by heavy forged chains, is of wrought iron with a circle of electric candles. The odd hanging-lamps, and the tall brass candlesticks at either side of the alcove, are fitted with electric lights; thus the room can be brilliantly lighted, or only dimly lighted by the shaded lamp lights.

A small staircase at one side leads to a musicians' balcony, which extends across the room over the entrance. The heavy columns, like those at the doorway, support the balcony, and over the railing above hang two or three pieces of beautiful old brocade. From the balcony one has an enchanting view over the length of the room and through the great window out upon a garden, with climbing roses and a profusion of flowers

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ANOTHER CORNER—SHOWING THE TAPESTRY

between paved walks. One is reminded of old Italian gardens, and could fancy one's self in some quaint villa in Italy.

The comfort, beauty, and livableness of the room is the result, not alone of wealth, but of good taste and artistic ability and discrimination. One feels that neither words nor photographs can convey an accurate idea of the great charm of this studio, which is its perfect harmony and restfulness. Such beautiful surroundings should be an inspiration for high thoughts and all that is best in music and art.

Ancient English Cathedrals

Winchester, in its earliest form, must hold the place of the most ancient. The original cathedral claims, on very apocryphal authority, to have been built in 177, by the newly converted British King Lucius, on the site of a great pagan temple. Another was built in 313, and another in 371. The present pile, regarded in its various parts, is of at least seven principal dates; and if viewed in its minor features, its smaller accessories, its remodelings, and its restorations, must be pronounced to belong to ten centuries. The oldest parts of the edifice belong to a pile in the Saxony style, by the famous architects and bishops of Winchester, to Ethewold in 980. Lichfield Cathedral is said by some authors to have been erected in 300, and by others in 667, and rebuilt in 700. Canterbury is very ancient; it is said to have been founded by St. Augustine.

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THE HAUNTED FARM-HOUSE

BY KATHLEEN MACK

I WAS a young woman about nineteen or twenty years at the time what I am about to relate occurred, living with my parents—father, mother, a sister, and two brothers. We were not what you might call "well-to-do," but small farming people, and we all had to work hard. We had sold our farm in Missouri—it was so hard to get help there—and father had bought a small farm in Canada West. We were all but myself, the youngest, born in Canada, and father had always regretted leaving that country, and wanted to go back. I need not go into the circumstances that led up to our going back to Canada. Father bought a farm—I forget how many acres—about one hundred miles west of Toronto. There were a house and barns, etc., of course.

The house was an old house, large, with a good many rooms, and needed much more repair than father could afford to give it. Of course we did not know any of the people there, and we had heard nothing about the reputation the house bore all over that immediate part of the country as a "haunted house." The house was built low, with the best rooms on the ground-floor. Those upstairs were low-ceiled attic rooms, with the roof leaking in a good many of them. There was a large cellar—very large for a farm-house. It was towards the end of the winter when we moved in. Father and the boys busied themselves putting the place into as good shape as possible with very inadequate means, and doing all they could to get things in readiness for beginning work as soon as winter was over. Mother and my sister and I found plenty to do indoors, and we spun all our own yarn in those days. I thought the neighbors regarded us with more curiosity than there seemed any reason for, and one of the nearest ones, in making a neighborly call, asked mother "if we slept well." As we were a healthy family, we wondered at the question, and spoke of it laughingly. However, we were soon to find out that it was a very pertinent question.

One night I was wakened by a noise like something heavy falling that seemed to come from the cellar. My sister and I occupied a room off the sitting-room, or living-room; it was also our dining-room. We slept together. I found that Mary was awake, too. I said, "Did you hear that noise?" She said, "Yes, it awakened me; I wonder what it was." Just then we heard distinctly the sound of the sawing of wood with a buck-saw. Mary said, "It must be some of the boys getting wood for the kitchen stove," and we wondered why they were doing it at that hour. While we were talking the sound ceased, and we heard, the moment after, the kitchen clock strike one, with a rattle and whizz peculiar to it. I jumped out of bed, saying that I would go down and see who was there. I lit a candle and threw a shawl about me, and said, "I'm going down to see what it is." "It's stopped," Mary said. And so it had, but as we listened we heard a sound as though a big stick had been thrown across the sawhorse, and the sawing began again with more vigor than before. Mary got up too.

We were not very much frightened, for of course we thought it must be some of the men, so we proceeded down cellar. As I passed a window a draught nearly blew out the candle, and I felt some one pass me as though in a hurry. I was mad, and said, "What do you mean? What are you acting like this for? Is that you, father?" But no one answered; not a soul was there, and everything was in place. Mary said, "Why, there's no one here." Just then I heard mother's voice, and saw her in her night-gown and cap with a candle in her hand at the head of the stairs. When she saw us she called, "Land

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sakes, girls! whatever are you doing down cellar at this time of night? What's the matter? and what's the noise all about?" Of course she was incredulous when we told her. Father was up by that time, and went all over the cellar with us, and could make nothing of it.

There was a lot of cord-wood piled in a corner of the cellar. There was a door through at the back into the yard. The woodshed was in such a bad condition from want of repair and weather that they were obliged to use the cellar; as I said, it was very large. Father told us a few days before that some one had said the house had been a hotel at one time. It was evident the cellar had been made to keep liquor in. Even then there were old barrels and bins in various stages of decay. One part of the floor had been boarded over, and I noticed—I always was more of an observer than most girls of my age—a large spot. I thought at first it had been painted, but on examining it, found it was a stain of some sort. In the mean time we had all gone back to bed, as we could make nothing out of it, mother declaring some one of us had had nightmare and roused the others.

For about two weeks after that we heard nothing, and were beginning to forget the incident, when one night we were—Mary and I—awakened about half-past twelve by the sound of the spinning-wheel. It sounded quite distinctly. The wheel occupied a corner of the sitting-room near where we slept. We sat up in bed and listened to it; we were beginning to be frightened by this time. I, being less timid than my sister, was the first to get up and light a candle, but I told Mary she would have to come with me. So, candle in hand and heart in mouth, we proceeded to the sitting-room. Everything was just as we had left it on going to bed. Poor Mary was terribly frightened. "It couldn't have been mother," she said, "or she would be here yet."

This time no one heard this disturbance but ourselves. Father and mother slept in one of the most habitable of the rooms upstairs in the front of the house. We agreed to say nothing to any one about it, but we had hardly got back into bed when the spinning began, faster than ever, and kept up for what seemed to us a very long time. Neither of us had the courage to get up again, but lay clasping each other and listening, both of us frightened terribly. At last it stopped, and soon after we heard the kitchen clock strike one, just the same time that the cellar incident occurred.

About a week after that we heard the sawing in the cellar again. This time both of my brothers heard it, and they went down, of course without finding any explanation. The next day, after talking it over, they decided that it must have been one of the neighbors, or some tramp trying to frighten us. We were not a superstitious family, but I could not explain the spinning-wheel so easily, and Mary and I had many a talk about it. We heard nothing for several days after that: I can't remember how long. We were beginning to hope we would hear no more such disturbances, when one night we were awakened by a noise in the cellar, different from anything we had heard yet. It sounded as though two men were fighting for dear life. The sounds came from that part of the cellar that I think I mentioned as being boarded, where I had noticed the dark stain. In fact, our room was almost directly over that part of the cellar. We heard the shuffling of their feet, back and forth, and I heard breathing and low-spoken words like oaths. One was attacking and the other defending. There were blows—awful blows—and with them the sound of a heavy chain that moved regularly with the feet of one of them. There seemed to be two only. Then there was a harder blow, a deeper oath, an awful heavy thud, or fall, and all was quiet.

I leave you to imagine if we were frightened or not; we had got out of bed, but had not the courage to light the candle. We had listened so intently that it was only when it was over that we saw the boys standing, pale

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as their night-clothes, at the head of the cellar stairs; one of them had just lit a candle. They were not cowards, but the sounds we heard were so dreadful I don't wonder their hearts failed them. It all happened in an incredibly short time, and we were glad that father and mother had not heard it. The boys helped us carry our bedclothes and mattress upstairs to a little room next to theirs, which was over the sitting-room. These two rooms and the one father and mother slept in, and a small room off the parlor, about which I shall have something to say later, were the only habitable sleeping-rooms in the house, although it was a large house and had several other rooms. One might perhaps wonder why we stayed on in the house after such experiences; but it was winter, we were poor, and altogether our circumstances were such that we were compelled to stay, and that was why we were glad father and mother had not heard this last and worst disturbance.

I forget what it was that made me remember the date of this incident I have tried to describe, but I did remember it was the 15th. We were not quite two months in the house; we had moved in on the 17th. Twice after that, with an interval of a few days, we heard the spinning-wheel go again, though we were upstairs. On the last occasion it was made to go with such rapidity that it was upset, and when we went down we found one of the legs broken and the wheel on its side. We had to invent a story to mother, who fortunately had not heard anything. Mary and I suffered from want of sleep; it was not the noises so much as the listening and waiting for developments.

By this time we had been nearly three months in the house. It was spring, and work was beginning on the farm. Father and the boys were working very hard, and father said he would have to hire a man. The man came, and we—Mary and I—had hard work to persuade mother to put him in the room off the parlor. For obvious reasons we did not want to put him in the room off the sitting-room. We wanted him as far as possible from the cellar and the spinning-wheel, but we could not tell mother our reasons. He had been with us about a week, when suddenly, without giving any reason, he said he was going to leave. Father was vexed, because he suited him, and it was a great deal of trouble to find another. Father tried to get him to say why he would not stay; and asked him if he had any complaints to make about the board. No, he said he had no reason to find fault with the food or anything, only that he had made up his mind to go, and go he did, at the end of the week.

Mary and I had been sleeping on a mattress during this time. Our bedstead was an old-fashioned four-poster that had belonged to grandmother, and it was too large for the small room upstairs; so, as the one that the man had occupied was already furnished, we determined to move in there. We moved in, and for three nights we slept more comfortably than we had done for some time. But the following night we discovered why the man had gone away so suddenly. We were awakened a little after twelve o'clock by the violent shaking of the bed. It shook as though a hand — though no hand could — had grasped it and was shaking it with all its might. We were paralyzed with fear, but that was not the worst. Suddenly it stopped with a jerk that nearly threw us out of the bed, and a voice that seemed to come from above us—a woman's voice, low and expressing intense fear —said: "Get up! get up! They're killing John."

We did get up just as soon as we found the strength and courage necessary. I never felt such fear in my life, and poor Mary was more dead than alive. We went upstairs and told the boys, who said no wonder Dick did not stay. They said they could believe anything now of the old house; that it was haunted if ever one was. Suddenly, as Tom was talking, he had lit a candle and was looking at a calendar on the wall, and I

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saw that it was the 15th of the month, just a month from the night the tragedy happened in the cellar. I mentioned it, and we all agreed that a murder must have been committed in the cellar and on the 15th. This last experience was too much for us. We talked it over. The boys said they would not stay; they said that they had heard groans and noises in the cellar that they had not told us about. We told father and mother all about it, and father said he did not want to frighten us, so had not told us that a neighbor—an old man who had lived all his life in the neighborhood—told him that he (father) had been taken in in buying the place; that the house was known all over the country as a haunted house; that it had been a hotel, and had then had a very bad reputation; and it was a fact that a murder—a very brutal one—had been committed there in the cellar, and that the blood was on the boards of the cellar floor yet; a woman had been mixed up in it, and people suspected it was not the only crime; anyhow, robberies had been frequent; no one had stayed there any length of time, though several had taken the place for a time, so that the neighbors were curious to see how long we could stand it, and were astonished that we had stayed so long. Luckily for father, and for us too, prospectors had been over the place, and quite recently there had been talk of ore of some kind—I forget which kind—being on our land; a wealthy man of that part of the country had been buying up all he could get. So it was not long before father sold the place to him.

We went back to our old place in Missouri—we, my brothers and sister. I had never wished to leave, and father was cured of his idea of going back to his own country. He said the mistake he had made in his life was that he had ever left it, but that when a man leaves his youth and his friends of a quarter of a century behind him, there is no going back. Father was a poorer and wiser man.



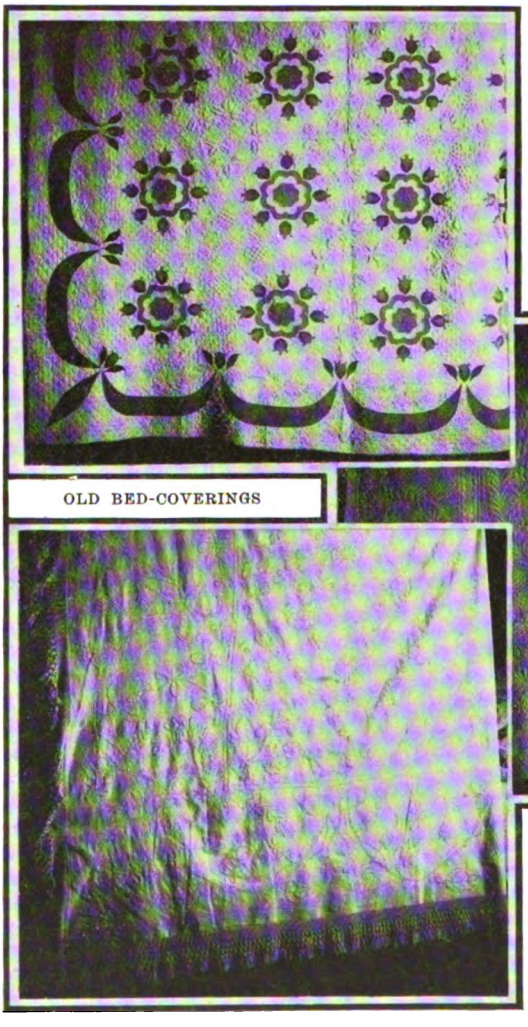
SOME OLD BED-COVERINGS

BY MARGARET CHURCH

WHENEVER woman has been deprived of social frivolities and the pomps of life she has found in needle-work a solace and a joy—an outlet to her pent-up fancies. The Puritan housewives and the pioneer maids and matrons have woven the imagery of their gracious natures into myriad stitches. Their loving, painstaking, tireless work has a charm which we do not see to-day, and can never hope to find in the products of necessity and commerce. No article was too commonplace to be beautified.

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Surely they felt a reverence for their tall four-posters, such labors of patience and love did they lavish upon the bed-coverings. To be sure, the piecing and quilting was a part of their social life: the exchange of patterns and the quilting-bees that followed were the dissipations of those days. The work handed down to us is a lesson in skill and patience and often a thing of beauty.



OLD BED-COVERINGS

Two pressed quilts are shown here, having a thin wadding between the top and lining. The fine stitches of the quilting show on both sides. The upper one, beautiful both in design and color, is almost oriental in effect. It was called the "whig rose," and was pieced and quilted by a Kentucky maiden more than fifty years ago. She was in her teens then, and now graces the gentle seventies. The material is cotton, the background white, the design green and rose, almost the American Beauty shade, unfaded by soap and sun. The quilt is made in squares, small pieces forming a rose eight inches in diameter, surrounded by buds. These are not applied, but pieced in with wonderful neatness and never a pucker. The full-blown rose is of rose color and white alternating. The buds show a rose-colored center, with green leaves forming the calyx, and the crescents in the border are of rose color joined by buds and leaves. These designs are entirely covered with quilting, and the unbroken lines of stitches make a wonderfully rich effect. The white background is quilted solidly with a small figure, and the larger spaces are filled with clusters of grapes, pine-apples, or leaves. These are slightly stuffed with cotton and appear in high relief, all being outlined with double

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rows of stitches, which give the figures great prominence.

This apparently endless work required little more than a year, in spite of interruptions. The quilting frame was hung in a guest-room, and when visitors arrived it was triced up to the high ceiling. Not a few such interruptions might be attributed to the visits of gallants who came long distances and paid their court for days together. Maidenly diversions have not altogether changed in fifty years, though the old-time handiwork was long since abandoned.

The second quilt, all of white, was made about the same time by a young Englishwoman who had settled with her family in western New York. There is no piecing; all the rich effect is obtained by quilting on plain white cotton. The design is a feather pattern carried out in center-piece and border, with a small figure solidly covering the background. In each corner of the middle square is a horn of plenty, and the graceful design of the border is most effective. The care which went into its manufacture would be impossible to-day, for the fine stitches are so perfect that it requires close scrutiny to determine which was intended for the right side.

The third picture shows an old counterpane bearing in one corner the name of the maker and the date worked in with small knots—Sally Runyon, 1812. Maidens were then wont to strive industriously to fill their bridal-chests against the wedding-day, and the echo of war could not have been heard in the Kentucky woods, for here this maid did her peaceful work. She spun and wove the goods, and embellished it with bow knots and flowers done in tiny separate knots. The design is broad and sweeping, for her methods were not hampered by rules, and the freedom and irregularity of her work prove it hand wrought. Her bridal chest also contained wondrous lace work done on fine net—lovely three-cornered shoulder-capes, lace ties, and collars all "sprigged over." And later on in life she made dainty baby-caps of sheerest muslin, embroidered with tiny nosegays and flowery borders. These fine affairs have proved their utility, being worn even now on state occasions by the fourth generation of her descendants.

The Colonnade

Colonnades are of various forms and dimensions, and assume different names according to their application and uses. When in front of a building or in the interior of a quadrangle they are called porticoes; when surrounding a building of any shape, peristyles; when double or more, as in some of the ancient temples, and the circular peristyle in front of St. Peter's at Rome, they are polystyle. No people have made more use of colonnades, or with greater effect, than the ancient Egyptians, many of their temples being literally thickset, both in the interior and exterior, with colonnades of every description. The Greeks were more simple in their arrangement, and their colonnades were mostly distributed into porticoes and peristyles, both monostyle and polystyle. Their most magnificent example is perhaps the Temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens. Baalbec and Palmyra also present various examples of splendid colonnades. Of modern works, the magnificent colonnade of the Piazzo di San Pietro at Rome, the work of Bernini, is at once the grandest and most beautiful. It consists of two hundred and eighty columns, and forty-eight pilasters of forty feet high, raised on three lofty steps. It is surmounted by a balustrade, on which are eighty-eight colossal statues fifteen feet in stature. Colonnades are among the most beautiful and splendid works of architecture, and in the hands of a man of taste are capable of the grandest and most imposing effects.

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COUNTRY BEDROOMS

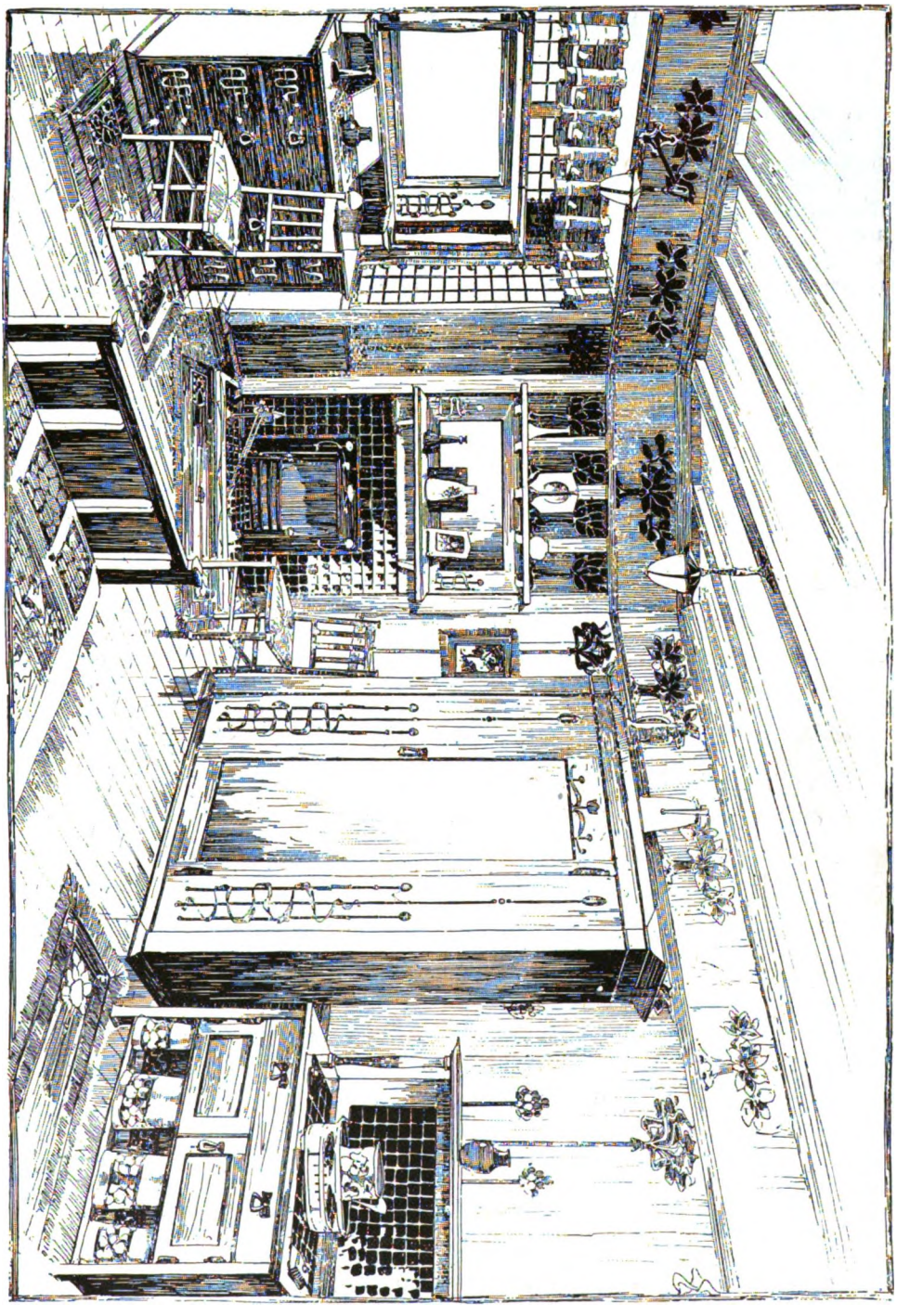
A WRITER in the *Ladies' Field* gives some suggestions for country bedrooms which may be of interest to our readers. Whilst all too many of our bedrooms in the larger towns are very limited in the matter of space, in most of the new country houses one has a sense of roominess and freedom, and of its being worth while to indulge in artistic ideas with regard to the arrangement of furniture. In country houses bedroom fittings should be in simple fashion, seeing that we have all come to know that beauty does not always spell ornament any more than simplicity need involve ugliness, and I think the following suggestions will be found to carry this theory into practice:

The walls of an ideal country bedroom I should hang in burlap, in shades of green, with a frieze of one of the printed burlaps. I would cover the walls with this to about six feet from the floor, and from there to the ceiling I would hang one of those printed burlaps that are quite as effective as the stenciled kinds, besides being considerably cheaper. The woodwork in this room would look best painted white, picked out with green, and with a thin line of copper color introduced. The small carpets spread upon the polished boards should be in shades of bronze, and the window curtains (reaching to the sills only) of green and white reversible chintz. I believe that this room, owing to the treatment of its walls, would be better pictureless; and a bedspread would be quaint that was fashioned of a deep cream linen, with a border of ivy leaves cut out in green linen *appliquéd* all round. Appropriate furniture would be simple oak, and should include a small writing-table, besides a chair and couch covered to match the curtains, and supplied with a cushion or two with which to strike yet another color note.

And yet a smaller bedroom in our proposed country cottage I would furnish with a white enameled suite, and there is no necessity to cry out against these white suites in the matter of keeping them clean, for white paint, with a small amount of trouble, and the aid of soap and water, may be kept in good order; besides, cleaning this is not nearly so lengthy a process as polishing. The walls here I would have of blue, either in burlap or of paper; if the latter, an ingrain will be the best, with a frieze still of the blue, but with delicate touches of the heliotrope and green. The plainest of blue carpets, deeper rather than lighter in tone than the wall, should be used, the window curtains being of a blue and white linen; in such a room as I imagine, these look best hanging straight from a narrow white pole to just below the sill. In choosing this white suite, ornamentation of any kind should be at a discount, and if the fittings are of the usual lacquered brass, I should promptly do away with them, replacing them by pewter. The bedstead, of course, should be wooden, but if one has the ordinary brass, a very good effect is to be obtained by covering the head and foot rails with the blue linen, and the finishing touch would be effected by a bedspread of white linen, with an *appliquéd* design of blue, or better still, a deeply drawn hem. If these walls are papered, just a few sepia drawings put into the very plainest of flat white frames would be effective.

In another room a grayish green might take the place of the blue, the carpet and window curtains being of a faint pink, with some of this grayish green running through, and the bedspread of quaintly printed, curious pink and white linen. In none of these rooms will we admit roller shades—they would spoil our harmonies; and we can have rods that are very narrow, fastened close to the sash immediately above the glass, from which a pair of drawn curtains, say of green casement cloth, will substitute themselves for the ordinary shade. Thus the æsthetic requirements will be met.

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A COUNTRY BEDROOM—DECORATED AND FURNISHED BY MESSRS. HEAL & SON, LONDON

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ON MAKING "ATMOSPHERE"

BY CLAUDIA STUART COLES

IN the arrangement of any room or house, "atmosphere," the subtle something created by the personality of the owner, is the desideratum. Like the famous recipe, "First catch your hare," it could be said, "First have decided characteristics"; but in regard to the arrangement of a home, the saving clause, "if they are artistic," should be added.

Various ages have had various standards, but as civilization has advanced from barbarism to cultivation, the most highly developed minds have reverted to nature for inspiration. The greater the development of the faculties, the greater the appreciation of the models set man by his Creator. From the very greatest to the least, this law holds good. Any one can build a house, but no one can make it a home until capable of stamping it with individuality. The family habits, the family standards, the family ambitions, all leave their stamp. Unless the family life is sincere, the house cannot be so.

Discordant scenes leave their impress upon inanimate things. Long ago it was discovered that harmonious surroundings rested the spirit, and so, inversely, the spirit can create harmony. What is it that makes the grouping of furniture in one room invite, in another repel? What is it that makes a collection of value hideous, or a collection of perfectly simple things charming?

The daily life of the home affects and is affected by its environment. These are the two foundation-stones upon which the subtle something called "atmosphere," as an arch, may be said to rest: the ravine that it spans, "the struggle for existence."

Who has not gone into a room and felt the utter meaninglessness of the furnishing, yet, bitter paradox, the very meaninglessness of it all is the saddest of commentaries.

Every one cannot have a home in keeping with cherished ideals, but every one *can* stamp a home or a room, given the individuality. First, think of *use*. A home is a haven, a room a retreat. Consider carefully the needs of the home, the purpose of any room, and then go to work. Gather into each room only what is needful for its use. Crowding is as a quicksand.

In arranging the walls, first go out into the country and study sky lines. See how a tall tree breaks a monotonous space, how broken levels relieve each other, how a close-grouped copse centers the attention. If you have never really studied these effects, begin for the sake of your home. You will come back from such study and rehang your pictures.

Take a day off, and walk to some high hill; do not definitely seek anything: let your mind be receptive and your eyes open. Even the dullest landscape will give you suggestions about color; the contrasting masses of light and shade, inspiration for arrangement. Take the day as you find it, the suggestion as it comes, and then home again. You will find yourself banishing "lumber"—reducing cluttersome bric-à-brac, and acquiring "atmosphere."

All man-made laws have their roots fixed in some fundamental law of nature; and the more nature is studied, the clearer becomes each law. Your home is a little world of which *you* are the creator. Study the great round world, at any rate, as much of it as you can, and you will find inspiration for even the placing of a vase. Learn from the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, brooding over its heights and depths, what "atmosphere" should be. Bring it into the home, and every chair will be graced, every color softened. *Study nature*, observe its contrasts and harmonies, *feel* its beauty, and then—what money cannot buy you will unconsciously create.

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REMBRANDT VAN RYN

BORN 1606. DIED 1669

BY JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON

Class Lecturer on the Collections of the Art Institute of Chicago

GENIUS is the divine nature. Divinity can create something out of nothing. Talent has the power to use well that which has been created, but cannot originate anything.

If this hardy definition is approximatively correct, then Rembrandt was a genius. He created an art out of almost nothing. Many men are born with an inclination to and a fondness for picture-making, but very few of them can do more than use well the lessons of their masters. Rembrandt had no masters worth mentioning, but he created a great art all his own. Had he been better instructed by highly trained men, his art would have been less unusual, but it would have been nevertheless an absolutely original art, because he was one of those whose mentality had the rare capacity to create something out of nothing; that strange divinity which seems to make things without cause or reason. The measure of genius is found in the largeness of that instrument called mind. Not to go too far into this analysis, for fear of its deep waters, we may make a comparison of several well-known minds. I will suggest that the Spaniard, Velasquez, had a larger mind than Rembrandt, because he had it by birth, and the natural article was better developed by training. As training did no injury to Velasquez, we may conclude that it would not have subtracted from Rembrandt's originality. Probably the mind of Rubens, his contemporary, was no greater than Rembrandt's, because the measure of it is found in his wonderful technique and color alone. Rembrandt could manage more sorts of art than Rubens. He also did more sorts that Van Dyck. Titian was a man of many parts, including great imagination, the ability to create superb color, and an original style of composition. The latter had been dead over sixty years when our subject was born. The Dutch painter, Frans Hals, was a little older than Rembrandt, and he also made an art all his own, out of almost nothing. But his was not an extensive range; his mentality was not wide.

These two men were the first truly original artists which Holland produced. They opened that extraordinary line which made Dutch art a "school" all by itself, unlike any other. This happened in the early part of the seventeenth century, and the artists who made Holland great were nearly all born within the space of thirty years. After that period of hot combustion, the divine flame seems to have nearly expired.

The Dutch were always a peculiarly forceful people. They not only have maintained themselves ever since they threw off the yoke of foreign interference, but the rest of the world has had a marked respect for their integrity. Until the moment that the Austrian bondage was thrown off, they cannot be said to have had a nationality. Then they made themselves what their temperament fitted them to be—independent and protestant. This affected their art strongly. Substitute the word Spanish for Austrian if it pleases you to do so; the two are the same in this case, as Spain was a part of Austria until the abdication of Charles V. in favor of his son Philip II., of Spain.

The wars of Dutch enfranchisement, from the Austrian and from her own religious entanglements, were not long past when Rembrandt was born, but Holland had already asserted its individuality. Previously, Holland and Flanders were one province, but we must not confuse Flemish painters—the Van Eycks, Memling, and others—of an earlier period with Holland, as is not infrequently done. Holland had, in the

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early days, a few fairly good painters who followed the Italian manner but had no originality.

Some one taught Rembrandt to mix colors and wield a brush, and history gives the names of the men called his masters. As any one who knows how to paint fairly well can soon communicate his knowledge to a smart boy, it is unnecessary to talk about these men. They left no mark upon the character of their pupil. It is the manhood, not the mere technique, of a teacher which makes him a master. So we may say that Rembrandt had teachers, but no masters. His style never recalled any other man's, after the shortest possible period of first essays.

Rubens was about twenty-six years his senior; so it is possible that, owing to the proximity of Flanders and Holland, some of the paintings of that great technician came in Rembrandt's way, though we do not know anything about it. Van Dyck was only six years older than our subject, but he was also in Flanders; not very far away to be sure. Velasquez was six years older, but Spain was a long way off. The painting of the Dutchman is too unlike any other to admit a suspicion of considerable influence from these contemporaries.

Rembrandt studied much from the nude and may have made many drawings of casts from the antique statues. Nothing is known in regard to this, except that at the sale of his goods, when he became bankrupt, in middle life, a considerable collection of the plasters was invoiced with his effects. He never was a classical draughtsman; never a wonderfully fine draughtsman in any way. His was an original way of drawing; true and forceful, suited to the expression of the sentiment he felt. The stories about his going to the upper room of his father's mill and placing his model in the shaft of light which entered by the little window at the top are good enough for use in the anecdotic histories. The fact is, that in his earlier work the single-ray effect is less frequently to be found than later on. All Holland is full of little windows, so that single shafts of light were always in evidence. Also, the fashion of concentrating light at one point was not invented by Rembrandt, though he became very fond of it and carried the use of it to an extreme. Rembrandt was a little too fond of picturesqueness, often sacrificing dignity to it.

Most of the painters of this and all periods visited Italy for the study of composition and color. It does not appear that this man ever traveled outside of his native country. His brush work was never school learned. The heads in his famous "Lesson in Anatomy" are wonderfully well laid in, correctly constructed, boldly modeled, and all in the same atmosphere. Their nobility of character is proof that the artist himself was of noble mind and perceptive faculty, but they are less well struck in than the heads by Frans Hals, in similar pictures. They are more noble in expression than anything by Hals. I referred only to the element of technique.

The first time that I had the good fortune to stand in front of this picture (coming upon it unexpectedly in the museum at the Hague) the thought flashed upon me, What is there wonderful about this? Any one could do this simple thing. But my wits speedily returned so that I wondered and admired. Simplicity is the most difficult of attainments, the one thing which masters despair of teaching to their pupils. The feeling of silence, of rapt attention, which pervades that company of earnest men is only an evidence of the masterfulness of this great artist. The reserved manner in which the cadaver is treated (though the body is not so very well drawn) is an evidence of genius. He loved to paint character, and found it in this face of a dead man, but there is no effort to make a display of the horrible. There is poetry in the idea presented; that of the study of death for the sake of saving life. There is also painter poetry in the quiet manner of expressing the thought. Nothing

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Homme—Rembrandt

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Rembrandtesque is to be found in the background. It is not dark nor brown, neither is there the supposedly essential palpitation in it, or that concentration of light to one point. It is pretty smooth, vaguely greenish in tone, just like hundreds of other backgrounds, serving only as a foil to the series of heads ranged upon it. Nothing in the picture suggests the paternal mill with the little window overhead. He painted it in 1632, at twenty-six years of age. The canvas is 5 feet 4 inches by 7 feet 1 inch.

A certain contemporary writer has attempted to prove that Rembrandt could not have painted the "Disciples at Emmaus," as no human being could produce two pictures so unlike as the "Night Watch" and the one in question. The same could be said of the "Anatomy" picture, which is also unlike. Geniuses are never twice the same. Variety is the greatest proof of genius; even extreme changes in temperament are. Only common people, like this critic, are level. The "Emmaus" is vigorously stamped with the personality of the master, although in it, also, he refrains from his pet brown background and uses but a mild concentration of light.

The "Disciples at Emmaus" hangs in the Louvre, a crisp, cool work, quiet but still full of reserved power. All the heads are in tones much like those in the "Anatomy" picture, except one which has turned unaccountably reddish. The central panel of the background is maintained the color of old, dull silver, and in the midst of it occurs the whitish halo of light about the head of Christ. This same cool tone pervades the table cloth and the coat of the right-hand man. On either side of the central panel the background is pretty warm, and this same warmth prevails over the rest of the canvas. Nowhere is there any of the color which marks the "Night Watch"—that famous golden brown. However, there are numerous examples of this cool treatment. In the Art Institute of Chicago, there is a portrait, from the celebrated Demidoff collection, abundantly authenticated, of a young girl in the uniform of the "Orphans," which strongly recalls the color of the "Emmaus." In this, the background is the tone of tarnished silver, the flesh is rich, but quiet, pretty carefully finished, though not by any means as much worked as some others, and the clothes are well elaborated and not wildly executed. Many of the master's portraits differ from each other as much as the two pictures in question.

Sending a shaft of light into the center of his widespread darks, was so favorite a method with Rembrandt that he sometimes carried it to extravagance. Backgrounds were often dashed in with wildness, which gave to the glowing brown all its depth and vitality. Smoothness destroys vibration and depth of atmosphere, but the painter was many times guilty of uncalled for rudeness in doing this pet effect. His greatest works are a good deal finished, as is the "Night Watch" so-called. It represents a pictorially arranged portrait group of the officers and some other members of the civic guard company commanded by Captain Kock. The captain is the central figure in black. Next to him is his lieutenant in pale yellow. If the man in light yellow were the flesh tone in a portrait, and the dark figure of the chief officer were a black hat, and the bright spot of light on the ground were a broad collar, with a vigorous shaft of light thrown at them, amid the surrounding gloom, we should have exactly the effect which our painter loved best to use in his portrait pictures. This central light is echoed by the rich-toned white in the frock of the little girl tucked away in the rear of the principal group. In his portraits, this same secondary light is secured by a hand, quite detached at one side. The figures on the left are shadowed by some object outside the picture, which keeps them within the surrounding deep tone. Four dark corners, gradually getting lighter toward the center, where there is an explosion of light against a great thump of dark. This is the recipe.

Rembrandt executed a very large num-

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ber of little pictures, all finished to the point of minuteness, as exampled in the Louvre exhibition, as well as in Amsterdam. By no means the smallest of them is the "Ménage du Menuisier," twelve by fourteen inches. It is nearly square, with a small window on the left, under which works the carpenter. The shaft of light glances across his back, then glides upon the mother and naked babe and falls to a spot on the floor. It is real sunshine, cutting a sharp line of light on the mother's nude breast and leaving her head and the attendant woman in shadow, a part of the all-pervading richness of the great dark which occupies the remainder of the room.

Is it a "religious picture"? No halo surrounds the head of the mother, but we may suspect that even the stern protestantism of the Dutch could do no less than feel that this represented the sacredness of the holy motherhood of the woman who brought Jesus into the common family of all mankind. Dutch literalism found its opportunity to repeat the story in the art which the people felt but dared not speak. In Florence this picture is repeated, but there they call it a "Holy Family."

Van Ostade has a picture in this same gallery of the Louvre, so like this in subject, size, and finish that one cannot escape it. This other Dutchman goes into details of maternal care that in no way could suggest the dignified management of the subject by the more refined Italians. Van Ostade's interior is higher than Rembrandt's and all over the walls and the roof are hung numberless pots, pans, onions, and utensils, all luminously reflected from the sun spot on the floor. So much are the two pictures alike, that only the superior refinement of the greater artist's differentiates them.

My long digression has been necessary in order to understand well the composition of the "Night Watch." It is one of the largest by the great artist, thirteen by fourteen feet. As the Hollanders had no appetite for ecclesiastical paintings or palace pictures, immense portrait groups of her guardsmen, her members of boards of control, and her heads of syndicates supplied their place.

It may be said to have been in the dark ages of this picture that it was called the "night" watch. One day they cleaned off the foul varnish to find that the hour represented was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the gleams they supposed were from lamps came from the declining sun. A ray of light falls on the outstretched arm of the captain and casts a shadow on the lieutenant's coat. It is still pretty dark, but the exact state of the painting, when new, can probably be judged from a copy made in early times, which is now in the British Museum. One fine day (so history says), in rehanging this picture, to place it between two doors, the vandals cut off a strip from the left hand, enough to remove two figures, and trimmed all around the outside sufficiently to change considerably its appearance.

It is one of the finished works, but still the touch is free and the color extremely rich. All these "severely simple" burghers wore very fine clothes and delighted to see them pictured. Thus far the examples have been highly finished, but Rembrandt certainly loves to dash about with his rich color, and the taste for it grew upon him, though sometimes willing still to give the people what they really loved—tender finish. We can keep tally on his use of the rude style by tracing the portraits of himself throughout his life; as the face grows old the execution increases in abandon. It enabled his competitors (smaller men) to steal away the patronage, even his own pupils doing so. Among these was that pretty nearly great man, Gerard Douw, the painter of marvelous detail and finish. Jan Steen also came up with pretty stories, not great painting at all, but highly pleasing.

Rembrandt spent the last years of his life in an obstinate struggle with hard times. Some important commissions came to him; as the "Syndicate of Drapers," made when he was fifty-five years

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old, just eight years before his death. It resembles the "Anatomy" in composition, many heads on a plain background, having no shaft of light centering it, but the color is a golden brown, not cool as is the previous one.

Rembrandt was born in a mill at Leyden, either in 1606 or 1607, of well-to-do parents, who tried to give him a good education, but the boy had the same taste for books that some other erratic geniuses have had. The pencil interfered with the pedagogics. Velasquez was another sort of child; he learned his Latin. The artists of Flanders, Rubens and Van Dyck, also felt the value of their schooling, having been born into a more refined atmosphere. Probably the Dutchman was not, as some maintain, any more rude than his neighbors. There was much to call in question about the refinements of the lusty people who fought for and secured their independence. Perhaps they chose the better part. At least, the world has always been very respectful toward them.

The young painter began to study with a certain Swanenburgh of local reputation, who taught him how to use colors and brushes, but made no impression on his character. When a young man, he was sent to Amsterdam to study with Lastman, but remained only a few months. To become his own master, he returned to Leyden, where he painted some pictures very much in the Italian manner, and religious subjects.

Having finally declared his personality, the tide of his prosperity was at flood, and he married the beautiful Saskia, the daughter of an advocate. In the year 1651 he took his prosperity with him to Amsterdam and seems to have stayed right there all the rest of his life. For eight years Saskia lived, and did not have to endure the trials of his adversity. Holland came to hard times, and the artist suffered with the rest of his fellow citizens. He had gathered a fine collection of costly jewels, pictures, hangings, plate, and bibelots in general. All these and all his pictures and materials for the pursuit of his art, were ruthlessly torn from him. He never recovered from the blow.

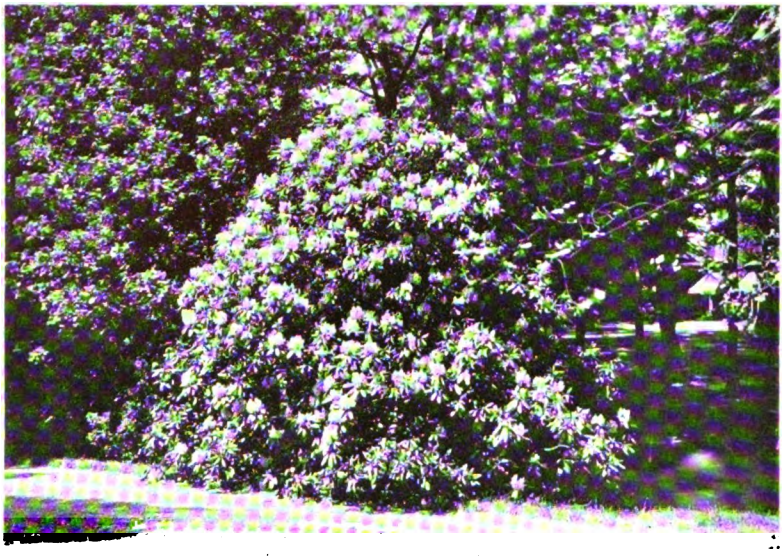
We are liable to consider only oil paintings as the measure of a man's greatness; a very narrow view of art. All artists supplemented their incomes by means of engraving, usually of their own works, that they might have something to sell to people of moderate means. Rembrandt did etchings, those spirited line scratchings which never knew the taming influence of the weaker burin finish. It was a form of art well fitted to his impetuous nature, giving him the opportunity to express ideas while his feelings were still hot. Prince of etchers, he still stands at the head. This sort of art kept him busy, somewhat happy, and kept the world at bay.

As a landscape painter, he partook of the movement inaugurated by Claude Lorraine at about this time. It is wonderful how a movement of that sort seems to permeate all the world of talent. He gave attention to the poetry of the sky and distance, felt well the atmosphere, and was a real painter of the great sentiment of the outdoor air, a matter not at all understood by the previous generation. I do not mean that any of his pictures resemble Claude's, but that they were also true renderings of the largeness of the out-door world. Rembrandt did nothing like anybody else.

Stone Windows

A consular report to hand from Germany mentions that in a new building attached to some boiler works in upper Silesia a novelty in windows has been tried. Light is introduced through stone windows. The ordinary panes of glass were impracticable on account of the nearness of the works to the railway lines, so pneumatic glass stones have been used instead. From the outside the appearance is the same as the so-called "Butzen" panes. They are translucent, and at the same time as strong as the stone wall in which they are set; they will withstand any pressure or blow that the walls will withstand.

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LITERARY LAWN

BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY

WITH the passing away of Charles Dudley Warner there disappears the last of the famous coterie that dwelt for many years in that picturesque spot in Hartford, Connecticut, known as "Literary Lawn" —unless Mr. Clemens returns to open his house there that has been closed so long.



"Literary Lawn"—the name in the city directory is Forest Street—is endeared to me by many a delightful recollection, for it was there that I experienced the keenest pleasures of my girlhood.

Mr. Warner's grounds join those of his brother, George Warner, whose services to modern literature are of far more value than is generally recognized, his work as one of the editors of "The World's Best Literature" being in itself a monument to his energy and efficiency.

Mark Twain lives just round the corner on Farmington Avenue, and he used to say that C. D. W.'s back yard afforded a most satisfac-

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tory dumping-place for old soup, vegetable, and fruit cans.

Near by dwelt Harriet Beecher Stowe. Strangers calling in that neighborhood were often startled, perhaps while seated in the drawing-room awaiting host or hostess, at the sight of a little old lady walking in unannounced, who would go directly to the piano, where, seating herself, she would play old-fashioned hymns, singing them with much earnestness in a thin, quavering voice. It was Mrs. Stowe, who had the freedom of all the neighbors' houses, and frequently availed herself of the privilege of using their pianos.

The last time I saw her was eight years ago, when one afternoon I joined my nurse, Annie, who was "wheeling" my baby on Forest Street. She had also in the carriage her sister's baby. We met Mrs. Stowe who asked us to stop that she might see the children. First, she patted the fluffy ringlets on my boy's head, in a childish pleased way, much as a little girl might have done, and asked his name. The name, Perry, held her attention, and she murmured something about Commodore Perry that I did not catch. Suddenly turning to the other little one she said:

"What is this one's name?"

"Charles Mehegan," answered Annie.

"Mohican!" exclaimed Mrs. Stowe in surprise.

"No; Mehegan."

But she would have it that it was Mohican, and she burst out laughing, saying:

"Well, well! So this is 'The Last of the Mohicans!'" She walked away still laughing heartily.

But a short distance from Mr. Warner's is Dr. Richard Burton's modest and artistic little home. He, too, has gone away, to fill the chair of English literature in the University of Michigan.

Near by there lived for several years that writer of delightful stories of Japanese life, Mr. E. H. House, with his



RESIDENCE OF MRS. STOWE

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adopted daughter, Koto, a little Japanese woman who won us all with her winsome manner. What a pleasure it was to go to one of her "teas"—and such tea! One didn't want to spoil it by adding cream and sugar.



HOME OF MARK TWAIN



RESIDENCE OF CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

With what grace the Japanese servant waited on us—a picture in his snowy *kimono*.

Indeed, at one time, hardly a house on "Literary Lawn" but had its well-known writer or its promising young one. It was in one of these houses, the home of that gifted girl-poet, Caroline Wilder Fellowes, that "we girls" founded our literary club, now in its eighteenth year.

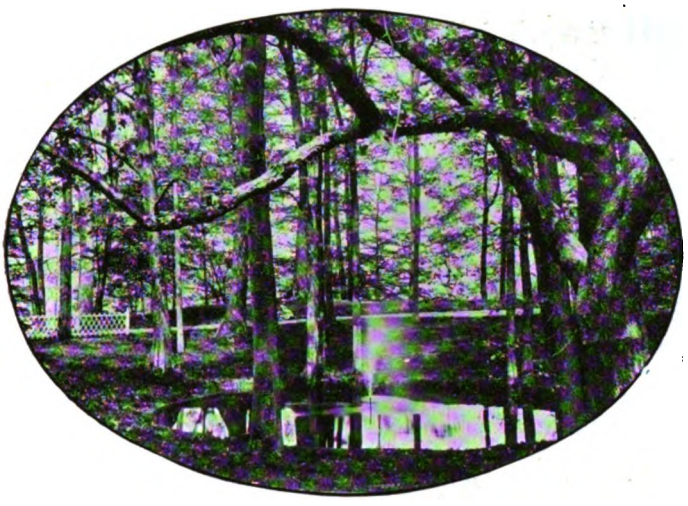
We felt equal to undertaking any herculean task and forged ahead with enthusiasm as well as with wonderful alacrity. We "did up" Greek literature in one season. We shot through Germany next, I believe, and tucked Italy out of sight in short order. Then we had "real parliamentary debates." We settled—in a way that we felt convinced ought to satisfy the entire nation as well as relieve it from any further responsibility upon these themes—such questions as existence after death, co-operative housekeeping, cremation, and the propriety of omitting the word, *obey*, from the marriage ceremony.

Mr. Warner and Mr. Clemens encouraged and aided us, and lectured to us in their own lovely homes. The faculty of Trinity College also took us under its wing. Dear Professor Rolfe came down from Cambridge and gave us inspiring talks. He called us the "l. gs."—lovely girls. We were very much puffed up until one day out



HOME OF RICHARD BURTON

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POND ON THE GEORGE H. WARNER ESTATE

at Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke's—she invited us there to hunt for arbutus—a young man, very disagreeable we thought him, told us that Mr. Warner and Mr. Clemens called us "The Jury." And it leaked out that they seemed to enjoy calling names. For one of us had become engaged, the first one so to distinguish herself, and we all looked on her with awe and at the Man with bated breath. We all felt, as one of the girls expressed it, "a little engaged, too." Fancy our sensations when we discovered that Messrs. Clemens and Warner always spoke of the Man—in private, of course—as "The Jumping Frog!" The worst of it was we were obliged to acknowledge the fitness of the nickname.

But how good those two famous men were to us. Mr. Warner was ever ready to listen to us and suggest lines of study. He delighted in showing us his many curios and souvenirs from all parts of the world and from all sorts of people. Mr. Clemens occasionally played drive-whist with us with sublime resignation. He called it "the infernal excuse-me game."

Indeed, all the dwellers in "Literary Lawn" good-naturedly encouraged and aided us in our quest after culture—or was it "culturine"?

Now, when I walk through Forest Street, the houses in which we had so many happy times seem to gaze on me in a mournful way.

"All are departed.
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!"

Hardwoods from the Philippines

Experiments are to be made in Portland, Oregon, with hardwoods from the Philippines. A trial order has been sent for four thousand feet, to include ebony, tindalo, and gray and blood-red narra, which is the Philippine mahogany. This wood is expected to take the place of Borneo mahogany, known as ypie wood in the Philippines, which has been much used in interior car-finishings. It promises to give better satisfaction than the Borneo product, and is expected to supersede it entirely in the Western market. Some of the red narra and ebony will be made into furniture in Portland to show what may be done with it. None of this wood requires staining or painting. Narra is a close grained, solid wood, somewhat resembling teak in its texture, and like teak, it has the virtue of not deteriorating when built in contact with iron where it is not protected from moisture. A surprising fact is that the cost of Philippine mahogany in Portland is only about half as much as that of the South American article.

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A GIBRALTAR GARDEN

BY E. K. B.

EVERY traveler knows the rock of Gibraltar, which stands like a watchful lion at the gate of the roadway to the East. But the P. and O. passenger can only have a hasty peep as he lands for an hour or two, and rattles down the narrow street to the market and the Spanish lines, then back again to his steamer. He has no time to enjoy the beauties of the Alameda Gardens, or to appreciate the wonderful combination of peace and war, which makes this rocky fortress so fascinating. Trees and flowers are as much at home as batteries and bombshells, and firs and wild geranium, tritomas and genistas clothe the steep slopes, and throw a softening veil over their grim surroundings. Land is growing more precious every year on this densely populated rock, and gardens have to give way to the needs of British soldiers, but there are still a few left to show what a Gibraltar garden can be, and amongst these our own, I think, was not the least beautiful. The flowers seem to revel in the sunshine, and hastened into blossom on the slightest provocation.

In the winter months the beds and banks were white with narcissi, a little later came violets, violas, and orange blossom, and as the spring advanced sweet flowers ran riot. It was hard to find one absentee from this wealth of scent and beauty. Our walls were covered by ivy-geranium, with its glossy pointed leaves and masses of bright pink flower. It grew so thickly that every bit of stonework was completely hidden, and the pink made a delightful contrast with the snowy daisy hedges which bordered many of the garden walks. It was wonderful how everything flourished. A tiny slip one day would be a grown-up plant the next week, and I could almost see the flowers growing as I looked at them.

At Easter time, as if with thoughts of church decoration in their minds, the great white arums raised their stately heads and filled the garden in such profusion that the more we picked them the more there seemed to be. Sad, indeed, it was when the growing heat of approaching summer slowly drooped these lovely lilies, and they faded day by day, until at last there only remained to us the empty beds and a fond remembrance of what had been. Then it was the turn of the roses, verbenas, and carnations. The last were always very happy with us, and I think they appreciated the affection we felt toward them. Tall white madonna lilies were beautiful, too, but a trifle unsatisfactory. They rushed up so quickly, rocket fashion, and fell to earth with equal rapidity. But we scarcely missed their scent, for there were many other flowers to take their place. Jasmine, tobacco plant, honeysuckle, heliotrope, and the heavy tropical perfume of the datura made our garden fragrant both night and day. The same flowers elsewhere never seem as sweet, though now and again a chance whiff of heliotrope, faint and elusive though it be, will carry me back to our dear Gibraltar garden, and I hear again the challenge of a sentry on the hill or the thrum of a guitar from some distant Spanish "venta."

The sunniest corner of all was made into a veritable feast of color by a big bush of rose-pink oleander, which, like the little emerald lizards, seemed to be happiest where the sun shone brightest. One part of the garden we left more or less wild. It was a rough, rocky bit: in fact, a miniature ravine, and here it was always shady, even on the hottest day. The cool, gray-green drooping branches of the pepper trees overshadowed the steep banks, and framed in a vista of deep blue sky of the true Mediterranean turquoise. There was a delightful element of mystery about this ravine. Under one heavy bowlder, rumor said, lived a big snake. The gardeners saw

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him once when clearing away some *débris*, and certainly I came across two snakes myself at different times, one in the house and the other in the upper garden, but whether their home was this especial piece of rock I do not pretend to say. Then the ravine held another mystery, a cave, dark and unexplored. A stone had fallen over the mouth, leaving only a tiny aperture, too small for any one but a child to negotiate, but if we threw a pebble inside, we could hear it dully echoing, as it bumped down, down, down, with never a sound of reaching bottom. Was this one of the secret tunnels connecting our rocky home with the mainland across the straits? Such tunnels existed, we are told, and in proof of this, people would instance the rock monkeys. Every one knows they disappear from Gibraltar part of the year, but no one has ever seen them go; and have they their own underground passage? It may be so; anyway, it is a picturesque idea, so let it pass.

This sketch of our garden would not be complete without some mention of Martinez, its presiding genius, a fierce-looking, swarthy Spaniard, who knew little about gardening and less than a little of our language, and had to be interviewed through the medium of other English-speaking members of the household. In appearance he was a typical villain of light opera, with his slouched sombrero, and broad red sash with a knife tucked away in the folds. But I believe he was really a most domestic character, and certainly he was extremely proud of his small son and heir—a little olive-skinned, black-eyed child whom Martinez would introduce to us as "my one fine baby."

Like all Spaniards, he would croon to himself as he worked a strange little plaintive chant on two or three notes in a minor key, and with more rhythm than tune. His only fault, if one can call it so, was an intense love for cineraria. He would have liked to fill the garden with this particular flower, but we did not share his admiration for its stiff form and aniline dyes, and wanted more room for our favorites—"carnation, lily; lily, rose."

The months when our garden was at its best were March, April, and May. In June the long days of sunshine left their mark in the bleached blossoms of the pink geranium, and the gradual browning of the garden generally. At this time the plumbago came to cheer our spirits, and we prized its clusters of lavender-blue all the more for waiting until the other flowers had lived and left us. The days grew hotter still, and in July those who were able to go home said good by to the burnt-up rock, and left it until cooler days and refreshing rains make the flowers spring once more.

Dear garden that I loved! All is changed, and I believe it no longer exists as in those bygone days, but there remain to us yet fair memories of the happy hours it gave us—memories of color, scent, and beauty which no time nor distance can fade.



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ON THE CHOICE OF SIMPLE FURNITURE

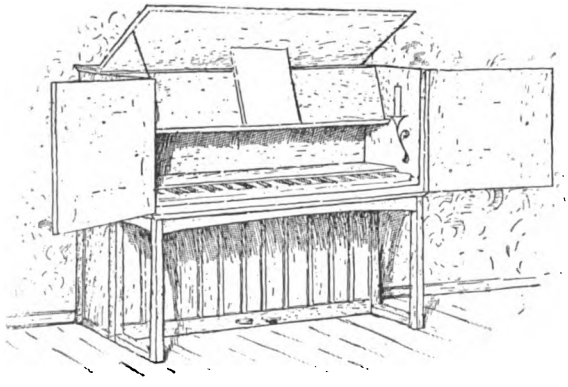
BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT

(With Illustrations from Designs by the Author)

THOSE who have read that exquisite "Gossip on Romance," by Robert Louis Stevenson, may remember how he shows that the aim of the writer of fiction should be to fit to a particular place its appropriate story, to make the right thing happen in the right place, and so satisfy the imagination of the reader; and he goes on to describe in quaint and beautiful language how this has been done by the great writers of romance.

To the architect a somewhat similar task presents itself. He must first use the divining power of his imagination to discover the particular kind of house which his site demands, and try to express in bricks and mortar the spirit of the countryside; he must then, having built the right kind of house to harmonize with a particular site, finally complete his task by furnishing this right kind of house with the right kind of furniture.

For it is not enough that furniture should possess intrinsic beauty, unless it also possesses this further quality of exquisite appropriateness to its position and to its use. It should appear almost to be a piece of the room in which it is placed and in absolute harmony with its surroundings.



COTTAGE PIANO

It is in this respect that the various kinds of fixed furnishings become of especial value in the effect of a room, filling the gap between the house and its furniture, and thus giving an appearance of unity and harmony. The fixed seats to the ingle-nook, the mantel-pieces, and bedroom fitments, all appear as part of the structure itself and so form a connecting link between the movable furniture and the house.

The essential point then in the choice of furniture may be said to be not so much the individual merit of a particular thing as its relation to everything else in the room. The furniture should appear to grow out of the requirements of the room, to represent the finishing touches of a scheme which had its inception when the first stone of the house was laid, and not an alien importation from the upholsterer's of spick and span suites, at war with themselves and their surroundings.

The usual method of huddling together indiscriminately a variety of articles which have no possible relation to each other, will prove merely an expensive advertisement of the bad taste of the owner, and will suggest nothing more homelike than the cabinet-maker's shop.

Perhaps when we have begun to learn that the artist may be better employed in refining and simplifying the surroundings of home-life than in producing an infinitude of mediocre pictures, something may be done toward regaining some of those qualities which seem to have been gained so easily and so inevitably in an earlier age. Till then one can only deplore the immense amount of ignoble and misdirected labor which has resulted in the making of so much that is vulgar and base. If we consider what an incalculable amount of true pleasure

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SIDEBOARD IN PLAIN OAK

both to craftsman and purchaser might be gained in the making and keeping of rightly designed work, and if we imagine such work, carried out in something of the spirit which inspires that description by Rudyard Kipling of the attitude of the true artist worker,

> "Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
> Sends Eden to the craftsman's brain,
> To Godlike muse, or his own trade,
> And manlike stand with God again."

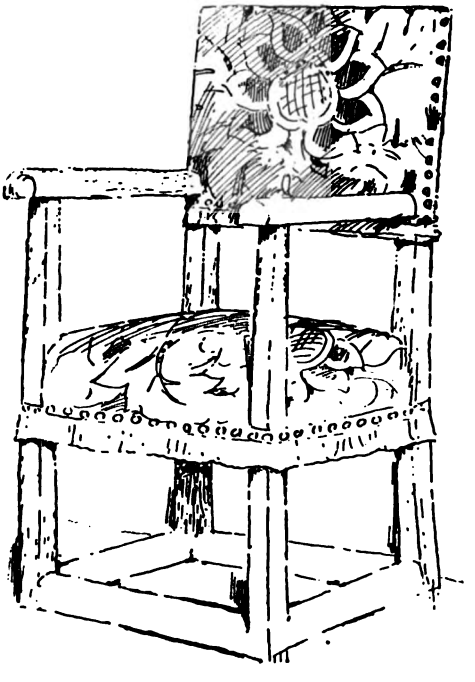
If we compare with such a picture the mechanical drudge of the modern workshop, we must conclude that the cheapest of educations will hardly atone for the loss of the traditional knowledge of generations of workmen, or for the substitution of a bare commercialism for the old craftsman spirit.

The furniture of the average modern upholsterer will be quite out of the question for those who wish to possess a tastefully furnished house. It is not implied that the commercial article is necessarily too cheap, or that better furniture would be necessarily more expensive. Many people appear to imagine that they cannot afford to have artistic surroundings, whereas the wonder is that they can afford so much expensive ugliness. For the vulgarity of most of the furniture of the shops has been painfully acquired at the expense of much misdirected labor, and if shorn of its so-called ornament it would often be at least inoffensive.

There is the dining-room suite in black oak, the whole character of which seems to be summed up appropriately in the one word "antique," and which the purchaser, unmindful of a great gulf fixed, fondly imagines to have all the effect of old work. It would be difficult to find anything more debased than these solemn caricatures, and yet they are often to be found in the houses of cultivated people. Some simple designs for dining-room furniture are shown among the illustrations to this article. The sideboard in plain oak and the rush-bottomed chair would be suitable in a small house, while the upholstered chair would be appropriate to a rather more ambitious establishment.

In the average drawing-room we find art in capital letters everywhere, and the use here of this prefix may be generally taken to signify the absence of any real artistic merit.

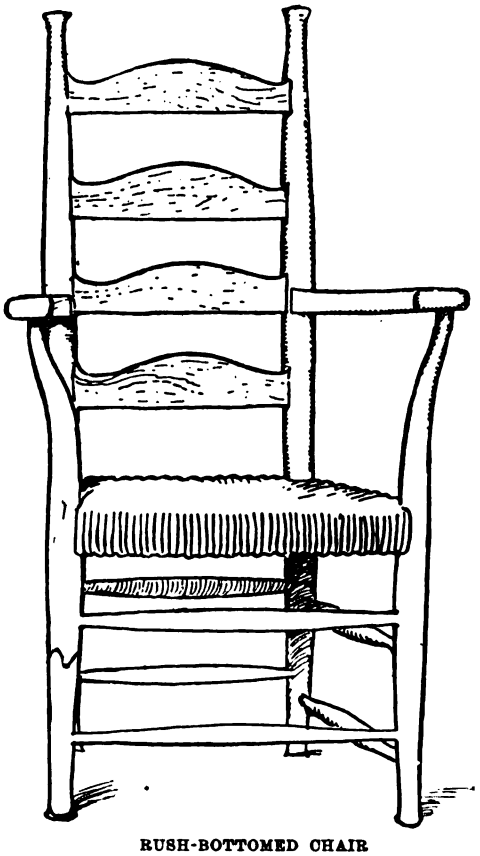
The art of the drawing-room! What a medley of painted milking stools, and mirrors, chip-carved tables, trays, and



UPHOLSTERED ARM-CHAIR

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photograph frames the term suggests; what a fatal tendency to decorate the most inappropriate things in the most inappropriate places with the most inappropriate designs. To carve the surfaces of tea-trays and tables and to paint on mirrors and chairs! There seems a great need for some kind of directing intelligence to the enormous amount of industry displayed in the various minor arts which are now so much practiced. If we take art needlework alone and examine the numerous specimens to be found in such profusion in the average drawing-room, will not the resulting impression be a feeling of sadness that so much industry has been so much misapplied? And then, on looking closer, we find everywhere under the silk the blue lines of the bought design—the naturalistic spray of flowers or fruit. The importance and possibilities of design are quite underrated or ignored. A "design" is something bought at a shop which may or may not be "pretty," and that is all. On the other hand, an immense reverence is paid to technique, the fineness of the stitches and the general neatness and accuracy of the work.



RUSH-BOTTOMED CHAIR

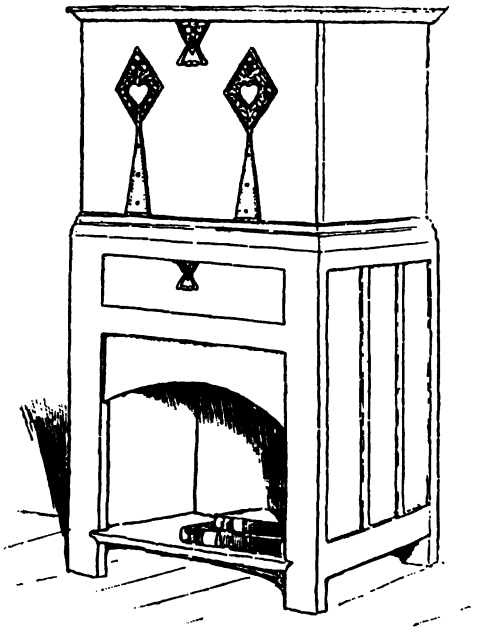
Perhaps one of the most curious manifestations of the art of the drawing-room is to be found in the hand-painted mirrors in plush frames, which have been so much in vogue.

It would be difficult to find anything more hopelessly illogical than this mode of decoration, because if we wish to look at the painting we are dazzled by the mirror, while the mirror itself entirely loses its *raison d'être*, so that painting and mirror contrive to frustrate and neutralize each other in the most charming way.

Amongst the drawing-room furniture which is illustrated in this article mention must be made first of the cottage piano which has been carried out by Messrs. Broadwood. This represents an attempt to realize something more artistic than the ordinary type of case, in which the keyboard projects as an excrescence from the main body of the piano. It was felt that in order to obtain a satisfactory result the keyboard should be incorporated in the case, and with this object the sides and top of the piano have been extended to the front line of the keyboard. The removal of the candles to a position where they will light the music without dazzling the eyes of the player, and the substitution of a long shelf with sloping back for the usual inadequate music rack, are both practical improvements on the ordinary type of piano, while the projecting sides and top act as sounding boards, and so immensely improve the acoustic properties of the instrument. This case has been carried out in oak, stained a dark rich green, with hinges in white metal.

The essential novelty is, however, the form of the case, which would lend itself

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SECRETAIRE IN OAK, HINGES IN REPOUSSE COPPER

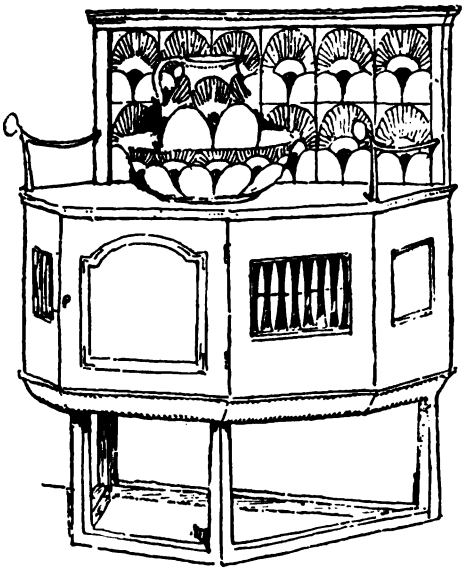
readily to many kinds of decorative treatment.

Some few other examples of drawing-room furniture are here illustrated also. The small secrétaire may be carried out in oak, with metal work of *repoussé* copper. The cabinet may be finished in the green and silver scheme which has been mentioned for the piano.

Although we may occasionally find a dining-room or even a drawing-room furnished in an artistic way, it is rarely that art penetrates so far as the bedrooms. At this stage the wearied and jaded householder accepts with a passive despair the suites of the upholsterer. They are generally in birch, and the wardrobe has a broken pediment secured with glued blocks, while on each side of the mirror are carved panels finished with mechanical precision. Were it not for disfiguring the pages of a magazine set apart for artistic work, it might be instructive to reproduce here some of this furniture in order to illustrate the above remarks by actual examples. A few simple designs for bedroom furniture are illustrated. The wardrobe may be carried out in oak, with wrought-iron hinges. The washing-stand may be finished in white enamel, with tiles and jug in blue and white; while the clothes-press perhaps makes a more satisfactory piece of furniture than the ordinary chest of drawers.

The bed itself is generally either in badly designed cast iron or in coarsely molded brasswork. If it is to be in metal, it seems a pity that so little has been done toward arriving at a good design; and there certainly seems here a field for the use of simple wrought iron work or delicately molded brass. It should, if possible, be placed in a recess, or at least in some position where it appears as a part of the room. In carrying out the furnishing and decoration of the bedrooms it may be suggested that each should be named after and decorated with some particular flower.

Thus the poppy bedroom might have these flowers symbolical of sleep introduced in the wall-paper and furniture, and if suitable motives were added, such a scheme would have a very unique



WASH-STAND IN WHITE ENAMEL; TILES AND CROCKERY IN BLUE AND WHITE

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CLOTHES-PRESS

effect. Other flowers, such as the rose and lily, may also be suggested.

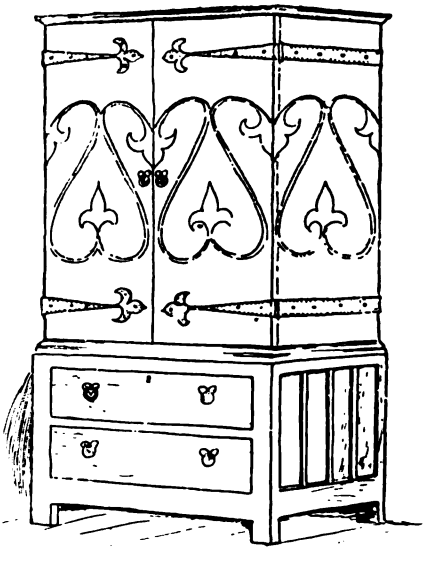
One of the main faults in modern furnishing is overcrowding; and just as it is thought artistic to cover every square yard of our walls with ornament, so we do not consider our houses furnished till the floors are covered and cumbered with useless furniture.

Most of this exists apparently but for one object, to be kept clean, and so to afford an outlet for those vigorous and misapplied energies which are the mark of the British housekeeper.

The most reasonable basis from which to start in furnishing is obviously the actual practical requirements of the particular family, and the wisest course to pursue will probably be to acquire gradually, as they are needed, the necessary articles of furniture, without reference to conventional ideas or the dictates of fashion. Instead of crowding as many things together as possible, it will be better to remove everything which is not essential, and to aim at having a few choice things rather than many inferior ones.

It is rarely that the artistic value of economy is appreciated in the furnishing and decoration of the home. In most cases it is a deplored necessity, preventing the full realization of an artistic ideal which sees no possible perfection but that of costly magnificence, and which tests the artistic value of every article by its price in the market. The necessary restrictions imposed by a limited purse often prove to be the best safeguards against vulgar extravagance; and so to those who can appreciate the beauty of simplicity and restraint, necessity in this case may become a virtue indeed, and instead of trying to emulate the splendors of the palace, so often vulgar, so seldom comfortable and homely, we may accept gladly the limitations which suggest a more cottage-like home. These restrictions are often the happiest inspiration, for they compel the designer to use his ingenuity and suggest devices which help to make the house livable. The charm of a home depends upon its individuality and its adaptation to the life of the owner, rather than upon the luxury of its appointments. And in this way we may be happy in realizing Mr. Ruskin's description of a country home, which may be quoted here as a fitting conclusion to this article.

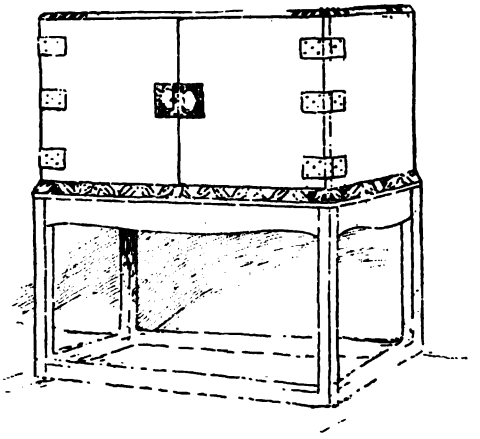
"And in actual life let me assure you in conclusion, the first 'wisdom of calm' is to plan and resolve to labor for the comfort and beauty of a home such as, if we could obtain it, we would quit no



OAK WARDROBE, WITH WROUGHT-IRON HINGES

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more. Not a compartment of a model lodging house, not the number so-and-so of Paradise Row; but a cottage all of our own, with its little garden, its pleasant view, its surrounding fields, its neighboring stream, its healthy air, and clean kitchen, parlors, and bedrooms. Less than this no man should be content with for his nest; more than this few should seek; but if it seem to you impossible, or wildly imaginary that such houses should ever be obtained for the greater part of the English people, again believe me the obstacles which are in the way of our obtaining them are the things which it must be the main object now of all true science, true art, and true literature to overcome."



CABINET STAINED GREEN, WITH WHITE METAL MOUNTS

IN BUILDING ONE'S HOME

IT has been said that the architect of a small house has a harder task than he who designs a mansion. To combine the artistic, the convenient, and the economical is not an easy matter, yet it is sometimes successfully achieved.

Some of the most successful small houses have been designed by the architect in collaboration with the prospective chatelaine. Even though the latter is usually ignorant of architecture, her common sense and practical experience are valuable adjuncts to the artistic skill of the professional. Such a house built this year, near New York, is described in the New York *Tribune* for the benefit of those who hope to build soon.

The house is built of stone up to the second story, and above that the outside is covered with shingles that are curved on the lower edge. They are finished with weather gray stain, not paint, that harmonizes well with the stone below. A few dormer windows and porches give added picturesqueness. Thus far all was due to the architect, with the exception of the pretty little portico at the back, large enough for the maids to swing a hammock in and to have a comfortable rocking chair. That was the suggestion of the housemother herself, who takes a human interest in her two neat-handed Phyllises and wants them to be happy.

The house is entered through a small vestibule, with a seat built in at one side, and an umbrella closet at the other. The double doors are made in the old-fashioned way sometimes seen in early New England houses. That is, they are in two parts, swinging separately, so that the upper half can be opened, if desired, while the lower is closed. The upper half is wholly of glass, set in small diamond panes, and as this part is generally open the effect is that of a casement window.

The hall is not large, but is square, and has a small fireplace with top sloping back to the ceiling from the mantelshelf. Wide, arched doorways give entrance to drawing-room at the side and dining-room at the back. This arrangement gives an air of ample space, although the rooms are only of medium size.

Upstairs is a square hall from which

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the four sleeping and bath rooms open. It receives light from a window over the stairs. On the floor above is a store-room and a large sleeping-room for the two maids. The servant's bathroom is in the basement, but is as complete and well-finished as any other, with white enameled tub and open plumbing.

The furnishing is in character with the house—simple, tasteful, and comfortable.

The hall is finished in rough plaster, colored old gold, and woodwork and stairway are stained with a "greenery yallery" tint, made by mixing burnt umber and dark green. A small library table of wood green oak holds a lamp of Italian faïence, and beside the table stands a roomy chair of antique design. The few pictures are good carbon prints of Rembrandt heads, framed in green stained oak. The draperies between the hall and drawing-room are double, those next the hall being of wood green corduroy, and those on the inside are deep red in color, to harmonize with the furnishing of the room.

Old rose is the dominant tone in the drawing-room. The walls are hung with burlap of that shade, while the ceiling is a fainter tint. The hardwood floor is covered by a large Bokhara rug with ground of deep red. The window draperies are old rose damask, with stripes of a floral design containing an abundance of green.

Mahogany is the wood used in the furniture, which is in Chippendale style and is upholstered in a material similar to that of the draperies. The upright piano is placed at a right angle to the fireplace, the keyboard facing the windows, and its back is draped with olive green Cairene silk. It creates a cosy corner for the back of the room, with a teakwood tabouret, a divan, and a screen of teakwood fretwork as its details. Water-colors in gilt and in enameled wood frames, with a few good plaster reliefs of classic subjects, form the decoration.

The dining-room is finished in olive green to the "plate and pitcher shelf," which surrounds the room at the height of the doors. The shelf is stained a warm golden brown and the wall above shows the same tint. Pitchers, plates, and quaintly shaped jars of majolica, Italian and Moorish manufacture, are placed at intervals on the shelf, where their odd and brilliant coloring makes a charming frieze.

The woodwork and furniture are of Flemish oak and the rug is Daghestan, with a mingling of dark harmonious shades. There are no pictures in this room, pottery and cabinet of choice china supplying all needed ornament.

The same simplicity and good taste are shown in the rooms upstairs, but the servants' room is worth special description. As before mentioned, it is large and well lighted, and its arrangement converts it practically into two rooms, yet each is brighter and more cheerful than could have been possible if they were actually partitioned. A white iron bedstead stands on each side of the room, with a white enameled dressing case at one end and a white iron wash-stand at the other. At each window is a wicker rocking-chair beside a wicker table, all in white, and before each bedstead is a large denim rug of dark blue, with a little white for relief. Down the middle of the room is a movable partition made of three large Japanese screens joined by tapes. This provides entire seclusion for each maid, and as there are two closets exactly alike in the room both have ample convenience for their clothing. The walls are of rough white plaster and a number of pretty magazine pictures in colors, framed in dark wood, give a delightfully cosy and comfortable appearance.

A simple way to clean the wall-paper of an apartment which has become dirty, is to lightly wipe it down with old flannel—new flannel will not do. If the paper is not stained but only dusty, this method will serve the purpose without further labor.

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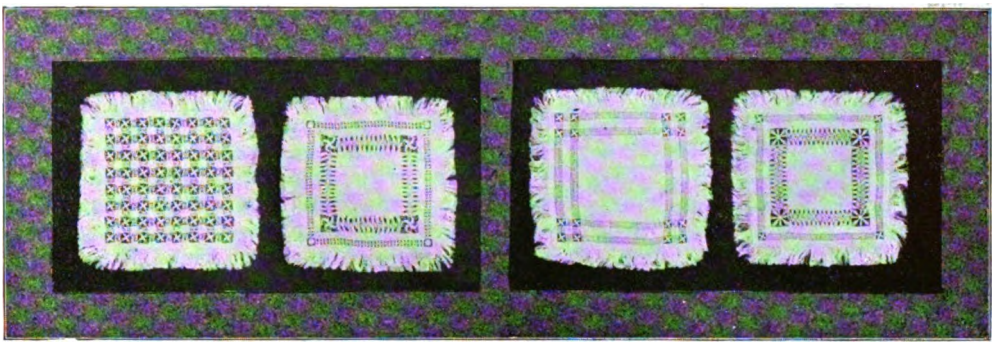


PLATE DOILIES MEASURING 11⅛ INCHES EACH—MEXICAN DRAWN-WORK

MEXICAN DRAWN-WORK

BY CAROLINE PENNOCK MUGRIDGE

THE historic records of this exclusively feminine art of drawn thread-work contain a very limited account of the origin of this particular handicraft, but it is recorded that as early as the twelfth century, when the tomb of St. Cuthbert at the cathedral of Durban was opened, the monk Reginald, who took part in the ceremonials, described the shroud worn by the saint as having a border, which was worked upon threads, representing birds and branching trees, while in the cathedral at Prague is still preserved a vestment once worn by a Roman Catholic priest, ornamented with this drawn-work said to have been made by Anne of Bohemia in 1527. It is probably due to the perishability of the material that so few productions of the older epochs of style are to be found in our museums, and that we infer their patterns only from descriptions and pictures.

The ancient Persian and Phœnician women excelled in this art, which descended from them to theMoors, who in turn taught it to the Spaniards. It reached Mexico at the time of the Spanish Conquest and since then has spread more or less throughout all America.

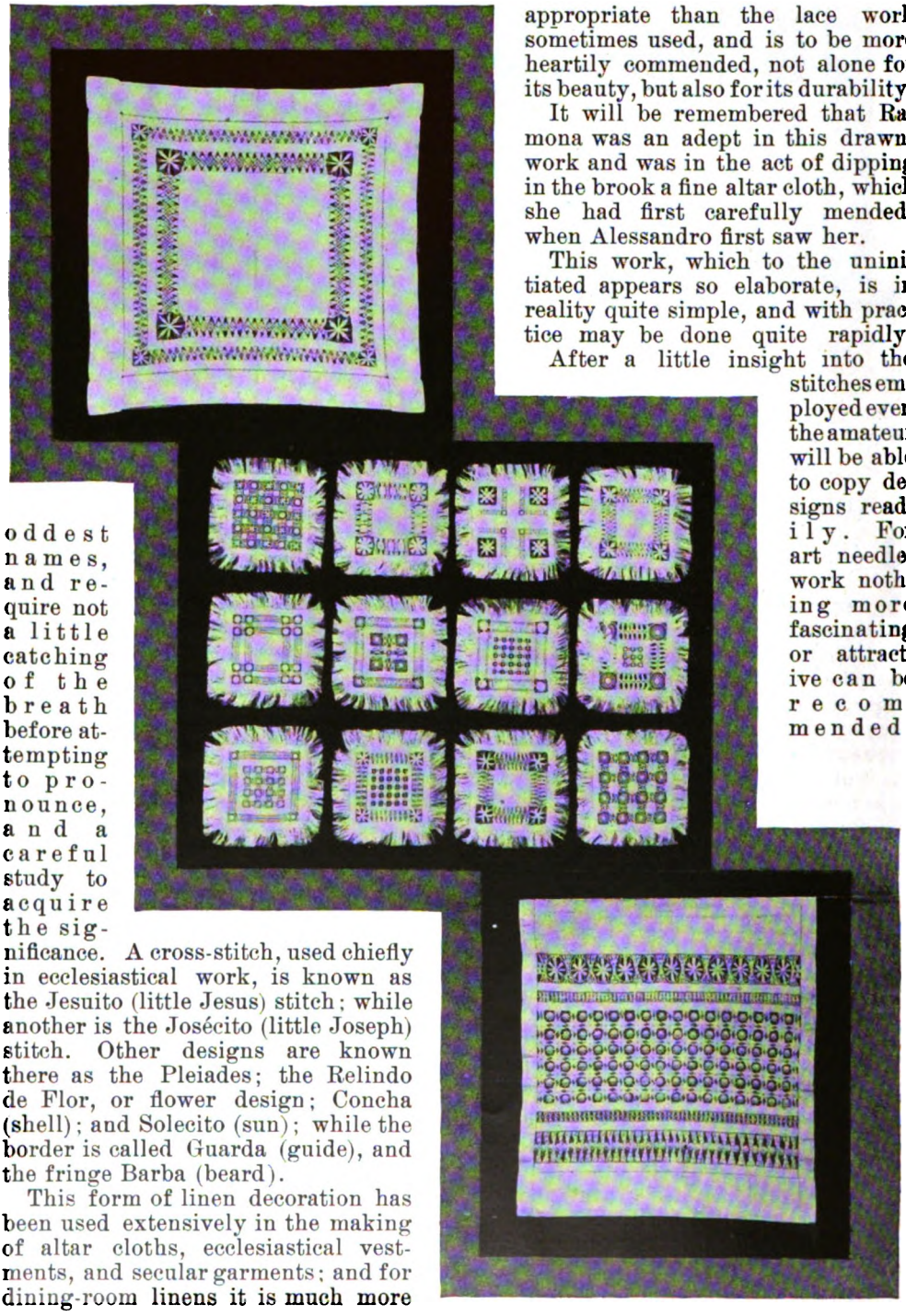
In Mexico, the finest specimens are said to come from Tamaulipas, and are made by the younger women, whose ages range from sixteen to thirty years. These women take great interest in their work, applying themselves to it industriously, yet at the same time are careful of their eyesight, working in the subdued light of the interior of their houses and weaving from six to eight hours a day, taking the remaining time for rest and recreation. It is often astonishing to see the beauty and value of this embroidery added to coarse and common material, and how the amount of time and labor represented can be afforded for the small amount asked for their wares is hard to understand.

There is no doubt but the Mexicans have the advantage of inherited skill; but much of their success is also due to the teaching of the convent schools, which have always been famous for their training in fine needlework.

The primary stitches used in this form of artistic expression are comparatively limited as only about twenty different stitches are employed in all, but various combinations and recombinations make it seem as if an endless variety were utilized.

Every province in Mexico has its own technical vocabulary and characteristic names for stitches and patterns, though the processes of working are the same; many of these same stitches have the

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oddest names, and require not a little catching of the breath before attempting to pronounce, and a careful study to acquire the significance. A cross-stitch, used chiefly in ecclesiastical work, is known as the Jesuito (little Jesus) stitch; while another is the Josécito (little Joseph) stitch. Other designs are known there as the Pleiades; the Relindo de Flor, or flower design; Concha (shell); and Solecito (sun); while the border is called Guarda (guide), and the fringe Barba (beard).

This form of linen decoration has been used extensively in the making of altar cloths, ecclesiastical vestments, and secular garments; and for dining-room linens it is much more appropriate than the lace work sometimes used, and is to be more heartily commended, not alone for its beauty, but also for its durability.

It will be remembered that Ramona was an adept in this drawn-work and was in the act of dipping in the brook a fine altar cloth, which she had first carefully mended, when Alessandro first saw her.

This work, which to the uninitiated appears so elaborate, is in reality quite simple, and with practice may be done quite rapidly. After a little insight into the stitches employed even the amateur will be able to copy designs readily. For art needlework nothing more fascinating or attractive can be recommended.

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PICTURE HANGING

BY HELEN J. SHIFFMAN

THERE is a proper way to hang pictures, although one would hardly believe it from the way they are jumbled together upon the walls of the average house. In general they are hung without regard to fitness of subject or to the value of picture and frame in the decoration of a room. Too often they are grouped without any definite or artistic idea, with the effect of being hung to fill spaces. If we should probe a little deeper into the matter, we might too readily find that they were bought like wall covering, perhaps in the following manner: The owner of the house or the interior decorator, who may know something about interior decorating but little or nothing about pictures, finds that pictures are a necessary element in the furnishing of a house. Thereupon he goes to an art dealer with the plan of the house in question, shows it to him, gives him the sizes of the spaces to be filled in each room, and asks him to furnish the pictures. The dealer does not deem it necessary to see the decorations or furnishings of this house, though he may ask a few questions about the colors of the walls. With such a method, though the pictures may be good if the dealer have taste, they are not in the least adapted to the character of the house or even to the quality of the owner's taste.

"A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts," some great writer has told us, but he should have said that a room hung with good pictures is hung with thoughts, and there is no reason why everybody should not have good pictures when the inexpensive reproductions of great paintings are so easily obtained.

Yet the best pictures when badly hung count for little. Picture hanging is a separate branch of the business and should be regarded as important. A mechanic who can put the hooks on picture molding properly or fasten the wires so they will hold, is too often considered worthy of this trust.

Oil paintings should be hung with oils, water-colors with water-colors; etchings and engravings may be hung together, but photographic reproductions are best hung alone. Never distribute pictures because of the size and color of their frames. Pictures, if well framed, are framed according to the color scheme and subject of the picture in question, in a way to bring out its quality to the best advantage. Hence some variety in the frames is inevitable, though the same kinds of pictures will be treated in the same general way and will rarely clash because of the framing alone.

My advice was recently asked as to how a large and valuable collection of Japanese prints should be hung. The question at issue was in regard to grouping them according to size by a method which would have sacrificed them inevitably. The frames were of the same general nature, so that by skilful arrangement they followed up an idea given by the room itself. One can readily see how the decorations of a room would naturally influence the hanging of the pictures. The decorator carries out an idea in the furnishing of a room; why should he not follow it up and accent it with the aid of the pictures upon the walls?

Pictures should always be hung upon a level with the eye and not strung up so high that one must crane the neck to see them, or so low that the furniture of the room is continually knocking against them. Gold twisted wire is used entirely, and the size is governed by the weight of the picture. Any good-sized picture is hung with double wire, which is suspended from the picture molding and passed through the screw-eyes at the back of the frame and up again to the picture molding. Passing the wire behind the picture makes it more secure

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and also easier to regulate in height. Plain brass molding hooks, two for each picture should be used, their size also regulated by the weight of the picture. Chains are never used.

If there are a number of small pictures they should not be hung from the picture molding. It is better to draw the wire tight across the back of the picture from screw-eye to screw-eye and then hang them on small brass wall hooks or wire nails. Either of these mar the wall very little, and small pictures count for much more in this way.

It is a great mistake to hang many small pictures in one room. While a few are in good taste and relieve the monotony of the wall, a great number tires the eye and makes a room anything but restful in appearance. Carry out an idea appropriate to the room and group your pictures in harmony with it. Every room requires a few good-sized pictures, and then a few small ones should be carefully grouped about them or near them. But everything depends finally upon the taste which goes into the delicate task. If a capable assistant be selected, one who has judgment and discrimination and the eye of an artist—an almost impossible combination—everything will be well with the room he touches and the pictures he selects and distributes.

THE DECORATION OF THE HOUSE

THE following editorial, from a recent issue of the *Scientific American*, contains some general remarks on the decoration of the house which will be of interest to our readers:

No modern house is now considered completed until it has been "decorated." The decoration of houses has become an important calling, requiring, in some instances, large capital, and catering to all sorts of conditions as expressed by the amount of money the client is disposed to spend upon his dwelling. House decoration is, therefore, an elastic term, applicable to palaces and apartment houses, and even finding its way into the tenement—the surest mark of the progress of popular art.

In a popular sense the decoration of the house is generally understood to imply paint and wall-paper, but in reality these essentials are only a part of the many things which go to decorate the house and make it habitable. For house decoration has a livable value as well as an æsthetic. It is no longer sufficient for a house to be convenient and roomy and given a charming exterior. It must be beautiful within as well as without, and in a very large number of cases the interior beauty far surpasses the exterior attractiveness. People have found that there is a direct relationship between beautiful surroundings and an enjoyable daily life, and the thriving decorators' shops and prosperous bric-à-brac dealers, and the high development of industrial art in its application to home objects, all point, in a most convincing way, to this fact.

The decoration of the house is a complicated art that includes many elements, some of which have, at first sight, slight relationship to each other. The house itself is the basis of all successful decoration. That is, to say, the plan of the house, the size and disposition of the rooms, the manner in which they open into each other, the nature of these openings, the windows, their shape and size, and the amount of light they admit, all have an important influence on the appearance of the furnished and decorated dwelling, and all play an important part in the final effect. Decoration is helped or hindered by construction in the American house of to-day, just as much as in more artistic periods, or in those epochs in which architecture was itself

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decorative without the help of applied ornamentation. Vicious planning is the more difficult defect to overcome in the house. Ordinarily it offends one by its inconvenience, or perhaps by its unsanitary effect; but it is quite as disastrous æsthetically as it is from any other standpoint, though its inconvenience may be more keenly felt.

Fortunately, however, the general subject of house planning now receives so much attention that positively bad plans are of rare occurrence, at least where competent architects have been employed to design the house. But in any event, whether good or bad, it is the plan which forms the basis of house decoration. Take, for example, the arrangement of the rooms and their relationship to each other. A house in which all the rooms open into each other through large doorways necessitates a more homogeneous treatment than one in which the rooms are separated. In the latter case a good deal of freedom is permissible in individual treatment, with little possibility of the colors and decorations clashing with each other. In the former a complete scheme is necessary, in which not only is each room considered by itself, but in its effect upon the adjoining apartments.

In decorating the house, therefore, the first step is to consider how much or how little adjoining rooms may influence each other. If they are connected by small doors, they can generally be treated without reference to each other; if connected by large doors and wide openings, it is impossible to ignore the fact that a good part of each room will be visible from the other, and that each is, in a sense, a single room, partly separated from the others. A certain unity is, therefore, unavoidable, though it need not be the unity of identity.

The part the plan takes in the decorative scheme having been taken into consideration, the question of color is next to be determined. This is the real key-note to the whole matter, for it is difficult to fail in interior decoration with a satisfactory and harmonious color scheme. But even before the colors can be fixed upon, it is necessary to consider the uses of the various rooms, and the furniture, pictures, and other objects they will contain. Furniture is quite as important a feature in decoration as the wall coverings and hangings. It is, of course, not always possible to begin at the beginning and decorate and furnish a house; sometimes this is possible, and in such cases, with competent direction and ample means, it is possible to obtain very beautiful and delightful results. Such instances, however, are the exception rather than the rule, and the average householder, starting in to decorate his dwelling, must generally be content with such furniture as he may have obtained from various sources and at various times.

The relationship of furniture to interior decoration is exactly this: with large, expensive articles, and many of them, it will be possible to adopt a simpler wall treatment than when the pieces of furniture and pictures are comparatively few in number. In any event, the wall surface forms a part of the furnishing of the room, and a very important part. Slight furnishings require a rich wall treatment, because more of it is visible, and it helps to conceal any apparent poverty in the articles in the room. Moreover, the possessor of many pictures and works of art will not feel justified in covering his walls with a rich decoration, and then hiding it by the more beautiful objects he will place upon it.

Color is more important than design or material in wall decoration. That chosen, the question of cost appears, perhaps for the first time. Decorative papers and fabrics are now brought to such a high degree of finish that the general effect is, to a large extent, independent of material. This is especially the case with high-priced wall-papers, many of which are very beautiful in design, as well as extremely decorative when applied to the walls. Quite as effective results can be obtained with paper as with more expensive material,

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and it is needless to suppose that the higher-priced article is necessary to artistic interiors. In fact, so far is this from the truth that even the cheaper grade of papers made nowadays produces very excellent results when well chosen. Good taste lies at the foundation of all effective interior decoration, and it is good taste rather than cost or price that determines the artistic effect of the home.

Wall treatment being determined and the ceiling decoration chosen, the general furnishing follows, both draperies and furniture being included in that term. And so much do walls and draperies count in the modern house that a dwelling with decorated walls and ceilings, curtains and portières is already more than half furnished. It is worth while keeping this point in mind, for it is the keynote of modern domestic decoration.

It marks, moreover, a complete change in American decoration. American houses, as a rule, are oversupplied with furniture. It has too long been supposed that an abundance of chairs, tables, stands, cabinets, and other articles of useful and ornamental furniture, is all that is needed to furnish the house satisfactorily. Pictures, of course, have always had their place, and of bric-à-brac there is no end; but that the wall, ceiling, and hangings are of equal importance as decorative adjuncts, and decorative features essential in themselves, has only recently come to be generally understood.

A LESSON IN SANITATION

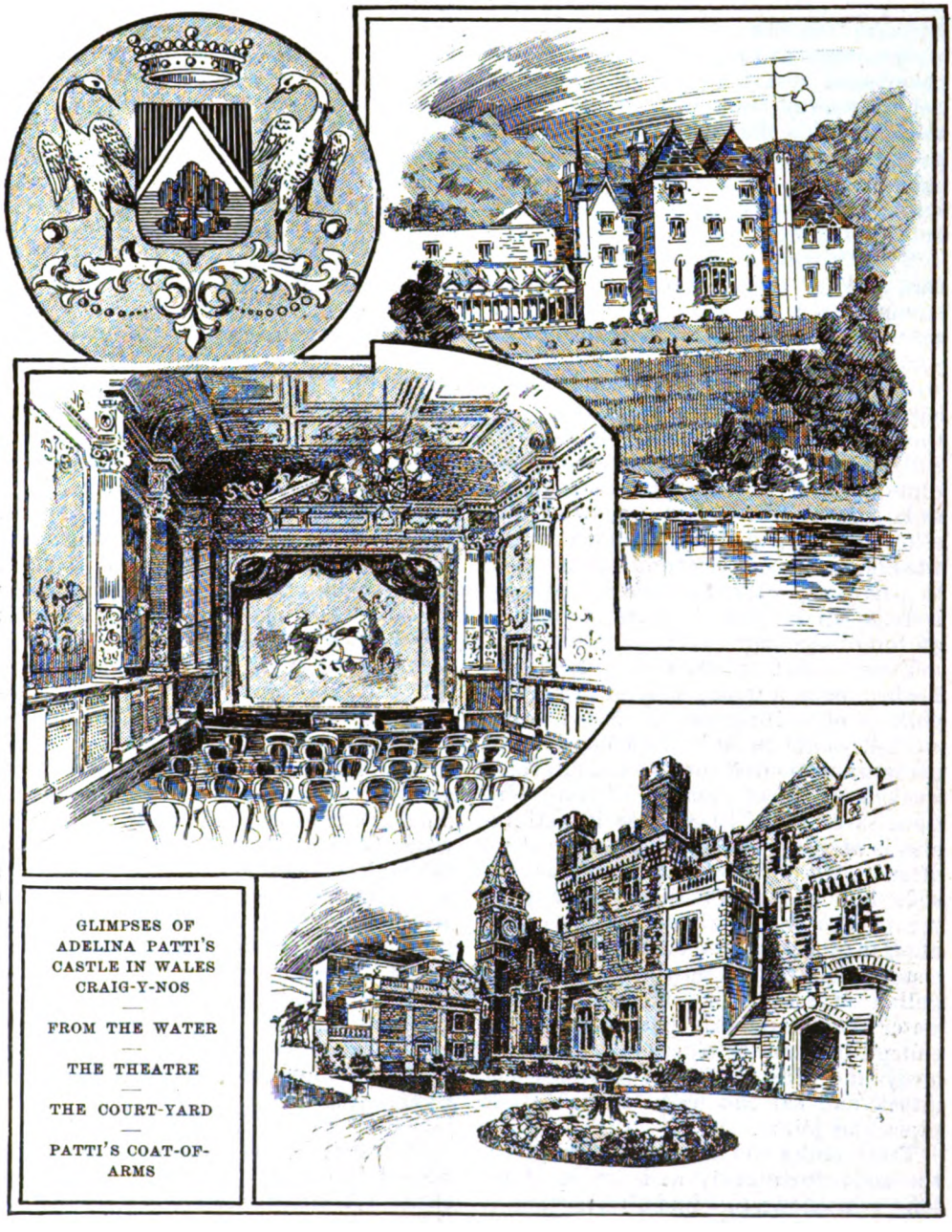
BY EMILY HOLT

NOWADAYS the plumber and his bill are your true household specters. Like other specters, careful common sense will put them to rout and confusion nine times in ten. Wise men have been studying this subject to devise plumbing that would take care of itself, but they have not yet succeeded. Neither are they likely to without a revolution in mechanics, whereby the tendency of fluids always to seek their own level may be eliminated, and other things as wonderful brought to pass. So long as knowledge remains nearly static, so long will it behoove every house-mistress to look well to the usage of her pipes and her traps.

A bit of rag or even string, a burned match, a wisp of hair, seems a very little thing—one that the pipes can carry off with no possible hurt. But the rag, by hanging over the bend of the trap, may serve as a siphon to take away the water-seal, which is all that stands between the household and unlimited sewer gas. And the rag may keep on doing it for weeks and weeks, until deadly disease is rampant. A string snarled and twisted may work the same ill. The match-ends of course ought to float away harmless, but are very much likelier to be caught in some eddy of the flush water, jammed into a crevice, and there to take to themselves other solid particles until they form a decaying clot, both offensive and dangerous. As for hair, there is no end to the harm it harbors. A wisp quickly forms itself into a sort of strainer, catching and holding all that passes. Aside from that it has a trick of lodging in the most inconvenient places; catching upon the least roughness inside the pipe, and staying there until by accretion it has clogged the whole space. Hair has special affinity for bits of soap. Solid soap, by the way, should never be sent down the pipes. Even very strong soapsuds are objectionable, unless you follow them with a flood of clean water, preferably hot water.

Coffee-grounds and tea-leaves either clog a pipe very soon or else, if the

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GLIMPSES OF ADELINA PATTI'S CASTLE IN WALES CRAIG-Y-NOS

FROM THE WATER

THE THEATRE

THE COURT-YARD

PATTI'S COAT-OF-ARMS

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flush-water prevents that, wear it through quickly, partly by mechanical action, partly by chemical. Neither should ever be permitted in a sink. Even if you are wise enough to keep out all grease, and thus make sure that the grounds shall get safe away from your own pipes, in the sewer they may come in contact with grease from pipes less carefully kept and cake and clog your whole pipe system, making necessary costly and inconvenient unclogging.

Every kitchen ought to have its grease-can, emptied once a week in winter, in summer every three days. All sorts of refuse-fat should go into it—even the scrapings from plates and dishes. Greasy water, as from boiling hams or corned beef, should be allowed to cool thoroughly, then have the grease carefully taken off, before it goes down the pipes. Skillets and frying pans ought to be filled with very hot soda water, and allowed to stand half an hour before washing. This gives time for the soda to partly saponify the grease, and keep it from sticking to the pipe, or caking on top of the trap.

Every closet in daily use should be flushed once a week, with at least two gallons of boiling water. Every other week it ought to have a gallon of copperas water poured into it, and alternate weeks a gallon of chloride of lime solution. Use plain lime water if nothing else is at hand. Then monthly, but no oftener, dissolve a pound of washing soda in a gallon of boiling water, pour it into the closet, let it stand fifteen minutes, then flush the closet from its own cistern and follow the flushing with a gallon of clear hot water. The soda water should stand in the trap just long enough to clean the sides, and be washed away and rinsed after, so it may not attack and eat the lead and solder of pipes and joints.

Treat sinks the same way, only use the soda fortnightly and let it stand longer in the trap. But always wash it out thoroughly. Plain lime water is better for a sink than the chloride, which smells to heaven—especially in a small room. For cleaning the traps beneath set bowls use the soda solution with a half pint of ammonia to the gallon. Twice a year at least put in the plug, fill the bowl to the brim with the ammoniated soda, and let it stand until as much as possible runs out through the waste vent. Tie a small swab of cotton strongly upon the ends of a coarse crochet hook, and with it wash out the vent holes as far as possible. Use the same sort of swab to clean the drain vents of bowls, bath tubs, and so on. The freer and cleaner the vents the better the sanitation.

In scouring faucets be careful to keep the scouring grit out of the joints. Even the finest particles quickly cut away screw threads turning many times a day. After scouring also take care to let the water run at least a minute before catching any for use. In washing sandy vegetables, as spinach, turnips, potatoes, use a big pan and drain off the dirty water, so the sand may be caught. Even a spoonful of sand going down a pipe will cut and wear it more than a hogshead of water.

Milky water is one of the hardest things to manage. Even a small quantity daily fouls pipes and sets up a most evil smell, unless the milky water is followed by a flushing of soda water moderately strong, with a lime water flush about every three days. The lime water is made more effective by adding salt to it. Sea salt is best. Put a lump as big as the fist in an earthen or wooden vessel along with twice a bulk of quicklime, and cover with four gallons of hot water. Stir well and let it settle. Pour the clear liquid down the pipes and follow it in half an hour with a flush of clear water boiling hot. Thus every kind of a sink may be kept sweet and fresh.—*Detroit Journal.*

Oak that is neither polished nor varnished is a little troublesome to keep clean. A mixture of equal parts of spirits of wine and glycerine will give a surface that will not easily soil, and will not change the appearance.

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SOME NOTES ON BOOKS

We have had so many evidences of the friendliness of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL readers that we call their attention to the books we publish, with a certain confidence in their interest. Our autumn list is just ready, and while it is not a very large one, its selection is, we believe, not lacking in evidence of taste and judgment. In the spring we took a stand somewhat unusual among publishers. We determined at that time to accept no manuscripts which we had not read and which were not in themselves worthy of publication. We figured that the policy of accepting a manuscript by a well-known author and relying on the author's name for a sale, was a bad one. We published our spring books because we thought they were good and thought that others would like them. How our policy has worked is shown by the following:

"Graustark: the Story of a Love Behind a Throne," the first book of an unknown author, is now the fourth best selling book in the United States; over sixty thousand copies have already been sold; it is the best selling book in Canada; a large edition has been placed in England, and the dramatic rights have been sold to Miss Mary Mannering, who will produce the play during the coming season.

"By the Waters of Babylon," by Mrs. Reginald de Koven, is now in its third edition, and is frequently mentioned in the trade reports among the best selling books.

"The Inn of the Silver Moon" is one of the best selling books in New York. It has never had an unfavorable press review, and it is especially recommended in the lists of best books in the New York *Times Saturday Review* and *Life*.

"The Love of an Uncrowned Queen" is now in its fourth edition, and librarians of public libraries in all the large cities report that it is one of the books for which there is the most demand. It is one of the most popular books ever listed by the *Book Lovers' Library*.

"Ezra Caine," and "Euphrosyne and Her Golden Book," are just out and have not had time to become widely known. As we said in the beginning, we did not expect that they would be popular, but we publish them because it would have been a crime to refuse them.

Our publications for the autumn were chosen after much consideration and are the result of a very severe reading process. We believe they will meet with as general approval as the spring books.

"Graustark," it is needless to say, appears first on the fall list. We estimate that over two hundred thousand copies will be sold within the next six or eight months. Every one is going to read it; first, because it is a thrilling, splendid story, and secondly, because not to know it will argue a neglect of current literature one would seek to avoid.

Beside "Graustark" we shall issue the following.

"The Christmas Garland: A Miscellany of Verses, Stories, and Essays," by well-known authors. Illustrated in colors. Two editions. Limited edition de luxe, bound in white padded silk, gilt edges, in a box, $3.50 net. Popular edition, bound in white vellum cloth, gilt top, in a box, $2.00. A modern revival of the "Gift Book" so popular in this country fifty years or more ago. It is believed the public will welcome a collection of verses and stories by the best known writers, selected with judgment, and printed and bound with taste. The authors include Octave Thanet, Maurice Thompson (author of "Alice of Old Vincennes"), Maria Louise Pool, George Ade, Louise Chandler Moulton, Clyde Fitch, John Burroughs, I. Zangwill, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, John Kendrick Bangs, Edmund Gosse, Robert Louis Stevenson, and many others. The illustrations are all in color and cover a wide variety of popular subjects. The book is admirably adapted to the holiday season, beautifully printed, bound, and boxed.

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"Animals," by Wallace Rice. Illustrated in color. Octavo, cloth, $2.00. A book which describes for both old and young the characteristics and habits of wild animals in a most entertaining and breezy way. It makes them alive and vivid to the imagination. One of the chief features of the book is the splendid collection of animal portraits. These illustrations are included in the volume by an arrangement with the Nature Study Company, which furnished the illustrations for "Bird Neighbors."

"The Golfer's Rubáiyát," by H. W. Boynton. With decorative borders. 16mo, $1.00. A very amusing little volume of quatrains in Omar's style, embellished with borders, showing the Oriental popularity of golf and its accompanying pleasures.

"One Forty-two: The Reformed Messenger Boy," by Henry M. Hyde. Fully illustrated. Uniform in size and style with "Checkers." 16mo, cloth, $1.25. A collection of stories of a reformed messenger boy, told with much humor. They properly belong in the same class with "Artie," "Checkers," "Pink Marsh," and the other "slang classics" published by Herbert S. Stone & Company.

"Ruskin's Principles of Art Criticism," by Ida M. Street, sometime western collegiate alumnæ fellow in English Literature at the University of Michigan. Students find Ruskin's principles of art scattered through so many volumes, and so interwoven with criticisms of life and literature, without any attempt to arrange them in a convenient form for comparison or reference, that they often fail to get a clear conception of his principles of art in their relation to each other. The purpose of this book is to meet this difficulty by setting forth in detail Ruskin's philosophy of art. In the several chapters are considered the principles or laws which Ruskin believes form the basis of all æsthetic criticism, and following each chapter is a series of extended extracts from Ruskin's works, in which he discusses these principles, and which serve to illustrate and verify the author's exposition of the subject. These extracts, together with the additional references to Ruskin's various writings, furnish the student with ample material for an extended study of the great critic's philosophy of art. The main purpose of the book, however, is general culture rather than technical instruction. Its aim is to aid the general student in forming a standard by which to judge all works of art and not simply to discuss technical points in the criticism of pictures.

"The Last of the Knickerbockers," a comedy romance, by Herman K. Vielé (author of "The Inn of the Silver Moon"). 12mo, cloth, $1.50. Mr. Vielé has followed up the success of the fantastic little tale, which was so popular last season, with a "comedy romance," which promises to add very substantially to his reputation. In the first place, he handles the English language like a literary artist; his style is continuously charming. In addition to this, he tells a story of a young girl—the last of a Knickerbocker family—pretty, modern, up to date, yet showing constantly the influence of her family traditions. She meets, in a sufficiently unconventional way, a young man from the West, and their love story is the story of the book. Mr. Vielé's situations are fantastic and delightful, and he gives to New York all the picturesqueness of the New Amsterdam it once was. The book is certain to be very successful.

"Aubrey Beardsley's Drawings to Illustrate the Works of Edgar Allan Poe." Beautifully printed on Japan paper. In a portfolio quarto, $5.00 net. Edition limited to two hundred and fifty sets.

"The Book of a Hundred Houses," being a collection of pictures and suggestions intended to help all persons who have homes. Quarto, cloth, $1.50. A companion volume to "Successful Houses," made up largely of articles and pictures reprinted from early and out-of-print issues of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

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Questions and Answers



The editor of this department will be glad to describe in detail the decoration of a single room, or to give general suggestions for several rooms, in reply to each letter. But it is necessary to charge a small fee for detailed plans for an entire floor or for the house as a whole. Whenever the address is given and stamps are inclosed, replies will be sent by mail within three weeks.

Decorating a Country House

There is a very small old country house which I am putting in shape for summer use. Will you kindly give me a few suggestions for an economical way of decorating and furnishing the sitting-room and dining-room. The house faces east. Upon entering a small hall, on the right is a bedroom, on the left a sitting-room 12 by 15. From each of these rooms a door leads into the dining-room, which is 10 by 25. Seven feet from the left end there was a partition which I shall probably replace by a grille with curtains, making an alcove, with a window facing west and a door leading to the porch, which is on the south side of the house. The sitting-room also has a door and window opening on the porch, with two windows at the front. At the right (north) end of the dining-room is the staircase, but this is exclusive of the dimensions given. Between the two doors is a large, old-fashioned fireplace and opposite two windows. There is also a smaller fireplace in the sitting-room. The ceiling is low, about nine feet. There is no wainscoting in either room, and I think that the woodwork is white, though this may be changed if desirable.

How would you suggest covering the walls—color scheme and material? Also cheap finishing. We shall probably use the porch, which is new (14 by 25), as a room in pleasant weather.

H. B. C.

If the white paint in your house is in good condition it should be retained, otherwise painting the woodwork a very dark green throughout the house is advised. In the February number of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, of the current year, is an article on the economical furnishing of an old house, and *Harper's Bazar*, of April 6, 1901, contains a suggestive paper on the treatment of a similar home.

Papers reproducing old-fashioned designs are most appropriate for your house, the hall and the sitting-room excepted. The hall is too small for a figured paper, and pictures cannot be hung with good results against colonial wall-papers. Then the restfulness that comes from a plain background is necessary in at least one room. For the hall and sitting-room, either a green or a copper-color is recommended. We inclose samples of burlap, but paper, or even a good calcimine, could be used. The dining-room would be effective in yellow. We send you a sample of American paper with the basket pattern which is one of the best colonial reproductions of which we know.

Old mahogany furniture seems to belong to your house, but old shapes painted green are an excellent substitute. In time, perhaps, the mahogany pieces could be collected. It is possible now to get a few old designs in new wood. This is particularly true of the different Windsor chairs. A few pieces of rattan furniture and a little of the Raffia could be used with discretion. Weathered oak and the furniture designed by Gustave Stickley are ideal in a home that is old English in character, but are hardly suitable in a colonial house.

The windows should be simply curtained in plain or figured muslin. The low ceilings and big fireplaces of your rooms suggest charming possibilities.

Another Country House

We are just beginning the country house, of which the first floor plan is inclosed, and any suggestions you make can be carried out.

The front windows, first and second story, and the dining-room windows are of plate-glass. The casement windows on either side of the fireplace in living-room and upper sash of second-story window are small squares; the others, as a rule, are one light to the sash.

There will probably be leaded plate-glass windows and transom about solid front door, although we are a little in doubt about it.

We do not know whether to make the large windows at the stairway landing of plate-glass, leaded plate, or of small diamond tinted panes. These three windows are 3 by 8 feet each. The main hall, living-room, den, and dining-room will be quartered white oak, hardwood floors, and float sand finish.

Kindly suggest color scheme for each room, and also the best kind of windows for hall. There will be brick mantel in hall and wood ones in other rooms, any color designated.

We are inclined to golden oak for living-room and den, but are open to suggestions as to all the rooms. We do not want Flemish oak, however.

The house will be in a lot 200 by 300 feet, surrounded but not shaded by fruit trees. It faces east and will be 125 feet from the street, first story

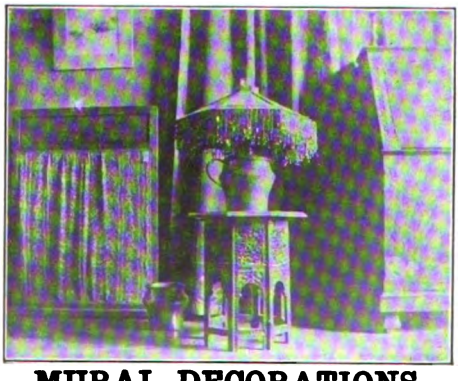
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

weatherboard, second story shingles; first story ceiling ten and one-half feet, second ten feet.

Our house is a modification of a plan published in your magazine some months ago.

H. L. W.

The quartered white oak in its natural state is preferred to the golden finish. We regret that you do not care for Flemish oak, as it makes for great richness and dignity. With the white oak the range of color for the walls is somewhat limited. Blues and greens combine well with it and certain shades of mulberry.

In the main hall a paper in a large leaf design in green would be effective, with plain green in the living-room and gobelin blue in the parlor. In the dining-room a hand-blocked Chelsea paper in green and yellow, green predominating, would look exceedingly well, with russet or pomegranate in the den. Either cartridge papers, burlaps, or grass-cloths could be chosen for the plain hangings.

We incline to the plain leaded glass for the hall windows, rather than the tinted panes, particularly as your outlook seems to be unusually attractive.

Naming a Cottage

Can you suggest a suitable name for a small summer cottage, in among the trees, on a high bluff, overlooking a broad stretch of lake? I want something "taking," unique, and quite removed from "Lakeview," "Clovernook," "Elms," etc. If possible I should like some sentiment analogous to "Bide-a-Wee;" be it Indian or Scotch or English, I care not.

M. L. S.

"Windy Ledge" might fit your cottage, or "Drachenfels," which is Norwegian for "Dragon's Rock." It is rather difficult for outsiders to make suggestions in a matter of this kind. Usually the situation of the house is an inspiration to the owner. Again some circumstance connected with the building may suggest a good name, or some character or place in a favorite book may also suggest a fitting word. We can sympathize with you in not caring for "Lakeview," "The Elms," or others equally hackneyed. "Yarrows," if yarrow grows on the grounds, would be unusual. "Linden Crest," is good if there are lindens, not otherwise. We are unable to find an Indian sentiment analogous to "Bide-a-Wee." An English equivalent might be found in "Tarry-a-While."

Sadler's Interior

Of what period (colonial?) would you call the interiors of Denby Sadler's pictures, and can I get a book showing interiors, furnished in exactly that style? J. M. S.

Denby Sadler's pictures show interiors of the late Georgian period. We know of no book devoted exclusively to this era of house furnishing. The furniture is, for the greater part, late Sheraton and Empire, although some of the rooms show woodwork of an earlier date. In "Old and Crusted" the doors and walls are of

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Queen Anne's time, and in "Over the Nuts and Wine" the wainscoting is of a day prior to William IV.'s reign.

It would be a pleasant task to reproduce some of these interiors, taking a bit here and a bit there. The wood paneling in "Dummy Whist," the chairs in "Returning Thanks," and the corner cupboard in "For Fifty Years," would make a charming combination. Sadler is a careful student of detail, and his silver candlesticks and old china are as true to the time he depicts as the quaint costumes of his people.

To our knowledge, Sadler's pictures have not been reproduced in book form. An English firm has published etchings of all his works, and these may be secured through picture dealers in most large cities.

Woodwork and Furniture

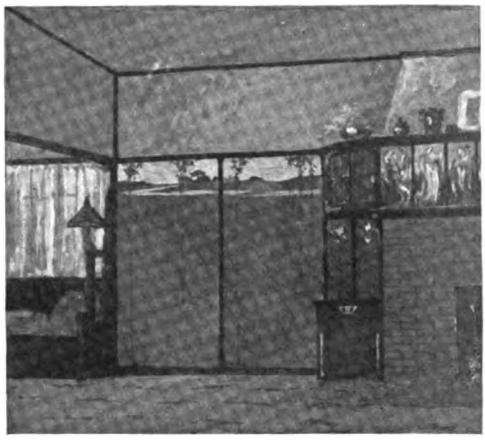
We have just bought a small house which is not quite right, but can be made comfortable. We shall build on an extra room, which will be used as a dining-room, and decorated in deep yellow. It will be furnished in mahogany of simple design. The house was freshly papered last spring, unfortunately not to my taste; but I can make few changes.

Other furniture so far is Flemish oak with two or three green stained pieces, and I thought of supplementing it with some green stained wicker or this new grass furniture. Could you suggest anything better? The parlor is my chief trouble. I cannot think what to do with it. In the first place I never expected to have a parlor. I prefer a large living-room, and have bought my pieces accordingly. Then the walls are so light as to look very badly opening into the dark blue hall and the dark green library. Would an old blue in a plain paper look well and be in harmony with the blue of the hall and the green of the library? My rugs are fairly good Oriental ones in dark blues and reds, chiefly.

My pictures I can group into those with brown mats and frames, those in black, and water-colors. I have besides o[illegible]ld oil portrait of my grandfather, a dear o[illegible] sampler, mounted and framed in a narrow [illegible]ahogany edge, and a miniature. I had thought of keeping the water-colors and the old things in the dining-room. Let me put to you concisely my questions: Can I, by decorating the parlor alone, secure harmony throughout, and what would you suggest as to color and paper? Can I not turn this room into something besides a formal parlor, and what sort of furniture would you suggest as combining well with this Flemish oak, of which I have a library table and chair, a small desk and chair, a pedestal, and a tabourette, all in colonial shades, *i. e.*, imitation? The tea-table and chair are of the green stained oak.

M. A. R.

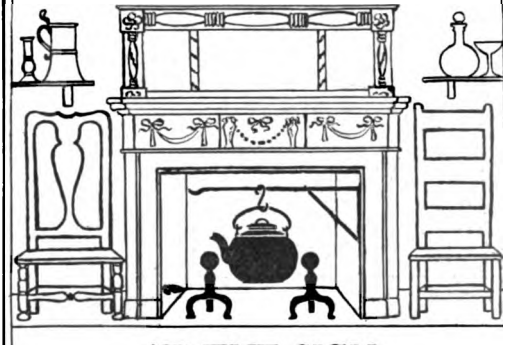
Your house has unfortunate woodwork, but you have such good ideas in regard to color schemes and general arrangements that we are confident you will have an attractive home. Either a dull deep blue or a strong green would look well in the parlor. We are inclined to choose blue, a burlap if possible, unless you



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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

consider the room as part of the library and paper it accordingly. The room may be made as informal as you wish. Changing the word "parlor" to "living-room" is a step in the right direction.

Flemish oak and mahogany should not be combined in the same room. The green stained furniture might be used to a limited extent with either wood, but oak and mahogany are too unlike in character to be placed side by side.

In the library, the plate-rail could be retained until the whole treatment of the room can be altered. As the rail is low and narrow, a line of old prints could be hung above it with pleasing effect.

Paint For Floors

Kindly answer the following questions, either by mail or through the magazine:

1. Is there a paint that will last long enough on a floor to pay for putting it on? If so, please name it. Dark red is the color desired, and the floor is entirely too poor to stain.

2. What is your opinion of paint as a finish for common plastered walls; that is, paint instead of paper or tinting? Is it suitable for a private house? J. P.

There are many paints that wear well and that more than pay for the time and trouble spent in applying them. Messrs. George L. Watson & Co., of Chicago, manufacture a very durable paint for floors, and it comes in a variety of colors. The "Monogram Mixed Paint" is the trade name and full directions accompany each can. Painted floors would last longer than they do and be more satisfactory if each coat of color were allowed to dry before another is applied, and if people could be persuaded not to walk on the floor for at least three days after the final coat is given. Even carefully tip-toeing over a pathway of newspapers is injurious to the paint, and leaves ever after a mark of faint footprints.

Painted walls in a kitchen are excellent for they can be cleaned easily. For the other rooms of a house, paper and calcimine are better. "Tinting" we cannot indorse anywhere, except possibly in dark cupboards. A tint, as the name implies, is a pale color, and a pale wall is not an agreeable thing to live with.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A Color Scheme

We would like suggestions for first floor of house, including hall, parlor, back parlor, library, and dining-room. The woodwork in all these rooms is white pine, grained. Mantels in parlor and library are oak. Height of ceilings nine and one-half feet. Size of hall about six by eighteen, including stairs; parlor, about twelve by fifteen; back parlor, about twelve by fifteen; library, about fourteen by sixteen; dining-room, about fourteen by sixteen; we want something subdued, not too prominent. Please make proper suggestions for papering, carpets, etc. In case of painting anew, what suggestions would you make? E. M.

The following color scheme is suggested for your house: Green in the parlors, a Chiswick paper in subdued greens and yellows in the hall, plain yellow in the dining-room and russet in the library. Burlaps and grass-cloths make ideal wall hangings, but are much more expensive than plain papers. An excellent shade of green may be found in cartridge paper, and we think that you will have no difficulty in finding a good russet in that material. All the yellow shades are unsatisfactory and a calcimine is advised, unless burlaps are desired.

With the color scheme given, the ceiling of the hall should be a deep yellow, a paler tone in that color in the dining-room, a light russet for the ceiling of the library, and in the parlors, a delicate green. With walls nine and a half feet high, no frieze is required and the molding should be placed at the cornice line.

Bare floors with rugs are earnestly recommended rather than carpets. If bare floors are an impossibility, the hall and parlors we think should be carpeted alike, either in a green Wilton or a green terry. The dining-room and library would look well carpeted in a deep russet. The quality of the floor covering must be determined by the wall-papers and the furnishings of the rooms. Cartridge paper and terry go well together, and with this combination, denim makes appropriate curtains, couch covers, etc. Wilton demands something richer.

The woodwork in your house is not desirable. Grained wood of any kind has an artificial ap-

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BY GEORGE ADE

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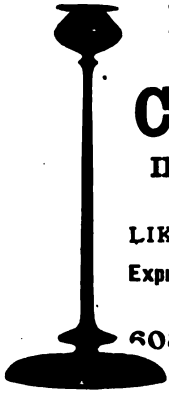
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

pearance, and grained pine especially is poor in tone. It will harmonize, however, with all the color schemes suggested except the yellows of the dining-room. If preferred, a dull gray-blue could be chosen for the dining-room, and for the hall a Chiswick paper combining blue and green. We like the yellow scheme better, however, particularly as the dining-room has but one window, and that on the north side of the house. The woodwork in this room could be stained mahogany or painted green. Dark green paint throughout the house wonld effect a pleasant transformation

A Pewter Platter

Will you please tell me the age and value of a pewter plate twelve inches in diameter, marked Graham & Wardrop, and on the back near the maker's name is a figure, a square inclosing a ship, and the words "Success to the United States of America." I do so hope you can tell me when and where it was made, and the name of a desirable book on old pewter marks. A. O.

We are inclined to think that your pewter plate is an old American piece, made when the United States navy was in its infancy. Graham & Wardrop were pewterers in Cornhill, Boston, and your plate, or more properly speaking, platter, was evidently molded by them. So far as the ship and the words, "Success to the United States of America" are concerned, the piece might be of English origin quite as well as American. English pewterers and potters made designs especially for the American trade and often added mottoes that were anything but English in spirit. But English pewter was usually stamped with a "guild mark," which on this metal was an equivalent to a "hall mark" on silver. It was a stamp of approval and proclaimed the pewter to be of standard composition. The fact that your piece has no such mark leads us to think that it is not English. Again, most of the English pewter and china with American scenes and sentiments was made after the year 1812, while your platter, if executed by the Cornhill metal workers, dates back to the latter part of the eighteenth century.

We regret that we cannot tell you of a book on the marks of old pewter, for after many inquiries we are obliged to conclude that such a volume does not exist.

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THE AMERICAN AUTHORITY ON HOUSEHOLD ART

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The editor will be glad to receive articles and photographs suited to the pages of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. He particularly desires descriptions and illustrations of "successful houses," similar to those which have already appeared in these pages, together with notes on gardens, furniture, bric-à-brac, prints, silver and jewels, and the work of the Arts and Crafts societies. The editor will not be responsible for rejected contributions, but he will endeavor to return them whenever a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. In all cases the sender's name should be plainly written on manuscript and on the backs of photographs or drawings. Articles and photographs which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates on their appearance in the magazine.

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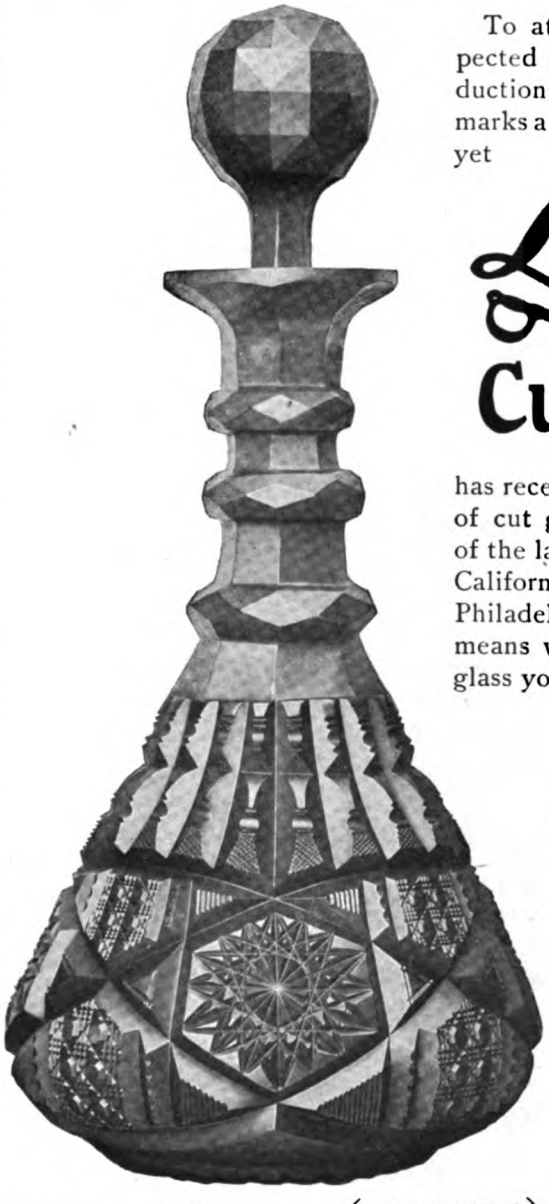
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TO OUR READERS
ACTUAL AND PROSPECTIVE

IT IS SAFE to say THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL is better than ever before. The June issue began the change; the July and August and September numbers emphasized it; October and November show more clearly what the magazine is to be. Each month has brought it a little nearer the ideas and the ideals of the Editor. We do not assert for a second that the magazine is all it should be. It is not yet practical enough or thick enough, but it is constantly getting more helpful and more attractive, and all the while its teachings and its preachings do not vary one hair's breadth from the standards of good taste in decoration and furnishing for which it has always stood. As the time goes on it is gratifying to see the increasing number of houses rearranged according to HOUSE BEAUTIFUL suggestions. It is also gratifying that the old subscribers continue to take and enjoy the magazine, while new names are coming in more rapidly than before.

We have never spent much time making promises for the future and we are not going to begin now. But, at the completion of the tenth volume—the end of the fifth year—it may be well to say a word about what our readers may expect.

With the increased number of contributors to THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL has come a broadening of interest. The subjects for treatment are practically limitless, and limitless as to practicality. The illustrations, which have always been numerous and good, are becoming clearer and more helpful. We propose to increase the size of the magazine—that is, the number of pages—as fast as possible, so that in time each month will bring all of the reading matter, pictures, and suggestions most readers will wish at one time.

In addition to the merely practical side of home-making we are endeavoring constantly to furnish entertaining and instructive matter. Mr. James William Pattison's excellent articles on "Great Artists" have had a wide popularity. He has succeeded in treating hackneyed subjects in a new and most interesting way. He has placed the artists where they belong in the history of art and given the reader a just account of the work each master accomplished. These articles will be continued for some months.

Mr. R. C. Spencer, Jr., one of the cleverest and at the same time one of the most sensible of the younger architects, has only begun his series of articles on "Houses of Moderate Cost." These plans and illustrations are full of suggestions for those about to build or remodel.

Miss Virginia Robie's instructive essays on the "History of Furniture" are now nearing completion, but she will continue to be a regular contributor to THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

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The "Homes of American Millionaires," of which Mr. W. C. Whitney's wonderful New York house was the first to be described, will be taken up from time to time. The December issue, for instance, will have an excellent article on Hon. Whitelaw Reid's country home, "Ophir Hall."

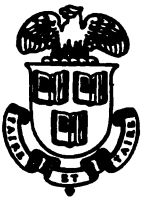
A new department, the "Homes and Home Life of Famous Women," will soon be added, and the always popular series of "Successful Houses" will continue. Many other subjects of general interest will be treated in the next few months, among which the following may be mentioned:

Chinese Porcelains, by R. I. Geare. Illustrated.
Japanese Porcelains, by Katherine Louise Smith. Illustrated.
A Mountain Fireside Industry, by Katherine Louise Smith. Illustrated.
An Architect's House in the Country, by Arthur Russell. Illustrated.
Picturesque Cottages in Ireland, by H. S. Turner. Illustrated.
A Few Indian Houses, by George Wharton James. Illustrated.
The Care of Palms, by Agnes Kennedy. Illustrated.
Old Chester, by Elizabeth E. Goldsmith. Illustrated.
Miss Starr's Bookbinding, by Wallace Rice. Illustrated.
A Western China Hunt, by Frances Roberts. Illustrated.
The Old Connors House, by Charles S. Clark. Illuatrated.
The Value of Vines as Decoration, by Alice M. Kellogg. Illustrated.
In Quest of Inspiration, by Joy Wheeler Dow. Illustrated.
Annuals for Edging, by Ida D. Bennett.
The Care of House Plants in Winter, by Ida D. Bennett.
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Wooden Utensils—Mazer, Quaigh and Trencher, by Martha Rockée Flint.
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Women in Their Dealings with Architects, by Walter C. Root.
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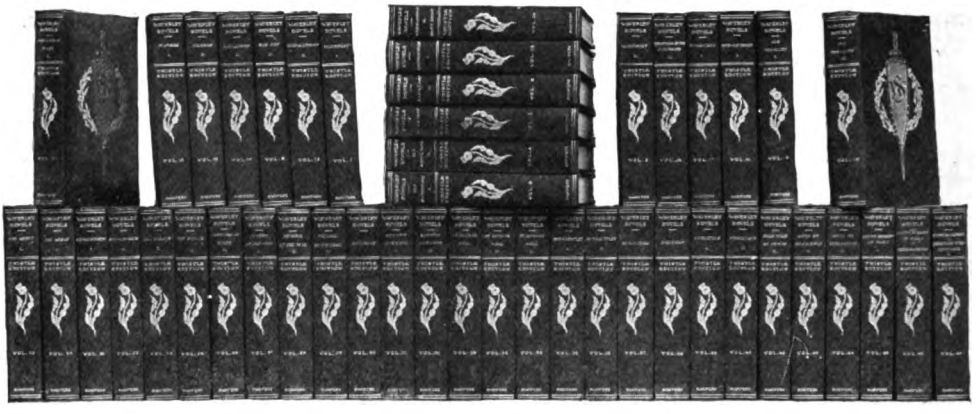
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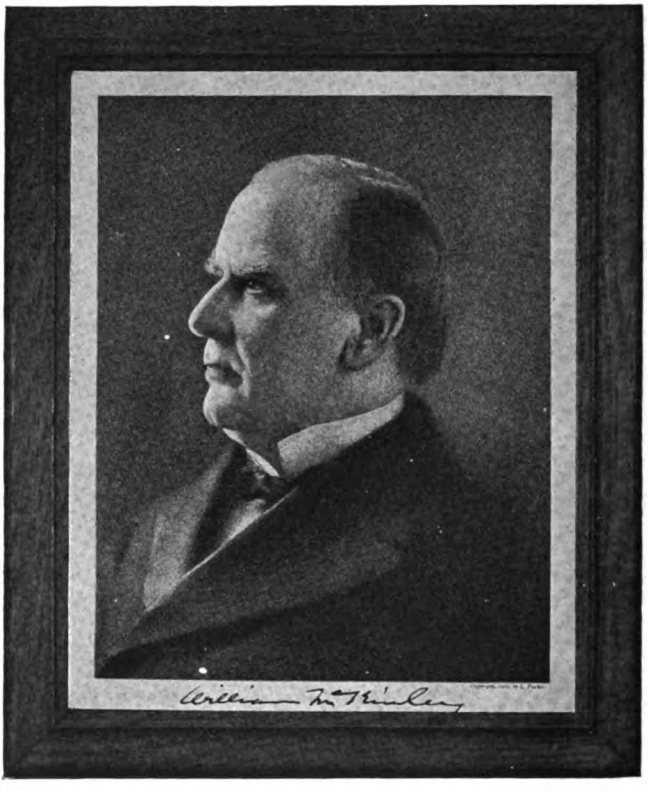
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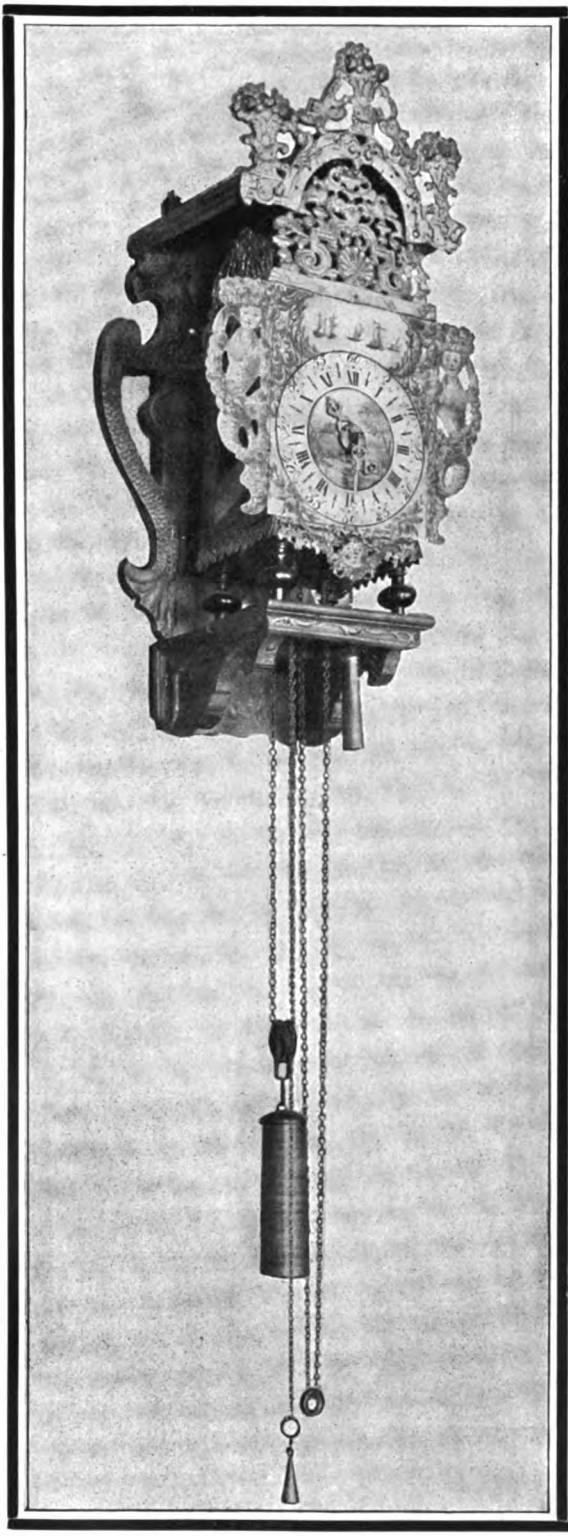
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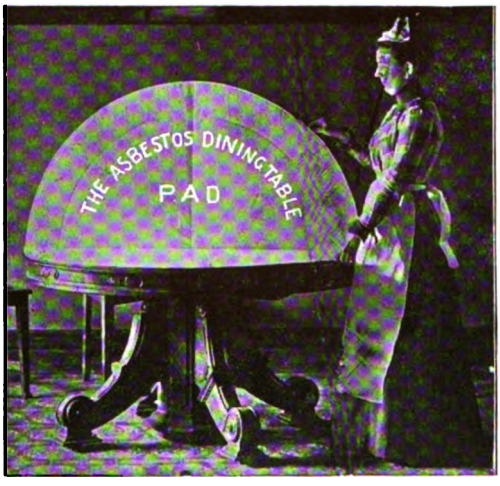
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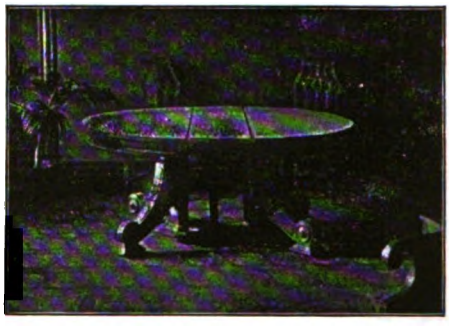
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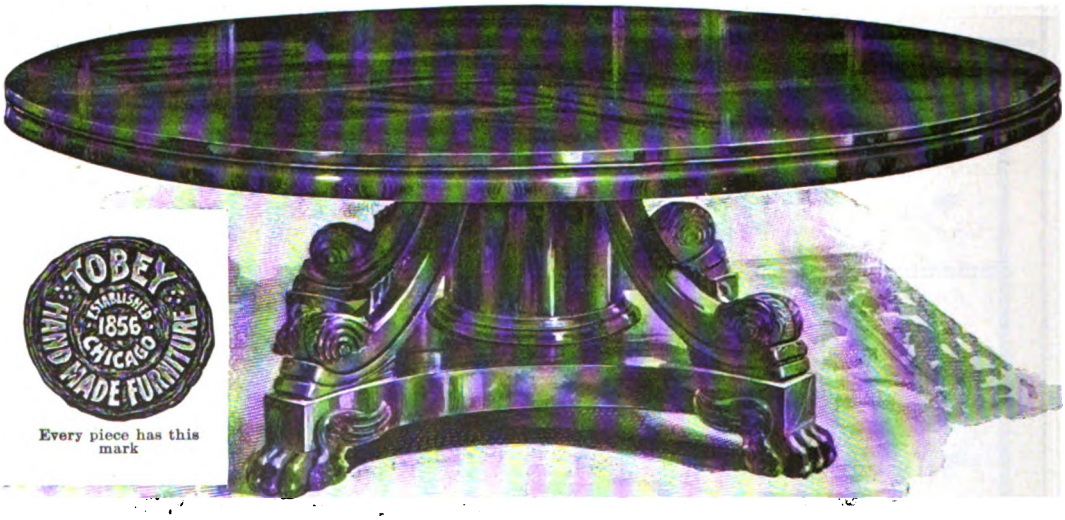
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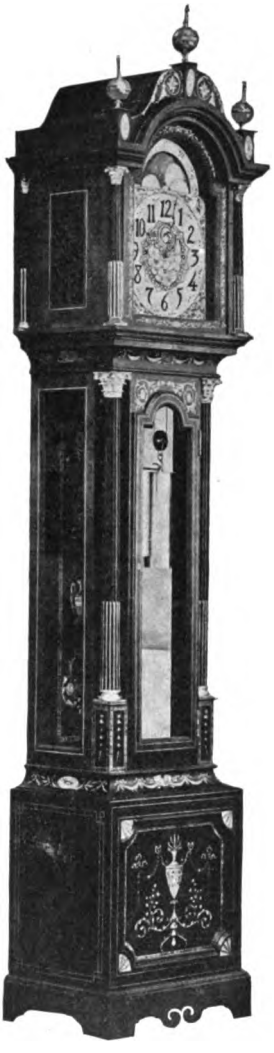
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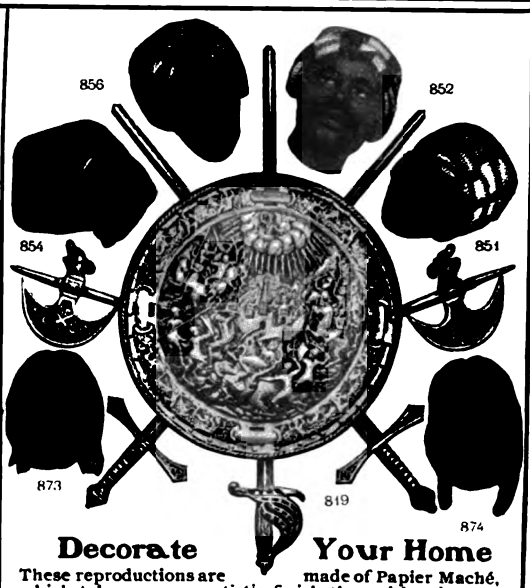
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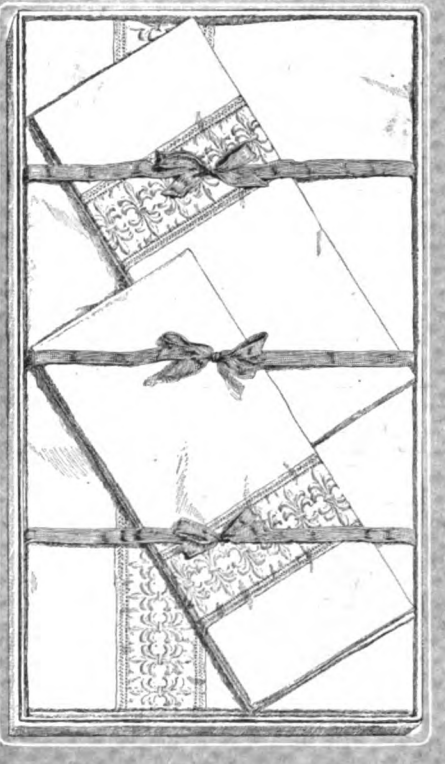
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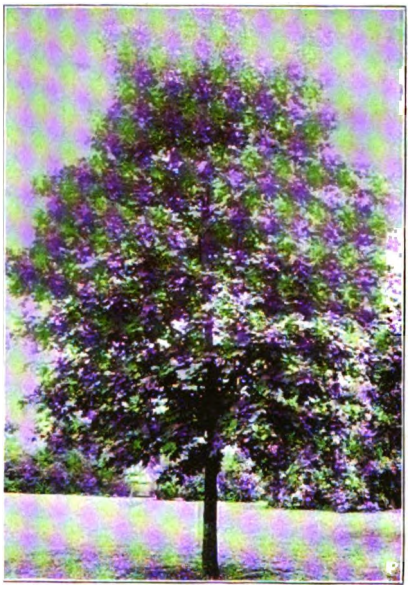
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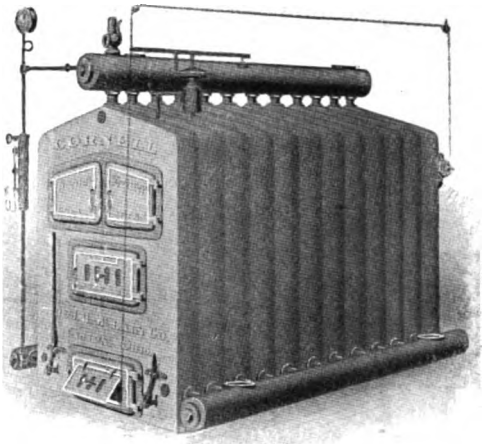
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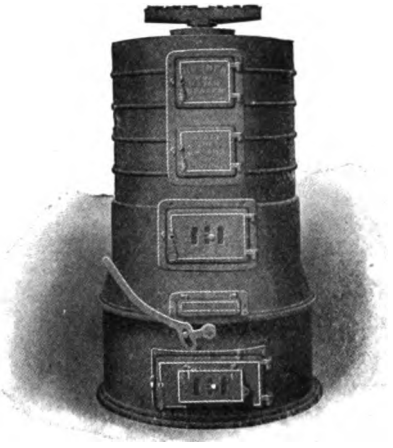
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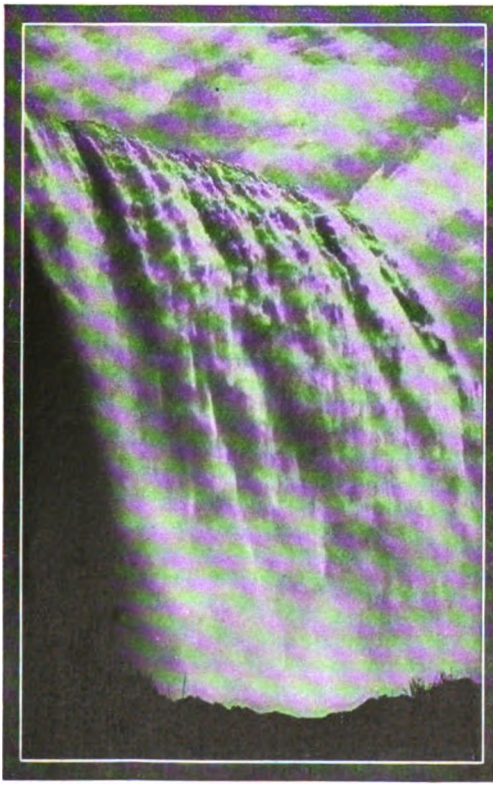
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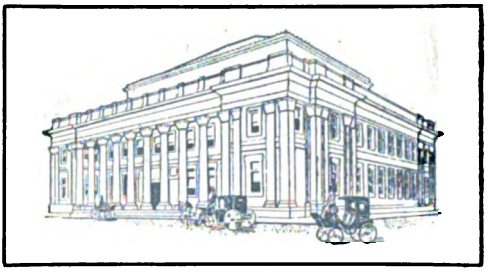
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